DOES N

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/metropolitanmont02balt

THE

# Metropolitan,

## A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

## Religion, Education, Literature,

## And General Information.

VOLUME II.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY & CO.
*No.* 178 *MARKET STREET.*
PITTSBURG: . . . GEORGE QUIGLEY.
LONDON: . . . C. DOLMAN, 61 NEW BOND STREET.
1854.

*Murphy & Co.*
*Printers, Publishers & Catholic Booksellers,*
178 *Market Street, Baltimore.*

# Publishers' Notice.

In closing the Second Volume of the Metropolitan, we turn to the past with feelings of gratification. When we commenced the work, two years ago, we were admonished from past experience, of the many difficulties to be encountered in establishing a Monthly Periodical, devoted to the interests of Catholicity. During that time our best efforts have been directed towards rendering the work, what we originally contemplated it to be; — a vindicator and expositor of Catholic doctrine, a miscellany of literary and religious intelligence, a chronicle of the most important ecclesiastical and secular events, a pleasing and instructive companion for every Catholic family. Such were the designs which prompted the undertaking of the work. It affords us, therefore, no small gratification to find that our efforts have met the cordial support and encouragement of the Catholic community.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our grateful acknowledgments to the patrons and friends of the Metropolitan, and especially to the Rev. Clergy, to whose generous exertions we are much indebted for its success. To contributors and the conductors of the Press, we also tender a tribute of gratitude for their friendly efforts and favorable notices.

No pains shall be spared on our part to merit the favor, which has been so liberally extended to the work, and to render it worthy of continued patronage.

# Contents of Volume II.

PAGE
Archbishop Hughes in Reply to Gen. Cass, . . . . . . . 363
Butler's Analogy and Oxford Movement, . . . . . . . . 492
Catholic Literature in the United States—Prize Essay, . . 69, 133, 198
Christian Forgiveness, . . . . . . . . . . . 80
Catholic Journalism in the United States, . . . . . . . 398, 453
Catholic Missions, American, . . . . . . . . . . 715
Clement IV to His Brothers, . . . . . . . . . . 427
Child of the Choir, . . . . . . . . . . . 675, 726
Dialogues of St. Gregory, . . . . 282, 331, 404, 472, 591, 685, 731
Dynasty, New French, . . . . . . . 40, 154, 204, 285, 417
Discovery, a Late Interesting, . . . . . . . . . 551
Domestic Intelligence, . . . . . . . . . . . 703
Encyclical Letter of Our Holy Father the Pope, . . . . . . 576
Ellsworth Outrage, . . . . . . . . . . . . 673
Fine Arts, . . . . . . . . . . . . . 131
Gems from Our Poets, . . . . . . . . . . 490, 553, 611
Hebraisms and Catholicisms of Disraeli's Novels, . . . . . . 462
Introductory, New Editor's, . . . . . . . . . . 1
Irish Excursions, . . . . 22, 98, 213, 269, 348, 486, 547, 660
Ireland, Resources of . . . . . . . . . . . 296
Immaculate Conception, . . . . . . . . . . . 654
Kate O'Connor, A Story of Mixed Marriages, 30, 87, 144, 221, 274, 339, 409
476, 529, 600
Letters from Abroad, . . . . 13, 104, 171, 231, 333, 428, 539, 719
London Pressmen, . . . . . . . . . . . . 159
Letter of the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, . . . . . . . . . . . . 193
Literary Intelligence, . . . . . 66, 130, 259, 387, 515, 580, 643
Monks of La Trappe, . . . . . . . . . . . 76
Maga's Own, . . . . . . . . 124, 183, 244, 311, 381, 499

PAGE
Maga in the Mountains, 568, 628
Maga and the New Editors, 692
Maga's Valedictory, 743
Mission of Woman, 139, 395
Morigeau, or the King of the Desert, 266
Memoir of Dr. Lingard, 709
Newman's, Dr., Style and Method of Argument, 17
Note to the Article on the Power of the Popes, 338
Orthodox Charity, or, the Pope and the Sultan, 78
Popular Scientific Intelligence, 67
Political and Secular Intelligence, 68, 132, 259, 388, 516
Pius the Ninth on Reform, 142
Pastoral of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, 578
Pastoral of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, 757
Picture of the Holy Virgin, 208
Religion of the World, 8
Review of Current Literature, 45, 118, 176, 234, 302, 376, 436, 494, 558, 623, 688, 737
Review—The Power of the Popes, 110
Review—Brownson's Review on the Temporal Power of the Popes, 351

RECORD OF EVENTS:—Affairs of the Church, 55, 126, 188, 250, 315, 384, 444, 506, 568, 637, 699, 747, 752

*Domestic:—Principal Items.*

Cincinnati Riots, 61
Obituaries, 64, 130, 257, 324, 515, 576, 643, 752, 756
Departure of the Nuncio, 128
Letter of Mgr. Bedini, 255
Gen. Cass' Speech, 322
Angel Gabriel Riots, 324
Sunday Riots, 386
Excommunication of the Trustees of St. Louis Church 448
Persecution in the Navy, 511
Riots in St. Louis, 511
Sisters of the Love of God, 574
Riots, 575, 642, 708
First Provincial Council of New York, 641
Marine Disasters, 701
Revision of the Bible, 708
Archdiocese of Baltimore, 129, 256, 324, 574, 752
" of Cincinnati, 63, 257, 386, 512, 705, 753
" of New Orleans, 324, 386, 451, 706

PAGE
Archdiocese of St. Louis, 257, 754
" of New York, 129, 574, 709
" of San Francisco, 128, 755
Diocese of Philadelphia, 63, 130, 324
" of Boston, 754
" of Louisville, 63, 257, 705, 754
" of Pittsburg, 63, 512, 642, 756
" of Dubuque, 63
" of Hartford, 64, 256, 324, 451, 512, 705, 755
" of Charleston, 64, 754
" of Monterey, 64
" of Galveston, 129, 324
" of Albany, 129, 704, 753
" of Brooklyn, 130, 704
" of Savannah, 130, 756
" of Newark, 257
" of Chicago, 323
" of Milwaukie, 705
" of Wheeling, 705
" of Erie, 706
" of Cleveland, 755
*Foreign*:—Rome, 55, 126, 188, 250, 315, 384, 445, 506, 568, 637, 747
Germany, 56, 127, 189, 508, 576, 638
France, 57, 128, 189, 251, 316, 385, 446, 506, 569, 637, 699, 748
England, 58, 128, 191, 252, 320, 385, 446, 508, 572, 639, 700, 749
Ireland, 59, 128, 192, 253, 321, 385, 446, 509, 572, 639, 702, 749
Scotland, 60, 192, 385, 750
Italy, 699
Austria, 319, 570, 751
Prussia, 703, 751
The Crimea, 640, 703, 751
Spain, 55, 128, 190, 508, 570, 639, 700, 751
Turkey, 254, 448, 510, 640
Sardinia, 189, 251, 384, 569, 637
Naples, 251
China, 640, 703
Canada 56, 254, 322, 385, 449, 510, 573
Nova Scotia, 254, 640
India, 190, 385, 572, 640

PAGE
*Foreign:*—Holy Land, . . . . . . . . . . 190
Cape of Good Hope, . . . . . . . . 321
Switzerland, . . . . . . . . . 446
Belgium, . . . . . . . . . . 752
Saints and Beatified Servants of God, who have Flourished in America, . 325
Signs of the Times, . . . . . . . . . . . . 389
Secular Affairs, . . . . . . . . . . . 706, 762
Way, the Holy, of the Cross, . . . . . . . . . . 165
War in the East, . . . . . . . . . . 517, 581, 645
Was Shakespeare a Catholic? . . . . . . . . . 615, 666

## POETRY.

Stella Matutina, . . . . . . . . . . . . 17
St. Theodosia at Amiens—Prize Poem, . . . . . . . . 28
The Fall of Nineveh, . . . . . . . . . . . 84
How the Heathen Lamented their Lost, . . . . . . . . 163
She Touched the Hem of His Garment, . . . . . . . . 164
Flowers, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 220
What the Heathen thought of Poverty, . . . . . . . . 330
Portraits from Life, . . . . . . . . . . . . 267
Silent Hours, . . . . . . . . . . . . . 435
Heathen Philosophy, . . . . . . . . . . . 599
Pange Lingua, . . . . . . . . . . . . 683
Christmas, . . . . . . . . . . . . . 735

THE
Metropolitan.

Vol. II. FEBRUARY, 1854. No. 1.

# THE NEW EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY.

If any one will take a glance at the state of the press in America, he will certainly be struck with the immense development of magazine literature. By a magazine we understand a monthly periodical, which in the amount and character of its matter, holds a middle place between the heavy Quarterly Review and the weekly newspaper, as it does in the point of frequency of publication. It is lighter and more popular than the Review; it is more finished, more thoughtful and more elaborately composed than the weekly; hence also it is adapted for preservation, is bound up in a form suitable for that destiny, and often is illustrated by the arts of design. The range of the magazine is wider than that either of the newspaper or of the quarterly; for while the lightest topic of the day may have a place in it, while fugitive poetry, tales, facetiæ, and almost every thing that makes up the weekly newspapers may be introduced (if its conductors think fit), on the other hand, grave disquisitions, criticisms, papers of the most erudite character, often and suitably adorn the pages of the magazine. Hence its character is *variety*, and by that means, it is the most pleasing of the periodicals which aim at grave and serious instruction, and the most weighty and influential of those that aim at pleasing. The magazine is peculiarly adapted to the continuous publication of interesting works, especially of fictitious narrative or consecutive sketches, or biography, or historical fragments, or finally of serial essays; because they are expected from month to month, and afterwards are bound up, and can be referred to very easily when necessary. Hence some of the very best things of this sort ever written have appeared in magazines, such as *Abbott's Napoleon*, (which is interesting, to say the least of it), *Bulwer's* "*My Novel*," "*The Jew of Verona*," by *Father Bresciani*, and many other works too well known to require mention.

The magazine is essentially, in this country, reading for the *people.* The Quarterly Review addresses itself to scholars and professional men—to the clerisy or learned class of a nation; and no one can underrate the importance of what tends to form the opinions of these useful members of society, by whom, in the long run, society is always governed. But the *masses* who read, require something not quite so profound; they want knowledge and entertainment united, and above all they require an active gratification of the imaginative faculty, one reason of which is, that the power of attention fails in reading any thing that is abstract, unless the reader's mind has undergone the painful discipline of a severe education; and hence the people always require and devour tales and stories, and those who cater for the popular taste well understand this, so that the lower kinds of periodical literature contain little else. The true magazine avails itself of the principle to gain readers, and to allure them on to the perusal of what is graver and more useful; and indeed, such a work, like the *Civiltá Cattolica*, or the *Magasin Catholique Illustré*, uses entertaining fiction as the vehicle of religious, moral and political truth: the principle of which procedure, when the people are to be addressed, is found, (as has been observed), in the parables of our Divine Lord.

The number of magazines in this country is exceedingly great, and their collective circulation is well nigh incredible.* One monthly announces that it begins the current year with an edition of one hundred and thirty-five thousand copies; another boasts of near forty thousand, and so on. The probability is that these numbers, large as they are, will steadily increase. As it is within bounds to say, that every copy of these magazines has at least five readers, it follows that between them they have about a million of readers per month. What a power! It is tremendous. Every rail road car and depôt, every ferry house, every hotel entrance almost, or street-side book-stall, offers to the view these tempting monthlies, mixed up with others of a lighter character, and with the yellow-covered literature, to be purchased and devoured by our reading millions.

---

*The number of monthly magazines of the United States is said to be one hundred, and their aggregate monthly editions are estimated at a million of copies. Their monthly readers are estimated at three millions; which supposes that one-fourth of the adult population of the United States are readers of magazines. In this estimate the reprints of foreign monthlies, such as Blackwood, &c., are included. The English monthly literature is considered superior to ours in quality, but inferior in quantity, almost beyond comparison, even if the serial tales of Dickens and Thackeray are included.

It is perhaps worth while to consider what is the effect of this vast flood of popular literature, which regularly as the moon waxes and wanes, passes and repasses over the whole length and breadth of the republic. Just remember, if you please, that the whole tone of it is uncatholic; that it either ignores the supernatural truths and realities in which we believe, or attacks them with the weapons of argument, satire, quiet assumptions, or of false representations contained in ingenious stories. Allow that not a single Catholic ever read one of these magazines, does charity allow us to be tranquil when we consider that our Protestant countrymen are strictly confined to an intellectual atmosphere thus charged with error? But their perusal is not confined to Protestants: all the rising generation of Catholics, of both sexes, educated in our numerous colleges and convent schools, and who are American in every feeling, read, and will read more and more, our periodical literature, and especially the great magazines; the mass of our people, we are told, in the cities especially, are immense consumers already of the yellow-covered novels.

The number of Catholics in the United States cannot fall short of three millions: some say it is more; but we wish to keep within bounds. We have for these one Quarterly Review conducted with high ability; a very considerable number of capital weekly newspapers, which enjoy collectively a large circulation; and one monthly magazine, now commencing the second year of its existence: it appears to us that there is hardly another secular enterprise that is of so much general importance as would be the successful carrying on of this last.

Let us bear in mind that the so-called literary magazines of this country are just as truly sectarian in their exclusion of all religion — that is of all supernatural truth — from their fascinating pages, as our common schools are sectarian in excluding it from instruction. In some cases the conductors of these periodicals are themselves of that liberal school in religion which is not sure of any thing but what strikes the senses, and believes in no heaven but an industrial and economical paradise somewhere *sub lunâ,* and which is to be realized at some time before the last judgment. But in all cases, with the very best intentions that we can suppose, they dare not inculcate, or even take for granted, a single dogma beyond mere natural religion. Now literature divorced from religion is necessarily hostile to it, not to mention that it loses its depth, its reality, its majestic aim, its life, its permanence. The knowledge of the divine and holy supports every other: it is the celestial keystone in the arch of human science. Even fiction, in which some Protestant writers have been so successful, requires a basis of theological truth; and there never was a good or powerful novel which did not either illustrate or attack some such verity. We are confident that it can be shown that religion, true or false, is at the root of all human intellectual activity, and whatever in this kind does not come from the inspiration, and serve the cause, of God, comes from the inspiration, and serves the cause, of the demon. The literature of the old Catholic nations was penetrated through and through with Catholic dogma, and we may depend upon it, that to be constantly and exclusively conversant even with *light reading* that ignores the supernatural order is, to breathe, intellectually, a deadly atmosphere, in which faith will at last expire. We say "exclusively conversant," because we cannot shut out the Protestant popular literature of our country altogether; but by all means, and as the most indispensable thing, let us place and sustain a vigorous Catholic literature beside it.

There ought to be, for instance — there must be — a first-rate Catholic magazine capable of holding an equal rank with the best of the literary magazines, admirable as they are in every respect but one, and difficult as it seems at first sight to compete with them. Arduous as the undertaking is, it is not impracticable. Truth and nature are open to us the same as to our Protestant friends: history, art, science, every thing beautiful, every thing grand here below, is our peculiar domain; *they* regard universal art, and political philosophy, and the magnificent structure of personal sanctity in the history of the saints of God, only from the outside, while *we* inhabit the very inner temple of all these things; the past for them is either a blank, or a mystic inscription that can never be deciphered; to us it is a clear and open book, full of majestic lessons. Our every day life is the romance of their dreams. Their scholars cross the Atlantic to see and write poetry about the "old cathedrals," and send home their well written letters describing the beauty of ceremonies in Italian churches, and the devotion of peasants to the blessed Mother of God; but the hard hands of their despised Catholic servants at *home*, meanwhile, are raising the same majestic piles in solid stone right in the midst of them, where, — as in the beautiful cathedral of Albany, — refined Protestant ladies and gentlemen love to go and meditate; our clergy celebrate the self-same sacrifice here that is offered in St. Peter's; here is the same adoration of the Ever-blessed, the same devotion to Mary; the religious orders, the Sisters of Charity, the confessional with its kneeling crowd and whispering penitents, the practice of meditation, the telling of beads, the sacrifice of youth and beauty at the altar of the heavenly Spouse — all that is mysterious and supernatural, in short — are here. We have them all about us; they are the facts of our every day life. Necessarily, therefore, there must be a depth, a life and a reality in *our* literature which theirs can never reach.

It is due to ourselves to take the rank which justly belongs to us in this respect. We have alluded to the numbers of the Catholic body, a matter in regard to which there may be an honest difference of opinion. But whether there are two, three or five millions of Catholics, or only one, (which is indeed absurd to say), certain other facts in regard to us are patent. It is certain that there are now forty-one episcopal and archiepiscopal sees, and two apostolic vicariates, in the United States, where forty years ago there was but one diocese; that there are now seven ecclesiastical provinces, where forty years ago there was but one; that we have now over sixteen hundred clergymen, serving two thousand five hundred churches and stations; that there are forty-two, or rather forty-three religious orders and congregations of men and women, and upwards of two hundred convents, monasteries, asylums, colleges, &c., in which their members are distributed; that there are twenty-nine theological seminaries and twenty-six colleges, of which twenty are incorporated, and three enjoy the title of *universities*. Surely a communion that presents to the world a front so imposing, an organization so formidable, ought to be represented in the domain of literature, by a competent, efficient and respectable *literary* organ — a vehicle of its thought, of its whole culture, of its historical, critical, poetical, imaginative, creative activity and knowledge. For example, we have a rich history in this country, of whose annals *pars magna fuimus*, and that the most romantic, most important part; and we have some of the most industrious and accomplished historical students. We alone comprehend a vast number of social problems, too minute for the grasp of a Review, requiring too much space and elaboration for the pages of a news-laden weekly; and we have men abundantly able to discuss them: hence those surprisingly learned and interesting papers which illustrated the old "U. S. Catholic Magazine," the "Expositor," &c., and the like of which, we venture to say, no Protestant magazine, literary or religious, in this country, has ever produced. We might go on to speak of our poets and tale-writers, whose names and number, and exquisite talent, for want of such an organ, are known only in limited circles.

A great and striking point would be made in behalf of the Church and the Catholic Faith, outside, by taking and establishing a high position in this respect. Literature is a sort of common ground; it is a neutral territory where knights from opposing camps may meet and hold intercourse, exchange courtesies, and form or renew acquaintanceship. A review is like a hostile battery, erected expressly for defence or attack; its very courtesies breathe war, like the booming of a salute; and the weekly newspaper, like a force of scouts and rangers, perpetually in action, never drops the tone of an assailant, and its temper is rendered acerb and disdainful by incessant conflicts and rude victories. But the special aim of literature, properly so called, being to *please* or to *instruct;* its method being either narrative, or didactic, and always artistic; it is able to win attention at least, and partial sympathy, from all parties. It is analogous in this respect to art and music, by which the Catholic Church holds universal dominion, as we know; her art being confessedly the highest and most perfect, her music the grandest, that exists. It should be the same in letters—prose or verse:—we ought to show in both a superiority that shall extort universal acknowledgment. Nothing is more perfectly within the limits of possibility than this. That noble English literature which heresy has created, is, after all, a very earthly, human, low-toned and insular affair. The greatest English scholars feel it at the present time. What is Milton compared to Dantè? Why, the Purgatory of the Italian is more enchanting than the Heaven of the Englishman; and the wisdom of Beatrice surpasses that of the "sociable angel" of Paradise Lost, as the gods (to use the old heathen's own simile) surpass mankind.

To say that we want the requisite talent, when,—besides the numerous converts from the highest sphere of cultivated intellect in the country, and besides a native Catholicity rich in historical recollections, and proud of its educational culture,—the bulk of the Catholic community is composed of a race the most richly endowed with genius of any under the sun, is too absurd. Talent *abounds;* so does scholarship; and it is only necessary to concentrate them into a focus, as it were, by means of a well supported monthly, able to *pay* for both—in short, by means of a reading class; and that we must cultivate. We leave others to think how they can best promote such an object, but for our part, we intend to do it by giving all the interest we can to this particular magazine. We hope that we may be able at least to contribute our little quota to so good a work, which others may hereafter bring to perfection.

The aim of the Magazine will be the same that it has always been, namely, to provide a wholesome literary entertainment for Catholics. This was the programme originally announced by our revered and accomplished predecessor, and by the faithful adherence to which the Metropolitan has acquired that solid reputation, which it already enjoys even outside the Church. As for matter, so far from there being a deficiency, we are embarrassed with our riches. Besides a goodly number of talented contributors, including some of the highest literary reputation, and most elevated dignity in the Church, we have a rich fund of foreign periodical literature, inaccessible to most Catholics in this country, and indeed we might almost say to us *all*, except in this form, and on which we shall draw freely; it being our plan to *fill* the Magazine with the matter of the highest interest and merit within our reach, giving a preference to what is original and native, when it can be had equally good.

The Metropolitan will contain, as heretofore, articles of a controversial and devotional or practical character, examples drawn from the past triumphs of our holy religion, illustrations of the Catholic civilization, &c. It will admit tales of morality, faith, history, real life, even of innocent humor; and poetry of a religious, national, or, (as before) *even* satirical sort. It is almost unnecessary to say that mere sentimental stories, like those which make up our "story-newspapers" will have no place in it, nor amatory poetry; nor in general, any description of literature that springs exclusively from the natural sentiments, and fails to take into account the supernatural gifts and destinies of Christians. Not that we mean to condemn such literature *in toto*, without exception; but *mortui mortuos suos sepeliant*—it does not fall within our scope, and we have not the least doubt that the living Pagans of our age—of whom there are enough both speaking and writing the beautiful English tongue incomparably well—will do ample justice to this department of polite letters.

We shall keep our readers posted up, however, in regard to the current literature of the day by accurate critical notices, and an occasional searching review by a competent hand. We shall consider it absolutely necessary to introduce some things merely for amusement, to raise an innocent laugh. There is something heretical and Jansenistic, in our humble opinion, in an excessive seriousness. A magazine, especially, is of the nature of recreations, and just as a game of ball (if that be it) is as much the duty of seminarians as the required prayer or study, so in a periodical like ours, a pleasantry, an anecdote, or a mirthful tale, will be sanctified, we expect, by the intention of the whole work.

To conclude, it is a peculiar satisfaction for us to know that our intentions, as we have thus explained them, are perfectly understood and warmly approved by those whose approbation is a seal of their rectitude, and whose blessing is a pledge of their success.

# THE RELIGION OF THE WORLD.

## CHAPTER I.

### *Of the World in general and of what the Sacred Writings contain concerning it.*

1. Are you a disciple of Jesus Christ?
I am by the grace of God, and glory in being so.*

2. Can a disciple of Jesus Christ be also a disciple of the world?
He cannot. No one, says the Saviour, can serve two masters, can devote himself, give obedience, or offer his affections to two masters, above all, when opposed in their nature, and irreconcilable enemies; *for*, adds he, *either he will hate the one and love the other: or he will hold to the one and despise the other.* Matth. vi, 24.†

3. Tell me what we must understand by the world?
By it is to be understood, as St. Augustine tells us (Tract. 22 in Johan.) that which is loved here below by men, who do not love God, or that which they love the more, in proportion as they love God less; or, if you prefer, that which they love less, in proportion as they love God more.‡ It is to the followers of the world that Jesus Christ said: *You are from beneath* (John viii, 23), that is, adds the above holy doctor, you have not your hearts raised above, you graze on earthly pleasures, you place all your happiness in them: you breathe them, you burn for them.‖

4. Are the world and its followers opposed to Jesus Christ?
Most evidently, whence St. James said: *Adulterers* (for so he called those of the world), *know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of this world, becometh an enemy of God. Or do do you think that the Scripture saith in vain: To envy doth the spirit covet which dwelleth in you?* St. James, chap. iv, vers. 4 and 5.§

---

*Jesus Christ is the Word of God, by whom all things have been made. . . . the word made flesh, by whom all things have been redeemed. All power has been given to Him in heaven and on earth. . . . . He is the immortal God of all ages. . . . . the King of kings, the Lord of lords. . . . . God the Father, has exalted Him, and given Him a name above all other names, in order that in heaven every knee should bend before Him, and every tongue confess, &c.

†Quisquis vult diligere Deum et cavere ne offendat, non se arbitretur duobus dominis posse servire, et intentionem cordis sui rectam ab omni duplicitate explicet. S. Aug. in Matth. n. 64.

‡Id quod hic amant homines qui Deum non amant, aut tanto plus amant, quanto illum minus amant; aut tanto minus amant, quanto illum plus amant. Tract. 32 in Joh.

‖Vos de deorsum istis, id est, terrenis pascimini, terrenis delectamini, terrenis inhiastis; sursum cor non habetis. S. Aug. Tract. in Joh. 38.

§Adulteri, nescitis quoniam amicitia hujus mundi inimica est Dei? Quicunque ergo voluerit amicus esse hujus sæculi, inimicus Dei constituitur. An putatis quia inaniter Scriptura dicat: Ad invidiam concupiscit spiritus qui habitat in vobis. S. Jac. c. iv. v. 4 et 5

5. What is the spirit which animates the world and its followers?

It is the spirit of wickedness, or Satan, whom Jesus Christ calls the prince of this world, and who has under his sway innumerable other spirits, as wicked as himself, whom he uses in the government of this world of darkness, as St. Paul calls it. . . . . .* Also it is against them, and not against flesh and blood, adds the apostle, that the true children of God have to struggle.

6. What direction does this prince seek to give the world?

Origen replies that his most ardent desire is to extinguish in the world the light of reason, which has been given to man for the purpose of knowing God, and relishing celestial things; that his object is to introduce among men the flesh, and all that appertains to the senses, to make these prevalent and supreme, in order that all may concentrate in them their affections, confine their desires to temporal things, raise their hopes no longer to heaven, nor seek to know whence they come, nor recollect the Paradise, which is their only home. Behold, adds the same Doctor, the reason why the servants of God, and all those who seek the Lord, are objects of disdain and contempt, in the eyes of the world. (In Exod. hom. 2).

7. Is the world submissive to the direction which its prince gives it?

Were it not, there would no longer be two cities on earth, and Jesus Christ would reign here alone. But the difference between the children of God, who follow the impulse of the Holy Spirit, and the children of the devil, as they are called by St. John (I, iii, 10), who permit themselves to be governed by the powers of darkness, is too marked and evident, to allow the least doubt of it. . . . . Moreover we judge the sap of a tree by its fruits; thus the works of worldings are such as their prince desires them: they even, according to St. Athanasius, give him lodging in their hearts.†

8. What proofs can you give me of this?

That which passes before our eyes every day, and the multitude of those who go by the broad way which ends in perdition. . . . . There are two ways, says St. Ambrose, one is followed by the just; the other, by sinners; the first is narrow, the second spacious: in the latter, the passions revel in licentious liberty; in the former, they are held under restraint; in this is the banquet, in that the fast; in this, immoderate joy, the giddy dance, the intoxicating song; in that, endless tears, prayer unceasing, and the bitter groan.‡ Where shall we find the character of the Christian, and the worldling, so clearly and graphically portrayed? But hear the cause of this singular contrast between creatures, all equally made to the image and likeness of God. . . . . The broad and facile way (as remarks St. Basil), the gentle inclination whereof offers no impediment, is marked out by the devil; it is he who, by the allurement of pleasure, draws men in his train, and leads them to perdition. The other, on the contrary, which is rugged and perilous, is under the direction of the good angel; and it is by it he conducts to heaven those generous souls that overcome the hardships and difficulties of virtue.* These, it is easy to behold, are but few in number; "pauci sunt;" but they that follow an opposite direction, and tread in the footprints of Satan, are innumerable; "multi sunt;" and these are the world or the followers of the world, a herd of slaves, swayed by the brutal instincts of the flesh.— Nomine mundi intelliguntur qui vivunt secundum concupiscentiam. S. Aug.

---

*Principes hujus mundi. . . . . Non est nobis colluctatio adversus carnem et sanguinem, sed adversus principes et potestates, adversus mundi rectores tenebrarum harum, contra spiritualia nequitiæ. Eph. vi, 12.

†Sapientes sæculi, in quibus quasi in domo inhabitat Satanas. St. Ath. in Psalm. 44.

‡Duæ sunt viæ, una justorum, altera peccatorum; justorum via angustior, injustorum latior, . . . . Hic libertas cupiditatum; illic servitutis rigor; hic convivium, illic jejunium; hic intemperantia gaudiorum; illic perseverantia lachrymarum; hic saltatio, illic oratio; hic cantus dulces, illic gemitus graves. In Psalm. 1.

9. Has the world laws for its government?

It has, and receives them from its prince, who is at the same time its legislator. They may be reduced to these: — Man is free and independent; his reason is sufficient to guide him; his conscience, to teach him his duties; his will, to accomplish whatever he judges proper; his sympathy and hate, for him to discern good and evil.— Religion is a yoke he can at pleasure retain or cast off; it little matters to the Creator, in what manner we serve him; probity, humanity, justice, the moral virtues, and all that constitutes an honest man, these are what he demands, and what he is satisfied with receiving. Authority is necessary, both in the state and in the family; but it should respect the free rights of man; otherwise the latter is absolved from all deference or subjection to it, and may censure, despise, attack and overthrow it.— Honor is the most sacred possession of man: we should never suffer it to be violated with impunity; when it is so violated, vengeance becomes an imperative law, in the fulfilment of which we should either lose our own life, or destroy that of our enemy. Every one lives for himself, and should, before all else, look to his own interest, enjoyment, repose, and individual satisfaction. It would be a marked folly to undergo gratuitously hardships and sacrifices for others. Render yourself useful, but only in so far as it tends to your own profit.

10. According to these laws, then, who is the perfect worldling?

It is he who establishes himself as the centre of all things, who applies everything to himself, and in whom egotism or self-love is the secret motive of thought, word, and deed. It is he who beholds and seeks himself in all things, and who is persuaded that the universe and men, nay even God are for him alone. It is he who esteems not others, and loves them only in proportion as they love him; who does not anticipate their desires or otherwise seek to oblige them, who does not obey or make use of them, except with a view to his own interest or glory.† . . . . As we see, all this constitutes the delirium of pride, and consequently, the last degree of corruption; for Jesus Christ, the eternal Truth, tells us, that he who exalts himself shall be humbled. Hence, since the follower of the world exalts himself beyond measure, he must also be humbled beyond measure; and as a tomb all white without, there must be in him, as the Saviour expressly says, nought but putrefaction and filth.

11. Has the world its priests?

Yes; for there are always sacrificers where there are idols; doctors, where there are laws; shepherds, where there are flocks to be conducted. But between the world, the true image of those dark regions, "ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat," and every other well regulated society, there exists a vast difference. In the latter, the priesthood forms a special class, while in the empire of Satan, all the subjects are priests. Hence the Saviour's anathema against the world; "vœ mundo a scandalis." In fact every thing in the world is scandal; in it every one, by his word, teaches error and vice; in it every one, by his counsels, brings victims to the destroying blade of iniquity; in it every one, by his example, maintains the esteem, love, and practice of evil, and there is yet to be known an instance, in which a follower of the world, even from his tenderest age, has not despoiled some one of grace, has not sacrificed some pure soul to the violence of his passions, has not butchered on the altars of Baal some innocent lamb, some sheep belonging to the fold of Jesus.

---

* Via illa facilis et lata pronoque cursu declivis habet decipientem dæmonem, qui per voluptatem se sequentes ad perditionem trahit; asperæ vero, acclivi et arduæ præsidet angelus bonus, qui per strenuos pro paranda virtute labores ad fines beatos sequaces suos deducit.

† Manuel des ames intér. P. Grou.

12. Has the world any temples and altars?

They are visible to every eye; but it needs them not to accomplish the work of perdition and death, with which it has been entrusted by its prince. Its temples are the theatre, the ball-room, the chamber of entertainment; they are the public places where those of the world assemble, to see and be seen, to hold intercourse, to read, to make merry, to consume in idleness, effeminacy, and amusement, the time which weighs heavy upon them; they are the walks, where worldlings make parade of insolent pride; the saloons where they hold their evening festivals; the taverns, where they indulge their frantic orgies; the secret haunts where they glut their debasing passions: its temples are the schools where infidelity proclaims its blasphemies, and licentiousness, under the catching titles of literature, eloquence and poetry, pours out its venom: they are the galleries, where painting, sculpture, drawing, and all the fine arts, expose the results of their labors to the public gaze, or rather, where the works of the impure and audacious genius which inspired the artists, are laid before the eye; they are the gardens, parks, avenues, and sidewalks, where one cannot raise his glance without feeling his modesty wounded without staining the imagination with sinful images, without receiving in his heart the searing arrows of the tempter.

13. Where can you show me its altars?

Wherever you see a crime perpetrated, the law of God seriously violated, scandal barefaced and triumphant. There, often, a single word uttered by an impious and worldly mouth, and favorably received, suffices to give a mortal blow to innumerable victims. Here, what a word cannot effect, a gesture, a look, a posture, an external token of regard will accomplish; there the intellect is drowned in doubt; the memory despoiled of the treasures with which it has been enriched by a Chrisuan education, and rendered, for the future, dead to the recollection of God and eternal truths; there, the will, enslaved and dragged away by a passion which has suddenly become its tyrant, no longer lives for virtue, but yields to the yoke which crushes it; there, in fine, are the enervated senses, grown effeminate, and enveloped, as it were, in a network of flames, which devour their substance, crush their vigor, and engender in them corruption, putrefaction, and infection, and make them, in advance, the food of death.— These are the victims;— the place where they fall is the altar of sacrifice: the idol to whom they are immolated, is the prince of darkness; and the world, which uses its slaves, now by arming them against each other, now by directing their force against others, is their dreadful executioner.

14. Are the victims of the world numerous?

We are unable to count them. They are to be found of every age and condition, of every rank and sex, and on every spot of the universe. To judge of them solely from appearances, their multitude infinitely surpasses that society which seems to rest intact in the midst of the most deadly contagion. But from this latter are yet to be taken the hypocrites, the Pharisees of the new law, who lay claim to honor and probity, who affect the outward appearances of virtue, although in their hearts they are gnawed by vice; and who, more perfidious, because less distrusted, are the most zealous propagators of worldly principles. For the rest, they are exceedingly numerous, and each day make proselytes similar to themselves. To these join the still greater number of persons, who, though they observe with more fidelity the precepts of religion, hesitate not nevertheless, to adopt the most serious errors of the world as incontestable truths, which they make the principles of conduct, both for themselves and for those over whom they hold any control. Blind and insensate, they are no less incurable than injurious to the establishment of Christ's kingdom and Gospel in souls; for as efforts are made to enlighten them, and render them wise, they join chorus with the dregs of the world, in crying exaggeration, fanaticism, absurdity and ridicule; and they carefully preserve as so many dogmas of faith, their unchristian tenets, those poisons with which the world has skilfully impregnated their souls. . . . . Seek now those that remain sound; you will be frightened at their small number, and will understand why Jesus Christ exclaimed: "quam angusta porta, et arcta via est, quæ ducit ad vitam, et pauci sunt qui inveniunt eam;" for there are difficulties on the part of nature, which wishes not to be constrained; difficulties as to the road, which cannot be enlarged to suit the appetites of nature corrupted by sin; but difficulties greater yet on the part of the world, which, by its enticing examples, its deceitful reasonings, places itself on the threshold of salvation, and on the avenues of life, to impede and close up, as it were, all entrance through them, and to give men an opposite impulse.

15. In what terms and under what figures does Jesus Christ speak of the world?

He never speaks of it but in a manner to inspire us with disgust, contempt, and horror for this irreconcilable foe of men and God. *You,* said he, to the worldlings of His and every age, *are of your father, the devil; and the desires of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning.** . . . . *You go round about sea and land to make one proselyte: and when he is made, you make him the child of hell two-fold more than yourselves.*† . . . . Speak or do what you will, to render yourselves agreeable in the eyes of men, God sees the bottom of your hearts; and in proportion as you succeed in palming off your merits among men, will you become abominable in His sight. . . . . Liars, hypocrites, unwilling yourselves to enter the kingdom of God, and yet desirous of debarring others from it; full of confidence in yourselves, and of contempt for such as think or speak not similarly to you:—The day will come, the hour, the moment, when you shall knock at the bridegroom's door, and it shall be told you: We know not whence you are. . . . Retire, ye workers of iniquity; you shall be gathered up as useless twigs, and be cast into the fire, and shall burn therein. . . . . the wrath of God shall rest eternally on you.

He also describes the world and its children, under the figure, now, of a country, plunged in the darkness of death, where the light of heaven never gleams, and where men stumble in the obscurity; then, again, under that of a field, trodden down by those who pass over it, where the seed, that is, the Word of God, is rooted up by the fiends, as soon as sown; at other times, under the figure of a fig-tree, having luxuriant foliage, but bearing no fruit with which we may appease our hunger; and finally, under that of insipid salt, which is no longer of use, and which we cast into the street to be trodden under foot by the passers-by. We shall cite further on, other figures, still more terrible; but the foregoing will serve to give us an idea, at the same time correct and unfavorable, of the world, which deserves, we may conclude, our unsparing contempt and aversion.

---

*John, viii, 44.

†Matth. xxiii, 15.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

My Dear C.—Benevenuto Cellini, in his quaint memoirs, counsels every man who approaches the end of his career, to write his adventures. *We* have not yet attained the grand climacteric: and so easy has been the tenor of our days; so quiet and unromantic our habits, that we may fairly claim exemption even from light and desultory authorship. But our plea, it seems, is inadmissible; and you insist, with a logic more availing than the Florentine's, that we shall put in print the notes of our brief experience beyond the sea. We yield to the persuasiveness of a voice which has sounded ever sweetly in our ears; and with less demur, as we hope, even in treading the beaten path, to picture scenes attractive to the *Catholic* eye, and offer statistics interesting to the *Catholic* heart, in regard to persons, usages, manners, institutions and virtues, which illustrate our holy religion in the Old World.

(Departure.)

We have reached the end of our preparations and the shores of the sea. What whirling thoughts agitate the brain, as we bid adieu to the firm set earth and mount the deck of the outward bound steamer! We mingle in a living vortex, where landsmen, mariners, merchants, clerks, porters, passengers, visiters, friends, kinsmen, all are jumbled in seeming confusion of persons, movements and tongues; hurrying to and fro, jostling or standing apart, singly or grouping in little bands, the busy, the curious, the deeply concerned; to issue orders, expedite arrangements, renew assurances of friendly interest, utter the fervent prayer, clasp the outstretched hand, exchange the last embrace! But the minutes speed by. The decks are cleared of externs; the gallant commander assumes his lofty post; the Hermann moves slowly, soberly from its moorings; and amid the murmured "Farewell" and "God bless you," with waving of handkerchiefs, and uplifting of hats, the booming cannon announces that we have gone forth on our perilous way. . . . It is a bold spirit, and we fear, a callous, which looks unmoved on the receding shore—the silent, pensive throng—the waste of waters. *We* do not affect this hardihood. Our philosophy tends to the melting mood; and we confess a certain moisture of the eye, and some unusual throbbings of the heart, as we grasp, in quick conjunction, the realities of the past and the uncertainties of the future, the sweets of our pleasant home among familiar faces, and the cold and purchased novelties that are allotted the wanderer in strange lands. Nor is our sentiment unshared. Silence pervades the poop; waking dreams are rife, and wistful looks are cast into the dim distance.

(OFF SOUNDINGS.)

We are coursing over the pathless wilderness. The wind has been ahead all day: with periodic rains, the weather is unpropitious. Dense fogs cover the ocean, "tenebrosa aqua in nubibus æris;" and the whistle screams the warnings to homeward bound ships. As the night spreads its dusky wings, that voice of alarm sounds fearfully in the wakeful ear. Vague and troubled fancies haunt the slumberer. What an awful catastrophe in the haze which conceals our advance, to meet and crush an inferior vessel, by the irresistible mass of the war-built steamer! I remember the impression made on my mind, in younger days, by a narrative of such a calamity. The image still subsists before me; it seems bodied into living reality, And for ourselves, what may be *our* fate? The waters roll with uninterrupted moan; the wind howls in fitful gusts; darkness broods over our course. Our ship is indeed stoutly built and bravely manned: but the proudest and strongest fabrics formed by human hands have been ruptured by the elements and plunged into fathomless caves, or hurled by the might of the tempest over the bosom of the angry ocean. Who will vaunt his mortal powers? Who will banish the conviction of his weakness and insufficiency? Who will shut out from his view the certainty of his end? Since every thing around us teaches our fragility and decay; since every hour that is past and every step that is taken remind us of the shortening of life, and the rapid approach to the grave, whether that grave be found on land or in the sea; since the sense of insecurity and danger thrills the heart, when the wind shrieks through the cordage, and the waves make the timber quiver and creak in every joint, how can we forget not only death, but the sequel to which it leads, in the developments of eternity? If then we are spared in our helplessness; if we journey in safety and hope; if we are permitted to tread the solid earth again, it will be owing not to man's prudence and skill, but the goodness of our Father and Master, who loves us surpassingly well.

* * * * * * * *

(PASTIMES.)

We have been several days at sea. The pressure of hard times is abating, and certain organs are beginning to assert the axiom that *nature abhors a vacuum.* Our company is cheerful and agreeable. Subjected to discomforts, inseparable from the confinement of the ship and the rude treatment of the sea, we get on charmingly, in the medley of tongues, in the diversity of tastes and habits. There is no monopoly of pleasant resources. The sea is a great leveller and joiner of odds and ends, in the happy union of fellow-pilgrims as members of the same family. Good humor beguiles the hours, and a frequent exchange of civilities sheds a charm over our intercourse. We are occupied with divers pursuits, in accordance with ship-board customs and individual idiosyncrasies. We read, write, sketch; we chat and sing; we calculate distances and delineate our progress on the chart; we promenade the deck in all kinds of weather, and in all sorts of costumes. View us assembled for peripatetic experiments. The morning is showery and the sky overcast. Our path for the moment is marked by the snowy waters which are cast from prow and wheel, in fretted currents; whilst the white-capped waves break in endless caprices, as they pursue in our wake. Tossed like a toy in air, we look down from a peaked billow into the abyss; and again we descend into the chasm that opens to engulf us; tumbled forward and aft and sidelong, till the wild spray throws a misty veil over our heads. Ah! it is droll to see the undisciplined legs of the passengers, striving to walk the seams of the quarter-deck, or make straight courses from the saloon to the wheel-house! Now we walk with slow and thoughtful gravity; now the sinking floor hurries our pace into an ungraceful run; and now like reeling topers we are trundled to the bulwarks. The sea is no respecter of persons: he treats with equal nonchalance and cruelty the fairest of Eve's daughters. But we get along in marvellous good humor; and bear the rebuffs of the sea and the laughter of co-voyagers with amiable facility. The laugh is not one-sided nor are the displacements. The mocker here is again the mocked at. We are rolled up occasionally into a strange confusion almost like a tangled skein. But no heads, arms or legs are broken; and the spirits of the sufferers are elastic as the air around them. But lo! a beautiful spectacle in the western horizon! Gradually and gracefully, the dark and heavy clouds are lifted like a curtain from the ocean; and there in soft and charming contrast with the dark expanse beneath, a strip of blue sky is seen. Again we look and the curtain is dropped; but on the north-east the ocean is spanned by a rainbow; sign of ancient mercy, hopeful emblem of brighter days, in the providence of God!

### (The Steamer—Ave Maria!)

To-day while at dinner, the cry reached our ears: "A steamer from the East!" An eager throng abandons the table, and rushing above throws a searching look around the horizon. Far away in the mists, the dark, heavy hull is discerned like some huge monster issuing from the nether world. What speculations of the curious, touching her name, her character, her destination! The flag is run up to the mast-head; the guns are loaded for a salute; and the officers utter their commands to subordinates in quick, abrupt tones. By degrees the outlines and proportions of the stranger became distinct, and when the figure is perceptible by the practised eye of the captain, she is pronounced the Arctic from Liverpool, bound for New York. At two miles distance we passed her, the only sign of life and companionship we had discovered since our departure: and though denied communication, we rested content with the assurance that other hearts like our own, were beating in that ship, and that other voices would proclaim our safety to the dear friends in the *solum natale*, whither she was hastening. . . . .

At night the crew celebrated the captain's birthday by a "feu de joie." Rockets, in fiery curves, arched the sea, and Roman candles, from the summit of the wheel-house, lit up with strange lurid glare the damp deck and the uplooking faces of the spectators. Every event is a novelty at sea, and is welcomed even by the gravest with unwonted ardor. But the pyrotechnic display had its end: the last spark was extinguished in the waves; the last flickering flame sank in darkness over the sails and garniture of the ship; and again we dived below to resume our readings, or join the social circle in its ordinary routine. As the night grew older, we took our usual stroll. We had glimpses of the blue sky, and a few stars, with mysterious lustre, peered like angel's eyes from the immeasurable depths of that upper world. I noticed Cygnus with extended wings and neck. Like a distinct cross, it shone auspiciously on our course. As we walked in the uncertain light, we offered our filial homage to the "*Star of the Sea*," and chanted, with loving hearts, the "*Ave Maris Stella*." The hymn, as it floated over the waters, was sweet and solemn. But strange to say, the greater part of our amateur choristers are not avowed children of *Mary*. They are gathered from different countries; and profess various beliefs, or none. A Lutheran family, which numbers among its members a minister of the same denomination, and is distinguished by its musical tastes and acquirements, has contributed largely to our entertainment; chasing away the ennui of the voyage and enlivening our evening re-unions. The anthems to the Virgin are special favorites with these amiable ladies and their brother, who celebrate with soft and harmonious voices, the sanctity and glory of the Mother of God. Doubtless this tribute is rendered to the sweetness of the poetry and the pathos of the melody, rather than to the excellence of the subject whose praises they proclaim. Nevertheless it is pleasant as curious to listen to the strain, with which even unbelieving tongues magnify *her* name and call her the most pure, the most holy, the most amiable of the children of men. Hail! queen of all Catholic hearts, whose feast of the maternity we commemorate to-day! O Mary, who will not venerate, who will not love thee? Thou art our generous and devoted friend and benefactress and mother! Through the vicissitudes of life, from earliest years, amid the errors of youth and the faults of manhood, thy loving eye has tenderly beamed upon us; thy gentle voice has sought to reclaim us from our wanderings and uttered its pitying appeal on our behalf; thy merciful hand has been extended to arrest the punishment we deserve, to shield us from the consequences of our wilfulness and sins. And now amid the perils of the ocean we invoke thy protection; and with affiance in thy power and will to save, we commend our spirits to thy maternal care, and rest calmly, as infants, in our Mother's arms!

(THE MESSENGER FROM LAND.)

I arose early to-day. Opening the port light I looked out with ecstasy on the sea, as the morning air rushed refreshingly into my state-room. The sky was still cloudy, but no fog obscured the sight. The promenade in the bracing atmosphere was delightful. Our company was buoyant with hope; for we were approaching the term of our voyage. A small bird alighted on the top-mast, the first inhabitant of Europe that came across the waters to give us welcome to the Old World. Probably it was Irish, on an errand of proverbial hospitality; for the Green Isle is the *ultima Thule* just now before us. It was at all events a cheering sight; for it spoke of land and promised a speedy termination of our imprisonment on shipboard.

(OLD ENGLAND.)

The captain pointed out to me the *Lizzard*, which loomed through the thick air, like a leaden cloud on the horizon. And this is the first view of old England; of that wondrous land which has stamped her character on the entire earth, and notwithstanding her faults, is still the mightiest in her energies and destinies! Enemies of her pride, her cupidity, her murderous rapaciousness and limitless tyranny, we admire her gigantic proportions among the nations, and hail her as the first born of the rulers of mankind. Her glory pervades the earth; her praises are echoed to its extremities; her iron hand grasps the strongholds of tribes and people; and though her decadence, like a spectral shadow, dims already the lustre of her majesty, and the voice of eternal justice proclaims the approaching end of her empire, she will be great in her ruin, and her sepulchre an enduring monument of her past supremacy. Hail again the modern Tyre, type of marvellous opulence and haughtiness! . . . . . But we near our promised haven and at Southampton bid the sea farewell. We meet again at Paris. *Au revoir.* H.

## STELLA MATUTINA

*Ora pro nobis.*

Gleaming o'er mountain, coast and wave,
What splendor It, foretokening, gave
The front of shadow-chasing morn!
And, ere the day-star was re-born,
With borrowed but auspicious light
Gladdened the night-long watcher's sight!

Fair herald of a brighter sun,
And pledge of Heaven's own day begun,
When th' ancient world's long night was o'er,
So shone, above death's dreaded shore,
And life's now ever-brightening sea,
The lowly Maid of Galilee.

Lost now in His effulgent ray,
Bathed in the brightness of His day,
O Morning Star! still sweetly shine
Through that dim night which yet is mine;
Precede for me His dawning light
Who only puts all shades to flight!

J. V. H.

## DR. NEWMAN'S STYLE AND METHOD OF ARGUMENT.*

The announcement that the Very Rev. Dr. Newman is about to take up his residence in Dublin, as President of the Catholic University of Ireland, is one that must excite in the mind of every Catholic in this country, and especially of every Catholic of Irish birth or descent, a lively interest, which must necessarily extend to every thing that throws light on the qualifications of the illustrious Oratorian for the position he is about to fill. It is no doubt a matter which must strike every thoughtful person forcibly, to see a man trained in one of the great heretical universities of England, and for so long a time deeply imbued with their peculiar spirit — a man, in short, of Oxford education — placed by the voice of the Irish Hierarchy, at the head of the new Catholic University of Ireland, to mould, under Providence, its character and destinies. We omit to dwell on our own deep concern, here in America, in the Catholic University, to which we have largely contributed, to which so many of our youth will doubtless repair to complete their education, and whence we shall draw so many priests and learned men, so many prelates, and such a stream of intellectual influence flowing in manifold channels.

In considering the possibility of constituting a Catholic university at all, in the countries where the English language (long sacred to heresy) is spoken, we are obliged to confess that the difficulty is extreme. We have, as it were, no traditions, *i. e.* no native traditions of what a university should be. Catholic education has been either foreign, or else confined to what in this country is called a college course, or else merely a preparation for the ecclesiastical state. A native university had not existed, and the very idea of such a thing had died out, till the Holy Father suddenly called upon faithful Ireland to realize it. But how could it be realized without some *practical* tradition in the shape of a man formed by University life, and if alive to the defects of such a system as that of the English universities, yet not less capable of distinguishing in that system what it retained of ancient Catholic discipline, as well as what it possessed of universal application? It is impossible to have been familiar, as we have, with the writings and the career of Father Newman from the very first, without feeling at once that of all men living he is the one most precisely fitted to fill this position, if we can judge any man by his antecedents.

---

* *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education.* By J. H. Newman, D. D., President of the Catholic University of Ireland, &c.

One of the first steps which he has taken in his new character, and a very characteristic step for him it is, has been to publish his Discourses on University Education — to raise before men the idea of what he hopes to accomplish. It is in relation to these that the Rambler throws out the analysis of Dr. Newman's style and method of argument, of which we give below some interesting extracts, as the whole paper is too long for insertion. The Review begins with a brief analysis of the lectures themselves and then proceeds as follows:

"It would not have been difficult to have given a more ample analysis of these lectures, and to have quoted many beautiful passages by way of illustration; most of our readers, however, will probably have studied the book already for themselves, and certainly we have no wish to furnish any one with an excuse for not doing so. We would rather take this opportunity, therefore, of making a few remarks on the style and method of argument which Dr. Newman has followed in these pages, and which do not, properly speaking, admit of an analysis. He does not propound a system, like the Organon of Aristotle, which can be studied almost with as much advantage in one of the usual compendiums as in the original book. He does not give us a treatise, like that of Euclid on geometry, commencing from axiomatic principles, and by a gradual process of deduction, leading on the mind to unexpected results. Neither, again, does he lead us by a process of induction to the acknowledgment of truths which are the precise result of the induction, neither less nor more. Mr. Brownson has somewhere said of him, that "he will seize on a particular fact, and generalise it into the basis of a universe," and adds that his "is a purely inductive mind." With all deference to an authority so respectable, we venture to object that such a process would not be induction at all. A "purely inductive mind" would use "pure induction," and would never generalise further than the given instances permitted; it would never, except on hypothesis, "generalise a particular fact into the basis of a universe:" such a process is either completely unphilosophical, or it must rest on different grounds from ordinary induction or deduction. But is there any such process? Is there any method that is neither induction nor deduction? There is, as Dr. Newman shows, the method of literature, as distinguished from that of natural science, though we cannot consent to apply his rather disparaging description of that method to his own peculiarly beautiful style. "Literature," he says, "does not argue, but declaims and insinuates; it is multiform and versatile; it persuades instead of convincing, it seduces, it carries captive; it appeals to the sense of honor, or to the imagination, or to the stimulus of curiosity; it makes its way by means of gaiety, satire, romance, the beautiful, the pleasurable." Dr. Newman had to furnish a formula that would apply to the worst as well as the best specimens of the literary method. But they all rest on one ultimate principle; they contemplate the human soul in the concrete, as a knowing faculty guided by desire; they study these desires and wants of the soul, and seek to answer questions which the illiterate soul has not skill to put, to satisfy its dumb wishes, to put into words its vague prepossessions, and to justify its scarcely recognised presumptions. It is a skill something like that of Socrates, as described in the Theætetus of Plato, a kind of midwifery, by which he brings to light the ideas which were shut up in the unlettered soul. Hence the great arm of this method is the power of statement; that poetical eloquence which makes the reader feel that he has at length found the true expression of some vague misgiving, or desire, or imagination, which he had often tried in vain to apprehend; that literary style in which the language is as pellucid as glass, where the words seem to be things and the sentences thoughts, because they express only things and thoughts with which we are indistinctly familiar, so that when the expression comes to us we at once adopt it as our own. "Literature," then, "does not argue;" it insinuates by simple and luminous statement, and appeals, not to the process of induction nor to that of deduction, but to the deep-seated principles of our nature. When it is satirical, it does not use the syllogism, "that which is ridiculous is false, this is ridiculous, *ergo*," &c., but it simply ridicules, and there leaves the matter; it acts, and does not tell us the reason of its action; as knowing that if its action touches a chord of human nature, the response will be heard, though the string may not know why it vibrates.

"Thus also the examples which this method uses, and in such abundance that they look like "tables of instances" collected for the purpose of a Baconian induction, are not at all what they seem — are not steps of an inductive proof, but simple "instances in illustration." Aristotle has said that "in rhetoric examples should follow, not precede the statement of principles: if they precede, the method appears to be inductive, which is not proper for rhetoric; but if they follow, they are like testimony; and the testimony of one respectable witness is enough."* Even this, however, scarcely seems to us adequately to describe Dr. Newman's method,— rather we would use his own expressions to explain his plan. "We know," he says, "not by a direct and simple vision, not at a glance, but as it were by piecemeal and accumulation, by a mental process, by going round an object, by the comparison, the combination, the mutual correction, the continual adaptation of many partial notions, by the joint application and concentration upon it of many faculties and exercises of mind." The examples are brought forward as so many symbols of one idea. The true induction makes an abstraction of all points of difference in the instances adduced. Dr. Newman in his method makes a synthesis of them, and composes a whole by "comparison, combination, correction, and adaptation." The two processes are radically distinct. Prove by strict induction from natural phenomena the power and being of God, and it follows, as Hume says, "that He possesses that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence which appears in His workmanship, but nothing further can be proved." Take, on the other hand, these same phenomena as but symbols of a great truth, dimly though really present to our minds, namely, "the infinite power and divinity" of God, and they are, as St. Paul says, clear proofs of it; for in them this great truth is clearly seen, not by induction, but by illustration and expression.

"Thus we see how this poetical and literary method can be also a religious method. St. Paul may be said to enunciate the principle almost in a proverbial form in his celebrated words to the Athenians, "what you worship in ignorance, that I preach to you"— that which you feel and know, but cannot express, I put into words for you. Dr. Newman in the sermons which he preached, while yet a Protestant before the University of Oxford, even went so far as to found a definition of faith on a similar conception. He assumes the natural want or demand for faith, and takes this as even the evidence on which it is received. "The main evidence of faith," he says, "is its desire." Again, "the word of life is offered to a man, and on its being offered he has faith in it. Why? On these two grounds,— the word of its human messenger, and the likelihood of the message. And why does he feel the message to be probable? Because he has a love for it, his love being strong, though the testimony is weak." We do not quote this as a theological verity, for we suppose that as a definition it is simply untenable, and that Dr. Newman would now express himself very differently. To us it appears to savor much more of that Puseyite exclusiveness which was aptly denominated the "gentleman heresy," which considered a man's "tone" to be all in all, and which would say with Milton, "fit audience let me find, though few," than of that Catholic spirit which addresses itself to the whole race. Puseyism addressed itself to a certain element of *religiosity* (if we may use such a term) in the soul. Where this aspiration was wanting, the Puseyite had no chance of success. The Church might "propose," but the individual would never "prove" nor approve. but the Catholic missionary addresses himself not to any one class of minds, but to all; in consequence, he does not demand any "desires," or "wants" as the foundation on which to build, but he only asks his hearers' attention.* Let them only listen and be honest, and they will be convinced, whatever their character of mind may be, whether they have naturally a religious or an irreligious turn, whether their desires lead them to mysticism, to hard-headed science, to business, or to sensual enjoyment. We cannot, therefore, accept the description as a definition of faith, or as any thing else in religion than a method to be adopted by the missionary who "makes himself all things to all men" in addressing peculiar minds; but we accept it as an exposition of Dr. Newman's literary method, and an excellent ground for its defence. In the volume before us Dr. Newman is not addressing the multitude, but "an accomplished and philosophical audience," who all acknowledge a particular want, that of university education; he has, therefore, nothing to do but to describe to them what they want, to set it before them in words, to lead them round and round it, so as to examine every detail; and no words of ours can adequately express the beauty and perfection with which he has done this. But we must not expect more than this. The method has no similarity with the dry scholastic way of definition and deduction, which, though necessary in science, is quite out of place in literature. A definition can never embrace the totality of any thing, except of a pure intuition or production of our own minds; we can produce a triangle or a straight line in our intuition, therefore we can define it. But as we cannot produce a subsisting thing, such as a lion or a tree; so neither can we produce its perfect idea; and therefore we cannot adequately define it in the sense of describing it entirely what it is, though we can define it in the sense of separating it from that which it is not. Dr. Newman has somewhere summed up this plain truth in the sentence, "It were as easy to create as to define." Definition, therefore, is of no use in the first formation of ideas, but only for the accurate use of them; ideas must be created as intuitions, before they can be defined. When a man would give us a new stock of them, he must not begin by definitions, but by descriptions: a definition is an abstraction, or dividing off of a portion; but an idea is produced by a synthesis, or a collection of constituent elements into a whole. Synthesis, therefore, must come before abstraction, poetry before philosophy, the Bible before St. Thomas. Dr. Newman furnishes the mine of ideas in which the future systematizer may quarry."

---

*Rhet. ii, 20.

The writer then goes on to take notice of several characteristics of *style,* as consequent upon the peculiarity of method in Father Newman, a passage which we omit the more willingly, as it wanders, though in a very interesting manner, from the subject. He returns to it thus :—

"Father Newman in his process of generating an idea, is not particular about apparent contradictions: he accumulates the most varied observations in order to build up his idea, and the result would not be complete if he eliminated all that appeared contradictory; rather he gives us the synthesis of his rich and multifarious observation, accumulated not in the order which would be observed in a scientific treatise, but in that which befits the literary method, in which Dr. Newman's own taste is an unerring judge.

"A result of the adoption of this method is the relative importance of the illustrations as compared with the statement of principles. The scientific enunciation

---

*"All that the evidence requires is to be brought home or applied to the mind. If belief does not then follow, the fault lies with the will."—*Loss and Gain*, p. 342.

of principles is tolerated; the illustration of them in instances and symbols is the real aim of the method, which has rather to do with intuition than with system; "system is not necessary to intuition." Hence "whatever is exact and systematic" displeases that attitude of mind of which St. Philip is made the representative. System and scholastic method, when they occur, are but the casket or the frame; the illustration is the gem and the picture. Dr. Newman's therefore, is not the method of Bacon, the aphoristic, for there "illustration and excursion, variety of examples, deduction and connection, are forbidden, and only a sufficient body of observations is allowed" (De Aug. lib. vi, cap. 2), though perhaps he abandons the scholastic method for much the same reason, "because

. . . 'Tantum series juncturaque pollet;'

so that a system often bears the aspect of great art, which when resolved into its elements is found to be worth nothing." Nothing tries the solidity of a man's observations so much as absence of system. How many absurd philosophies are supported only by an appearance of internal self-consistency, and when taken to pieces are found to consist of nothing but principles misunderstood and misapplied! Hence, as Bacon says, it is only when a man is conscious that he has really something to say, that he will willingly choose the unsystematic method; when he can afford to set forth his principles on their own proper strength, without giving them the adventitious support of a forced mutual connection. It is not, then, in methodical treatment that Dr. Newman's strength lies; it is, as we have said before, in statement; and yet not direct statement, but rather in illustration, in analogy, in symbol. And we may notice this peculiar beauty, that his illustrations not only bear on the point under discussion, but also settle some minor controversy. For instance, his illustrations of the possible antagonism of the fine arts— painting, sculpture, and architecture — to religion, not only set forth the kind of connection between religion and the imaginative arts, but also throw out hints which will go far in many minds towards settling the controversies concerning the use of screens, of Gregorian chant and of pre-Raphaelite design. His instances of the misapplication of principles are not taken from times or subjects in which at present no interest is felt, but from just those very things which are now occupying thinking men. We feel in reading him, that we have to do with one who knows what has engaged our thoughts, and who, without professing to do so,—indeed, while professing to speak to us only on a particular subject,— is answering our doubts and speculations on most subjects of importance. He seems to absorb the learning of his times; his half-sentences, his words, his characteristic epithets serve to suggest a whole philosophy, or to confute some popular system or some well known sophism. When he seems to be farthest from his subject, he is close to it; he grapples with it not in its naked definitions, but in its analogies, in its applications and manifestations. We could easily fancy some Callicles interrupting him, "By the gods, you never cease talking about shoemakers, fullers, cooks, and physicians, as if our discourse were about them." But it is just these illustrations which are the symbols of the whole idea, these things are the language which must express his meaning; so that in reading Dr. Newman we have instruction on both hands; a new idea is created in us, and during the process we find that we have been receiving information on almost all the subjects of thought on which we could wish to inquire. Thus if he has to give an example of miscellaneous and aimless learning, he quietly gives a back-handed blow to the admirers of the "Standard English Divinity," and by a delicious criticism of Jeremy Taylor shows the incomparable absurdity of minds of that class. If he has to illustrate the scholastic ideas of "form," his illustration becomes a beautiful and philosophic defence of the Catholic idea of worship. If he has to show what literature is, his exposition becomes an unanswerable argument in favor of that secular learning which the Abbé Gaume, or at least one of his disciples, have seemed to wish to extrude from all seats of Catholic education. In a word, all his illustrations, even taken by themselves, are beautiful objects, and the book would be a rich mine of thoughts, even if they were unconnected; but brought as they all are under one idea, the separate gems have arranged themselves, as in the kaleidoscope, into a form of exquisite symmetry and beauty."

*To the Editor of the Metropolitan:*

Dear Sir.—A happy and laborious New Year to your Editorship. Happy, for to those who labor for us, it were base not to wish well; laborious, because true genius can never be truly happy except when employed to its full capacity.

Mr. Editor, have you ever been in Ireland? If not, it is reasonable to suppose that you like the rest of us, know it chiefly through the books of English tourists. That is one of our mental misfortunes as Americans. When I landed in Ireland one fair summer's morning, not very long ago, I was led more by a sense of duty than a hope of pleasure. I expected to find the whole island one vast emigrant-ship or alms-house. I forgot that no country can be judged exclusively by those who leave it, whether the fashionable rich or the unfortunate poor. It did not take long to undeceive me; the country grew on me in interest every day; and before I left it, I was ready to conclude that few lands in Europe are better worth visiting.

With your permission and the artist's aid, I will set before your readers some Irish scenes which, I think, will justify my admiration, and leave you to judge between Old Erin and cockney book-makers.

Yours, monthly, C. B. A.

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. I.

*Dublin.—Its Bay.—The City and its Liberties.—St. Patrick's Cathedral.—Reminiscences of Old Dublin.—Strongbow's Tomb.—The Castle and its Recollections.—Glasnevin.*

"He that hath not seen Seville," says the Spanish proverb, "is to be pitied;" and the same may truly be said of many scenes in Old Ireland. In freshness of natural beauty, in every sort of ancient edifice, known to Europe, no other island is so rich. While the perpetual presence of the sea, or of inland waters, gives to the Irish landscape those mirror-like contrasts beloved by Claude, it is not unusual to find under the same horizon, remarkable remains of Pelasgic, Celtic, Romanesque, Scandinavian and Norman art, grouped together as if for the greater convenience of the curious spectator. A few "excursions" through such scenes, a few glimpses at such remains, cannot be unprofitable, unless, indeed, the guide should fall entirely short of the interest of his subjects. Many dear American friends, in days *not* long gone by, have we led through the solemn and beautiful places of our fatherland, and well were we repaid, by the delighted attention of our guests; so well that we love annually to revisit those scenes, placed by the aid of books and artists, upon the wings (stronger than the eagle's) of consoling memory.

The American visitor of Ireland, will most probably enter it at Dublin, coming as most do from Liverpool. If he should make the shore at night, and the moon is up, he should by all means keep the deck, for the Bay view is said by all travellers to be one of the finest in the world. The old Scandinavian Sea Kings to whom the city owed its importance, though not its origin, had a good eye for the picturesque, as may be judged from the sketch of the scene, which the artist has selected, and in the foreground of which is the pier of Howth.

DUBLIN BAY.

The south side of the bay, with the Wicklow hills for its background, and Dalkey and Kingstown in front, is more beautiful, though less wildly sublime. As a scene the bay is a worthy vestibule to the beautiful island, to which it is the most frequented entrance.

The city, placed at the west end of the bay, is divided into two almost equal parts by the Liffey, and is flanked by the Dodder and Tolkan. It is a place of old renown, being the *Eblana* mentioned by Ptolemy the geographer, in the second century. In the Celtic topography it is always called Ath-cliath, ("the ford of hurdles"), and is mentioned among the places where St. Patrick preached and tarried, in the fifth century. About the year 836, the Scandinavians or "Danes," first attacked it from the sea, captured it, and for above three hundred years after held on to it with indomitable tenacity. Twenty-five Danish Vikings, Ivars, Sitricks and Reginalds, exercised their rude supremacy from time to time within its well guarded walls, till, in the twelfth century, the Norman allies of Dermod McMorogh, besieged it, slew the reigning king, Asculph, son of Torcall, and planted the leopards of England on Castle hill. Except the names of places, such as Ostmantown, Fingal, Harold's-cross, and one or two more, no traces of the old Danish vikings are now visible about Dublin. The city ever since the year 1170, has remained in the hands of the English, although at many periods they had scarcely any other footing left in the country. It has been to them for many centuries a sort of Gibraltar on the channel, and we must not be surprised if we find it, in its nomenclature and language, almost entirely an English city.

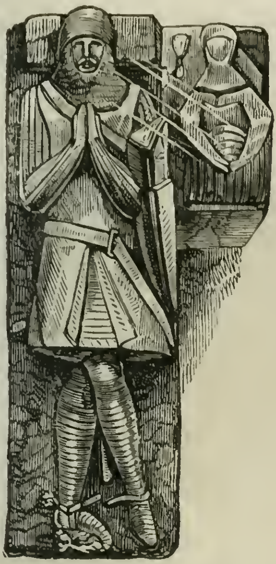
The ecclesiastical annals of the city, though inferior in interest to those of Armagh and Cashel, are still highly interesting. St. Patrick's well is still shown, where, in the year of our Lord 448, the Saint baptised the Chief of Ath-Cliath, and near which he celebrated mass in a vault used as a store-house by merchants. This vault, some think, stood on the site of the present Cathedral of Christ's

Church, but others think it stood where St. Patrick's Cathedral now stands. For in this respect Dublin is singular, it is the only city (if we except Saragossa, in Spain), that has two cathedral churches. The reason obviously is, that one of these being without the walls, the other in troublous times was provisionally used for cathedral purposes, and hence came to be considered as really the Cathedral.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Patrick's has more claim to respect from its age than its architecture. It cannot compare with the great churches of the adjacent Island or of the Continent, either in size or style. Still its name and associations give it a title to our reverence which cannot be resisted. In the midst of what might well be called, in other times, a foreign city, it upheld the memory of the founder of the Irish Church. Here, in the troubled Middle Ages, Parliaments were often held and the bitter family feuds of the great barons were reconciled; here the partisans of "the Roses" alternately domineered or sued for peace; here, an English apostate monk, George Brown, first advocated the errors of the Reformation; here Swift preached, and Handel directed the choir; here are monuments to Swift, to Curran, and to many others not unknown to fame. St. Patrick's is, therefore, well worth a visit from every stranger who enters Dublin.

A few minutes walk, through dark and dingy streets, will bring you to the *other* Cathedral — Christ's Church. It also is historic ground, the scene of events familiar to the readers of Froissart and Holingshed. You enter, and all is silent and awful. Yonder in the wall is the tomb of that remarkable Earl of Pembroke, (commonly called "Strongbow"), the ally of McMorogh, and the first distinguished Anglo-Norman captain, who served in Ireland. The following inscription on a slab, may be read above his grim and antique effigy.



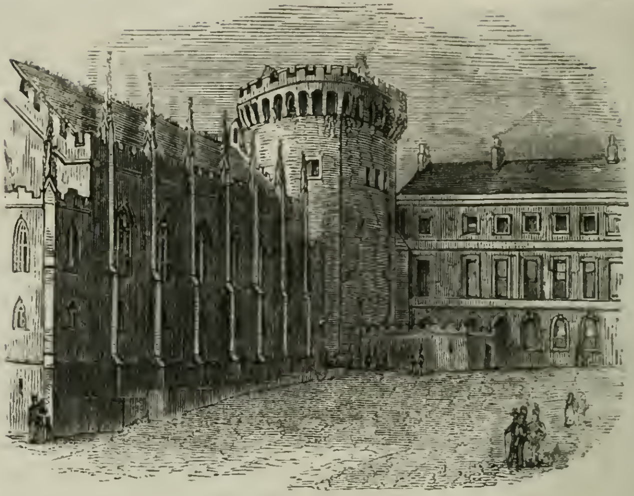
STRONGBOW'S TOMB.

THIS : AVNCYENT : MONVMENT : OF : RYCHARD : STRANGBOWE : CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENSIS : LORD : OF : CHEPSTO : AND : OGNY : THE : FYRST : AND : PRINCIPAL : INVADER : OF : IRLAND : 1169 : QVI : OBIT : 1177 : THE : MONVMENT : WAS : BROKEN : BY : THE : FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE : OF : CHRYSTES : CHVRCHE : IN : AN : 1562 : AND : SET : UP : AGAYN : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT : HONORABLE : SR : HENIRI : SIDNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : NOBLE : ORDER : L : PRESIDENT : WAILES : L : DEPVTY : IRLAND : 1570.

A neighbor and cotemporary of this enterprising earl, Gerald Barry, afterwards Bishop of St. David's but better known as Cambrensis, gives this character of him :—"The earl was somewhat ruddie and of sanguine complexion and freckle-faced, eies grei, his face feminine, his voice small, and his necke little, but somewhat of a high stature. He was very liberal, courteous and gentle; what he could not compasse and bring to passe in déed, he would win by good words and gentle spéeches. In time of peace, he was more readie to yéeld and obeie than to rule and bear swaie. Out of the campe he was more like to a souldior companion then a captiene or ruler; but in the campe and in the warres he carried with him the state and countenance of a valiant capteine. Of himselfe he would not adventure anie thing, but being advised and set on he refused no attempts; for of himselfe, he would not rashly adventure or presumptiouslie take anie thing in hand. In the fight and battle he was a most assured token and signe to the whole companie, either to stand valiantlie to the fight or for policie to retire. In all chances of warre, he was still one and the same maner of man, being neither dismaid with adversitie nor puffed up with prosperitie."

He lived but a few years after the invasion of Ireland, but long enough to experience the ingratitude of the prince, to whose territory he had made such important additions, as Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin.

The two Cathedrals stand in Old Dublin, amid coils of dark and narrow streets, along which the names of gates, ports, and churches, no longer existing, may be traced. But though unpleasant to the eye and eke to the nose, this is the historic side of the city. Usher and Swift were born hard by; and Lord Edmond Fitzgerald was captured, and Emmet executed, the one in Francis, the other in Thomas street, a little farther on. Passing to the newer wards of the city, we may cross the courts of "the castle," a pile of various styles and ages, the name of which, to Irish ears, conveys recollections partaking both of the Bastile and old Greenwich, of the days of King Hal, and the days of Citizen Robespierre. An Ainsworth, or a Maturin, could find abundant materials for tales of horror, in the scenes that have transpired within its walls. We have ourselves looked into its annals and have found mention of some who lived for forty or fifty years bound in irons in its unwholesome dungeons. Speaking of the old prison tower, now called the Birmingham Tower, a late writer says: "The records of this tower — in modern times the State Paper Office — would afford materials for one of the most singular



DUBLIN CASTLE.

and romantic histories ever published. It received its name, according to Dr. Walsh, not from the De Birminghams, who were lord-justices in 1321 and 1348, but from Sir William Birmingham, who was imprisoned there in 1831, with his son Walter: 'the former was taken out from thence and executed, the latter was pardoned as to life because he was in holy orders.' It was the ancient keep, or ballium of the fortress; and was for a very long period the great state prison, in which were confined the resolute or obstinate Milesian chiefs, and the rebellious Anglo-Norman lords. Strong and well guarded as it was, however, its inmates contrived occasionally to escape from its durance. Some of the escapes which the historians have recorded are remarkable and interesting; and none more so than that of Hugh O'Donnel, in 1591. From his fastnesses in Donegal, he had intimated designs of maintaining his independence; in consequence of which the lord-justice, Sir John Perrot, laid a plot to obtain possession of his person. Accordingly, in the year 1587, a ship was fitted out, and stowed with Spanish wine, and directed to sail to one of the harbors of Donegal. The vessel put into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor off the castle of Dundonald, near Rathmillan. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to traffic with the people of the fortress, who bought and drank until they became intoxicated. The people of the adjoining district did the same, and all the surrounding septs of O'Donnel, McSwiney, and O'Dogherty, entered into dealings with the crafty wine-merchant. O'Donnel, amongst the rest, sent for some of the wine, and was informed that there was no more to sell, but if the young prince would come on board the vessel, he should taste some of the choicest. The bait took; the prince 'overtaken' by drink, was easily secured and conveyed a prisoner to Dublin. Here he remained in custody for above three years. In the year 1591, he and some of his followers descended by means of a rope on the drawbridge, and getting safe off from the fortress, they escaped towards the Wicklow mountains, and reached the borders of O'Toole's country. There O'Donnel was obliged to stop — his shoes had fallen off his feet; and, passing barefooted through the furze and brakes that covered the hills, he soon broke down; and his companions, consulting their own safety, left him with the one faithful servant, who assisted him and them to descend from the tower. The O'Tooles betrayed him; and he was again a prisoner, under stricter ward, in his old place of confinement. A second time, however, he effected his escape, in company with other prisoners, Arthur and Henry O'Neil. They endeavored to reach the Wicklow fastnesses of Glen Malur. 'In the early period of their flight they were separated from Henry O'Neil, and as night advanced, Arthur O'Neil, being a heavy and inactive man, was obliged to give over, and he laid down drowsily, and slept the sleep of death. Young O'Donnel got a little further, stationed himself under a projecting rock, in order to shelter himself from the snow hurricanes that swept the hills, and sent his servant to Glen Malur. Feagh McHugh, on the arrival of the servant, sent his people, provided with all possible refreshments and clothes, for the relief of the fugitives. O'Neil was found dead—O'Donnel's young blood was still circulating, but his feet were dreadfully frost-bitten. Every hospitality that the O'Byrne could show him he did; and when he was able to ride, he forwarded him and his faithful servant, Turlough Buy O'Hogan, on good horses ,towards the province of Ulster. On their arrival at the Liffey, they found its usual passes guarded, for the Government were on the watch to prevent O'Donnel's escape to his own country. But the Liffey is in so many places fordable, that he found no difficulty in passing it, and getting through the plains of Meath. On coming to the Boyne, they were obliged to throw themselves on the patriotic fidelity of a poor fisherman, who not only faithfully ferried them over, but also, with no small courage and address, drove their horses before him as cattle he intended to sell in the north country, and so driving them to where their owners were lying in secret, he furnished them with the means of reaching the hills of Ulster; thus regaining, after five years' absence, their own principality. On Hugh's arrival, all the different septs of the country, the O'Donnel, the O'Dogherty, and the McSwiney, elected him as 'The O'Donnel,' in the room of his father, who was now much advanced in years, and willing to resign his government to a bolder and steadier hand.' "

And to-day, the spy has his nest, and the mercenary soldier keeps his watch on the same towers. So long-lived may injustice be, and so forbearing God!

Of the other streets and sights of Dublin, the stranger cannot be ignorant, since in passing to and from his hotel, he must needs see them. We deal only with objects not sufficiently known. The old Parliament House, Trinity College, the Law Courts, the fashionable squares, are in every one's way, and need no description.

There is a spot, however, in the northern suburb of the city, which is dear to all lovers of genius well applied. It is Glasnevin Cemetery. There sleep two of the greatest, most natural, and disinterested of Irishmen, John Philpot Curran (*Hibernicè* McCarron), and Daniel O'Connell. The spot which holds the ashes of these illustrious men, must become the Necropolis of Erin, for all that is, or may hereafter be most gifted there, should be well content to be grouped around the tombs of two such guardian spirits of the Island.

Dublin contains above 800 streets, and 22,000 houses. The city occupies a space of 1,264 acres; originally it was confined within walls to the hill upon which the Castle now stands. These walls were not above a mile in circumference. Its increase during the past century was very considerable; but since the Union, its extent has been very little augmented; and the mansions of the nobility have, almost without exception, been converted into hotels, public offices, charitable asylums, or schools. The corporation consists of a lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. The title of *lord* mayor was bestowed on the chief magistrate by Charles I, in 1641. The city returns two members to the Imperial Parliament, and two are also returned for the University. It is the seat of the Vice-regal government. Its first charter was granted by Henry the Second, A. D. 1173—"to the men of Bristol." The ecclesiastical province of Dublin, over which the archbishop presides, comprehends the dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough, Kildare, Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin.

The census of 1851, we believe, has not been published: that of 1847 showed it to be the seventh city in Europe in point of population.

# St. Theodosia at Amiens.

*(The Prize Poem).*

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

A SOUND of triumph stirs the air, and o'er the city old
Full many a lordly banner waves its blazonry of gold,
While to the thrilling clarion's note, and music soft and low,
Forth came the princes of the Church with stately steps and slow,
Their jewelled mitres, crimson robes, and crosiers flashing bright
Blend gorgeously with silken folds and gems that mock the light;
The CROSS high over all, gleams out, and banners, wrought with pearl,
The *Fleur de lis* and *Mary's* name together twined, unfurl;
The Minster's mighty bell peals out—the golden censers swing
And far up in the sunny air, their spicy odors fling;
While tramping steeds, and mail-clad men their serried ranks display,
And nobles with their snow-white plumes, in rich and proud array!
Fair maidens veiled, and crowned with flow'rs, move silently along,
With smiles upon their lips, as if their hearts were full of song!
In glittering files th' imperial guards march proudly to and fro,
As 'neath the arches wreathed with flowers, the countless thousands go.

What victor comes, exulting through these strange and gorgeous scenes
To claim allegiance from the men of saintly old Amiens?
Before whose might th' imperial heads in veneration bend,
And all the chivalry of France their rich *laudate's* lend!
Why blaze the altars high, with lights, and gems and riches rare?
Why blush the aisles with cloth of gold, and flowers thick-scattered there?
Is it some wondrous king who rules the destinies of France,
Whose smile can fill with joy the land, or wither at a glance?
What ho! make way! in solemn pomp the conqueror draws near
Beneath a golden canopy—say, is it throne or bier?
The Minster's portals open wide—the veiled mysterious one
Is borne along the marble aisles;—the organ's mighty tone
Bursts forth in music, soaring high, like wild winds sweeping o'er
The midnight wave that dashes on some rock-bound, lonely shore;
Anon, a rain-bow of sweet notes, amidst the solemn storm
Preludes the holy *Te Deum* above that silent form!

But listen to the wondrous tale — no earthly crown wears she
Who cometh in right regal state, from a far counterie;
No smile of triumph lights her eye; nor sits upon her brow
One thought of woman's pride, or love; 'tis dim and silent now!
A maiden of Amiens was she, who left her vine-clad home
To wander with her wedded lord, to old, imperial Rome:
Of Rome was he an honored son, and she, — a peerless dame, —
By every lofty virtue shed new lustre on his name.
Years by her passed, and fair young heads had nestled on her breast,
And like Cornelia's jewels rare, enriched her, while they blest!
But o'er the sunshine of their life, a tempest dark was driven,
Which, blighting every earthly joy, drew back the veil from Heaven!
The heathen raged — Christ's cross itself the stigmata bestowed —
And wheresoe'er ROME empire held, the martyr's blood fast flowed.
The gladiator's task was done — the pageants and the feasts
All yielded to the madd'ning cry, "Ho! Christians! to the beasts!"

They sought the noble, high-born dame, the daughter of Amiens,
They drag her from love's sheltering arms, and home's endearing scenes,
And to the temple of their gods, they bear her rudely on —
The brazen censer stands aloft upon the altar stone —
They bid her throw the spices in, and gently whisper,— "live —
Live for thy spouse — thy babe — thy sons: — thy life is thine to give —."
Perchance she wavered then awhile, as from her blue-veined breast
Flowed the white stream, where erst the lips of her fair babe had pressed.
Her dark-haired daughters, and her sons — her spouse — her stricken home,
Her sunny youth in old Amiens, in memory's flood-tides come!
"Deny thy Christ — burn incense here," again they rudely cry —
"Never, oh tempters of my soul! — Never, oh Christ most high!
Perish my body! — break my heart! — break every earthly link! —
But Christ, the Son of God adored — adored on death's dark brink —
Is my eternal hope and gain — ha! — it will soon be ended,
And this poor life immortal grown, will with His own be blended.
HIS side was pierced," she murmured low, "oh, joy to be like Him!
But lo! it brightens round me now, while earth grows cold and dim.
All hail, sweet Lord, and angels fair —." The crimson tide flowed fast,
She waves her hands in triumph high — and lo! the conflict's past —
The palm is won — the glorious hosts of martyrs greet her now;
And HE for whom she died lifts up the crown upon her brow.

Midnight hangs o'er imperial Rome, and through the murky gloom
A little band with stealthy steps, move towards the Catacomb.
They bear upon their trembling arms a pale and shrouded one; —
On — on — through all the winding ways — through many an arch of stone,
They glide in tears and silence, and with many a whispered prayer
Lay down the noble martyr's dust, by the red torches' glare.
The sculptured stone, the crystal vase, stained with its crimson dyes,
Told where the daughter of Amiens had slept for centuries.
'Tis she! sought out in that low crypt, far in the catacomb,
Raised up with honor — touched with awe — borne from death's stilly gloom
Back to her vine-clad, sunny land, — in regal splendor now
She shines, the fairest gem that France wears on her lofty brow!
Yes, bend the knee, ye countless throngs — the martyr's triumph tell
Until from sea to sea the notes of Alleluia swell!

*Washington, Nov. 22.*

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER I.

### *The Convent-Girl.*

Some years ago, — we do not like to be too particular in regard to the date, lest it should bring us into difficulty — there resided in New York a Catholic gentleman by the name of O'Connor. He was an Irishman of course, and had a history too trite for more than a passing hint: arrived at manhood he found a residence in Ireland inconvenient or dangerous, and sought a quieter home in America. Having married some years after his removal to this country, and of course rather late in life, he found himself at fifty-five a widower, with one child, a little girl of ten years. The question of the future training of his young charge caused Mr. O'Connor at this time much solicitude. He was immersed in business, but not the less a cheerful, jovial man, fond of entertaining his friends, fond of his glass of wine at dinner, and rather given to the pipe; his family consisted of his housekeeper and other servants. He had no female relation whom he could invite to reside with him and take charge of his little Kate; his younger brother Michael was married indeed, and lived in the next street, but Mrs. Michael had a little troop of her own which occupied her more than sufficiently. After debating a long time between a New York school and a governess at home, he decided, though it grieved him much to send away the light of his eyes, to place his little daughter under the care of the Ursuline nuns at ———.

The little girl, rather reluctant at first to leave her father, her young cousins and her home, where she had been, to say truth, a trifle spoiled, reconciled herself with the facility of childhood to a long journey, a change of residence and the great novelty of a boarding-school. The affair was soon arranged, the good-byes were said, the little damsel was packed off, and in a short time the young O'Connors began to drop in less frequently at Uncle John's, to miss their pretty cousin less at their board and in their plays, and Mr. O'Connor himself, after fretting awhile at the unnatural quiet of the house, and longing for the laugh which he could not hear, and the bright eyes which were beaming so far away from him, began to console himself with her little curiously spelled letters, and to pass them proudly around, among his friends over the wine, mentioning the date of the vacation when he next expected her home.

The young Kate found the convent school as great a novelty as she expected: the first day or two she was very homesick, but homesickness soon wears away in a child of ten years surrounded by new scenes and new companions. The nuns were very kind, the life very regular and orderly; and that she rather liked: she had not quite so much "fun" as she had in New York — but then it saved her a world of difficulty — mud and bruises and ragged frocks. As the years quietly followed one another, she gradually assimilated (if we may say so) to the atmosphere around her: she ceased to long so ardently for New York and the vacations; she did not always go home in vacation; sometimes she remained at the convent in preference; she went home once to attend as bride's-maid the wedding of her cousin Margaret, her uncle Mike's oldest child, who was seven years older than herself; then her father wrote to her once or twice of the death of one and another of her cousins, then of the death of her aunt: she was confirmed — made her first communion: then one of her schoolmates whom she loved very much, died — died at the convent of scarlet fever: she began to see that life is a reality, and as a natural consequence of this first peep at the seriousness of existence, she fancied herself grown wise and grave and stable at a glance, and knowing that she was to go home to stay, so soon as she had completed her sixteenth year, she began to entertain seriously the idea of resolving never to marry, of returning to ———, if she could gain her father's consent, of becoming an Ursuline nun, and of passing a holy life in the retirement of a convent.

---

*Copy-right secured for the benefit of the Author.

When she once or twice mentioned these thoughts, the good nuns smiled cheerfully, and made no comment: they knew that the fancies of sixteen do change sometimes. She was gently advised by her confessor that she was very young; that she would probably change her mind after she had been at home a few months; and even if she did not, that she was bound to regard before all things the wishes of her father, who was growing old, and no doubt looked to her to comfort his declining years. Kate felt that the good priest's counsel was wise. Her fond and proud old father, she knew though she did not say so, would nearly break his heart if he thought she dreamed of retiring from the world; and how could she vex him so much? She resolved that it would be cruel and wicked to leave him; but surely she could not be under any obligation to marry, if she did not wish to; and as for any alteration taking place in her own wishes and preferences, that was quite impossible. A great many things might occur to prevent her ever becoming a nun, but she was sure that she should not change her mind.

## CHAPTER II.

### *The Father's House.*

The summer months wore away, the beautiful American autumn had touched all the woods and hills with gold and purple, and Kate O'Connor was again at home — at home to stay. Fair and innocent, and just sixteen, life with its changes and opportunities lay before her. She seemed to be the very delight of her father's heart, as he proudly scanned her youthful features, remarking her growth, and appearance of health and strength. It was a year and a half since she had been at home, and she felt things somewhat changed. The old house, indeed, was just the same as ever; the same odd corners and landings, and cup-boards, where she used to play hide and seek with her cousins, the same large paved yard, with the cherry trees, in which they used to sit and fill their hats with the bright ripe fruit; but those cousins were all gone; of her Uncle Mike's large family only Margaret remained, and she, since her youngest brother died, had parted with her own house in Leonard street and come back to keep house for her father. Her own father, too, though gleeful as ever, had suffered much from rheumatism the last two years, walked always a little lame, and used a stick.

The first morning after her arrival home, having made coffee for her father, and given him the parting kiss as he went away to his business, receiving at the same time an injunction to be home and ready for dinner at four o'clock — dinner was the event of the day at Mr. O'Connor's — she tied on her hat and ran round the corner to her Uncle Mike's. She rang the bell, and presently the door was opened by a strange servant, whom she had never seen before, and who seemed confounded, as the fair young girl with a silent nod of the head, without asking for any body, ran past her, into the parlor, then into the china-closet, and after peeping a moment into the large old fashioned kitchen, flew up the back stairs into the story above. The girl waited, leaning against the banisters, till she heard voices up stairs, and then concluding that all was right, retreated into her own dominions. Miss Kate found her cousin, as she had expected, in what had been from time immemorial called the blue chamber, surrounded by her little ones — two tiny little girls running and creeping about the floor, and in her arms "a bundle that cried" of course, as she rose to greet the new arrival.

"Well done, Margaret Curran, you seem to have your hands full!" was the first exclamation, and throwing upon the bed hat and shawl, our young convent-girl sat down, and commenced plying her cousin with inquiries about herself, her husband, her children, the family far and near, neighbors and friends, a catechism which was clearly not to end until it was time to dress for dinner, and would probably be prolonged into the next and following days. So passed the first morning.

It was dinner time: and the two cousins made their appearance together in Mr. O'Connor's parlor, where the old gentleman with a few of his friends was expecting their arrival. There was Uncle Mike, whom Kate had not yet seen since her return; a hale, hearty man, a trifle past fifty; and old Mr. McKeon, whom, since she could remember, she had been accustomed to meet at her father's hospitable board; a tall and silent young man, very fair and florid, whom she had either never seen or had forgotten, who blushed excessively and never opened his lips when he was introduced to her as Mr. Patrick McKeon; and another, not so tall, and slighter, but also young and fair and florid, with handsome features and abundant self-possession, whose name she did not hear, and whose easy, graceful address rather frightened our little school girl. Mr. Curran, Margaret's husband, and William Curran, a younger brother: Frank Dougherty, with whom she had had many a frolic in the days when the house was merry with children's voices, Mr. Dougherty, Sen. and another old friend of her father's made up the party.

The old gentlemen generally greeted our young friend with a hearty kiss, which she bore with the meekness of one accustomed to it, and Mr. McKeon remarked admiringly upon her growth and good looks. Presently the folding doors were thrown open and all moved towards the table in the next room. Mr. O'Connor was fond of his own house, and the quiet, old fashioned ways which it imposed upon him. Our friend Kate finding herself at one end of the table, at what seemed to her a very awful distance from her father, with the silent McKeon on her right, and young Dougherty, (whom to be sure she knew well enough), on her left, accustomed too, to the quiet table of the convent, felt rather shy, and after modestly performing the duties which devolved upon her, fell to eating her own dinner in silence. Suddenly Uncle Mike, unmindful of a reply which he should have made to the strange gentleman who sat opposite to him, called out loud enough for every body to hear, "Katy, how quiet you are grown! take a piece of tongue, child," holding a delicate slice poised upon the tip of the knife. Kate blushed and laughed, and declined the tongue.

"Why, bless you," cried her father, "she has been in a nunnery these six years; enough, I should think, to make any girl quiet. Wait till she has been at home as many months, and then I shall have my little old Kate again, laughing and screaming, and pulling my hair." Again Kate blushed and smiled, and looked as if she thought it quite impossible that so staid a person as she was grown, should ever pull any body's hair. But after a little more rallying from one and another, her spirits rose, the ready Irish wit which seemed at first to have forsaken her, returned to her aid, she began to give as well as take, and the dinner passed off very pleasantly.

When Kate and Margaret left the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, which custom was strictly observed at Mr. O'Connor's, except when he was alone with his daughter, (a thing that did not often happen), the cousins having closed the folding doors, retired to the furthest corner of the room, and placed themselves in a window recess where they could both converse at liberty and amuse themselves by looking out. New York girls always look out of the windows, Brooklyn girls, certainly, always do; and we suppose it is the custom all over the world for womankind to spend a considerable portion of every day in looking through the blinds or curtains, or half closed shutters at whoever and whatever may chance to pass in the street; and certainly if one must do it, the half hour after dinner is as good a time as any for this edifying and inevitable occupation. This time, however, the passers-by were a secondary object of consideration, although both cousins sat diligently gazing out: Margaret was thinking of her little ones at home, and that if she did not return soon, her baby would be crying for her, when Kate suddenly asked,

"Maggie, who is that gentleman that sat next you at dinner?"

"Why did not you hear his name? That is Haraden White."

"Haraden White? what a queer name. Who is he?"

"He is your father's partner."

"Partner! I did not know he had any partner. How very droll."

"Not so droll. Mr. White has been with him nearly a year. Uncle John is getting old, my dear Kate."

"But such a young man!"

"He is not so young as you think. Now guess his age."

"Well, he is older than you, of course — but not so old as Mr. Curran."

Margaret laughed slightly and looked a little vexed. "Mr. White is thirty-five, and James is only twenty-eight."

"Thirty-five! but how handsome he is."

"Do you think so! yes — he is considered very handsome. I don't admire his face; the upper part of it is very handsome, and the shape of his head — but I don't like his expression."

Kate saw nothing in him that was disagreeable, and a few more questions and observations on both sides elicited the following facts.

Haraden White was a man of good property, and rather uncommon business talents, the only son of an old friend of Mr. O'Connor's; in religion he was nothing at all except that he called himself a Protestant, and had undoubtedly a most sincere and hearty hatred and contempt for the Catholic religion, although it had suited his worldly convenience to associate himself in business with a Catholic. Moreover it appeared that Margaret not only did not admire his face, but did not admire him. She said he was worldly and selfish; but this was Margaret's opinion. The other members of the dinner party came up in their turn for discussion, but as they were all old friends, they were very soon dispatched; and the conversation beginning to lag a little, and it having grown so dusk that the windows no longer furnished a source of amusement, and moreover, sundry sounds from the other room intimating that the gentlemen would be in in a few minutes, Margaret rose.

"I must go, Katy dear, I can't leave the children any longer."

Kate urged her to stay, but prevailed nothing. Margaret was just as fond of gossip and society as ever, but she was a true Irish mother, devoted to her children, and could not be persuaded to neglect them in the smallest degree.

She went away: — candles were lighted, the shutters closed, the gentlemen came sauntering in rather listlessly from the dining room, that is to say, the back parlor. Mr. O'Connor shrugged his shoulders, remarked that a fire would be rather comfortable, and tearing a scrap from the morning's Courier which lay on the table, had just applied it to the candle, when young Dougherty stepping forward said, "allow me, sir," and taking the paper from the old gentleman's hand, proceeded to light the fire already laid in the grate; and the cheerful blaze of Liverpool coal presently diffused through the whole apartment a glow of light and warmth.

Mr. McKeon chucking Kate under the chin, made some playful inquiries respecting the convent and the nuns; his tall and silent son, seizing the morning's paper, which of course he had exhausted hours ago, pretended to be diligently reading it, but was really wishing that he could pluck up courage to speak to Miss O'Connor, and wondering what he should say in case he ever made the attempt. Haraden White seemed to think it incumbent upon him to make some advances towards his young hostess, found her as he had expected, an unsophisticated little school girl, and, not unwilling to be relieved by young Dougherty, soon engaged Uncle Mike in a game of backgammon, of which both were excessively fond.

Kate and her old friend got on very well together. They talked over old times, old friends, old games of romps, frolics in the garret, and frolics in the garden, and in half an hour had quite established matters on the old footing. If Frank Dougherty was not her brother or her cousin, he was the next thing to it — the oldest croney in the world.

Presently tea was served, which the young lady dispensed with exceeding grace and dignity. Cards followed; some played whist, some looked on, music and chat filled up the evening.

## CHAPTER III.

### *Society.*

But our friend Kate was not merely, as Haraden White supposed, an unsophisticated little school girl. Innocent and healthful and free from care, there was no reason why she should not be full of sprightliness and vivacity, and she was so; she had plenty of wit and shrewdness, and a fund of strong common sense which seldom failed her. She was a little self-willed perhaps, (what girl of sixteen is not?) but she was truthful, honest and very impulsive. Most people thought her pretty:—she was very fair, with large blue eyes and a profusion of fair hair: pretty or not, her figure was undeniably beautiful, with grace and dignity in every motion. At all events, the young people who attended St. Peter's, who saw her in her father's pew and afterwards at home — for it can't be denied that young people do see one another in church, and some older people too, whether they have any right to or not — and they deliberately intend this mutual inspection beforehand (don't they?) or else why those showy bonnets and rich dresses? — the young people, I say, found her attractive; and not only the young people, I repeat, for Mr. McGrorty, a rich old bachelor, old enough, certainly, to be her father, who hired a single seat in her father's pew — a devout, ascetical person, who never was known to look at a young lady of any sort, and who notoriously spent all his evenings at home reading the Lives of the Saints or some such good book — actually came to Mr. O'Connor's one evening, — a thing he had not done in years before, — when the November skies, too, were pouring down torrents of rain, and sat three mortal hours for the express purpose, as he confessed, of renewing his acquaintance with Miss Kate.

A week or two sufficed to surround her with a circle of female friends who seemed very much to her mind, and a still larger circle of the other sex, wishing to be her friends, whose ages were not more various than their powers of pleasing. Even Mr. Haraden White, who lived in so narrow a world that he had probably never imagined any Catholic girl could merit his attention, finding that Kate was not only graceful and sprightly but well educated and sensible, finding that her music delighted his ear no less than her dancing pleased his eye, condescended to join the circle which in society generally surrounded her: a hackneyed man of the world himself, to that degree that he could hardly admire anything, he did nevertheless sincerely admire Kate, as such people always do, precisely because she was neither worldly nor hackneyed. Kate was not naturally vain, (if we may venture to claim for any woman a natural freedom from vanity) but she was not insensible to the *éclat* of drawing within her own little circle, so nonchalant, so apathetic, so *distinguished* a person as Haraden White, who was universally considered one of the most "fashionable" and most "elegant" men in New York. "He was not so tall nor so heavy as Patrick McKeon — but Pat McKeon was a giant: Mr. White was taller and had a finer figure than any other young man about."

So said Kate; and even Margaret, who did not like him, was proud of his acquaintance, and flattered to see him hovering about her cousin; and most foolishly, from the mere love of talking, repeated every day to Kate the remarks which Haradan freely made, respecting her grace, her wit, her dress, comparing her advantageously with other girls of her own society. It was impossible that a pretty girl, who never failed to please when she made the attempt, and who had the art of dress as well as that of society, should not be somewhat elated by these attentions and compliments, and stimulated by them to a petty and vain rivalry. Moreover, Kate's time, we must say, was not passed exactly as she had promised herself it would be, when at the convent she contemplated coming home "for good." Her mornings were usually spent either in "shopping" or making calls, in her cousin Margaret's nursery, or in her own room preparing some article of dress for the evening: — the evenings of course were passed in society either at home or abroad. She reproached herself sometimes for neglecting those little practices of piety which at the convent used to break up the busiest days with some remembrance of the unseen world; but somehow she never could remember these things at the right moment, and then she never seemed to have time for them. Naturally, her interior suffered — somewhat.

As the gloomy month of November drew to a close, a day approached on which she had been accustomed at the convent to receive Holy Communion in honor of her patron saint. She roused herself up, and resolved to go to confession that she might make her usual Communion; but as she sat gazing out of the window just after breakfast, on the eve of St. Catharine's day, wondering whether it would be better to go in the morning or in the afternoon, and whether to Father Blake or Father Haly, who should come in but Louisa Creighton to get Kate to go shopping with her, because she wanted to select a new dress for Mrs. Williams' ball the next Thursday night. It surely was not Kate's fault that all the girls thought so much of her taste in dress.—

"And I can't possibly refuse Louisa Creighton," said she, gaily running up stairs for her hat and shawl. So away she went with her friend; and there was not only the dress to select, but forty other little things for herself and Louisa. It occupied the whole day; she was hardly home in season to arrange her dress for dinner, and then she was so tired that she could not think of going out again; besides, it was dark after dinner. So she promised herself to go the next morning *very* early; but unfortunately, she overslept the next morning; somehow or other she could not wake up in New York as she used to do at the convent; so looking over the calendar in her prayer-book she consoled herself by the consideration that the feast of the Immaculate Conception would come in a week or two, and that was a much greater feast, having an "Octave" besides, which would furnish her with a better opportunity. The weeks passed on. One day it was the opera, another it was a ball, which drove Holy Church out of her mind; and almost before she was aware, the Octave of the Immaculate Conception had actually passed, and she had not received the most blessed Sacrament. But Christmas came on, and at that most joyful festival, having previously been to confession, she did receive, and made a thousand resolutions of living in future at least a more thoughtful and recollected life, and of not caring so much about admiration and attention and about being more beautifully dressed and more popular than others.

But unfortunately, she did care, the more now that she had to sustain the reputation of bearing away the palm in these little worldly matters, and girls in society "must" care some for such things, and it was clear that her father wished her to marry, and she must make the most of her advantages.

Father Ferrand at the convent had given her six months in which to change her mind in regard to her resolution of returning to become a nun: she had been at home a little more than *two* months, and certainly the idea of becoming a nun entered very slightly into her present calculations. And so the winter passed. After Christmas, New York society becomes not graver but more gay. The opera and the theatre, concerts, balls and sleighing parties absorbed the interest of young people of both sexes, in Kate's society, as well as in every other, and varied the monotony of what would otherwise be the dullest season of the year. Old Mr. O'Connor loved to have a bevy of young folks all the time around him; he wished his daughter to marry, as she said; and as he felt himself growing old, he did not care how soon he saw her settled. When she went out, he accompanied her, unless Margaret was able, and at home, burying himself in the huge arm-chair at the corner of the fire-place, he enjoyed the music and the dancing, the gay laughter and the innocent jest, almost as much — nay I think really more — than the young people themselves. Young Dougherty, among others, (we may mention) was a constant visitor, and made it quite evident that he had a great admiration for his old playmate, and old Mr. McKeon — kind, honest, and open heart — very frankly acknowledged that he should think Pat extremely happy if he could secure Miss Kate for a wife. But Miss Kate, contented with the present, bore her honors meekly, and dispensed her favor impartially.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Temptations and Resolutions.*

It was Lent: that season of the year in which all good Christians are accustomed to interrupt in a certain degree their usual business and pleasures, and to reflect more seriously than at other times upon those sufferings and humiliations by which our Divine Lord purchased redemption for us all. The O'Connors were too good Catholics not to pay a "proper" regard to the sacred season, and generally in the circle in which they moved, balls were suspended, the theatre and opera unattended, or attended much less frequently, and the general tone of society in all parties and re-unions became much more quiet, though the precise degree of self-denial and retirement practised would necessarily depend a good deal upon the choice and inclination of each individual.

The O'Connors had never been what is called very strict, and they had a great many Protestant friends, some of them Presbyterians to whom the word Lent conveyed no more idea than any other word in an unknown tongue. "And you can't explain to these people," said Margaret, "they don't know what you are talking about; if you think you can decline their invitations, very well, but it is better to go a little way with them than to make a fuss."

So Kate, who had a natural horror of "making a fuss," although she sincerely desired and intended to keep Lent "well" as she called it, that is to say, very much as she had been accustomed to observe it at the convent, felt herself constrained to accept sometimes invitations which she would have preferred to decline, and again, under what were apparently very similar circumstances, she would pertinaciously refuse to go out any where, and sometimes even spend the evening in her own room, leaving Uncle Mike and Mr. White at the backgammon board, and her father to the quiet enjoyment of his pipe. This might have exposed her to the charge of inconsistency from such as did not understand her motives, but Kate was not a person to make herself very unhappy on that account.

Almost domesticated as Mr. White was, — for, boarding just opposite, and having no near relations in New York, two-thirds of his leisure hours were spent in the family of his partner, or in their society, — it was impossible for him to misunderstand this sudden inclination to abstain from the amusements of the gay world, even in people who were so evidently disposed to a gay life, as the O'Connors. He thought it very absurd of course, and always said so, and in fact, generally used his opportunities with prudence indeed, to express his dislike of the Catholic religion, and especially of confession, a practice which he pretended to hold in great horror. And it rather vexed him that Kate, who was the life of the house, should sometimes venture to absent herself from the parlor the entire evening, (if her father was satisfied he certainly had no right to complain); and it provoked him still more that she persisted in refusing invitations to parties which he himself was engaged to attend. "It was surprising," said he in a low tone, as he wound and unwound a spool of cotton from Kate's work-box, "that reasonable people should have such ridiculous notions."

There was a certain Mrs. Weld in New York at that time, an acquaintance of the O'Connors, and a great friend of Haraden White's, — a fashionable lady whom every body knew, and who knew every body. It had been said several times during the spring that Mrs. Weld was intending to give a fancy ball. The ball was to be very splendid and very select, and of course every body wanted to go: but as it was to be very select, and the rooms necessarily held but a limited number, it was clear that all the acquaintance of a lady who knew every body could not possibly be invited. It was much talked of. Kate and Margaret talked of it and hoped they should have tickets.

"Of course," said Margaret, "Mr. White will get you a ticket."

Towards Lent, one day, Kate said, "Maggie, I hope she won't have it in Lent, that would be real mean."

"She will, I bet you any thing," said Margaret with a slight laugh.

"Oh, you don't think so?"

"Yes I do:" returned Margaret positively, "now you see if she does'nt."

Both cousins agreed it would be very provoking to have so nice a thing come off in Lent, and Kate said if it did, she certainly should not go, though Margaret hinted that she might possibly alter her mind about that.

One evening towards the middle of Lent, the cousins were setting together at the centre-table contriving some fancy work. Haraden White having just beaten Uncle Mike twice at backgammon, the latter had taken up a magazine, (BLACKWOOD, very likely, for a Catholic magazine then existed not), in some disgust. The younger gentleman drew a chair to the work-table.

"Come, Miss Kate, put up that useless stuff that you are always at work at, and let me teach you to play backgammon."

"You are very complimentary. No, thank you," replied Kate with a graceful nod of her ringleted head, "I prefer working upon this useless stuff just at the present moment." And fixing her large blue eyes upon him she smiled with an expression of provoking indifference.

"You are exceedingly amiable this evening, — most uncommonly so," returned Haraden with his usual distinct deliberate utterance, and putting his hand in his vest pocket he sat for a minute watching the progress of the fair and graceful fingers. Presently he laid upon the edge of the table directly under Kate's eyes as she sat working, a couple of tickets. Both girls stopped their work and looked.

"Mrs. Weld's ball!" cried Margaret. "Let me see — week after next — that's the second week before Easter, Katy."

"I sha'nt go," said Kate looking up, a good deal flushed.

"You shall not go?" exclaimed Haraden.

"No, I can't go," and she began to rock. Kate always sat in a rocking-chair if there was one in the room.

Haraden very rudely, it must be allowed, drew a long, audible breath, and placed himself bolt upright in his chair. "Have I not heard you say at least a dozen times," asked he, slowly measuring his words, "that of all things in the world you wanted to go to that ball?"

"So I did," replied Kate, "and so I do."

"And now you say you won't go?"

"Because I can't."

Of course Haraden White knew why Kate refused, as well as she did, but beginning to rummage her work-box, he only commented in a low quiet voice upon the fickleness and obstinacy of young ladies and the impossibility of making any calculations upon their variable whims. Kate continued to rock back and forth and vouchsafed no reply. "And pray, what under the sun is to hinder your going, if I may be so indiscreet as to ask," said Haraden at length, sarcastically.

"Because it is Lent," replied Kate frankly, "and I don't choose to go to a fancy ball in Lent."

"Lent!" replied he with a sneer, "always something of that sort." And then followed in an under-tone the usual expressions of contempt for the Catholic religion, and the preposterous custom, as he termed it, of going to a priest to give an account of all one's actions. Kate retorted with dignity and spirit, but she could not help glancing uneasily at her father, who sat half dozing in his arm-chair. The glance was not lost upon Haraden, who after a little more conversation in the same temper, and another vain effort to persuade her to accept the ticket, rose, brought in his hat and cane from the hall, and after slightly adjusting his dress, very leisurely drawing on his gloves, and surveying his elegant figure in the pier-glass, wished the ladies a good evening and withdrew. He did not appear again for three or four days.

Meanwhile Kate having more time than usual to reflect, began to make discoveries. We have said that she was impartial. But there always arrives a period when young ladies cease to be impartial: and when that period arrives — if any one can furnish a recipe for returning to the old indifference, we shall be glad to publish it for the benefit of future generations; but this is just one of the occasions which discover the wisdom of the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention," &c.

Kate discovered, then, that it was too late to resolve that she would not form the habit of living in a round of gayety: she had already formed the habit: that it was too late to resolve that she would not get interested in persons or objects which might tend to weaken her love for her religion, or to distract her from the practice of it; she was already more interested than she liked to acknowledge in some such things. "What is it to me," she indignantly asked herself, "if an irreligious Protestant, a man who never goes inside any church of any kind, from one year's end to another, chooses to make insulting remarks about my religion? What is it to me if he despises people because they go to confession? why is it not just as respectable to have a pew at St. Peter's as to have one at Trinity or not to have one any where? and suppose Pa does overhear the things he says, what concern is that of mine?" Aye, Kate O'Connor, what concern of yours? Very reasonable questions, and very easy to answer, if you could only have answered them to your own satisfaction! But Kate was an honest girl, and could not help remembering how nervous she always felt when such subjects were under discussion, lest her father or Uncle Mike should overhear the remarks made, or Margaret's indignant replies should attract their attention; and she could not forget how she felt when she saw Haraden White as she came out of the gateway of the church last *Saturday* afternoon; and how her face flushed behind her veil, lest he should see her, and how relieved she felt when she could persuade herself that he had not after all recognized her. And yet she was not ashamed of her religion, no indeed, she did not know what it was to be ashamed of her religion.

And now this ball — she did want to go, that is certain, and she had wanted to go all along; and yet thinking it over she would not much mind giving it up, if she were only perfectly sure that *somebody* would not be irretrievably vexed at her refusal. Ah! Kate! you are getting entangled — you are making chains for yourself that will hold you fast by and by! If you are wise you will take advice of some one who is older and better than you are, and now is the time — if you wait and dally it will be too late. But dear me, that is absurd! who ever heard of a girl turning her heart inside out to any body! Well we don't say it is often done, for we know nothing about it, only we say that if it were done oftener girls would save themselves a good deal of misery in this world. But Kate did not much like looking into her own heart just now, so she shut up her eyes, but she could not help seeing in spite of herself that she was standing in a perilous spot, she did not know exactly how she came there, and she did not know exactly how to put herself in a safer position, but seeing indefinitely the peril, she resolved to do at least one good thing: to merit if possible the protection of her good angel in time to come, by making a sacrifice now. She resolved that come what might, she *would* not go to the ball. She thought it all over; she remembered how vexed and contemptuous *somebody* looked: she remembered that he did not come in that morning as usual, under the pretence of going to the store with her father, and then she cried, although she knew it always made her look ugly. However, crying relieved her, and as she dried and bathed her eyes, she said again to herself, "If I can possibly keep my resolution, I won't go to the ball."

She turned the key in her chamber door, and kneeling down by the side of her bed, said an Ave Maria. As she walked slowly down stairs, "I wonder," said she to herself in no very self-complacent mood, "I wonder which is the worst, to be ashamed of one's religion or to be afraid of it."

She went into the parlor. Her father was there and Uncle Mike.

"I wonder where Haraden is this evening?" said her uncle.

"I am sure I don't know," said Kate, seeing that her father did not answer. "He went away in a miff last night, because I refused a ticket to Mrs. Weld's fancy ball which comes off in Passion Week, and he has not been in since. Where's Maggie?"

"At home. Johnny coughs a good deal, and she is afraid of croup: she won't be in this evening. You don't know how to play backgammon, Kate?"

"No, but I can learn. Mr. White offered to teach me last night and I would not put by my work." And turning to draw the stand towards the fire, she felt a pang at her heart, (silly heart!) and the tears almost sprang again to her eyes, as she recollected that she had merely through caprice given him cause for vexation.

Uncle Mike tried to teach Kate backgammon, but she was so stupid that he soon got tired of beating her. He went home early. And as soon as she felt certain that Haraden was not coming in, she also retired to her own apartment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.

"For the sins of a land many are the princes thereof," says the Scripture: and if it be true that a rapid succession of kings on the throne is a punishment of national transgressions, how much more the rapid succession of dynasties, the perpetual diversion of allegiance to a new object, and frequent interruption of the regular course by which the supreme power is transmitted. Providence, that is to say, the Almighty Ruler of the world, hates revolutions, no doubt. Legitimacy, whether republican or monarchical, and tranquil succession, according to organic laws, as in the works of nature, are the political law of Divine Providence, from which it never departs without a reason. The Oriental nations understood this so well, that as soon as a king or a royal race had been dethroned, he or it lost all their sanctity; it was an understood mark of a celestial malediction;

the new monarch (though a usurper), and the new dynasty (though sprung from nothing), for the same reason received immediately all the prestige of power; this feeling, carried to excess, contributed to the insecurity of eastern dynasties, and offered a premium to rebellion. In Europe, on the contrary, the permanence of sovereignty is guarded by the principle that even the overthrow of a dynasty does not immediately destroy its rights, which may be merely oppressed, suspended, held in obeyance, impaired, in short, in many degrees, and only by the verdict of time, the consent of all nations, and the judgment of the Holy See, are finally abrogated.

Abrogated they may be, there is no question — the rights of a dynasty, however ancient, however celebrated, however illustrious — annulled, extinguished, as if they had never been. There is no divine, imprescriptible, indefeasible right in any family of mankind to rule others. No matter from what source you deduce a given royal line; whether it be an original patriarchal stem, or sprung from a successful chieftain in the barbarous ages, or from a modern conqueror; — conquest gives no right which successful rebellion may not overthrow; the claims of time and immemorial possession may be defeated by a new lapse of years and a new occupancy; and the patriarchal authority, supposing, what can never be proved, that it has been preserved and transmitted unbroken, is liable to forfeit by the offences of its possessor, and being incapable of proof, moreover, (as we have observed), is as if it did not exist.

It is not impossible, however, nor is it even improbable, that the supremacy of certain royal families of modern Europe may, as a matter of fact, have flowed down to them from the immediate descendants of Noah, through an unbroken line of the *first-born;* for in those early ages and in those barbarous times, genealogy (as among the Arabs now) was almost the sole historical knowledge the wandering tribes possessed; but omitting all consideration of the question whether it be so, overlooking all the innumerable chances by which the succession may have been violated, allowing, if you please, that it is actually continued, at least in the princely stocks, either in the direct or in the collateral branches; it is still clear enough to any reader of the Bible that a claim of this kind may be forfeited. Thus the right of the first-born was transferred from the family of Reuben for their father's incest, from those of Simeon and Levi on account of their treacherous vengeance, and devolved upon Judas or Judah. It is absurd, in fact, and antichristian, to suppose that any right of superiority founded on mere natural descent is indefeasible; and therefore, whether the kings of Europe are or are not the legitimate heirs in due line of blood, of the patriarchs of the Gentiles, (as a certain famous writer maintained), they may be discrowned and unkinged, for their crimes or those of their dynasty, and reduced, with their children, to the plain level of humanity. In this country perhaps the point may not be thought worth arguing, but even if it is not, we have proved it *ex abundantiá.*

The case of the new Imperial dynasty in France forcibly illustrates these principles. In order to comprehend the position of that dynasty, it will be sufficient to recall the origin and history of the dynasties which preceded it.

The first Christian king of France, a converted idolater, was the chief of a tribe of northern barbarians, who under his command had extended their conqnests from the Rhine to the Loire, subduing the descendants of the ancient Gauls. Nothing is more necessary to a great nation than a vigorous and brave superior class; it was this essential element of national greatness which the invasion of the Franks or *Freemen* gave to Gaul, enfeebled, as that old Roman province was, by a long civilization, and more especially by an over-centralized government, the debilitating effects of which in the secular sphere, the local activity of the Church could not sufficiently counterpoise. The invasion and conquest of Gaul by the Franks was pretty nearly what that of Mexico by the Americans would be now: the Gauls were more civilized than their conquerors, more gentle, more humane; they were Christians, and the Franks were Pagans; but the latter had more physical vigor, more courage, more of the qualities necessary to the governing class of a nation. The Merovingian dynasty, in the person of Clovis, gave them Christianity, and from that moment France began to exist. The first race of French monarchs had a great mission — to organize, or rather to create, their country. It never would have been a country unless it had been first a kingdom. It never would have been a kingdom unless Clovis (or some other like prince) had conquered it, and been himself conquered by its faith. France owes its existence to its king. A woman — St. Clotilde — presided over the birth of this illustrious and powerful nationality; and it may be said, as Clovis was converted by her means, that she was the mother of the French. If any dynasty had a right to be sacred, it was surely that of the great Clovis; the dynasty which sprung from the bosom, as it were, of the holy Clotilde, who conceived France by faith and prayer.

And yet, what happened? The descendants of Clovis were the weakest kings in history, so that the very name of *roi faineant* (king do-nothing) takes its rise from them; while the mayors of the palace exercised the real power of the kingdom, and contrived to make their office hereditary; and finally, on the simple ground that he who was king *de facto*, ought to be king in name, with the consent of the nobles and bishops, and the approbation of the Pope, the feeble monarch was deposed and condemned to a convent, and the vigorous Pepin was crowned and anointed king of France by Saint Boniface.

Nothing is more manifest than that this new, vigorous and ambitious dynasty was *providentially* called to the throne in order to accomplish a great work in the political organization of Europe. Pepin was the first king of France whose crown was blessed by the Church; he and his greater successor, by their acts, raised the pontifical power into that secular position, so necessary to Christendom, which it has ever since occupied; the Pope, in return, established the new Holy Empire of the West in the person of the son of Pepin, and this prince, so honored, and so great a man that, as has been said, greatness is incorporated into his name, subjected both Italy and Germany to the authority of the crown which the successor of the Fisherman had blessed. The empire thus founded lasted a thousand years; for the hand of St. Peter does not give even temporal crowns in vain, and it was not to be supposed that Christ would suffer His Vicar on earth to consecrate an empire that was to be the pageant of an hour. And yet, although the empire founded by Charlemagne continued for centuries the head of European sovereignty, his dynasty sank, like that which had preceded it, under the imbecility of his successors; the Carlovingian race degenerated like the Merovingian; the Counts of Paris — bold and powerful nobles — played the same part which the mayors of the palace had done some two hundred and fifty years before; Hugh Capet, the Great, ruled France for twenty years; his son, by the voice of the nobility, was chosen king, in place of the legitimate heir of Charlemagne, *whom the French hated as a foreigner*, and we have the *third* race of kings.

It is curious that the Merovingian dynasty reigned but 256 years; the Carlovingian but 234; while the Capetian, from the election of Hugh, to the fall of Louis Philippe, extends through eight centuries and more; and singularly enough, the title of the prince who is the presumptive heir of its pretensions, as if by a certain fatality, is *Count of Paris.* It would appear that Louis Philippe, when he gave this ominous title to his grandson, presaged the return of his line to the private condition from which, by a bold usurpation or a just election (as your theory leads you to consider it), they were originally elevated to the throne. Their long continuance in sovereign power is doubtless owing in part to the more settled state of European law; and in part to their greater vigor as a race. The Capetians in the direct line produced a succession of able princes, Robert, Louis VII, Philip Augustus, Saint Louis, Philip the Bold, the cruel Philip the Fair. The House of Valois was less energetic, yet it boasts some admirable or potent kings, such as John, Charles VII, Louis XI, and Francis I. Lastly, the illustrious House of Bourbon needs only to be mentioned, to recall a Henry IV, and a Louis XIV, and a Louis Philippe. And indeed, it cannot be said that the Capetian line of French kings ever produced precisely a *roi faineant,* still less a succession of them. Louis XV was debauched, and a reckless spendthrift, lavishing on mistresses and banquets alike the strength and the treasure of kings; but he was not stupid, and but for his vices might have reigned well. Louis XVI was feeble and timid, but he was upright and benevolent. And yet the royal race of Bourbon had run out; it had lost the vital power of adapting itself to new and emergent circumstances, while it no longer retained the vigor and energy necessary to *shape* circumstances, or to stem the torrent of revolutionary change. Its time, too, had come. That oak of centuries, rotten at the heart, although visibly still green and flourishing, was to be prostrated in an instant by the revolutionary storm.

The causes of the fall of the House of Bourbon may be traced from the date of its accession to the throne, in the person of *Henri Quatre;* but those causes did not arrive at their full development till the reign of Louis XIV, and at the period when its power reached the greatest height to which it or any other Catholic dynasty ever attained. We may consider them as divided into remote causes, and those, which compared with the first, are proximate.

The besetting sins of a royal house are those to which human nature is liable under all circumstances, but especially in circumstances of earthly exaltation. They are, first, Pride, by which they come to regard themselves as real gods here below, and arrogating to themselves every kind of supremacy, disdain the gentle yoke of spiritual authority, to which they are really as much subject as the meanest peasants. Secondly, Sensuality, by which they abuse their power and rank in the unbridled indulgence of their passions. Thirdly, Secularity or systematic worldliness, in forgetting the divine origin and the sacred ends of their power, as well as the celestial guardianship by which it is defended in its legitimate exercise, in order to pursue their personal aggrandizement, or even to promote the safety and grandeur of their kingdoms, by mere political means, irrespective of morality and justice. To this last belong the whole tissue of Machiavelian statesmanship, and all the maxims of selfish policy, like those by which England ever since the so-called reformation has been constantly governed, as well as the mere commercial principles of later times, acted on by Louis Philippe.

It is perfectly inevitable that these vicious principles, say rather, these crimes of kings will produce certain consequences, which in the end will be fatal to them. The profane exaltation of the prince to absolute supremacy, spiritual as well as temporal, and the invasion of the rights of the Church which always follows, or rather is a mark of this wicked assumption, invariably give rise to a spirit of universal scepticism, and consequent lawlessness; the secular prince who rebels against the Church sows the seeds of rebellion against himself or his successors. It is easy to see how this is even a natural consequence, to say nothing at all of the avenging providence of God. When a temporal prince submits to the authority of the Church in spirituals, he sets an example of subordination which is followed by all the orders of the state. The voice of the Supreme Pastor forbids a sovereign to invade the rights of his subjects; it sustains the bishops of the realm, and by that means the great nobles, in a condition to remonstrate with their sovereign, and to oppose that madness which often seizes upon the brain of him who enjoys absolute, uncontrolled power; and above all, being the principle of unity, it binds the several orders of the state in one, and causes them to present a solid unbroken front to the attempts of anarchy.

Thus if we looked to natural reason alone, we should see the pride of kings, and their rebellion against the spiritual supremacy of the Church, as among the first causes of the downfall of their dynasties; but if natural causes were wanting or failed, God hates the pride of kings so much that we may well believe He would work miracles to punish it, if necessary. For this sin Nebuchodonosor was deprived of reason and sent to dwell with brutes, and Herod was struck by an angel and eaten up by worms. Now was there ever a more flagrant instance of royal pride — was it ever carried to greater excess — than in the Bourbon dynasty? If ever a man made himself a god, it was Louis XIV. Henry VIII out-heroded Herod, but he fell short of Louis in the sustained completeness and rounded-off perfection of royal arrogance. The pride of Louis was so artistically perfect, that it must be felt in its *ensemble* rather than in its details, and no single instance or expression of it — like the famous *L'Etat, c'est moi* — does it justice. If he rendered himself absolute in France; if he reduced the nobles to ciphers to which the royal unit alone gave dignity or value; if he made the welfare of the people of no account compared with his own pomp and glory; if, in the name of the Gallican liberties, he reduced the Church in France to slavery; if he bearded and insulted in the most scandalous manner the Supreme Pontiff, in Rome itself; if the pretence of the royal divinity was carried out in the court ceremonial to an extent that nothing but a blind faith in that dogma could have preserved from ridicule; it is not so much any one of these things in particular as all of them together, meeting in the eldest son of the Church, and the Most Christian King, that render royal pride and Louis XIV identical words, suggesting the same image.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# HOW THE HEATHEN USED TO DIE.

BY THE VIRGIN ANYTE.

For the last time around her father dear
Erato threw her arms and said,
In fresh tears dissolving: —
"Not long, O Father! am I with you here,
And Death is now my dark blue eyes involving,
As I depart, in gloomy shade."

# Review of Current Literature.

1. A Brief Sketch of the History of the Catholic Church in the Island of New York. *By the Rev. J. R. Bayley*, Secretary to the Archbishop of New York. Dunigan & Brother.

We heartily thank the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark for this timely and inspiring, though too brief volume. As Dr. Bayley observes in the preface, the later chapters, embodying the administration of Archbishop Hughes, are a mere outline — the skeleton of a history full of life and movement, for the perfect portraiture of which we rejoice to learn that there exists, in the possession of the Rt. Rev. author, the most ample material. The sketch of the early history of Catholicity on New York Island, fills the devout mind with wondering gratitude when it contrasts what the Church was in her "tottering infancy" on Manhattan, with her present gigantic proportions and majestic attitude. Between the hay-loft, where Dr. Bayley tells us the Catholics once heard an almost stolen mass, to the magnificent cathedral for which the site is already prepared, and the designs made, and which in the course of a few years; (D. V.) we shall see rising over all the edifices of cosmopolitan New York, by the contributions of its quarter of a million of Catholics, — what a step! To think that a little more than fifty years ago, a single priest held a sort of doubtful pastorship, with permission from a vicar in Philadelphia, to exercise his ministry in New York, where now the Archbishop requires two vicar-generals, and a council, to alleviate in some degree the cares of the ecclesiastical government, while 85 churches, chapels and stations, and 120 clergymen to supply them, with 30 seminaries of learning, are insufficient for the wants of the archdiocese! Imagine the Catholic population of New York Island, inclosed on a Sunday morning in a consul's parlor to hear mass, as Dr. Bayley states, and see it then expanded to three hundred thousand souls. See its 24 churches overflowing into the streets at mass after mass; see its thronged confessionals, hear its ceaseless ring of sick-calls:—is this the same city? Has but half a century elapsed? Who, then, can predict the future? When the infant baptized to-day is fifty years old, what spectacle will he behold on the island where the Rt. Rev. author was born? This only we know, that where the proud motto of the state is "Excelsior," God's Church, in her humility, will be "Excelsior" still.

2. The Blood-stone, *by Donald McLeod*. Scribner, New York. 16mo.

Mr. McLeod is the son of a distinguished Scotch Presbyterian minister of the most rigorous stamp. He became an Episcopalian while yet a mere youth, in the first impulse of a pious search for the Catholic Church, and having entered, we believe, the Theological Seminary of that denomination, was in due time ordained to its ministry, and obtained the pastoral charge of the parish of Huntington, L. I., where in summer he still resides. He was extremely devoted to his functions, and growing in knowledge and Puseyism, became at last what was termed a Romanizer, but one of the indiscreet, open, self-compromising, *unsafe* sort. We believe he was affiliated in those days to the order of *Valle crucis*, established by Dr. Ives, and at last he became an assistant minister or perhaps a mere assistant *pro tempore* at St. Luke's, Dr. Forbes's church, then the hot-bed and head-quarters of Trinitarianism in New York. About this time he edited a striking tract on the Anglican testimonies in favor of Confession, which Dr. Seabury took the pains to answer, and was not, it was thought, altogether generous in the way he treated his young opponent. But McLeod was already far gone in Popish tendencies, a very indiscreet proof of which he gave about this time by writing the "Elder's House," which Mr. Dunigan published in his "Home Library," and brought Mr. Brownson down on the author for presuming, while actually a Protestant minister, to publish a Catholic tale, and on the publisher for being accessory to it. There was a marriage within the prohibited degrees in the plot, we believe, and some other doubtful matter, as was to be expected under the circumstances. Thus our poor young Romanizer got a bad fall by trying the old experiment of sitting on two stools, and was little pitied by the righful occupants of either. Nothing disheartened, though with some sense of not being fairly or kindly treated, Mr. McLeod, having resolved on becoming a Catholic, went abroad to cut asunder old associations, and at *Neufchatel*, in Switzerland, had the happiness to be received into the Church on the same day (by a happy coincidence) on which his friends Dr. Forbes and Mr. Preston were confirmed in New York. It was in Switzerland that he composed those rare pictures of the Catholic Cantons which give value to ***Pynnshurst***, a book which lacks unity and dignity of plan, but which is full of fine details. He published this work on his return, and soon after an admirable translation of ***Chasles*** on ***American Manners and Literature***, the misfortune of which was that the original was a superficial affair, the criticisms in which gave mortal offence to some of our principal ***literati***, who marked the translator in consequence. Next, McLeod wrote his best work yet, — ***The Life of Walter Scott***, and not only ***his*** best, but the best biography of the Scottish novelist that we possess. The literary press have almost unanimously applauded the dramatic fire and genial spirit of this ***Life***, which has the rush of a novel, and the pathos and unconscious moral of a tragedy. The last of McLeod's productions is that whose title we prefix to this sketch. It is a story designed to show the evils of secret societies, but it is not well put together with that view; the first part, which is in itself richly humorous, not bearing on the point at all. The blood-stone, on which the plot depends or ought to depend, is just nothing; it is introduced too late in the narrative; it is insignificant in itself; it does not, like Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (from which the idea seems borrowed), burn along the pages, concentrating in itself, as a sort of sacramental symbol of the misery and crime treated of, all the most poignant interest of both. In spite of these faults, the story enchains the the reader, and the closing chapters exhibit that power of rushing, breathless narrative for which the writer is distinguished.

3. Christian Progress : *by John Angell James.* Boston : Gould & Lincoln.

This little volume is perhaps as good an incentive, and as useful a guide to the "anxious enquirer after salvation," as can be furnished by one whose own spiritual compass is furnished with an *unmagnetized* needle, and whose pole-star is a *Will o'the Wisp.*

4. Minnesota and its Resources : *by J. W. Bond.* New York : Redfield : Is a perfect store-house of facts and details respecting Minnesota, written in the energetic and glowing style peculiar to the West, but very imperfectly methodized. Catholic emigrants (or *im*-migrants, if you please) will feel a peculiar interest in this fine, healthful, fertile territory, which was first penetrated by our missionaries, and where our religion still flourishes.

5. **Life in the Camp, the Mission and the Zenana**, ***by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie.*** New York : Redfield, 2 vols : Is like any other gossiping book of Oriental travels, written by a clever, observant woman, with a turn for description, and a pretty, feminine conversational style. The authoress, who is an officer's wife, writes like an ex-missionary of some "evangelical" Protestant denomination, and never misses, among her life-like pictures of Indian beauties, and kiosks, and picturesque customs, a hit at what she, of course, calls "Romanism."

6. Clovernook, *Second Series : by Alice Carey.* New York : Redfield.

We never read Clovernook, first series, but we should be obliged to Mr. Redfield if he would send it to us. It is one compensation for the bore of reading a heap of trash in order to make up one's literary notices, that one comes now and then upon a real gem that one would have never seen otherwise. Such a gem is Clovernook, *second series.*

It is a book that we can heartily recommend to our readers, as the best and most delightful specimen of a collection of short tales, by a Protestant pen, that they can easily find. We confess that the supernatural element is almost wholly absent ; grace and its mystic channels are pretty much ignored ; human, natural virtue and earthly happiness or suffering are the theme of Miss Carey's exquisitely-told stories ; but in a Protestant writer the negative merit of not contradicting supernatural religion, or actively misrepresenting it, is all that we can reasonably look for, and a great deal more than we commonly find. Keen observation, not only of manners in country places, but of the inner differences of character, that manners do but betray, quiet humor, pathos, tenderness, a pure instructive moral, and above all, a gift of description rivalling the pencil of Claude — a poetical power of so painting familiar natural scenes and objects, that they must for ever after possess a moral interest and a charm for the imagination, all united with a style of rare simplicity and unaffectedness that breathes conscious superiority in every line, — these are the traits that have surprised and delighted us in Alice Carey.

It is with particular satisfaction we notice the unexaggerated tone and minute fidelity of her portraitures ; her best characters have just the weakness they ought to have ; the worst have the one redeeming charm, that every thing human has for those who are conscious of humanity. She makes admirable use of common incidents. She has an eye — a womanly eye — for the good looks and more picturesque dispositions and habitudes of young men ; — i. e. of plain, simple country youths in their shirt sleeves, and with their sweaty brows ; it is a pleasing trait, that makes us feel it is a real, natural, unaffected woman whose book we are reading ; and with the power that such a one only can possess, she draws the very inmost character of her own sex in light, bold, truthful outlines. The lady authors of our country are a perfect galaxy, and Alice Carey is one of the brightest and distinctest stars that stud it.

The following passage, which we take to be a description of Cincinnati, may serve as a specimen of her manner : —

> "I cannot choose but pause and survey the picture : the Kentucky shore is all hidden with mist, so that I try in vain to see the young cities of which the sloping suburbs are washed by the Ohio, river of beauty! except here and there the gleam of a white wall, or a dense column of smoke that rises through the silver mist from hot furnaces where swart labor drives the thrifty trades, speeding the march to elegance and wealth. I cannot see the blue green nor the golden green of the oat and wheat fields, that lie beyond these infant cities, nor the dark ridge of woods that folds its hem of shadows along their borders, for all day yesterday fell one of those rains that would seem to exhaust the clouds of the deepest skies, and the soaked earth this morning sends up its coal-scented and unwholesome fogs, obscuring the lovely picture that would else present itself.
>
> "I can only guess where the garrison is. I could not hear
>
> 'The sullen cry of the sentinel,'
>
> even if the time of challenge were not passed — though long before the sunrise I woke to the music of the reveille, that comes morn after morn floating over the waters and through the crimson daybreak, to chase the dream from my pillow. Faintly I discern the observatory crowning the summit of the mount above me, and see more distinctly at its base the red bricks of St. Philomena, and more plainly still the brown iron and glittering brass of its uplifted spire, with the sorrowful beauty of the cross over all ; while midway between me and the white shining of the tower of the cathedral, away toward the evening star, I catch the dark outline of St. Xavier.
>
> "Beautiful! As I said, I cannot choose but pause and gaze. And now, the mists are lifting more and more, and the sunshine comes dropping down through their sombre folds to the damp ground.
>
> "Growing, on the view, into familiar shapes, comes out point after point of the landscape — towers and temples, and forest and orchard trees, and meadow-land — the marts of traffic and the homes of men ; and among these last there is one, very pretty, and whose inmates, as you guess from the cream-white walls, overrun with clematis and jasmine, and the clambering stalks of roses, are not devoid of some simple refinement of taste from which an inference of their happiness may be drawn — for the things we feel are exhibited in the things we do.
>
> "The white-pebbled walk, leading from the gate to the doorway, is edged with close miniature pyramids of box, and the smoothly-shaven sward is shadowed by various

bushes and flowers, and the gold velvet of the dandelion shines wherever it will, from the fence close beneath the window, sending up its bitter fragrance out of dew, while sheaves of green phlox stand here and there, which in their time will be topped with crimson blossoms.

"The windows are hung with snowy curtains, and in one that fronts the sun, is hung a bird-cage, with an inmate chattering as wildly as though his wings were free. A blue wreath of smoke, pleasantly suggestive, is curling upwards just now, and drifting southward from the tall kitchen chimney, and Jenny Mitchel, the young housewife, as I guess, is baking pies. Nothing becomes her chubby hands so well as the moulding of pastry, and her cheerful singing, if we were near enough to hear it, would attest that nothing makes her more happy. And well may she sing and be happy, for the rosy-faced baby sits up in his white willow cradle, and crows back to her lullaby ; and by and by the honest husband will come from healthful labor, and her handiwork in flour and fruit, and sugar and spice, will be sure of due appreciation and praise.

"Nowhere among all the suburban gardens of this basin rimmed with hills, peeps from beneath its sheltering trees a cozier home. They are plain and common-sense people who dwell here, vexed with no indistinct yearnings for the far off and the unattained — weighed down with no false appreciation, blind to all good that is not best — oppressed with no misanthropic fancies about the world — nor yet affected with spasmodic decisions that their great enemy should not wholly baffle them ; no ! the great world cares nothing about them, and they as little for the great world, which has no power by its indifference to wound the heart of either, even for a moment. Helph. Randall, the sturdy blacksmith, whose forge is aglow before the sunrise, and rosy-cheeked Jenny, his blue-eyed wife, though she sometimes remembers the shamrock and sighs, have no such pains concealed."

The beauty of such passages is not of style merely, but of thought — healthy thought, too, worth pounds of the rigmarole that is usually put off upon us for sentiment.

7. LORENZO BENONI, OR PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN ITALIAN. Redfield, New York. 12mo. pp. 380.

THIS book has made a certain sensation in England, owing in part to the surprise felt at the purity of the English style in what is understood to be wholly the work of an Italian. It is interesting as a picture of middling life in the north of Italy, and indeed it is rather difficult, in perusing it, to make out how much is fiction and how much narrative of real events. If it is to be considered as a tale, it lacks unity, concentration, and moral purpose; if as the story of a real life, under merely fictitious names, it is too dramatically managed to inspire a conviction of its truth. The close of the volume is weak, wanting in conciseness, rapidity, and real interest. There is no *situation* in fact, and the passions involved are too faint and pale to win our sympathy. A sort of moonlight unreality flickers over the whole story of Benoni's escape from Piedmont and safe arrival in France; we feel little concern for his safety, and would almost like to see him in the hands of the police in order to deepen a little the emotion of the narrative. But the earlier portions — the description of an Italian College, of the university life, and of Lorenzo's very innocent and foolish love affair with *Lilla* — are marked by great naturalness and simplicity.

As for the general drift of the book, it commands in some respects our sympathy, because we have a strong attachment to liberty, and most heartily wish that the Italians in general, and Piedmont in particular, might enjoy that great blessing. But regarding political conspiracies as the very worst and most unlikely means of attaining liberty, and moreover as a criminal means, and as the very height of presumption and reckless audacity on the part of those inflated individuals who undertake in that manner to reform the governments under which God's Providence has placed them, we must condemn Signor Lorenzo Benoni and his companions, for hot-brained, presumptuous, self-willed, guilty fools, who richly deserved their several fates of imprisonment, exile and death.

The points in regard to the action of the Church, on which the author touches, are treated throughout in an irreligious and infidel spirit. He retails some of the stale, refuted slanders against the illustrious Society of Jesus — the veritable bug-bear of the

Italian pseudo-liberals, of whom he is one; and altogether the book in that respect is so nicely suited to the latitude of *England*, that we cannot avoid the suspicion that it has been made up with a shrewd eye to the market.

We should not have honored this *Mazzinian* story with so extended a notice but for two things: the candor with which the hero, or the author, relates his own foibles, and the purity (before alluded to) of the *love* part, a trait so characteristic of that Catholic Italy, to which by education and involuntary sentiment the author after all belongs, and contrasting so agreeably with the filthy amours that defile the confessions and autobiographies of the French and German infidel schools. Truly, however, the author betrays here no little vanity; the only ladies introduced are all *deeply in love* with him, without any overtures on his part; and whether it be the lovely young *marchesa d'Anfo*, or the simple servant girl *Santina*, contrive to break their hearts on the flinty rock of his philosophical indifference. On the score of his supposed favor with the fair, there is evidently a soft spot in Signor *Ruffini*.

8. THE JEW OF VERONA. 2 vols. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

ALTHOUGH this book has been already noticed in the Metropolitan, yet having been presented by the publishers with a beautiful copy, we feel at liberty to pronounce *our* opinion upon its merits.

We have been very much interested in it, less as a novel perhaps than as a history. As a novel, as the story of Aser the Jew and the young Roman girl to whom he was attached, it is rather wanting in unity. There is indeed a thread running through it, but there are a dozen or so loose flying ends, some of which have no connection whatever with the main narrative, and do not pretend to have, others of which are connected indeed, but so slightly that one hardly perceives it. There are also several accounts of particular battles, which, if given by Father Bresciani himself in the due course of the narrative, would have been most thrilling and exciting, but which by being detached from the history, taken out of their places, and, long after the event, put into the mouth of one or another of the characters, have been somewhat injured. From the preponderance of the revolutionary and secret society element it comes to pass that one feels a thousand times as much interest in the greatly maligned and most gentle King of Naples as in the Jew hero, and one is far more excited about the career and fate of Babette than about the sorrows and disappointments of Alisa.

But as a veritable history of the Italian revolutions of 1846 to '49, nothing could be more absorbing and exciting, and as an unfolding of the mysteries and workings of the secret societies, it is intensely interesting, far more so than an ordinary novel. The revolution and the secret societies are the real hero and heroine, whose fortunes give an eager, breathless interest even to the most detached of the historiettes, and from their connection with which even the dullest characters derive a life and charm; while the historical personages, the Pope, Count Rossi, Radetzki, Charles Albert—for these our sympathies and enthusiasm are as much excited as if we were reading for the first time in our lives "The Scottish Chiefs," or "Thaddeus of Warsaw." Nor is it easy to say how desirable it is to give such a work, especially at the present time, as wide and extensive a circulation as possible, containing as it does, in the most interesting shape, the truth on that very point where the cruelest falsehoods are circulated with unparalleled malice and industry, to the injury of our holy religion, threatening the personal safety of our bishops and clergy, and fostering the bitterest prejudice against the very name of Catholic.

9. THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1854. Baltimore: published by Fielding Lucas, Jr.

NONE but those who have ever had to compile statistical tables know the difficulty of making them accurate. We, for our part, are no judges of the accuracy attained by the Catholic Almanac, to which we ourselves are obliged to have recourse for every kind of information we want in regard to the statistics of the Church. If it is not perfect, we doubt if those who criticize it would be able to produce a better. After all is said, the Almanac contains a mass of information in regard to Catholicity in the United States, which if it does not absolutely exhaust the subject, as far as lies within almanac-scope, comes very near it; and the arrangement is perhaps as good as can be, to combine condensation and clearness. An interesting feature to us is the Biographical notice given almost every year. This fairly belongs to the statistics of the Church, as noting by at least a single specimen, that full harvest of sanctity which she annually pours, ripe and reaped, into the celestial garner, and for the sake of which all her machinery of dioceses, hierarchy, orders, communities and schools alone exists.

10. PUTNAM *for January*, is upon the whole a fine number. *Washington's Early Days* by Mrs. KIRKLAND, illustrated by three of Darley's most spirited designs, is obviously an idea taken from Abbott's Napoleon in Harper's, and has such merit as the imitation of a great artist (which Abbott is) by a most accomplished and clever woman can have. The adaptation suits the nationality to which Putnam's Monthly pretends, and not less the pen of Mrs. Kirkland, which, unlike that of some lady writers, tells us at every stroke that it is wielded by a woman, a wife and a mother, and an American *all three.* The continuation of *New York daguerreotyped* does justice to the neglected beauty of the City Hall in that city. The writer seems not aware that this almost perfect specimen of the French palatial style, was copied (except the economies of stone) from a palace in Holland, and if our memory serves us right, at the Hague. *Joan d'Arc* is a well written sketch of the maiden and miraculous deliverer of France, by one of the new historical school, which does not deny the reality of visions and inspirations, but treats them as purely subjective facts, and accounts for them by natural, psychological causes. We do not feel called upon to controvert the theory in this instance, although we do not accept it; but we cannot help noticing such expressions as "the prevalent Mary-worship," and "the seeds of religious liberty which Luther afterwards planted broadcast among the nations," simply as proving our assertion that these so-called "secular" magazines, are, relatively to us Catholics, strictly *sectarian. Aurum potabile* is a fine Anacreontic poem; *The Conqueror's Grave* adds another leaf to a laurel garland which will preserve its dark, glossy greenness while our language lasts. There are some other clever magazine articles quite worthy of our notice, had we room. We have only space or rather *will* to advert to the notice of MCLEOD's *Blood-stone*, by the great SNARLEYYOW himself, as we should judge. Why so savage, O Snarleyyow? O our poor friend McLeod! with that "dog-fiend" at thy literary, humoristic throat! If thou scapest, foaming, mangled, and half-strangled, it will be to die hereafter of witty-phobia. Why do you say that McLeod's humor is "thin," Snarleyyow? Thine, wiry barker! is thin and acrid too;—a very acrid humor, and needing to be softened by mucilaginous drinks, (if thou art not afraid to drink). We had a dog once who used to bark with preposterous fury at every log and stone by the wayside, as he accompanied the wagon on its rural journeys, as if some harmless mink or coon had a hole underneath, when there was nothing of the kind. Evidently Putnam's dog-fiend, our old familiar "Snarleyyow," imagines to himself "Romanism" hidden under the blood-stone, and makes it a duty to bark thus fiercely.

11. BROWNSON'S REVIEW *for January* is one of the best numbers yet issued, and impresses us strongly with the feeling that whether as Americans or as Catholics we have reason to be proud of our Quarterly. The first article, *Uncle Jack and his Nephew*, proves that if the author had only turned his hand to it, he might have shone as a descriptive novelist. You might fancy it the opening of some vivid tale. In the natural and well sustained conversations which follow, we have the old doctrine of the Review touching civil and political liberty, made almost a novelty by the fresh and vigorous manner in which it is handled; nor can we sufficiently thank Mr. Brownson for so clearly explaining and proving those principles which at the present moment it is a

matter of life and death for us to understand. The second article, *Schools of Philosophy*, undertakes to explain and reconcile the points at issue between the ontologists (Giobertianists), and the psychologists or scholastics. The latter, the Reviewer admits, have St. Thomas and the modern Saints and Doctors on their side; the former, he thinks, may claim St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and the early fathers generally. There never was anything more gallant and knightly in controversy than the way in which Mr. B. fights, in this article, the cause of the ontologists. He overwhelms the scholastics with his logic; the brilliancy and rapidity of his dialectic thrusts dazzle the eye of the beholder of the conflict; he boldly wrests from the hand of the prince of logic his own weapon and transfixes him and his system upon it. It is not surprising, therefore, that the article arrests universal attention. Possibly, a new era in philosophy may be at hand, in which the systems for centuries taught in the Church shall be laid aside as useless lumber; but it is well to bear in mind, meanwhile, that what the Reviewer calls the scholastic theory is actually in possession; it is not admitted yet that we see God by rational sight, i, e, intuition; that God is not *per se notus* is a dictum of St. Thomas at present enthroned in the schools. Ontology, therefore, is a paradox, till it is proved; and the ontologist should not be surprised, or complain, if, as a paradox, it is attacked with the weapons of satire and ridicule, or if some (old fogies haply) suspect it of being not only *παρὰ δόξαν* but *ἕτερα δόξα*. It appears from this brilliant and perspicuous article (what we never doubted) that Mr. Brownson is really an ontologist in the strict sense; one sentence is conclusive on that point, where he denies an *ens logicum* (in other words, the created light of reason as the medium of cognition), and declares that God's "intelligible light, indistinguishable from Him, is the only medium between the cognitive faculty and its object, that can be asserted or conceived." And again "we stand face to face with reality, whether corporeal or incorporeal, spiritual or material, intelligible or sensible, with nothing but the intelligible light of God between as the medium of both intelligible and sensible cognition." Mr. Brownson thinks he escapes Pantheism, or rather nihilism (the alleged logical ultimum of ontology), by asserting the synthetic character of the primary intuition, as including necessary and contingent being, God and creature, in one obscure cognition. The contents of this intuition, according to him, are afterwards analytically distinguished in reflection, by the aid of language, which, agreeably to the system of the ontologists, is the indispensable symbol, and *sensible* sign or representative of the intelligible, without which sign we cannot reflect, and of course cannot reason. Language is the necessary instrument of reflection and reasoning, as algebra is that of the higher calculus.

It is rather a curious thing connected with the doctrine of this system about language, that all human language is inconsistent with it. For example, what is more common than to speak of the abstract necessity of a thing, and yet, as Mr. Brownson observes, an abstract necessity, — a mere *ens logicum* — is nothing at all, and cannot therefore be an object of cognition, for the mind sees nothing but realities; and therefore when it imagines it is thinking of an abstract necessity, is really *seeing* the necessary being, i. e. God. It will be necessary, if the ontological doctrine obtains, to make a good many changes in the way we are accustomed to express ourselves. Thus we commonly speak as if in our judgments (or rather, to be accurate) our propositions, the copula was the substantive verb — *to be:* thus, "Peter *is* a man;" "This *is* a hat;" "All men *are* sinners;" and it is, as it were, ingrained into us, that the first movement of thought is the perception of this equality between terms; but no! it appears that the true copula is the verb *creat*, and the real formula of every judgment is this — ***Ens*** *creat existentias;* so that, for instance, in the first synthetic judgment *a-priori*, which is the learned way to express what takes place when a baby tumbling over the carpet says to itself "This is the leg of a table," — no, that is not what it says, but, distinguishing for the first time, though in the confused way peculiar to babies, subject and object, it says, or rather it *sees*, "*Ens creat existentias*, Being creates existences, the *Necessary* Being places *ad extra* this *contingent* leg of a table."

This sounds absurd, we confess, and yet it appears that it is capable of proof. And it is from want of knowing it that St. Thomas and all those subtle schoolmen who followed him, and Mr. Brownson's learned opponents at this time in France and Italy, the modern schoolmen, have never been able to get out of the vicious Peripatetic circle, whereby they assume particulars in order to get universals, and then from the universals prove their particulars. To avoid this circle, the ontologist — not the bastard ontologist, who, according to Mr. Brownson, is impaled on the other horn of the dilemma — the real ontologist cuts the Gordian knot, and assumes both particulars *and* universals, and proves neither. This is the eclectic solution proposed by the Reviewer, which is to reconcile both parties by showing them that they were both right and both wrong.

The essential peculiarity of the ontological view is the denial of the *mundus logicus*, of an *ens logicum*, or rather, of the created light of reason as the medium by which we know and apprehend every intelligible reality in the present life. There is no such medium, says Mr. Brownson, expressing the ontological doctrine with that admirable lucidity and force which distinguish his style, and which render this article in particular so captivating, "we stand face to face with reality. To intellectual vision as to external, there are necessary the intellect, the object, and the light. As to the purely intelligible, Being, it is intelligible *per se*, by its own light, and a mediating light distinct from the mind and the object is needed only in apprehending existences, and the light by which we see these is the same Divine light of Being, diffused over them by the Divine creative act."

Nothing can be more beautifully expressed ; it is a thousand pities that consciousness appears to deny the fact asserted, and that universal language, the incorruptible witness of universal consciousness, asserts the direct contrary ; to wit, that there is a mediating light, not distinct from the mind indeed, but inherent in it, the created light of reason, in virtue of which we do perceive *entia logica*, and through them reach the objective realities, the *entia realia*, to which they correspond. To take the instance selected by Mr. Brownson, if any thing seems certain in consciousness, it is that we have the notion of logical necessity ; but says he, "the abstract apart from the concrete is a mere nullity, and no object of thought. Surely the necessity must be either something or nothing. If nothing, it is nothing, can do nothing, and nothing can be made of it. If something, it is either absolute being, or created existence, for created existence is the only medium between absolute being and nothing. It cannot be created existence, for that would imply a contradiction in terms, and because creation is, on the part of God, a free, not a necessary act. Then it must be absolute being. Then it is God, and then whoever apprehends necessity apprehends God." To which it may be briefly answered by the scholastics, that necessity as an *ens logicum*, is simply the thought, idea, *pensée* necessity, and is an act or product of the created mind as a second cause. The notion exists ; it is a thought or process of the created intelligence, which, in its judgment respecting the objects of sense, perceives them as really existing in the condition of contingency, which again implies necessity, of course, (that is not denied), as its logical contradictory. Between this *thought* — this created light — this activity of a second cause — and God, the distance is as great as between Heaven and earth. How is this gulf bridged over? The answer of the scholastic is that of Mr. Brownson himself, when he comes to explain himself ; — it is first by faith which reveals God, then by reasoning which proves that he must exist, proves it from the things which are made. How then do they differ? In this, that Mr. Brownson teaches that the first synthetic judgment is an actual vision of God creating the contingent existence, while the scholastic holds that the mind in that judgment *sees* nothing but the contingent existence, in the light of its own creaturely reason or thought.

It may be thought that these are mere idle speculations, of no practical moment, but surely they are not. Mr. Brownson's *primum philosophicum* is the avowed basis of his logic, and so of his whole system considered as science. He himself has abundantly proved that Pantheism and Atheism are the threatening systems of the age, with which the battle of faith has to be waged, and it cannot therefore be other than a matter of the highest importance to settle the logical, and consequently the philosophical basis on which we must rest in our attempts at their scientific destruction, or what amounts to the same thing, in the scientific proof that *there is a God*, and that He CREATED the world. Are we, as the ontologists affirm, *spectators* of the creative act? Do we *see* God creating the world? Is that vision the primary fact in the intellectual sphere? In short, is that which is undoubtedly first in the order of facts, the first also in the order of our intelligence? In a future number we shall lay before our readers the masterly analysis and refutation of Ontology now publishing in the *Civiltá Cattolica;* meanwhile we may observe that if Mr. Brownson's present article fail in convincing his learned opponents abroad, it cannot fail of commanding their respect for his logical subtilty, his metaphysical acumen, his learning, and above all his undaunted courage. The Third article, on the case of *Martin Koszta*, is a merciless exposure of the fallacies of our illustrious Secretary of State. The Fourth, "*You go too far*," is a warm assertion of the so-called indirect Temporal Power of the Popes, and an attack on the doctrine put forth or implied in the work of M. GOSSELIN on that subject. An article in reply to it, from one of the most distinguished pens in the country, was received too late for insertion in the present number, but will appear in the Metropolitan for March. The Fifth and concluding article of the Review, on *Hillard's Italy*, expresses in a very beautiful manner a multitude of thoughts which have often burned within us when reading such books, and intolerably long as this notice already is, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following at present timely passage: —

> "But leaving England out of view, would you attempt to reform the Italian governments after the American model? Can you do it? Are the habits, the manners, the customs, the tastes, the exterior or the interior life of the Italian people, such as demand or are suited to democratic institutions? What would be the effect of introducing monarchical and aristocratic institutions in the United States? They could not be introduced, for the whole genius, life, and energy of the people are opposed to them; and if they could be, they would prove the destruction of all that constitutes the glory and happiness of the country. So would it be with regard to the introduction of democratic institutions into Italy. Classic and poetic Italy would disappear, her glorious privilege as the home of religion, of art, and science would be sacrificed. She would lose her relish for simple, innocent amusements, her sunshiny face, and her light and joyous heart; her peasantry, all their amiable traits, their simple-mindedness, their hospitality, their animation, their bounding spirits, and their honest virtues. It would be worse for her than a Vandal, Gothic, or Hunnish invasion. Gloom would rest upon her brow, and carking care would gnaw at her heart. American institutions are not fitted for her, and she could not live under them.
>
> "No, you cannot benefit Italy by attempting to Anglicize or Americanize her institutions. Would you serve her, and make her some slight return for the instruction and pleasure you receive from visiting her classic land, *permit her to retain her spiritual and ideal civilization, to devote herself to art, to science, to the elevation and embellishment of life, under the patronage of those time-honored governments which took their forms, and receive their inspiration and their institutions, from the light of the Catholic religion, and have grown up under the fostering and directing hand of the Church of God.* In proportion as you weaken her faith, revive in her bosom a longing desire for ancient Pagan or modern English and American material civilization, purchased as it is by such a sacrifice of all the graces and charms of existence, and at so great a wear and tear of conscience, you strike at her chief glory, rob her of her birthright and her noble heritage, and render her mean, miserable and contemptible."

In fine, whether you agree with Brownson's Review, or differ from it in points, it is undeniable that its perusal gives a healthy and delightful *succussion* to the mind, and is in fact, the greatest intellectual treat this country affords.

P. S. Since the above was in type we have received from the author of the reply to Mr. Brownson on *the Power of the Popes* therein mentioned, a request to insert the following short notice in the present number.

### 12. BROWNSON ON THE POWER OF THE POPES.

In several late numbers of the Review Mr. Brownson has undertaken to explain the relation of the Spiritual and Temporal orders. With the greater part of what he says we entirely agree, but we regret to see that he seems determined to revive the question of the so-called indirect Temporal Power of the Popes. We do not, of course, refer to the temporal power which they possess in the Roman States, nor to any which they may *acquire* elsewhere over kings or states as events unfold themselves, but to the right of deposing kings, or disposing of the temporal affairs of states, for any real or supposed spiritual necessity, which is claimed for them as *inherent* to the Pontifical office. If any maxim in which faith is not concerned could be thought settled among the Catholics of this country, and of the countries at least from which Catholics come to this; if on any point they gave pledges of adhering firmly to a given doctrine to which their faith did not bind them; we think it is this very point regarding the Temporal Power of the Popes, and the maxim, to say the least, of not asserting it as a necessary part of the Papal prerogative.

Our first writers defend the Popes and their action in the Middle Ages, while they deny the existence of this power. It has been denied by the Catholics of England from the beginning. Brownson himself tells us that they denied it in the reign of Elizabeth, and he might have added that they denied it at the stake where they were about to suffer for the faith. When emancipation was sought, all the Catholics in England and Ireland offered themselves to deny it, and they now deny it on their oath whenever they swear allegiance to the crown. That oath is taken by every professor and student in Maynooth College; it has been taken by the bulk of the bishops and clergy in both Islands, and when first proposed was approved by all. The Holy See itself, which had condemned other formulas that seemed to touch on its real prerogatives, never uttered the slightest disapprobation of this, and has not unfrequently given unequivocal marks of its approbation of the faith of those who had taken it.

This power is openly denied in every part of the Continent, without the least censure; every work of note written in this century, and popular in the best portions of the Church, either expressly denies it, or is based on the supposition that it is unfounded.

Rome itself, on the other hand, is silent. No work is ever written within its walls to defend it, nor are its professors in the habit of teaching it in their chairs. We have the best reason for believing that this question is now never agitated in the Roman schools of theology themselves.

We think it, therefore, as unfounded as it is out of character for a Catholic writer to say or to insinuate that silence on this subject is the result of pusillanimity, or that the doctrine itself which he impugns can owe its origin only to a desire to pander to worldly power. Such a charge necessarily falls on the Holy See itself, which is at least silent, and on men whose labors, whose virtues, whose sufferings, and whose faith are praised in all the churches, and should have shielded them from such imputations.

Boldness has its limits. That which goes so far as we have stated can only proceed from a wisdom that is "more wise than it behoveth to be wise," that is not "wise unto sobriety." It can only serve to discredit, as it did before, the more moderate and sound principles with which it is associated. This is a result which we should much regret in the case of one whom we esteem so highly as Mr. Brownson.

## To Correspondents.

Several interesting articles are crowded out this month; others are marked for insertion, and will appear in the March number. The EDITOR'S TABLE is also crowded out. The entertainment provided was more than the longest extension of table and most compact arrangement of dishes would allow to be served.

# Record of Events.

*To January* 15, 1854.

## I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE principal points of interest this month are, abroad, the persecutions in Germany; and at home, the insults offered to the Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini, at Cincinnati and other places.

ROME: 1. *Discourse of the Holy Father in the Forum.* — 2. *Ordinations by Cardinal Wiseman, and new dignity conferred on his Eminence.* — 3. *Papal Consistory and Allocution.*

1. On the 6th Nov. the image called in Rome the Most Holy Crucifix was carried back from St. Charles Borromeo's in the Corso to its own church in the Campo Vaccino. The procession and accompanying crowds were enormous. The holy and venerated image was received at the portal of the church by the Holy Father himself, attended by the Cardinal Vicar and surrounded by his court. The *Univers* says, "As soon as the holy image of the Saviour appeared in the Forum, the Holy Father came forward upon the steps of the church to receive it, and when it had arrived at the foot of the stairs of the church of St. Luke, some paces distant from the landing, where the Pope stood in rochet, stole and mozetta of red velvet, he bowed before the Holy Crucifix and affectionately reverenced it. Then, as soon as the sound of the bells and the voices of the crowd had ceased, he made the sign of the cross, and with that sonorous and penetrating voice which God has given him, commenced one of those homilies of which the Popes and the Fathers of the first ages have left us such magnificent models." The *Civiltá Cattolica* gives a brief analysis of this discourse, which could of course be heard by only the nearer portion of the immense throng filling the Campo Vaccino. It was drawn from the parable of the sower, and exhibited in impressive terms the woes threatened against the enemies who sowed cockle in the Lord's vineyard with a special allusion to the scandals and disorders of the present day. "Pius IX," says the correspondent of the *Univers*, "is gifted with a rare eloquence. Think what must have been the power of that simple but elevated discourse; sweet, although strong and energetic; and to form an idea of it, place yourselves with me on the acclivity which covers the arch of Severus and the excavations of the Forum; imagine the immense multitude filling the parallelogram formed by the churches of St. Luke, St. Adrian, Sts. Cosmas and Damianus, the Arch of Titus, the walls of the Cesars, the church of St. Mary Liberatrix, and thence mounting the long ascent of the Capitol to the Tabularium and the rock of Tarquin; see that sea of heads enclosed between the triumphal arches of Septimius Severus and of Titus, the ruins of the temples of Antonine and Faustinus, of Romulus and Remus, and the remains of the palace of the Cesars, and out of which rise up, like the masts of ships sunk in the waves, the solitary pillar of Phocas, the vaunted columns of the *Grecostasis*, the six Doric columns of the temple of Vespasian, and the three Corinthian columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and closed by the summit of the gigantic ruins of the Colosseum, the Roman campanile of St. Francis, and the mountains of Latium: these were the aisles of the immense temple! this was the auditory! the pulpit is the stair of the church of St. Joseph; it is placed above the Mamertine prison, whence the apostles Peter and Paul came forth in the 66th year of

the Christian era, to die, the one upon a cross after the example of His Master, the other by the stroke of a sword; it is at the foot of the Roman Capitol, it is in front of the tribune where Cicero and Cicero harangued; it is two steps from the way of triumph where the conquerors of the world passed. And the preacher is the 259th successor of the Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the spiritual father and chief of 200 millions of Catholics; he who opens and shuts the gates of heaven; the most august personage in the world; of whom every creature that is baptized thinks itself happy to kiss the feet and to receive the benediction! "—At the end of his discourse the Pope gave his benediction first from the step of the church, and again from the brow of the Capitoline hill; he returned then to the Quirinal, and the crowds to their homes, while the confraternities made the streets of Rome re-echo with hymns in honor of the cross.

2. Cardinal Wiseman held his winter ordination at Rome, and conferred the priesthood on the Rev. F. Hines, and the Rev. J. Hawksworth; the deaconship on the Rev. MM. Cruikshank, Cudden, Fitzgerald, and Ruskell; the subdeaconship on the Rev. MM. Brown and Windeyer; all of the English college. Minor orders were conferred on the Rev. MM. Drinkwater, Graham, E. Howard, J. Wynne, and W. Bodley. His Eminence had been preaching in Rome on the conversion of England, and stated that more conversions to the Catholic faith had taken place in that country in the last ten years than defections from it in the three preceding centuries. His Holiness has been pleased to admit His Eminence among the Most Reverend (*Reverendissimi*) Cardinals who compose the Holy Congregation of the Immunity.

3. On the 19th Dec. (latest date) the Holy Father held a Consistory in the Vatican, at which he pronounced an Allocution which is supposed to have related to the affairs of Baden, and created Mgr. Joachim Pecchi, Bishop of Perugia, a Cardinal-presbyter of the H. R. C. He likewise reserved a cardinal *in petto*, and proposed the following churches:

The metropolitan church of Pisa, for His Eminence Cardinal Come Corsi, transferred from the cathedral church of Jesi.

The cathedral churches of Terracina, Piperno, and Segge, for Mgr. Nicholas Bedini, Roman Priest, Privy Chamberlain to His Holiness, Examiner of Clergy, Rector of the Roman Pontifical Seminary and Doctor in Theology.

The cathedral church of Bergamo, for the Rev. P. L. Speranza, Priest of the diocese of Bergamo, Pro Synodal Examiner and Penitentiary Canon of that cathedral.

The cathedral church of Madigliana, newly created, for the Rev. M. Melini.

The pallium was finally asked from His Holiness for the metropolitan church of Pisa.

GERMANY: 1. *Affairs of Baden.*—2. *Persecution commenced in Nassau.*

1. In Baden the persecution continued up to the latest dates.—Priests were dragged from their church-doors to prison for daring to publish the Archbishop's mandate; the press is not allowed to circulate any intelligence or express any opinion unless it be against the cause of the venerable confessor. The petty tyrant at Carlsruhe, alarmed by the indignation which spreads among his Catholic subjects, has appealed, it is said, to Austria and France, and has ordered that the imprisonment of priests for obeying their ecclesiastical superior shall be suspended for the present.* Meanwhile, a profound sympathy continues to be expressed in every form throughout Catholic Europe. Subscriptions are raised in France, England and Ireland to pay the fines of the Archbishop and his clergy. The Archbishop of Tuam has written a noble letter to the *Univers*, with his subscription, and the whole of the Irish Hierarchy have addressed a beautiful Latin letter to the Archbishop of Freiburg himself, expressing their sympathy and veneration.

2. The government of the Grand Duchy of Nassau, in imitation of that of Baden, has declared war on the Church. The Bishop of Limburg is the prelate who has the honor of resisting its usurpation and suffering its hostility.

---

* This appears to be true only of one town or district, where the attitude of the people was alarming.

**France:** 1. *Subscription for the Confessors in Baden.*—2. *Table-turning prohibited.*—3. *Death of the Archbishop of Bogota.*

1. An item of special interest is the eagerness and cordiality with which the subscription for the noble confessors in Baden has been taken up.

2. The Archbishop of Paris and other prelates have issued pastorals forbidding their clergy to participate in "table-turnings."

3. The illustrious Mgr. Joseph Emmanuel de Mosquera, Archbishop of Santa Fé di Bogota, in New Grenada, died at Marseilles, on his way to Rome, on Saturday, Dec. 10, at eight A. M. It is not forgotten by any of our readers that this illustrious prelate was exiled from his country and his metropolitan see, for his resistance of the usurpation of the rights of the Church and invasion of the rights of the Catholic flock, on the part of the infidel government of New Grenada. The entire correspondence connected with this persecution, (which shows that Republican governments are necessarily no greater respecters of religious liberty than kings and grand-dukes), was published in the Freeman's Journal, N. Y., and has doubtless in one shape or other reached the Catholics of America and stirred their sympathies. Joseph Emmanuel de Mosquera was born on the 11th April, 1800, at Popayan, an episcopal city and capital of a province in New Grenada, and was sprung from an ancient and noble Spanish family, His eldest brother was President of Columbia; the second was President of New Grenada; the third, his twin, was minister for a long time at several European courts, and became the faithful companion of the Archbishop's exile. His mother, Donna Emmanuela Arboleda, had devoted him to God before his birth; from his earliest youth he displayed the marks of an elected soul; his studies were crowned with a brilliant success; he exercised "a sort of magistracy" over his school-fellows, and inspired his superiors with an esteem, almost a veneration, mixed with tenderness. From his entry into the ministry he displayed inexhaustible activity, multiplying himself without intermission, and fulfilling at the same time many arduous charges. He desired to remain always engaged in the monotonous duties of the holy ministry in the second order of the Church, but God willed otherwise, and "when merit reveals itself," says his panegyrist, "men make themselves accomplices of the designs of God." At the age of thirty-four he was elected by Congress Archbishop of Santa Fé, the capital of the Republic. Consecrated by Mgr. Ximenes, his own venerable bishop, bearing a name of which Spain is proud, the new Metropolitan of New Grenada devoted himself to the spiritual improvement of his immense diocese. He held retreats for the clergy; he invited the children of Ignatius to assist him in the nurture of the youth. Every year he preached the Lent discourses in his cathedral, which was filled with devout crowds. After fourteen years of a peaceful and prosperous administration came the storm which drove this noble prelate from his throne. First the Jesuits were expelled, a blow fatal to the youth of Grenada, and which nearly broke his paternal heart. Then arose the pretensions of the republican government to appoint the pastors, to dictate the manuals of instruction and the very catechism of the children, and to regulate the laws of marriage at its own will. The Archbishop was obliged to oppose himself to these pretensions, a servile copy of European usurpations against the Church; in fine, the Archbishop was exiled by a decree of this pretended free state. It was on his way to Rome, where the Holy Father already expected to embrace this faithful shepherd of the flock committed to Peter, that oppressed with his premature infirmities, as he was about to embark at Marseilles, after lingering four days sick in that city, the venerable confessor breathed his last, in his fifty-fourth year, and the twentieth of his Episcopate. His funeral was celebrated with the greatest pomp, by the direction of the Bishop of Marseilles, all the ecclesiastics and religious orders of the city assisting. The body having been embalmed, was deposited in a chapel of the Gathedral, where it will remain till it is transmitted to Bogota, to be laid with those of his predecessors in his metropolitan church.

SPAIN: 1. *Feast of the Conception.* — 2. *Immoral Publications.* — 3. *Political Crisis.*

1. The Festival of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with the usual signs of national joy, showing how completely the Spaniards are yet a Catholic people. Her Majesty, with her royal Consort, visited, according to custom, seven churches, to implore the mercy of Heaven on herself and her future child. With all the faults of the Queen of Spain — the cruel effects of the position in which she has been placed by the unprincipled intrigues of King Louis Philippe, aided by the monstrous wickedness of those about the youthful sovereign — she manifests on all occasions the most fervent sentiments of piety and charity.

2. The attempts to overthrow the faith of Spain still continue, through the agency of vile and obscene publications. The Bishops of Barcelona and Osma have issued pastorals condemning certain writings in the so-called Liberal journals as erroneous and immoral. A novel called "Abelard and Heloisa," inserted in the *Clamor Publico*, has met with special reprobation. It was by this means that the foundations of order were undermined in France, so that there remained, at last, no resource to save the most fundamental institutions of society but a military despotism.

3. This state of things is always the prelude of anarchy or tyranny. A political crisis has occurred in the Senate. The government were defeated by a majority of 36 votes, and the next day the minister prorogued the Cortes *sine die*. It is thought that an attempt will be made to rule henceforth absolutely, by Royal decrees, *more Napoleonico*.

ENGLAND: 1. *Completion of the Oratory at Brompton.* — 2. *New Cathedral at Shrewsbury.* — 3. *Anglican Hymnology.*

1. The Fathers of the Oratory have nearly completed their buildings in this part of London, so far as is necessary in order to take possession of them. The site, which is freehold, cost $80,000, and was a gift to the Fathers. The new building is in the shape of a T; it is of brick, having no ornaments but stone dressings, but presents a handsome appearance from its size and fair proportions. It comprises: —

The Oratory, 72 feet long, 30 wide, 29 high.
The Library, 72 feet long, 30 wide, 23 high.
The Refectory, 50 feet long, 30 wide, 28 high.
The Corridors, 164 feet long, 9 wide, 14 high.

The portion of the house open to strangers is divided from the rest by a thick wall, in the centre of which is the *grille* leading into the abode of the community, and through which ladies can never be admitted. The Congregation consists at present of sixteen Fathers, thirteen of whom are priests. There is accommodation for forty Fathers and Brothers. The Library as yet contains few books, nor have they either funds or endowment to purchase one, but they have acted on the advice of a book-collector, "Build a fine library and the books will come." If it becomes as valuable as they anticipate, it is to be open to Catholic students, and especially to the clergy of the archdiocese and of the diocese of Southwark. The new church, also in a state of proximate completion, is on the east of the house; it is 181 feet long by 40 wide, and only 27 feet high to the ridge of the roof. It is built in the simplest manner possible and presents externally no ecclesiastical features at all. But then it cost only $15,000, (£3,000) and will seat 1,200 people, while its fine sanctuary, 30 feet by 40, will give the ceremonies of the Church a very imposing effect. The sacristy resembles in size the sacristies on the Continent, being 40 feet long by 35 wide, offering ample room for the clergy at great functions. There are nine recesses on each side of the nave for confessionals, so that eighteen fathers might be hearing confessions at once. The edifice is well warmed with hot water, there being a heating surface of 1,500 feet. It is considered a bold act thus to set down in the "West End" of London the very cheapest of cheap churches, regardless of architectural criticism.

2. On Monday, December 12, the Lord Bishop of Shrewsbury laid the corner-stone of a new and fine Cathedral in the Middle-Pointed style. The design is said to be by

the lamented Pugin; and his son, Mr. E. W. Pugin is to be the architect. The young Earl of Shrewsbury, who attained his majority on the Sunday before, celebrated the event by presenting £10,000 towards the erection. The exterior of the new Cathedral will be of fine white sand-stone; for the inside Bath and Caen stone will be used. The dimensions are, entire exterior length, 141 feet; interior length, 124 feet; breadth, 51 feet; height of tower and spire, 227 feet. The chancel is to be divided from the nave by a rich stone screen, surmounted by a rood. The choir and sanctuary are to be extremely rich and beautiful with stalls, marbles, carvings, statues, encaustic tiles, &c. The entire accommodation will seat about 1,000 persons. It will be dedicated to our Lady of Victories.

It will be seen that these two churches present in every way a marked contrast. On one side practical utility and rigid economy; on the other, generous and devout magnificence: — *and wisdom is justified by all her children.*

3. The Anglicans are progressing at present in the direction of hymnology, the advance in dogma and visible ceremonies being cut off, as it were, by their Superintendents and the Lady at the head of their Church. The Ecclesiological (late Cambridge and Camden) Society has put forth a "Hymnal Noted," which is exclusively derived from the Roman and other Missals and Breviaries. The sequence in the Mass for the dead is assigned to the Anglican burial service, and the hymns in honor of Saints and Angels (including even the *Iste Confessor*) are freely translated and formally recommended for Anglican use. Even the daily hymns for the lesser hours are given, and assigned to the third, sixth and ninth hours respectively. At Margaret Chapel they sing the Introits from the Missal, and the greater Antiphons of Advent, from the Breviary. The hymn book used at the Puseyite chapel in Charlotte street, is almost entirely derived from Father Caswall's beautiful translation of the Breviary Hymns. Hymns for the office of our Lady are given, and in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, including the *Pange Lingua*, O Salutaris, and even the *Lauda Sion!* Bishop Blomfield winks at these proceedings, and "Sam. Oxon." encourages them by his presence at Church musical meetings where the hymns are even sung in the original Latin.

4. The English Bishops have been engaged in the celebration of Diocesan Synods, with great edification of the clergy and the faithful. On the 20th December, the Lord Bishop of Liverpool held his synod at his temporary cathedral. Though the weather was intensely cold, yet the aged Priest of the distant country obeyed the summons, no less than his younger brethren of the city, and by 10, A. M., about 130 Priests stood at the doors awaiting the Bishop's arrival. After solemn High Mass and Sermon the procession was formed. "Then indeed," says the *Tablet*, "as the rich tones of the two Benedictine Fathers led the solemn chant, it was a noble sight to see the Fathers grouped, each under his own cross and banner. The Secular Cross was borne by the Rev. J. Walker; those of the Society of the Oblates, of the Redemptionists, and of the Passionists followed; then came the standard of St. Benedict, numerously attended by the black cowls; the Coadjutor and the Bishop, in copes and mitres, closed the procession." It is said that the venerable Bishop of Liverpool shed tears when delivering his charge to the clergy, and supplicating their prayers. The Synod sent a letter of condolence to the Octogenarian Confessor of Freiburg, and his faithful clergy. The Synod of Clifton was yet more imposing; the sanctuary of the Cathedral being the most spacious in the kingdom. On the first day, his Lordship, the Bishop, sang Pontifical High Mass; the second day, the Very Rev. Canon Rooker, D. D., celebrated the mass "*De gratiarum actione coram Pontifice,*" assisted by Deacon and Subdeacon. The Synod was concluded, as it began, by a solemn procession, with the singing of the *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

IRELAND: 1. *The Celtic Union.* — 2. *All-Hallows' College.* — 3. *Dr. Cahill's Letters, and the Letter of the Hierarchy.* — 4. *Taking the Veil.*

1. Among the signs of the times, and having indirect relation to the faith, is the *Celtic Union*, set on foot principally under the auspices of M. Duffy, M. P., Dr. Cane, &c.

It is proposed that "by means of this union the Nationalists of Ireland, without distinction of creed or class, shall renew their relations with each other. That they shall employ their influence and example to give a national direction to the intellectual and industrial work done in the country. That they shall publish and encourage the publication of Books and Tracts, dealing with historical, social and industrial subjects, calculated to keep up the spirit, to stimulate the enterprise and inform the minds of our people." A member's subscription is 10s., ($2 50). Simultaneously with this enterprise, that of the "Dargan Institute," the Industrial Conferences throughout the country, and the interest in the "Industrial Institutions" of Belgium, indicate a movement of importance, of which we shall note from time to time the progress.

2. The Missionary College of All-Hallows, which looks towards the most urgent necessity of the age beyond all question, the preservation of the faith in the Irish race in its almost miraculous dispersion, or *diffusion* rather, over all the new countries where English is spoken, is now the object of an effort to raise funds, of which, to carry out its design, it stands absolutely in need. The Holy Father has sent his blessing to the enterprise of collecting for this object, and subscriptions have been actively set on foot in Ireland, England, Scotland and the United States, and will extend doubtless to the South Sea colonies of the British Crown.

3. Amid the dearth of ecclesiastical news the admirable letters of Dr. Cahill are noticeable events. We have mentioned elsewhere the letter sent to the Archbishop of Freiburg by the whole Irish Hierarchy; in the list of signatures appended to which we observe, with a smile, an act of Parliament violated *twenty-six times* in excellent Latin.

4. On Thursday, December 8, Miss Phelan, daughter of W. Phelan, Esq., of Ballyragget, received the black veil in the Presentation Convent of Fermoy, from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cloyne.

SCOTLAND: *The Nationality movement.*

In Scotland also we note a movement which is interesting, with reference to the future of Catholicity, as tending to break up the oppressive centralization of England.

INDIA: 1. *Conversions.* — 2. *The Goa Schism.*

1. In Madras numerous conversions are reported by the missionaries of the interior: Rev. Mr. Bonjean had baptized 126 Pagans; Father Verdier, S. J., 200 adults, partly Pagans, partly Protestants; Father Dupont, in six weeks, (May and June, 1853), 140 Pagans. The Bp. of Pondicherry two Brahmins. The writer, — a missionary at Trichinopoly, — 40 Pagans, besides 45 children in danger of death.

2. In Bombay, in the island of Salsette, the village of Juvan has been reconciled by the Rt. Rev. Bp. HARTMANN, at their spontaneous request, and the whole island appears moved to return to the unity of the Church, to the despair of the schismatics.

CANADA: 1. *Laval University.* — 2. *Pastoral of the Bp. of Montreal.*

1. The Catholic University of Canada (Quebec) has been successfully established under the title of the Laval University. Queen Victoria has granted it a charter, and the Holy See has conferred upon it many privileges. The Archbishop of Quebec has issued a pastoral inviting the studious youth to profit by the advantages it offers.

2. MONTREAL: The Rt. Rev. Bishop has issued a Pastoral in which he alludes to the Table-Turning and Spirit-Rappings. His Lordship recommends *all* to abstain altogether from the former; and as to the latter, he condemns them as superstitious and impious. Under this head we may perhaps quote from one of our foreign exchanges the following account, which, if it could be depended on, would show that these things are old tricks of the devil in heathen countries: —

> "TABLE-MOVING IN RUSSIA. —The Abeille of St. Petersburg, Russia, publishes an article from a correspondent, from which it appears that table-moving has been long known and used by the priests of the religion of Buddha.
>
> "When a priest is applied to by an individual who has lost something of value, and who is desirous of knowing where to look for it, he sits down on the ground before a

small square table, places his hands upon it, and commences repeating a passage from some religious book in a low voice. In about half an hour, the priest rises, raises his hand slowly from the table, and the table follows the hand until he is standing at his full height. The priest then moves backwards and forwards, the table follows or precedes him, sometimes with such swiftness that he has difficulty in keeping up with it. After a certain time, the table oscillates in the air, and falls to the ground. The seeker is then directed to look for the object lost in the direction which the table has taken. If one could believe the country people, the things are always found on the exact spot where it falls.

"The day I witnessed the experiment, writes the correspondent, the table moved at least eighty feet through the air, and fell in a spot where the stolen property was *not* discovered; still, I must confess, that the same day a Russian peasant, living in that direction, committed suicide. This act created suspicion. His domicil was searched and the stolen property found there. The experiment had previously failed three different times. This took place at a village called Elane, in the province of Zabaikal, in the Russian dominions. Not daring to trust my eyes, I explained the phenomenon to myself as a mere trick of legerdemain; I accused the priest of raising the table by an invisible thread. But, on being allowed to examine it, I found nothing — the table was of pine wood, and weighed about two pounds. I am now persuaded that this feat is performed in the same way as table-moving in Europe."

UNITED STATES: 1. *Sailing of Archbishop Hughes for Cuba.* — 2. *Riots in Cincinnati.* — 3. *Ordinations.* — 4. *Confirmations* — 5. *Religious Professions.* — 6. *Churches.* — 7. *Conversions.* — 8. *Pastoral.* — 9. *Obituary.* — 10. *Catholic Journals.*

1. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, sailed for Havana on Tuesday, December 27, for the benefit of his health, which has been for some time seriously affected. His Grace was accompanied by the Rev. Father Martin, of St. Bridget's, New York, and will be followed by the most fervent prayers of the faithful, not only of his archdiocese but of every other portion of the Church where the illness of this illustrious prelate is known. The Very Rev. Wm. Starrs remains in charge of the archdiocese as Vicar-General.

2. The announcement that Monsignor Bedini, the Papal Nuncio was about to visit Cincinnati led to a commotion among the infidel and Red Republican faction in that city, consisting chiefly of Germans, and enrolled in a society termed the "Freemen." The chief avowed cause of their hostility to the Nuncio was their belief that he had taken part in the sentence and execution of Ugo Bassi, a priest who was shot by an Austrian military commission at Bologna, for taking part in the insurrection in the legations, at which time His Excellency, the Nuncio, then in the prelature, was the representative of the Pontifical government there. Bassi, moreover, was a priest, and as it is usual and regular before the execution of a priest for any civil crime, to degrade him (if really guilty in the eyes of the Church) from the sacred ministry, and as in this ceremony (which is, in fact, merely the formal abandonment of her subject on the part of the Church, who no longer extends over the criminal the ægis of the sacred and inviolable character with which she once invested him) — as in this ceremony there is a pretended action of scraping the thumb and forefinger to remove emblematically the holy oils by which they are consecrated in ordination, it was not unnatural to suppose by those ignorant of the precise circumstances that this was done in the case of Bassi; and the notorious Gavazzi, in particular, declared in one of his lectures, that this had been really the case, and feeling it, no doubt, to be a proper occasion for working upon the feelings of his credulous auditory by a timely exaggeration, this mountebank described the degradation at length, and with that great power of pantomime which he possesses, went through the whole operation of flaying poor Bassi's hands and as he alleged, also his head (the place of the tonsure probably), to the horror, of course, of all the listeners.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that no such peeling of the skin takes place in the degradation of a priest; that the ceremony of scraping the hand is a mere ceremony, significant, and painful to the moral feelings doubtless of the unhappy criminal, but which inflicts no physical suffering whatever; and moreover, which is not extended to the head. But whatever it may be, it never took place at all, as it happens, in the case of Ugo Bassi, who was tried by a court-martial, as a rebel taken in arms, who did not avow his sacerdotal character, and was put to death, without the matter being in any way referred to the ecclesiastical authorities. As for Monsignor Bedini, even if it would have been in his power to arrest the execution (which it was not), he was not aware of it until Bassi was not only dead but buried. Bologna and the legations were under Austrian martial law at the time — a fact perfectly notorious in history; Bassi was taken as a captain in the force of Garibaldi, and scorned to avail himself of his priestly character to shield himself, as perhaps he might have done, from his fate. The unfortunate man died moreover with sentiments of sincere contrition, fortified by the sacraments of the Church. There was then no foundation for these charges against the Nuncio, except that Ugo Bassi was in fact executed, and that Monsignor Bedini was in Bologna at the time.*

A conspiracy of Italians or Germans, associates of Gavazzi, was set on foot in New York for the assassination of the Nuncio, but was betrayed by one Sassi, who was murdered in consequence.

It was on this occasion that the Nuncio addressed to Father Cauvin a beautiful letter of forgiveness for his intended assassins, which we regret that our space does not allow us to insert. At Cincinnati the initiative was openly taken by the *Hochwæchter*, the organ of "The Freemen," an infidel society who assemble on Sundays in a large hall in that city for music and recreation. The following passage shows the spirit that was evoked.

> "By what name do you call it," says the *Hochwæchter*, "when the butcher of Bologna carries safely home his unbroken limbs, his body and his life from the Republic of the stars! If he does so, then speak no more of the world-conquering powers of free ideas — no more of the dignity, the bravery of men — let the mouth be closed; the eye cast down. Posterity will spit upon your cowardly manners, and look upon you with scorn and contempt! Wherever the opportunity of revenge offers it should be taken hold of and used to its utmost. Whoever has reason for exercising revenge *ought to exercise it whenever he can*. The sons of Italy are too thinly scattered among us to punish the blood-hound of Bologna for his dark and bloody deeds! The Yankee has plenty to do with speculation and money; the Yankee possesses neither feelings nor principles — do not count upon the Yankee for your revenge. Do not count upon the sons of the 'Green Isle,' the Irish Paddies; they are reared in ignorance and rudeness, their eyes are blindfolded; they are not able to discover, under the cross and rosary, the heart of stone — the heart of a hyena! Germans, you are called for! . . . . . . . . . . . . The *Wahreitsfreund* (the Roman Catholic paper) smells a rat, and seems to think the murderer of Ugo Bassi, and of the hundred and thirty-three — the murderer covered with curses, Bedini, would not be quite safe. And, in fact he is right! . . . . . . . . What do we care about the *Wahreitsfreund* babbling about American hospitality? Who will suffer the tiger, the hyena among men? . . . . . . . Bedini walks also hereabout seeking whom he may devour. He thinks of murder, of the murder of minds and thoughts. He is not our guest, he is a beast of prey, intending to destroy here also the peace of the country. He who offers him hospitality in America is an enemy to liberty. Such is Bedini! Is there for tigers and hyenas an hospitable roof in the Republic of the stars? *Is there no ball, no dagger for a monster who never had an equal on earth? The Wahreitsfreund is right if it trembles for the life of Bedini in Cincinnati.*"

The Mayor of Cincinnati, alarmed by these blood-thirsty paragraphs, and by hearing that the society aforesaid were intending to make an assault upon the Archbishop's house and murder the Nuncio, ordered out the police in full force to resist the attempt. On Sunday night (Christmas) towards midnight, the procession of Freemen took its way towards the house of Archbishop Purcell; it consisted of about 1,200 persons, some 200 of whom were *ladies*, some of the latter holding their children by the hand. They had banners or transparencies "Down with Bedini!" "No priests, no kings, no popery!" "Down with the Butcher Bedini!" &c. In the centre was a figure representing the Nuncio, with a paper mitre and a rope round its neck. They carried lighted torches, and some were armed with pistols and old swords. It is asserted on the part of the "Freemen," and seems in itself probable, that they intended merely to burn the effigy of the Nuncio as a demonstration of insult.

---

* See the Metropolitan for January.

On approaching the archbishop's residence they were met by a body of police, whom, it is said, they greeted with yells, and finally fired upon. The police returned the fire, and charged the procession. About sixty-four were taken prisoners, some were wounded, one young man was killed or died of the wounds he received, and the procession dispersed. Some persons blamed the authorities for the severity of their proceedings, and the Mayor published a letter in his own vindication, the strongest point of which was the diabolical article of the *Hochwæchter*, quoted above. The police also were accused of beating the prisoners cruelly. It must be said, however, that a midnight procession, with torch-lights, insulting transparencies, and arms, to the house of an individual, with the view of insulting one of its inmates, after a public exhortation has been made by a paper that is the organ of the society engaged in the procession, to murder that person, has all the essence of a riot, and that public opinion would not easily have exonerated the Mayor of Cincinnati, if Archbishop Purcell's house had been stormed and fired, and the archbishop and his guest, the Envoy of — to say the least, — a friendly Court, had been assassinated by some unknown wretches, blood-thirsty in deed as their journal was in word. The Nuncio himself has addressed to Archbishop Purcell a letter full of beautiful sentiments, such as become a Christian bishop in such circumstances. As His Excellency truly observes, " Feasts and outrages have alike honored a mission of peace," and he rejoices in the sight of God at both so far as he is their object, though he pities and laments the delusion that deprives those who offer him the latter, of the benedictions which he does not fail to bestow upon them. After all, this is only an instance of that persecution and hatred by which the world every where gives, especially at this moment, a proof of the divine character of the Catholic Church more incontestable than any other; for if the Church were of the world, the world would love its own; but as on the contrary it hates it above every thing else in it, it is evident that the Church is the world's true opposite, to wit, the CITY OF GOD.

3. *Ordinations.*

DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE. Dec. 17, at the Cathedral: By the Rt. Rev. Bp. LORAS. Sacred Order of Priesthood — Rev. Michael Kinsela (native of Ireland), Rev. John Kriekel (of Germany), Rev. Victor Bardon (of France). Subdeaconship — Mr. James O'Ferral. Minor Orders — MM. John Vahey and Michael Flemming.

DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG. The NUNCIO, during his visit, conferred the sacred order of Priesthood on — Rev. MM. Roman Hœell, Clemens Staub, Chilian Bernatzeder, O. S. B., and Cajetan Glocker. A short time previous, the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'CONNOR conferred deaconship on the above mentioned Rev. MM., and on Rev. MM. Ubrech Spættl, O. S. B. and Valentine Fletcher, O. S. B.

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA. Dec. 17, Chapel of the Episcopal Residence: By the Rt. Rev. Bp. NEUMANN. Priesthood — Rev. MM. Walter Power, and John McCosker. Deaconship — Rev. MM. Charles McInroe and Patrick Fitzmaurice. Subdeaconship — MM. Patrick McArdle and John Davis. Minor Orders and Tonsure — MM. Daniel Kelly, Peter Kane, Dennis O'Hara, John Scanlin, John McAnneny, James Hagin, Thomas Kieraus, Richard Kinnehan, and Cornelius Carmon. All Alumni of the Seminary.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI. Saturday, Vigil of Nativity; in the Seminary Chapel: By the Most Rev. Archbishop PURCELL. Sacred order of Deaconship — Rev. John Nicholas Thisse. — Feast of Holy Innocents; Chapel of St. Peter's Orphan Asylum. Priesthood — the same Rev. gentleman. [It was the anniversary of the day, thirty-five years before, when the Excellent Nuncio took the ecclesiastical habit, in his eleventh year; and of the day of his first mass, twenty-five years before. — *Cath. Telegraph.*]

DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE. Vigil of Epiphany; at St. Joseph's, Bardstown: By the Rt. Rev. Bp. SPALDING. Minor Orders and Subdeaconship — Martin John Bayhurst. Deaconship — Rev. MM. John Boyle, John F. Reed, Patrick Bamburg. — Feast of Epiphany. Deaconship — Rev. Martin John Bayhurst. Priesthood — Rev. MM. John Boyle, John F. Reed, Patrick Bamburg. — Octave of Epiph. Jan. 13; at the

Church of St. Boniface, Louisville. Sacred order of Priesthood — Rev. Martin John Bayhurst.

4. *Confirmations.*

PHILADELPHIA: Feast of the Holy Innocents. The Right Rev. Bishop NEUMANN confirmed 30 children in the Chapel of St. John's Orphan Asylum. — SENECA FALLS, N. Y. Sunday, December 18, — In the new church, the Right Rev. Bishop TIMON confirmed 110 children; on Monday, December 19, 15 more.

5. *Religious Professions.*

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY. — November 26, — In the Dominican Convent of St. Catharine, Monterey, Miss Mary Ocaranza, (Sister Catharine), niece to President Bustamente of Mexico, and Miss Conception Rementeria (Sister Agnes), made their religious *profession;* and Miss Benigna Luna received the *habit* of St. Dominic, and took the name of Sister Jacinta. — ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE. — December 21, — At the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Miss Mary Mullane, (Sister Mary Rose) daughter of Dennis Mullane, Esq., of Detroit, received the veil.

6. *Churches.*

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. — Sunday, December 18, — At Providence, R. I., the Church of St. Joseph was dedicated by the Right Rev. Bishop O'REILLY. — This noble edifice stands on one of the finest streets in Providence, commanding a view of Narragansett Bay. The architecture is First-Pointed; the material stone; the designs by Patrick Keeley, Esq. Length, 150 feet; width, 65 feet; height of nave, 65 feet; tower, crowned with four stone pinnacles, 135 feet. The side windows have tracery of terra-cotta, filled with rich stained glass; the fittings are grained in oak, with rich panelling. The Right Rev. Bishop celebrated Pontifically, and preached from the altar. Deacon, Rev. J. O'Reilly; Subdeacon, Rev. Mr. Lynch; Deacons of honor, Rev. MM. Hughes and Coony; Ass't Priest, Rev. J. Stokes; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Mr. Clarke. — ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI. — Sunday, January 1, — The Church and Altar of the Holy Trinity (German), in Cincinnati, were consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop. The NUNCIO celebrated Mass Pontifically at the new Altar, and addressed the immense congregation in German. In the afternoon there were Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by Right Rev. Dr. de ST. PALAIS, Bishop of Vincennes.

7. *Pastoral.*

DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON. — January 2. — The Rt. Rev. Bishop REYNOLDS issued a Pastoral. Topics: Matrimony — Mixed Marriages — Banns — Baptism — Christian Burial — Episcopal Administration — Ecclesiastical Districts — The Catechism. The venerable prelate emphatically discountenances *mixed marriages*, and promulgates the acts of the Councils respecting the publication of banns and solemnization of marriage between Catholics.

8. *Conversions.*

On the 22d December, Miss Mary Schover, a young French lady, of 22 years, and William Bayle, a young man of 18, were received into the Church by the Rev. D. M. Winands, Pastor of *Lanteville, Ohio.* They had both been Baptists. — *Cath. Tel.*

Sunday, January 1st, — Dr. Darman Hinchley, of Mansonstown, solemnly renounced the errors of Protestantism and was received into the Church by the Rev. T. Dunn, Pastor of *Ottowa, Ill.* On Epiphany., Mr. John Kawley, a native of the Isle of Man, renounced the errors of Presbyterianism, and was received into the true fold of Christ at St. Louis church, Chicago, by the Pastor, the Rev. J. A. Lebel. — *Western Tablet.*

9. *Obituary.*

January 2, — At St. Louis, Rev. AMBROSE J. HEIM, one of the Vicars of the Cathedral, and Secretary to the Archbishop. A native of France, and student of St. Mary's, Perry Co., Missouri, he was ordained by Bishop Rosati, in 1837.

Sunday, January 8, — In Westchester, N. Y., Rev. RICHARD KEIN, formerly Pastor of St. Bridget's, New York, of which beautiful church he was the founder. A native of Meath, Ireland, he made his ecclesiastical studies at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and was ordained by Bishop Hughes, January 29, 1843. He was for some time the bishop's secretary. He died in the 43d year of his age, and was buried at St. Bridget's, the church which his zeal had erected, and where a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated on the day of his deposition, January 11.

Saturday, December 24. — At Hampton Court Palace, England, the Marchioness of Wellesley. Her Ladyship was the daughter of Richard Caton, Esq., of Maryland, and grand-daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Her first husband was Robert Patterson, Esq., of Baltimore, brother of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, wife of the ex-king of Westphalia. Becoming a widow, she married in 1825 Lord Wellesley, eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington, and at that time Viceroy of Ireland, where, at Dublin Castle, this fair descendant of an American rebel and of Irish Catholic colonists, presided over the vice-regal court of the country whence her ancestors had been exiled a century and a half before. The marriage on this account enraged the Orange, but was highly popular with the Catholic and national party. Lady Wellesley was a practical Catholic, and eminent for her charities. Two of her sisters also married English noblemen, the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford, both of whom are still living.

10. The development of Catholic Journalism seems a striking feature in the events of the day, connected with the promulgation and extension of the faith in this Western world. Many of the Catholic Journals have enlarged their sheet or assumed new ornamental headings and type, with the new year. The Pilot, Buffalo Sentinel, Catholic Herald, American Celt, Truth Teller, Catholic Mirror, Catholic Standard, (San Francisco), all belong to this enterprising category. But these exterior improvements by no means surpass those in the departments of news, literature and varied editorial efficiency. We observe that several of the new enterprises in the way of enlargement are backed by the introduction of excellent serial stories. The whole movement marks the elevation of taste as well as increase of numbers and wealth in the Catholic body. These features of elegance and literary culture would not be sought for, at a considerable expense of course, unless it were felt that they would pay by an increase of subscribers; and, as in other cases, competition here will be productive of a benefit to the community by creating that very taste to which it appeals; while, notwithstanding the number of competitors and their vivacious rivalry, the probability is that each will be vastly better sustained than before.

In regard to what makes the essential interest and value of a paper, the Catholic Journals of the United States, (contrary to what, with unparalleled audacity, has lately been asserted), have for a long time far surpassed all other weeklies published in it, and are more nearly on a par with the best hebdomadals of Europe. The range of topics introduced in them has been above that of secular papers, and for style, thought, learning and argumentative force, their selected matter generally, and much of their original, derived from the first thinkers and scholars in either hemisphere, has afforded a kind of reading to the Catholic public, the relative excellence of which would not be believed without examination and comparison.

It has been gravely asserted that these Journals are an organized force — an organization said to have been effected by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, — and that they all pipe alike from *Boston* to *New Orleans*, and from *New York* to *San Francisco*. Nothing can be more comically false. The truth is, on the contrary, that faith apart, where they must agree, or cease to be Catholic, the Catholic Journals of the United States agree in nothing, and have no mutual concert apart from owning a common principle. They are generally private enterprises, owned and conducted by laymen in most instances, and several of them by converts, who are all Americans by birth. In politics, in philosophy, in national sympathies, they are disunited; they are democrats, they are absolutists, they are favorers of moderate constitutionalism; they are ontologists, they are psychologists, they are Rationalists, they are Traditionalists; they favor and they denounce the classical school of education and of literature; some love the Jesuits, others extol the Redemptorists on all occasions, and disparage the children of Ignatius; there is, in fact, a wonderfully free activity of thought among them, greater than can exist where the limits of free thought are undefined, and where, consequently, the apparent liberty that we see is merely subjection to the tyranny of a clique.

A quite new journal is the "*Catholic Citizen*," of Toronto, and the *Catholic Messenger* of New Orleans gives place to a new bi-weekly, to be called the "*Southern Journal.*"

## II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

1. The Spring Trade Sales will come off (some of them) nearly a month earlier than usual. The following are the dates announced:—G. W. Lord & Co., New York, Tuesday, Feb. 14; M. Thomas & Sons, Phil., Tuesday, Feb. 28; Bangs, Bro. & Co., New York, Monday, March 13; Sherman G. Hubbard, Cincinnati, Monday, March 13.

2. In the case of Mrs. Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *vs.* F. W. Thomas, publisher of a German translation of that work, the Hon. R. C. Grier, of the U. S. District Court, has decided that a translation is not an infringement of copyright. This is contrary to former decisions, and perhaps may not be considered as a final settlement of this nice point. The interests of authors, of the public, and of the translators themselves are deeply concerned in an author's being able either to sell the right of translation, or to employ at a good price the best translating talent in the market. If free translation is permitted, the work will almost necessarily fall into obscure and incompetent hands, who will afford no guarantee for accuracy and fidelity, and an inferior translation, got up in haste by some flash publisher, may keep a good one out of the market. The public interest would suffer so much detriment by this decision that it is to be hoped that it will be reversed. The argument of his Honor, Judge Grier, that the *form* alone of the ideas in a book is copyright is a *non sequitur;* as every one skilled in translation knows that the form is not lost in transferring from one tongue to another, any more than in copying from a marble statue into bronze, or in engraving from a picture.

3. Apropos to the question of copyright:—Among the Christmas novelties noticed as appearing in London, is mentioned "VINCENT's very well written and prettily illustrated 'PRETTY PLATE,' or *Honesty the Best Policy.*"—Here now is a beautiful illustration of the working of *anti*-copyright! It is quite plain by the new title prefixed to our own story of the "Pretty Plate," that the tale has been made over to suit the Protestant market. We wonder if the incident of the *Confession* has been retained, and the local (Irish and New York) coloring. Of course not. We would thank the pirate who took this prize, to send us a copy; it's the least he can do, "bad luck to him."

4. The North American Review has recently changed proprietors and editors. The new editor is a Unitarian minister in Massachusetts, named Andrew P. Peabody.

5. *The Literary World*, edited by the *Duyckinks*, has been discontinued. It was the pet journal of literary men, and was modelled externally on the London Literary Gazette and Athenæum. We infer that it has not been profitable, or else it would not be discontinued; and we note the fact as a proof that no literary enterprise can pay in this country, that does not address the masses. The "Literary World" contained no continued *stories*, or the like: hence its decease. At least we infer so. A class of mere scholars large enough to support a high-toned periodical of that description, does not yet exist among us, and perhaps never will; for the tendency is downward in point of quality, and upward in point of quantity, in all our literature, except that which is Catholic. *We* have a principle to support, a doctrine to defend, a noble passion to impel us, a wide-spread and earnest faith to appeal to, a solid erudition to judge our work, themes at once profound and popular to inspire it.

6. "*The Evangelical Catholic,*" published in New York by our old friend, Dr. Muhlenberg, also gives up the ghost this year.

7. Messrs. Dunigan & Brother have received from the Latin Secretary of His Holiness, in return for a present of some of their valuable publications, a letter in the name of the Pope, accompanied by a gold medal of the Sovereign Pontiff, and conveying to them his apostolic blessing, which, "as an auspice of all heavenly good, he lovingly grants" them. This may be regarded as an encouragement to all Catholic publishers to persevere in that noble duty with which they are providentially charged.

8. New Works in Press. Messrs. J. Murphy & Co. announce an Abridgement of Lingard's England, with a continuation from 1688 to 1853, by James Burke, Esq. 8vo. about pp. 700. The same publishers have nearly ready "All for Jesus; or the Easy Ways of Divine Love," by the Very Rev. Father Faber, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. — This is probably the best popular devotional book that has ever been originally produced in the English language. Its English sale has been unprecedented, the third edition being announced, although it has been out but a month or two. — J. Murphy & Co. also announce the Fourth, Revised and Enlarged Edition of Kenrick on the Primacy, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

9. Messrs. Burns and Lambert, London, announce a series to be called the "Popular Library *of History, Biography, Fiction and Miscellaneous Literature.*" It is to be edited by J. M. Capes, J. S. Northcote and E. H. Thompson, Esqs., and the volumes will be furnished by the best Catholic writers of the day. Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Newman, Lady Fullerton, and a long list of celebrities have engaged to contribute to the series, and the Holy Father has deigned to send his benediction to the undertaking. "A large portion of the series will be devoted to works of Fiction and Entertaining Literature, the volumes of which will be interspersed with the more solid publications." It is designed that the series shall be adapted to the *Railway* consumption, and not exclusively for Catholics, as it is intended to take the place of the mischievous literature that now glitters on the book-stalls, and is devoured by the masses. As an instance of the comprehensiveness of the plan, we may mention that the author of 'The Forest" has been *catered* for a contribution to the department of Historical Fiction.

10. The opening of the Astor Library in New York, is an event of the greatest importance. The number of volumes now upon the shelves is about 80,000; admirably selected by the accomplished Dr. Cogswell, with incredible patience and industry. The building, which is thoroughly *fire-proof*, stands in Lafayette place, the most quiet *locale* in the city perhaps, and one of the most elegant, while it is but a minute's walk from Broadway. Every one is freely admitted to read, (as in the great libraries in Europe), but no book is allowed to be taken away. In a future notice we shall indicate more particularly the extent to which the treasures of this noble collection will be likely to aid the researches and studies of Catholic scholars.

11. The destruction of the immense printing establishment of the Harpers by fire on the 10th Dec., was a severe blow to the literary interests and book-trade of the country. It was the largest concern of the kind, and the most complete in itself, existing in the world. A few hours sufficed to dissipate in smoke and cinders an organized and active stock of materials, machinery, presses, paper, engravings, tools, &c., estimated at above $1,000,000. It is curious that the last (Dec.) Number of Harpers' Magazine contained among its *comic illustrations* one of a camphene explosion. The destruction of their own establishment by a camphene accident, while the boys were yet hawking that very number in the streets, is a striking instance of the precipice on which every earthly prosperity, however apparently solid and gigantic, always trembles. The attention of the world was just then drawn to the Harpers, by the announcement of the unparalleled figure which the circulation of their celebrated Magazine had reached.

## III. Popular Scientific Intelligence.

*Closed Cases for Plants.* — One of the most interesting books we have lately read is the little essay of N. B. Ward, F. R. S., F. L. S. on "the Growth of Plants in closely glazed cases." The discovery which it describes has been before the world for several years, but may probably be new to many of our readers. It was by accident, from observing the growth of a rare fern in a bottle closed from the air, that Mr. Ward first hit upon the principle of his closed cases, which are now in extensive use by the whole horticultural and floricultural world. The cases are either glazed boxes or bell-glasses inverted over tubs of mould, so as, in a word, to admit light and exclude the outer air. The mould or earth is moistened at first according to the habits of the plant, and then, as a general rule, requires no more water for years. Within the case, which is a little isolated world with its own atmosphere, the plant draws up the moisture from the mould and gives it back again in exhalation, or that moisture rises in invisible vapor with the heat of day, and condenses in dews with the cold of night : — the great liquid balance of the skies operates in miniature within this minute circumscription of earth, waters and air; nothing is wasted, nothing lost. By this means plants grow and flower in confined rooms, in crowded cities, defying the noxious gases with which the air of such localities is poisoned, and which would prove fatal to them if they were exposed to it. A temperature suited to their wants is very easily kept up; on a sunny noon even of mid-winter, the thermometer in a closed case, in our climate, will, under favorable circumstances, without artificial heat, rise to 120°. Above all, the contrivance facilitates the transportation of plants from one country to another, over sea especially, by affording all the delicate beings of this order in creation, protection in such voyages against salt spray and cold winds, without depriving them of light, or requiring them to be even watered. It is a beautiful discovery, and its various applications are calculated to promote the happiness and enjoyment of poor and rich alike. If any of our readers wishes to have a closed case for flowers, we may mention that the box containing the earth, sand-stone, mould, (or whatever bed may be required by the plants) should be lined with zinc, and the bottom perforated with several holes for drainage. They may be of any size, from an inverted tumbler in a saucer, where the minutest moss may spread its tiny forest over a bit of damp stone, to a magnificent conservatory, filled in with rock-work, and artificial ruins, and sheltering the banana, the magnolia and the palm.

## IV. Political and Secular Intelligence.

1. In the East the Russians have defeated the Turks in a naval battle at Sinope, on the Black Sea, November 20. Eleven Turkish ships were destroyed, and 5,000 Turks killed. The Russians suffered severely, and prevailed only by superiority of force. On land, the contest is varied, the Turks having maintained their ground in Europe but lost it in Asia, where the Shah has joined the Russians. The French and English fleets are reported to have entered the Black Sea; a proposition for peace on the part of the four Powers has been accepted by the Divan. The Emperor Napoleon III is prepared for war in the defence of the Sultan.

2. In France there is a scarcity of bread. The statue of Marshal Ney has been inaugurated on the spot where he was executed in 1815.

3. In Spain Mr. Soulé, our minister, and his son, have fought a couple of duels with the M. Turgot, the French ambassador, and the Duke of Alba, respectively. Neither rencontre was fatal.

4. *William Smith O'Brien*, whom the Truth Teller terms "the foremost man of the Irish race, in point of lineage, honor and disinterestedness" has effected his escape (it is said) from the penal colony of Van Diemen's Land. He was bound by no parole.

5. Lord John Russell announces a plan of Parliamentary reform which will disfranchise 86 boroughs in Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish boroughs included are — Armagh, Athlone, Bandon, Carlow, Cashel, Clonmel, Coleraine, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Dungannon, Dungarvon, Ennis, Enniskillen, Kinsale, Lisburn, Mallow, New Ross, Portarlington, Sligo, Tralee, Wexford, and Youghal — 22 in all.

6. An Agitation is going on in Scotland for the restoration of certain national rights alleged to have been unjustly diminished since the Union of 1707.

7. The Sardinian government have refused to receive Signor Foresti (a leader of the Italian Carbonari and a political refugee) as Consul General of the United States.

8. In Australia the people are nearly crazed by a fresh discovery of gold, in unheard of quantities, throwing all previous discoveries of the precious metal into the shade.

9. Walker's piratical expedition in New Mexico has been defeated by the Mexicans.

10. In Oregon, the Indians have leagued together to drive the pale faces from the country, and every arrival brings news of their hostile demonstrations.

11. In the U. S. Senate [Jan. 22], the insults lately offered to the Apostolic Nuncio were discussed, in relation to a motion of Senator Cass, asking for the documents respecting his mission to this country; and there was a general expression of indignation and shame at the disgraceful events which have occurred, while the participation of Americans properly so called was warmly disclaimed by many senators. The debate reflected credit on the highest and most dignified deliberative body in the world, and was an expiation to the tarnished honor of our country, compromised before Christendom by these insults to a person, who, in one point of view, represents a friendly foreign Power, in another, the Pontiff acknowledged by the vast majority of Christians as the Head of their religion on earth.

Erratum. In the notice of "Blood-stone," p. 45, 8th line from bottom, for "Trinitarianism," *read* Tractarianism.

THE

Metropolitan.

Vol. II. MARCH, 1854. No. 2.

# CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES,

## ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION, AND THE BEST MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

*(The Prize Essay).*

In Spain or Italy, where the government, the ideas of the people, tradition and feeling are alike Catholic, a Catholic literature distinct from what is national can hardly be said to exist; the literature is all Catholic: what is otherwise is merely exceptional. This was so in France also till the last century, when infidelity seized the literary men of the day and gave a tendency which still predominates. Since then a Catholic literature has grown up in France in opposition to that marred by this deadly blight. In Germany, Protestantism swayed the first literary efforts, but of late years Catholic writers of eminence in every branch have won applause and rank, and their writings are giving a healthy tone to cotemporary literature.

In England and our own land another state of things has existed. The infidels of France by wit, sophistry, ridicule, apparent depth of research, science and antiquarian lore dazzled and carried away the readers whom they fascinated by their brilliant style, but still the true Catholics formed the great body of the people, and a healthy literature has always circulated among them. Germany, too, is about equally divided into Catholic and Protestant states, which stand on the same footing, and have equal rights. But England is Protestant in its government, anti-Catholic indeed, and fanatically, frantically unjust to every thing Catholic. The Catholics in England form a very small minority, and though they form a very large majority in Ireland, the fear of their self-condemned oppressors* has constantly excluded them, until the time of O'Connell, from the army, the navy, the bar, the universities, parliament and public office. They have been, and to a great extent are, helots, considered by those who dare not let them speak as a body to be oppressed and excluded. The same is to a great extent the case here. Public opinion, in the United States, which poor, uninstructed people, though wise in their own conceits, think a product of our free institutions, but in reality, an olla podrida of old English prejudice, Irish party feeling, French infidelity, German rationalism and modern paganism, is decidedly against Catholics: delights to abuse them in the name of freedom, to burn a Pope's Nuncio in effigy in the cause of humanity, to burn a convent in reality in the name of morality, or a church in that of the constitution. Above all it keeps Catholics out of public life, accuses us of being subjects of a foreign power, taunts us with ignorance, yet shrewdly rejects any work written by a Catholic, as if reading it would admit that genius ever lurked beneath a brow on which the sign of the cross was made—would admit that Catholics are not ignorant—admit that they too have capacity sufficient to handle any subject,—admit that newspapers do not mark the highest point of public education, and much more that is by no means *convenient* to admit. This is a token of fear, for glibly as Protestants of a certain stamp (for there are honorable exceptions) will among themselves and especially in a Catholic country run on about the ignorance, superstition, idolatry and priestcraft of the benighted followers of a Church which claims obedience, let but an educated Catholic suddenly enter—Lo! they are as suddenly polite, absolutely, really and unequivocally gentlemen. If in a church, the hat is taken off, bold assertion gives place to modest inquiry, and like children caught in a falsehood they escape as soon as possible. A book by a Catholic has the same effect: it comes to tell these prejudiced masses some things they would rather not know or hear. They will not touch it, they will not buy it. Hence publishers more willingly issue transcendental works or books of the new rapping religion, although they are aimed directly at Christianity, than a work by a Catholic: and for refusing the latter we do not blame them if their only object is dollars and cents and a saleable book.

---

*Humanum est odisse quem læseris.

Owing then to the state of us Catholics of the English tongue, it has been necessary for us to create a literature for ourselves, apart from that of our country, and as yet little has been done compared to the want, towards the accomplishment of the task. English literature, even yet, speaking in the gross, is a conspiracy against Catholic truth: there is scarce a work on any branch of science, literature, history or art, which can be safely put into the hands of a child. The present position of Catholics in the British dominions promises a better and more glorious future, while our increased numbers in this country give us a position, if we choose to take it:—if, tired of being constantly attacked and down-trodden, we cast politicians to the four winds and hurl back, alike without malice and without fear, every weapon of ridicule, sarcasm and argument used against us. In point of falsehood indeed we cannot reciprocate, and the father of lies himself could not surpass our antagonists.

The task before us in this essay is to consider what the Catholic literature in the United States is, and to endeavor to cast a searching glance into the vista of its future. By our literature we mean works written by Catholics on exclusively Catholic subjects, or their works of history, travels, fiction, poetry or mere literature, which are such as a wise censorship would approve. In our idea of literature, therefore, we omit all scientific works, for these, creditable as they may be to the individual and to us as the body to which he belongs, have no direct influence on the reading public in the way of correcting false ideas. At one time a number of eminent Catholic mathematicians held the highest grade in the country, but their works, though justly esteemed, removed no popular errors, nor altered in one iota the diseased and morbid state of public opinion.* This is no reproach and indeed we should deplore it as an abuse to see any Catholic writer introduce his religion into a purely scientific work, as many Protestants do, some of whom cannot describe the starry heavens, the strata of the globe, a shell or a flower, without displaying the deep-rooted bigotry of their hearts by vituperation of misstated Catholic doctrines. Science has its own domain: in it we tolerate no extrinsic matter; scraps of poetry and polemics are there equally out of place. To the credit of the Catholic writers in this branch, it must be said that they have always adhered to the proper line of their subject. No work of theirs on the differential Calculus, Astronomy, Geometry, Algebra; no report to the government by any Catholic officer in the Topographical Engineers, or by any naval officer in exploring expeditions, contains any insult to the religious feelings of his Protestant countrymen, and we must, sad are we to say it, praise them extremely; for such examples of a due sense of their position are not too common.

---

* Among such works are a Treatise on the Use of the Globe, an excellent astronomy, published about 1814, by the Jesuit Wallace, Professor at New York, the mathematical works of Ryan, O'Shannessy, and others.

Leaving science then apart, we propose to confine our remarks to literature in its more confined sense. In the infancy of our Republic we were a poor, despised few, to whom a toleration, never at first intended, was granted merely because it was necessary to secure the aid of then Catholic France, and because it was supposed that we should never be numerous, though time has so falsified the latter supposition that to us justly apply the words of Sallust: "Incredibile memoratu est, adepta libertate quantum brevi creverit."

The first object of Catholics under the Republic was to reprint prayer books, the Following of Christ and the Bible, an edition of the Holy Scriptures being issued in 1790, when we Catholics were but a handful; and of the small number of clergy in the country, who all apparently subscribed, ten being Jesuits; a fact we commend for reflection to all orators before Bible Societies.

The oppressed state of the Catholics in the colonial governments had prevented the reprint of our Bible and other necessary books, so much so that the clergy were often compelled to copy even the Missal, and the laity any book which they wished to possess. Many old Catholic families still retain manuscript copies of standard works made about that time.

Reprints of other works succeeded these, with new editions of extant translations of esteemed books by the ascetical writers of Spain and France; and down to the present time these form a considerable part of our publications.

Our land, however, was too classic in Catholic history, too fresh and rich in material, to be long content with exotic literature. When the Pilgrims were yet in Holland, a Peruvian wrote in Florida the first of its historical books; Ulloa, the first Spanish governor of Louisiana, is a well known name in literature. Lescarbot, on the coast of Maine, composed his *Muses de la Nouvelle France;* Charlevoix and Lafitau wrote their histories on the banks of the St. Lawrence; there too and on the shores of Lake Huron, Lalemant, Chatelain and Ragueneau wrote their ascetical works, which France welcomed with joy; Jogues, in the office of the Dutch commandant at Albany, wrote in Latin of classic purity the narrative of his sufferings, which Rome and Austria reprinted at length.*

At the period of our Revolution, the Abbé Robin published at Philadelphia his memoirs of the campaign of Rochambeau,† St. John de Crevecœur gave to the press his well known Letters of an American Farmer,‡ a monument in their tone of the state of the Catholics who had lived long scattered and cut off from their own clergy, worship and instructions. Later still Macneven, in medical and philosophical works, gained merited applause; Carey, by his essays on various subjects; Du Ponceau, by his philosophical works, kept up a succession of Catholic authors. As far as our literature is concerned, we owe most to the last, who first drew the attention of the learned to the philological and ethnological labors of early Catholic missionaries in America, China and the East at large.

---

* Luis de Oré Historia de los Martires de Florida, 1604; Ulloa, Historical Relation of a Voyage to South America — Noticias Americanos, and other works; Lescarbot, Muses de la Nouvelle France, 1615; Charlevoix, Histoire de la Nouvelle France, 1741; Lafitau, Mœurs des Sauvages, &c.

† 1787.

‡ Published in England, Ireland and New York (I think) about 1785, and afterwards at Paris.

Our proper literature, subsequent to the Revolution, began in controversy, and to controversy it was long confined. The Reverend John Thayer laid the foundation of our home literature in the account of his conversion, published about 1783, and frequently reprinted. As a monument of our history, no less than a most singular instance of God's providence, it is worthy of being again given to the public, for his style is manly, sincere and convincing.

About the same time Bishop Carroll found it necessary to open the career of controversy by a little work entitled "An Address to the Roman Catholics of the United States, by a Catholic Clergyman," (Annapolis, 1784). This was a reply to a work by his relative, Wharton, who had joined the Episcopalians, and now attacked the Catholic doctrine. The reply is an admirable defence, worthy of our first prelate, in style, matter, form and tone.

The meeting of Catholic and Protestant in free discussion was a novelty. Thayer soon after arrived in America as a priest, to the horror of the New England divines, who, though they had smothered their indignation, on seeing the Selectmen of Boston walk in a Catholic procession when the French army was there, could not restrain their feelings when they saw a man bred in the school of Cotton Mather and Edwards, actually re-appear a Catholic priest, and suggest that he was right. Controversies ensued, and in 1790 appeared Thayer's discussion with the Rev. George Leslie, (Washington, N. H.) Other controversies followed in Philadelphia and other cities, and as the press was open to the disputants, our literature was, as we have said, for a long time confined to controversy. Out of these discussions grew the next branch, able treatises on various points of doctrine, some of them of the highest order.

The establishment of the Truth Teller next gave Catholics an organ; other papers succeeded, some short-lived indeed, but always regularly increasing in circulation and power. About 1830 a magazine was begun under the title of the METROPOLITAN, edited by the Rev. C. C. Pise and the Rev. Dr. Damphoux, and was soon followed by others. These vehicles of communication with the people formed many writers, who afterwards enriched our literature and conferred honor upon us. A few tales, one or two historical works, were however almost all that had appeared till about 1840, as there were few Catholic publishers, and scarcely one of these had sufficient capital or business connections to justify the publication to any great extent of original works, while the issue of needed and well known English works required all their care. To offer a Catholic book to any ordinary publisher was useless. It would be promptly refused, or accepted only on such terms that an author must be devoid of all respect for himself to submit to them.

Some few years since Fielding Lucas, of Baltimore, was almost the only one who had ventured to issue any number of original works, but suddenly a new spirit of enterprise arose among our Catholic booksellers.* The Ursuline Manual, published by the late Mr. Dunigan, was a marvel at the time for its beauty; and created a spirit of taste and a desire for well got up books. Our publishing houses then existing, or which subsequently arose, took larger views; several of them issued American works, and their publications began to reach the knowledge of our Protestant countrymen, although none are so blind as those who will not see.*

---

* The *Missale Romanum* (1835) published by Lucas, still compares favorably with the foreign editions; and Eugene Cummiskey's edition of Haydock's Bible (1825), folio, and nobly printed, was an enterprise that even astonishes us now. Both showed the

Greater facilities were now given for the issuing of Catholic works: the United States Catholic Magazine (1842–8) formed several writers who have since done good service; Dunigan's Home Library (1844–6) did the same, and other houses of less business extent than the publishers of these took sufficient courage to put forth works of home authors, as well as American translations of French works. School books fitted for our classes were at last prepared to supply, in some degree, our crying wants in this respect.

At the present moment our literature and literary matter, the rapid growth of a few years, is a subject well worthy of attention. To appreciate it better, we shall briefly run over the chief branches, and characterize the works embraced in each. A full review of each we cannot of course attempt, and the sketch may perhaps in some cases be such as many persons would not altogether admit; yet, as we are not reviewing any one especially, nor considering the works mentioned as compared with those of English literature generally, but simply as forming part of our own, our judgment will not, we hope, be misunderstood or deemed overrated.

We know that it has long been the custom with our lords and masters to sneer at any Catholic work, and to laugh at the idea of a Catholic attempting to write a book fit to take a place in a library, much less to compete with non-catholic writers. We know that many of our own reviewers and newspaper editors, men "not to the manor born," but proselytes of the gate, have been in youth and early manhood so imbued with these ideas, that not even a change of faith has been able to eradicate them. With a sort of instinct they fall on a poor Catholic author and absolutely tear him to pieces, unless he has acquired a sort of prestige before which they are compelled to bow, and then that early education makes them as subservient as need be. Now for our own part, we always scouted this idea of Catholic inferiority: examining the popular literature of the day, analyzing its tinsel, froth and flummery, examining its statements of fact, historical or otherwise, its pretended science and logic, dissecting calmly to find the soul, the philosophical starting point of the author's mind, we have come to the simple conclusion that one word will, in most cases, cover all, and that simple word, albeit not very high or

native tendency of a communion that in type or in stone looks for long years — *multos annos*. This series of permanent works in a style of typography that puts the secular press to the blush, is aptly closed by the *Concilia Provincialia Baltimori*, and the *Rituale Romanum*, the latter of which is the gem of American rubricated works, surpassing all the rubricated prayer books of our Anglican friends in beauty. The *Missale Romanum*, by Lucas, above-mentioned, was also the first octavo Missal ever published.

* As an instance of this complacent eye-shutting of our countrymen to our doings, we may cite the fact of the Appletons issuing an edition of the Following of Christ and calling it the FIRST AMERICAN EDITION. First! had they said "twenty-first" or "thirty-first," well and good; for there is no counting the number. It was published about the period of the Revolution, for the first time, and when Appleton issued his, there were four stereotype editions in the market, and it has been so often printed, in one form or another, that no Catholic publisher ever thinks of saying what edition it is. Again, buy Poole's Index of Periodical Literature, and look for any Catholic periodical from the Dublin Review down: if you find Brownson, you have found all the Catholic periodicals known to the Librarian compiler.

flattering, is "humbug." The veil has fallen from our eyes, and we only wonder how these idols have so long obtained the clouds of incense offered by the willing votary.

We do not say this because they nearly all display the most profound, blind, cimmerian, obstinate, delightful, entertaining and absurd ignorance of Catholicity, Catholic worship, Catholic institutions and Catholic rites. This we can pardon, for we know that public opinion requires it, and even those who know, must act as if they knew not. We would not condemn a book on America, otherwise good, because the author tells us that in Catholic churches in this country no part of the Bible is ever read in English, and that no English instructions are given from Catholic pulpits! We would not condemn a work on popular education even, though its author gravely tells us that the Missal and Breviary are ordinary school books in Catholic institutions! * Mass in the afternoon, every Catholic carrying his *missal*, we have got used to, and never condemn a writer for that. No, not for any such ignorance do we condemn them; ignorance of God and the things of God is part of the punishment of original sin, and we cannot expect the unbaptized or heathen to be devoid of it, and in the former class we must number full half of our population.

In our judgment of Catholic writers, then, be it known that we do not demigodize the litterateurs of the day. At the risk of being deemed eccentric or ignorant, we say openly, "I will not adore:" and treat popular idols with very little reverence. They are not giants, but far, very far from it. There is more real eloquence, more unwritten poetry, more that is grand and sublime, more real erudition and science in many a hard working missionary than in the brightest luminaries that shine in the halls of Westminster or Washington, than in England's laureate or in most of the poets, orators and statesmen that are wonders of either land. Such is our belief, and we avow it boldly. But to proceed to our Review.

I. THEOLOGY. — Beginning with Theology, we are met by a fact that in itself speaks remarkably for our state of culture. At an early period the present Archbishop of Baltimore issued, in seven volumes, his Dogmatic and Moral Theology, a complete body of sacred science suited to the wants of the country. The appearance of so large a work written in good Latin and intended really for use, was a source of wonder to the Protestant public and clergy, few of whom could even read it without some difficulty, and none perhaps with ease. Considered in a literary point of view, it marks the classic character of our writers, a familiarity with Roman literature which is unequalled in the country. The canons and decrees of the Councils held at Baltimore, which England's first Orientalist, Cardinal Wiseman, ranks with those of Milan, display an equally correct taste. Even in the backwoods, with rough work and rough men, Badin, the first priest ordained in our land, sings in Latin verse the praises of the Trinity.†

Besides his two theologies, the Most Reverend author before mentioned has given in his Primacy of the Apostolic See one of the ablest works which America has produced. It grew out of a discussion with Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, and has caused the original controversy to be forgotten. If the style is not always pure and classic, it is clear, manly and vigorous, by no means lacking in spirit, yet always moderate and decorous. In the same style are the minor treatises of the same author on Baptism and Justification.* As a biblical scholar, his new version of the New Testament, with its learned and judicious notes, gives him a high rank.

---

* This inconceivably absurd exhibition of ignorance I find in a work written by order of the Legislature of Michigan, approved by that of New York, and found in almost every school library, here in the North. And the ignoramus who wrote it founds on it an argument in favor of the use of the Bible as a school-book likewise.

† Ignorant of the free use of Latin among us, the Latin Life of Washington, by a school-master of Kentucky, was considered as great a wonder as any strange animal in a menagerie.

His brother, the Archbishop of St. Louis, less of the theologian and more of a writer for the flock, has found time amid his missionary and episcopal labors, to enrich our literature with several devotional works, and a treatise on Anglican ordinations, as well as an account of the Holy House of Loretto, an invaluable work, which was greatly needed and is still too little known.

Bishop Spalding in this branch has contributed a work on the Evidences of Catholicity, and Dr. Pise a work on Christianity and the Church, and his Aletheia; but of the style and literary character of these writers we shall speak elsewhere.

Of the various controversies published from time to time several have become permanently Catholic works and can be found only in Catholic stores, no dubious sign whereby to judge of the real issue of the discussion. Such are the discussion between the present Archbishop Hughes and Mr. Breckenridge, between the present Archbishop Purcell and Campbell, and we may add the works of Bishop England, most of which are polemical and noted alike for eloquence, purity of diction and learning. Many others were published in their time, but are now seldom to be found, and cannot be considered as forming part of our actual literature. Among these the discussions of Bishop David, Messrs. Power, Kohlman and Levins with various antagonists, are deserving of special mention, and the authors are still remembered as able controvertists. The work of Father Kohlman on Confession and his "Unitarianism philosophically and theologically examined," (Washington, 1821), are extremely valuable, written in a clear, forcible and very pure style, untarnished by faults which we should almost naturally expect in a foreigner.

Besides these works, we may under this head mention Powers' History of the New Testament, a work worthy of that eminent preacher, and also with especial emphasis the two treatises of the princely Russian, Gallitzin, the Pastor of the Alleghanies, who in his Defence of Catholic Principles and Letters on the Holy Scriptures won a high reputation not only by his graceful style and his sound arguments but by his mild and gentle way of proposing all his points.

Fredet also gave a defence of the Eucharist worthy of the Congregation of St. Sulpice in its accurate, clear and calm exposition of Catholic doctrine.

Bishop England gave an explanation of the Ceremonies of Holy Week, and of those of the Mass; refuted the silly belief as to the Roman Chancery, and in various tracts displayed the powers of his great and cultivated mind and the purity of his language.

Before leaving this branch of the subject we cannot but cite the works of the Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, as evincing the freedom of discussion which prevails among us. Eccentric in style and thought, he differs from most around him, and in his work on Usury and in that on the Mysteries propounds doctrines in which he has not found many followers.

---

*The former work especially displays a temperate wisdom, not unenlivened in the discussion of Protestant views by sallies of wit and satire, both characteristic of this prelate; at the same time that it evinces a thorough acquaintance with all the Protestant theories respecting the initiatory Sacrament of Christianity, from the wild extravagances of Fox and Campbell to the nearly orthodox position of the learned patristic Pusey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

### BY CARDINAL DONNET, ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX.

*An Address at the Agricultural Festival of St. Cier-Lalande.*

Many persons speak of La Trappe and the Trappists, but few know what they are. Unfortunately it is thus with many other things in this world. People talk of the Trappists and their rule, and do not know the first word concerning them or it.

What is a Trappist, then? Well, he is a man like all the rest of us, with the exception, however, that he is a little more humble, a little more abstemious, loses less time in sleep, and for these reasons is considerably our superior.

Sleep indulged to excess, otherwise called *sloth*, the pleasures of the table and an unbridled tongue have caused a troop of miseries in this world. It needs not an initiation in the science of Hippocrates to divine that. Yes, there is danger in sleeping too much, in eating too much, and in talking too much. Now the Trappist sleeps little, eats little, and does not talk at all. It is for this reason that he is not only a saint, but also a skilful farmer; and that is why I wish to propose him to you as a model in all that is susceptible of your imitation. I wish also to prove to the man of agricultural pursuits, whose life is often one of privations, that there exist men who might have procured themselves in the world all the enjoyments of life, and who condemn themselves, by voluntary choice, to eat less, to sleep less, to labor more, than the workmen of our cities or the inhabitants of our country districts.

The Trappist rises every morning at two o'clock, on Sundays at one, and on great festivals at midnight. Prayer and the labor of his hands divide between them all his time till eight o'clock in the evening, his hour of retiring to rest.

From Easter till the 4th of September, the Trappist eats two meals a day, the first at half-past eleven, A. M., the second at six in the evening; all the rest of the year he makes but one repast, which takes place at half-past two o'clock P. M., and in Lent at four. And he devotes but one-half hour to this only meal.

I had the happiness of passing at La Trappe the eight days preceding my Episcopal consecration in 1835. On those days as at all times, the fare consisted of a pea-soup, a dish of beans seasoned only with salt, and water. A pear or other fruit formed the dessert of each one. The Trappist knows neither meat, nor fish, nor butter, nor eggs.

Will you say that to go on in this way is self-murder, that it is to bury one's self alive, and render one's self useless to society? But how many farmers, how many workmen of all trades, never make use of either flesh meat, or fish?

Why reproach the Trappists for doing, in the spirit of penance, what others do from necessity? Be assured of it, not only intemperance, but good cheer has destroyed many virtues, engendered many evils; the lovers of gormandizing are commonly unchaste and ungenerous; they are selfish and devoid of energy. Trust not the countries which produce, which foster them.

Reckon, then, if you can, the services rendered to society by the houses of La Trappe. Count the fields cleared and improved, the wild heaths and uncultivated wastes now covered with rich crops. Reckon the poor clothed and fed, the sick and infirm succored, the orphans harbored and educated. The Trappists, then, may be called the benefactors of humanity, the Providence of all around them.

A colony of Trappists is a village containing every kind of business. Besides the farming Trappist, there are seen the miller, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the joiner, the mechanic: and all these men labor from the rising to the setting of the sun. How could I recount all they have done at Melleray, Montague, Port au Salut, Valsainte, Augne Belle, Briquebec, Font Gombaut, Sepfont, Staoueli; there may be seen the prodigies operated by faith, love of God, and a desire of serving our neighbor.

TRAPPIST IN THE FIELD.

Thirty years ago, I visited one of the places, which at a later period was chosen as the abode of one of these religious colonies. The land was covered with thorns, rocks, and moving bogs. No horseman could cross this district, on account of the deep quicksands occurring in every part. At the present day, these marshes and wastes are replaced by fields of an admirable fertility; the rocks have for the most part disappeared under a stratum of vegetable earth, and the scythe moves fearlessly over the rich meadows created by these cenobites. Canals skilfully distributed, maintain a perpetual verdure over these now luxuriant groves; drains dug underground to the depth of three or four feet, receive the waters of the wet lands, and pour them into a pond which is made to feed several mills. It appears to me, that these works, begun and completed by the monks of La Trappe, are sufficient proofs of a patient and active intelligence, and of a most profound knowledge of agriculture.

One of their works in particular strikes with admiration and astonishment every visitor. It is a windmill of a new construction, invented by one of the brothers, and built entirely by the monks themselves. The head of the mill is surmounted by a cap which turns with the wind, without the aid of any other internal force. The sails are 150 feet in diameter, and obey the impulse of the wind; that is to say, they open more or less, according as the wind blows with more or less force. The same mechanism takes the wheat, which has been placed in a vat, causes it to ascend, cleans it, and distributes it under the millstone, which reduces it to flour. The astonishment produced by this beautiful machinery is increased by the knowledge that its skilful inventor is completely ignorant of the rules of mechanics; he guessed, without having learned them. Like his brothers, he only knows how to obey, to pray, and to work. * * * * * * * *

Behold, at St. Emelion, the grotto where lived the pious hermit who has given his name to all that beautiful country; see the stone upon which he reposed, and the still flowing source of crystal waters, a living image of the divine source at which he quenched his spiritual thirst. But above all, note the remarkable church which stands in the neighborhood of his hermitage, and which antiquarians regard as the most singular in France, and as unique in the whole world. This is the work of some poor monks, who, not possessing, doubtless, the means of building, according to architectural rules, a temple where they could pray in common, excavated a solid rock, and in one single rock constructed a subterraneous church, a gigantic edifice, having for its base a parallellogram of a hundred and twenty feet in length by sixty in breadth; a miracle of labor of which few people even suppose the existence. I have, I believe, said enough to prove that Monks, and the Trappists in particular, are by no means useless in this world.

Happy will it be for humanity, when it shall take them as models in everything that is imitable in their existence; models of industry, of respect, of obedience, of discretion, of temperance, of simplicity, and of every virtue. Men would talk a little less, it is true: but where would be the harm of that? What great benefit has the use we have made of a speech conferred upon us, especially in these last years? If we had a few poets, romancers, dramatists, journalists and orators the less, would the world be any the worse off?

## ORTHODOX CHARITY:

### OR THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.

The danger of latitudinarian views and language is, no doubt, much to be feared in our age and country: yet the most orthodox may prudently avoid in social intercourse whatever may unnecessarily wound feeling. Principle may be maintained in all its strictness, although it be not bluntly proclaimed in unfavorable circumstances. To avoid expressing painful truths, when no good is likely to arise from their enunciation, is not to dissemble, much less to betray them. To praise the good acts, qualities and dispositions of sectaries, or unbelievers, does not imply an acknowledgment that nothing is wanting to secure their salvation. Gratitude for kindness, admiration of moral virtues, good wishes for those who are out of the communion of the Church, may dispose them to approach us in a spirit of confidence. A letter of a Pope of the eleventh century, the famous Hildebrand, addressed to Anzir, king of Mauritania, serves to show the correctness of these views. He thanks this Mahometan prince for his good will to the Christians, some of whom he had released from captivity, and for gifts which he had sent to the Pope himself. Anzir had also signified his desire for the promotion to episcopacy of a priest whom he highly recommended. The Pope being satisfied of the merit of the candidate, took pleasure in gratifying his wishes. The expressions of this letter from another pen might appear latitudinarian, but they cannot be so understood, coming from the stern defender of the Catholic faith. They show how charity and prudence combine to moderate and soften literary and social intercourse, without prejudice to orthodoxy.

## GREGORY VII TO A MOORISH KING.

"The Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to Anzir, king of Sitipha, a province of Mauritania, in Africa, health and Apostolic blessing.

"Your Excellency sent us your letters this year, asking us to ordain bishop, according to the Christian rite, the priest Servandus; which we have taken pleasure in doing, since your request appeared just and excellent. You also, besides sending us presents, through reverence for blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and affection for us, set at liberty some Christians, who were detained prisoners, and you have promised to liberate others likewise. God, the Creator of all men, without whom we cannot do or even conceive any thing good, moved your heart by His inspiration to these kind acts: He who enlighteneth every man who cometh into this world, enlightened your mind in this regard. For there is nothing which Almighty God, who willeth all men to be saved, and none to perish, approves of more strongly in us, than that man, next to loving Him, should love his fellow-man, and that he should not do to another what he would not have done to himself. We and you owe to each other this charity, more especially than to other nations, since we believe and confess the one God, though in a different manner, and we daily praise and adore Him as the Creator of all things, and the Ruler of the world. For as the Apostle says: 'He Himself is our peace, who hath made both one.' Many of the Roman nobility knowing from us that this grace was given you, are altogether in admiration of your goodness and virtues, and loud in your praise. Two of them, our liegemen Alberic and Cincius, brought up with us in the Roman palace, almost from early youth, being very desirous to form your acquaintance, and to be on terms of intimacy, and to serve you in any way in their power in these countries, send to you their men, that you may learn from them the high esteem which they have of your wisdom and generosity, and their readiness to oblige you to the utmost of their ability. We recommend them to your majesty, begging of you for our sake and in consideration of the merit of the men themselves, to treat them with that kindness, which we always desire to show to you and those who belong to you. For God knows, we love you purely for the honor of God, and we desire your salvation, and your honor in the present life and in that to come: and with our heart and mouth we pray that, after a long career in this world, God Himself may lead you to the blessed bosom of the most holy patriarch Abraham."

*Conc. col. reg. vol. vi, col. 1342.

# CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

"*Revenge not yourselves, my dearly beloved, but give place to wrath; for it is written: Revenge is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.*"—ROM. xii, 19.

IN the epistle of to-day, the Apostle presents to us one of those sublime and practical maxims of Christianity, which are among the most striking evidences of its divine origin. It is so natural for the proud heart to resent affronts—to seek retaliation for injuries, that the exercise of forgiveness is a manifest triumph of divine grace over the corruption of fallen nature. As Christians we are bound to cultivate peace with all mankind. The Apostle had just said, "if it be possible, as much as in you, having peace with all men;" but if, despite of our efforts, enemies rise up, and inflict wrongs upon us, we are commanded to abstain from revenge, to pardon them from the heart, to overcome evil by good. This is the morality of the Gospel, the law of Jesus Christ, the condition on which we may hope for pardon of our own sins. No exception is allowed, no plea available. Let me invite your attention, brethren, to this subject, important at all times, and easily forgotten. Of many it may be said: "Ye know not of what spirit ye are."* They are believers in the Gospel, zealous for religion, devoted to the glory of Christ, our Lord. Their faith is strong, their generosity unbounded, their zeal fervent: but they are wanting in that spirit of forbearance and forgiveness, which is the criterion of Christian virtue. It behooves us to pause and examine whether we truly belong to Christ, for "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."†

The Apostle urges us to cultivate peace: "Follow peace with all men:"‡ yet he intimates that it may not be in our power to secure it. Our conduct should be not only inoffensive, but kind. We should cheerfully perform towards all every good office, and cherish in our inmost heart love for all. We are not, however, permitted to purchase peace by a sacrifice of principle: to yield compliance in things forbidden by the divine law, to please men at the risk of incurring the divine displeasure. Hence our Lord said in strong language, taking on himself the responsibility of the results which were to attend the preaching and profession of His Gospel: "Do not think that I am come to send peace upon earth. I came not to send peace, but the sword."‖ Brethren, what means this solemn declaration? Did not angels at the moment of the birth of the Divine Infant, sing: "Peace to men," as well as glory to God? Is not His Gospel "the Gospel of peace?"§ Does it not breathe love? Nevertheless the pride and corruption of the human heart make it an occasion of strife and contest. The sword is sometimes unsheathed against its professors. In this respect the dearest ties of nature are disregarded. The unbeliever unable to comprehend why the Christian will not follow the worship of his fathers, will not conform to the usages of his fellow-citizens, will not join in views and practices which are popular and national, condemns him as a fanatic, a traitor, an apostate. "He is become a censurer of our thoughts. He is grievous to us, even to behold: for his life is not like other men's, and his ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers; and he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness."* Hence it is that hatred is indulged where love should reign; the peace of families is destroyed; and the words of our Lord are manifestly fulfilled: "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's enemies shall be they of his own household."† Persuasion and ridicule, allurements and threats, are successively employed to shake the constancy of the servant of Christ, and when all fail, he is sometimes discarded, disowned, and persecuted. He might be once more beloved and caressed, if he would only abjure his convictions and walk in the beaten path: but he cannot deny Christ, or His doctrines, without incurring the penalty of being, in turn, denied: he cannot please men in matters involving Christian principle, without ceasing to be a servant of Christ. If he love father or mother, son or daughter, more than Christ, he cannot be His disciple. He must, then, at every sacrifice remain steadfast in his Christian profession, and faithful in his allegiance to his Divine Master. In every other respect he fulfils the duties imposed on him by his position and social relations, he is affectionate and devoted to those to whom the ties of nature bind him: he is respectful and submissive to his superiors, kind to his equals and dependants: upright and just in his dealings: loyal and patriotic in his sympathies. All that he can do consistently with duty is done by him to maintain harmony, peace, amity with all: but if it cannot be, he remains tranquil, conscious of having done all in his power for peace, and praying to God that He may win to peace the hearts of those who hate him without cause.

---

* Luke ix, 55.

† Rom. viii, 9.

‡ Heb. xii, 14.

‖ Matt. x, 34

§ Eph. vi, 15.

When, notwithstanding all our efforts, peace cannot be maintained, and wrongs are wantonly inflicted on us, the Apostle affectionately warns the Christian not to indulge the desire of revenge: "Revenge not yourselves, my dearly beloved." He uses entreaty and exhortation, speaking as a fond friend and father, who knows the difficulty of restraining the strong impulse of natural indignation, and sympathizes deeply with the sufferers. The influence which his love for those whom he addresses, gives him, is employed to disarm them. He sees the arm uplifted to retaliate, and whilst he might in the name of the Divine Saviour command the vindictive man to desist, he chooses in the first instance to make trial of affectionate appeal, which, however, he enforces by the words of inspiration: "Revenge is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He warns man not to trench on the Divine prerogative — not to seize the sword of the Lord, which should repose in the scabbard, until the Lord Himself draw it forth. Yielding as it were something to human weakness, he insinuates, that if punishment be due to the wanton assailant, it shall surely overtake him, and in a manner far more dreadful than it could be inflicted by the feeble arm of the sufferer. The seeming impunity granted to crime is not calculated to embolden the transgressor, since it is only a suspension of the execution of the Divine decree, which dooms him to unutterable woe. Why hasten to punish him, whom God will most certainly punish, unless by humiliation he atone for his crime? Man, however wantonly insulted, however grievously injured, has no right to take on himself the punishment of his enemy, because he should not interfere with the general order, which reserves to the public authority the correction of individual wrongs, and he himself is a transgressor before God, and by his sins he has deserved even greater evils than have befallen him. If Cain has shed innocent blood, let no man undertake to avenge the crime, since God will punish with sevenfold vengeance the murderer of Cain. We must give place to wrath — to the exercise of Divine justice — and patiently endure the wrongs inflicted by our personal enemies, or the enemies of our religion.

---

* Wisdom ii, 14.

† Matt. x, 35.

This however, brethren, is not the completion of the Christian triumph. It is indeed much to arrest and restrain the vindictive man in the moment of wild excitement: it is more, to calm the throbbing of his heart, and banish all desire of revenge: but the Apostle teaches a still sublimer lesson, and grace manifests her power, by inspiring an effectual and active love for the enemy. "If thy enemy hunger, give him to eat: if he thirst, give him drink: for doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." No matter, how unprovoked were his insults, how cruel his persecution, he is still a man, who in his necessities has claims on your sympathies and beneficence by reason of our common nature: he has been redeemed by the same atoning sacrifice: he is created for the same happiness. Besides, the exercise of charity is the surest means of obtaining redress for the wrongs which you have suffered. You might altogether fail in the execution of your vindictive designs; you could scarcely hope by any retaliation to make him humbly avow his fault, and sue for pardon: you might bring on yourselves the severity of the law, by attempting to punish him: but be kind to him in distress, be generous, and you will melt down his prejudices with the fire of charity, you will subdue his pride, you will win his heart, and change an enemy into a brother. He hated you, because he misconceived your principles, and supposed you to bear him a deadly hatred. When convinced by your conduct of the groundlessness of his enmity, he will blush and weep for his wanton assaults on one so worthy of respect and affection. Make the trial, brethren, and do not despair of the result. "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good." The history of the Church abounds in examples of the triumphs of charity. Every age has furnished splendid instances of forgiveness, which prove that the Spirit of God has not departed from her.

The Divine Redeemer gave the sublime lesson and example, when from His cross He prayed for the pardon of those who crucified Him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."* Stephen, the first martyr, as he bent beneath the stones that were cast at him, knelt to pray: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."† In the eleventh century, John Gualberti, a military man, whose brother had fallen by the hand of an assassin, raised his arm to avenge his death, but as the murderer, placing his arms in the form of a cross on his breast, asked for mercy, the soldier cast his weapon on the ground, and rushed to embrace the suppliant as a brother in Christ. This triumph of faith over nature obtained its speedy recompense. John hastened to a neighboring church to ask pardon for his rash purpose, and there received a divine intimation that pardon was vouchsafed to him. From that moment he felt himself changed into another man, so that he became a leader of others in the way of holiness, and shed the sweet odor of Christ on the vales of Camaldoli and Vallombrosa. Brethren, these are the examples which you should imitate. "Follow peace with all men." "If it be possible, as much as is in you, have peace with all men." But if this may not be, at least "render to no man evil for evil:" "revenge not yourselves, my dearly beloved:" "be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good."

You need not hope, brethren, to reduce to practice these sublime maxims by any effort of your reason and good sense. You must implore the grace of God, in order to correct the perversity of nature, to subdue its rebellion, to heal its corruption. You must study these lessons at the foot of the cross, and learn to repeat, from your inmost soul, the words of your Divine Master, who teaches by His example, whilst He prays: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Doubt not, brethren, your prayer will not be uttered in vain. The hearts of your enemies will yield to the grace, which you have implored for them, and they will join with you in praising the goodness and mercy of our Saviour God. They will acknowledge the divinity of that faith, which teaches us to recognise a brother in an enemy, and to practise towards him every kind office of fraternal love. O! may we all understand fully and practise faithfully the divine lesson.

"Would to God," cries St. Augustin, "that those who now try our patience, may be converted, and may with us be tried: yet as long as they are such as to try us, let us not hate them, for we know not whether each of them will continue to the end in his evil disposition. And oftentimes when thou fanciest that thou hatest an enemy, thou hatest a brother, and thou knowest it not." ‡

---

* Luke xxiii, 34. † Acts vii, 59. ‡ In Ps. liv.

# The Fall of Nineveh.

" *Wo to thee, O city of blood.*" — NAHUM, iii, 1.

UNVEIL the past and bid the shadows flee,
That cluster darkly round an empire's seat;
Where Belus, mightiest of the men of old,
On Tigris erst built Nineveh the Great;
The glorious marvel of a pristine age.
Majestic Assur, in her high estate,
Like Orient Queen, encrowned amid her slaves,
Looks down on abject nations that adore
Her sceptred greatness and her stern behests.
Those massive walls around, defiant, scorn
Beleaguering foes, and rear, like sentinels,
Their turrets bold to ward and gird the land
Within their strong embrace — impervious, save
Where oft the brazen gates are open flung,
To marshal forth a warrior array,
With hearts elate, to subjugate the world.
What stately fanes! where gorgeous shrines are lit,
With solemn splendors of idolatry;
Where throngs insensate bend, in silent awe,
Before the image, formed by mortal hands
Of things ideal, or of earthly mould,
Of kings and heroes, deified when dead!
What wondrous palaces! whose marble halls,
Arcades and vestibules and fretted roofs,
Chiseled with matchless art and scope, display
The blazonry of haughty domination,
With pomp barbaric fraught; — of serried hosts,
And battle's direst rage and victory's spoils,
The sack of cities and the captive's chains!
Lo! the proud pageants, that triumphant sweep,
Amid the swell of choral strains, along
The colonades and storied chambers, till
They reverent pause, where majesty enthroned
'Neath canopies, all lustrous with the dies
Of sparkling gems and gold and purple robes,
Awards, with smile and frown, or life or death!
Ye piles colossal of imperial pride!
Superb ye stand, artistic monuments
Of grace and grandeur joined, in countless modes;
And cast supreme, your giant shadows down
From glistening pinnacle and towering dome,
On courts of nobles, decked with regal beauty;
And dappled gardens, odorous with the breath
Of floral nature; over crystal founts
Tinted with iris-hues; on thoroughfares,
Where motley crowds, intent on gain, speed by;
And market places, whose rich, varied wares
Send climes remote, in homage to the liege

Who rules in Assur, with despotic will.
But hark! the voice of melody that flows,
Like dulcet rill, upon the perfumed air;
A song of revelry, in festal bowers,
Where gleesome guests, from crowned goblets pour,
In ruddy streams, libations to the god
Of luxury, and quaff themselves the wine;
At hour when stars peer through the dusky veil
Flung o'er the vesper sky, and rest presage
To weary hearts and limbs of toiling men.
Exult ye sons of Nineveh the Great!
Ay! grow complacent with the splendid scene,
And vaunt your peerless honors to the world;
Till self-reliant in your potent sway,
You challenge earth, and bravely scoff at heaven!
Vain mortals! blind and deaf to boded doom!
Your heritage made void! your pride abased!
Your wealth despoiled! your boasted, fragile power,
All crushed, in darkness, by the sovereign God!
Behold! a levin flash athwart the sky
Serene and cloudless, gleams, like flaming sword
Gigantic: meteor banners, waved sublime,
By hands unseen o'er Tigris flood afar
A radiance fling abrupt and ominous!
Wild phantoms loom from airy heights and stretch
A spectral arm of menace o'er the realm,
Which placid rests within its panoply.
Thus frowns indignant from immortal throne,
Who rules the destinies of earth and heaven:
His shading presence, like a funeral pall,
Hangs o'er thee, in the sunshine of thy mirth!
But list the deep and hollow sounds that pent
In earth's dark caverns, thrill with mortal dread,
The ear of night; — with tones mysterious blent
Supernal: muttered now, in whispered dirge;
Now syllabled in words sonorous; all
Prophetic of thy doom, O trophied city!
"Wo, wo to thee, all drenched in gore and gorged,
Like lion with his whelps, in bloody lair,
With spoils of nations: stubble-like, consumed
Shall be thy feasting and thy drinking; things
The molten and the graven be destroyed,
From out the house of Baal; the herald's voice
No more be heard, thy chariots armed shall burn,
Thy strongholds, shaken like the fig-tree, blown
By winds impetuous, shall dishonored lie:
Thy people slain, in mountain heaps shall strew
Thy dwellings and thy streets by conquest won!"
Now vainly speaks the messenger of God;
For vengeance follows, like the thunder-bolt
That smites, e'en in the path by lightning made,
The lofty spires and everlasting hills!
Arise, ye revellers! don the helm and mail,
And pour your spirit on the sword and spear:
Build up your bulwarks; arm you for the siege;

Fling out your banners from the castle's walls!
The Mede with cry of fierce revenge is there;
And stern Chaldea's king, with myriad hosts;
Man, clad in scarlet, girt with gleaming blade,
And buckler radiant in the sun, rush on;
With neighing steed and champing for the fight;
And noise of wheels, in fiercest melee driven.
The storm of battle rages, like the din
Of roaring winds, impelled through forest trees,
In mountain gorge, like ocean billows moved;
Or rush of waters, in the cataract
Hurled foaming down: so wars the battle storm.
Avengers on! the guerdon which you sought,
Is now your own: the stricken walls are scaled;
The brazen gates are broken down; and fled
As women, are the men who braved your wrath.
Like the deep sea, in crested surges tost,
The waves of conflict burst upon the streets,
And havoc on the tide of carnage rides.
The flames of blazing palaces, upthrown,
As streams of lava, from volcanic fires,
Illume with lurid glow the welkin wide.
And lo! blood gushes from unnumbered founts
The vengeful sword has made; nor ransom takes
To save th' accursed of God: ah! stanchless wounds!
Whence issues full the life of Nineveh;
No more to animate her mangled corse.
Dim terror clouds the sight and spells the heart!
Pale crowds are hurrying by: frail, aged men —
Affrighted women — and the helpless young —
Tumultuous a covert seek in vain,
From frenzied foe: alas! the shuddering wail
Proclaims their fate, and voice of dark despair
Which cleaves with trenchant shriek the firmament.
Take spoil of silver and of gold, that here,
Bold rapine hoarded, in its den of prey:
Defile the throne, where ruthless monarchs sat;
The gilded mausoleum, where they rot
Inglorious; and the halls of kingly state,
Now tenantless of adulating slaves;
Aye! e'en the bowers yet redolent with sweets
Still voiced with echoes of the silver lute!
Nor let the living weep the slaughtered dead:
But tear them captives, into exile land;
The tender orphan, with sad, tearful eyes;
The wretched maiden, with her young hope quenched;
The widowed spouse bereft of all her joys,
From home endearments and the gentle ties
Which bound them fondly in the sheaf of hearts,
To muse o'er memories of departed bliss,
And pensive weep, for age, their mournful lot,
To wear the chains of hopeless servitude!
This is thy end, proud daughter of the East!
One span, one step from throne to sepulchre!
Ah! who will tell the jubilee of earth,

Which claps its hands and hisses at thy fall,
Exultant in thy desolation dark?
And who will speak thy nameless agonies?
Who chronicle thy fate or mark the spot,
Where hidden, voiceless lie, in one vast grave,
Beneath the wing of darkness, dank and drear,
Thy children wrapped in shroud of infamy:
And Assur made a place for beasts of prey,
And foulest birds of night, — a desert else!

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER V.

### *Papa's Plans for the Future.*

What all the young ladies found so very attractive in Haraden White we never could understand. He was considered very handsome; but there was a difference of opinion about that. He had no doubt a magnificent figure and the air of a grand seigneur. He was probably much admired because he appeared to admire nobody, or to admire only himself. He knew perfectly all his advantages and was entirely unconscious of possessing any disadvantages. He knew perfectly how to dress, and how every one else ought to be dressed, but he had neither wit nor learning nor conversational talents. A man of taste, and entirely without religion, he was bent upon the gratification of his eye and his ear, and was by no means insensible to the pleasures of the table. Apathetic, amiable and self-indulgent, he was perhaps as much courted and sought after as any young man in New York. We can't help thinking that our little Kate, who certainly had a great deal of good sense, took a fancy in the first place to this magnificent gentleman because he had an odd name, and seemed to think nobody worth his notice: then she found that every body admired him, and, presently after, that he admired her: then he was entirely different from all her other friends, and particularly from her Catholic friends, and one likes a little variety. And then suppose she *did* admire him — what of that?

We have said that Haraden White did not appear again at Mr. O'Connor's for three or four days; when he did appear he came armed with tickets for the fancy ball, and a store of good reasons why they should be accepted, and he was not more astonished than was Margaret at the steadiness of Kate's refusal. Margaret was surprised, not because she possessed the same advantages which we have for discerning the state of her cousin's heart, but because she thought it was the very thing which, above all others, Kate would most particularly enjoy, and she was surprised at such an unusual piece of self-denial. Haraden as before was both surprised and vexed. He wanted Kate to go because it was a good thing in itself to go: the ball was to be a grand affair, and not every body *could* go by any manner of means: then he wanted her to go because she was a pretty creature — an ornament to any society, and he had promised Mrs. Weld to bring her; he was sure that Kate once there could enjoy it amazingly; — then as he was going himself he wanted Kate to go for his own special enjoyment; — he liked her better than any one else, and he preferred dancing with her to dancing with any other young lady in New York, because she danced better than any other; — then he had taken pains to get her a ticket, and her refusal to accept it was a personal slight to himself, and lastly, the sooner she began to get over these ridiculous notions about Lent being holier than any other time, and one season of the year being different any way from another, the better it would be for her: if it were a Twelfth-night ball she would go in a minute, why then in the name of common sense should not she go now?

---

* Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

Some of these reasons Haraden expressed simply enough; others of them were insinuated in such a way that Kate knew perfectly what he meant, but we are happy to say that she was superior to them all, and adhered firmly to the resolution which she had formed of refusing to go; nor did she lose the opportunity which he had fairly given her, of saying that it was impossible for him or any one else to persuade her, contrary to the teachings of the Church and the practice of all good Christians, that Lent was no way different from any other season, and that there was the same decency and fitness in going to a fancy ball during Passion Week which there might be in going during the Christmas holidays. Haraden was always confounded at the spirit with which Kate defended her own religious opinions, that was a point in her character which he never could understand, and probably, though he was not aware of it, the very point which interested him. He made several further attempts to win the day in the matter of this ball, but meeting with no success he said at last,

"I had not the slightest idea that you could be so obstinate," and the subject finally dropped.

Haraden was provoked, of course, that he could not make Kate do as he pleased, but he did not like her the less for that; he liked her spirit and independence, he thought it rather plucky in a young lady like Kate and a Catholic too, to refuse attending Mrs. Weld's ball when she might have gone as well as not; it was quite a novelty to him, courted and admired as he was, to have any one, but especially a girl of sixteen, so stoutly resist his will; he rather liked her the better for it, and then he enjoyed teazing her afterwards, by exciting in her mind some vague regrets for having lost so great a pleasure. But it made him uncomfortable to quarrel with Kate, and it was too much trouble besides, so at the end of a week she found him as much as ever her devoted admirer.

After Easter the gayeties of the season were resumed, marrying and giving in marriage was the order of the day, wedding parties and wedding tours were the topic of conversation, and of course the unmarried and disengaged could not well avoid giving a share of their thoughts to this all-engrossing subject. Those who had the advantages of wealth and beauty wondered when they should be married and to whom — the poor and unattractive wondered whether they should ever be married at all. Among others naturally enough, Kate O'Connor and her possible or supposed relations to this momentous event came under discussion. Somebody said that old Mr. McGrorty had a desire to take Miss Kate under his wing, we had almost said his paternal wing, and had made proposals of that sort to Mr.

O'Connor, but if he had, nothing of the kind was ever mentioned to Kate. Probably, if it were so, Mr. O'Connor knew that his wicked little daughter would only make fun of the old gentleman, and he did not chose to subject a worthy old friend to such an indignity. Frank Dougherty said very honestly that the more he saw of Kate the better he liked her, and that he would ask her to marry him in a minute, but he knew she would only laugh at him, and he prophesied that she would end by marrying Haraden White. There were not wanting those who said that Kate O'Connor had a great deal too much good sense to marry Haraden White, and others said that Haraden would never ask her: she was not the first pretty girl by a great deal that he had flirted with.

Pat McKeon was highly indignant at all this: his fair face flushed all over: he was sure Miss Kate was a great deal too good to think of Mr. White, a graceless fellow without any religion or any principle whatever. Dougherty only laughed and offered to bet him a pair of gloves that his little divinity would bestow her fair hand upon Haraden White. So Pat McKeon thinking it time to attend to his own interests, and not choosing to appear in person until he was pretty sure of success, sent his father to negotiate the affair, if possible, with Mr. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor mentioned it to Kate, and Kate refused to hear any thing about the matter. Her father was vexed, and asked her rather testily what she meant to do and whom she would marry. In fact it had been a favorite plan between him and his old friend McKeon, that Kate and Pat should make a match. Kate replied that there was plenty of time, and that she did not need to marry any body yet.

"You may wait a long time, let me tell you, child, before you find a cleverer lad than Pat McKeon; unless," added her father, after a minute's pause, "unless you mean to marry Frank Dougherty; he's a good lad enough."

Kate laughed, and said she did not mean to marry Frank Dougherty either, or any body else just now.

"Look here, my little pet, you say you've plenty of time, and so you have; but I am an old man, and I want to see you happily married before I die."

"I know, Pa," said Kate, and she began to cry — tears partly of compunction, partly of self-will; "but you know, Pa, you don't want me to marry somebody that I don't love."

"You silly little girl! as if you couldn't love a good, honest boy like Pat McKeon, if you only had a mind to try."

"That's just it, Pa; I don't want to marry any boy at all; I want to marry a man."

Mr. O'Connor knocked the ashes very impatiently out of his pipe; but firmly believing that Kate's good sense would bring her round in time, he thought it best not to be more urgent at present.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Young Lady has no Plans.*

Some person who wrote some book has very sagely remarked that your authors always seem to know exactly what their heroes and heroines are thinking about, no matter how closely they are shut up, and no matter how much pains they take to conceal their thoughts. Of course we do; what a foolish observation to make! how can we help it? After creating a whole lot of gentlemen and ladies, actually making them body and soul, it would be very absurd, to be sure, if we could not know what they are thinking about on any given occasion, and what they wish on all occasions. If, then, we do not know precisely what Miss Kate O'Connor's intentions were in the present emergency, it is not from any want of discernment in us; but simply because that young lady did not know her own intentions, or what is still more probable, had no definite intentions at all. In fact, it is notorious that young ladies on such occasions never do have any intentions, and we really believe that the majority of them are just led by the nose like silly sheep; only with this proviso, that they generally manifest a singular reluctance to be led by their papas and mammas.

It would be doing Miss Kate a great injustice then, to say that at this stage of affairs she meant to marry a Protestant, which she knew her father would not like, or that she meant to marry any way against his will, or that she had knowingly set her heart upon any body: only she had got a foolish habit of studying a particular individual; of admiring his figure and his face, his eyes and his hair, his voice and his dress, and of thinking no one comparable to him, until at length all other persons had become distasteful to her, so that if he was not with her, she was always conscious of wanting something; if she could not see him or at least hear his voice, she had always a feeling of unrest. Beyond this, which she knew very well, since she felt it twenty times in a day, she knew nothing, and she did not wish to know any thing. In this delightful intermittent state, varying between chills and fever, our friend Kate passed the remainder of the spring. The days grew long and warm, evening amusements flagged, people began to talk of going into the country and engaging apartments at the sea-side; watering places filled up; Newport and Saratoga were the rage.

It is said that every season of the year is beautiful, and we suppose it is so; but for our part, summer is our delight; the warm, bright, genial summer. We can joyfully endure blazing suns and sultry noons, for the sake of the fresh, dewy morning, the delicious afternoon wind* springing up from the blue sea and cooling town and country with its breath, checkering the sky with white clouds, while sunshine and shadow play hide and seek over the woody hills; — thunder storms and still showers, the soft evening, the cry of the cricket, the gush of bright waters and the low rustle of leaves, all these make us fancy what Eden was when the LORD GOD walked in the garden in the cool of the day. Margaret never remained in town during the summer: she engaged rooms for the season at Stafford Springs, and established herself there with her children and nurse. James went up to pass a day or two when he could; but most of the time she was there alone, and she persuaded Kate to go up and try it. Mr. O'Connor would not leave his business and would not let Kate remain in New York during the heat of the season, so she concluded to go to Stafford with James the next time he went. Haraden White at the same time took leave of absence for a fortnight, and went with them to Stafford. While he stayed, Kate found the Springs charming, but after he went down to New York again, she was very much bored: Margaret could not amuse her, nor the children either; she got tired of bowling, tired of whist and backgammon, made herself very expert at catching the ring on the nail, grew weary of that too, and finally wrote to her father that she found Stafford terribly dull, and begging him to send for her home.

*Ad auram post meridiem.—Gen. iii, 8.

But the season had been more than usually unhealthy, and Mr. O'Connor was not willing to send for his daughter home while the heat was on the increase; at the same time not being in the habit of denying her when she was so evidently bent upon having her own way as in the present instance, he was puzzled to know what to do, and after his wont on such occasions he consulted his brother. Uncle Mike was not very well himself, and he had just put his affairs in such a shape that he could leave New York for a few weeks: he allowed that Stafford was not a very great place, he was not surprised that Kate found it dull; "and I think," added he, leisurely polishing his spectacles, "that we can contrive something that the child will like." The fact is that Uncle Mike, a good deal younger and vastly more penetrating than Papa O'Connor, had made a shrewd guess at the cause of Miss Kate's discontent. He was a man who knew how to keep his own counsel, he did not feel bound to impart to his brother any discoveries which he had made, or fancied he had made; he had his own theory as to the management of such affairs; if Kate had been his child he would have known exactly what to do with her; he had always found that opposition only made young folks more obstinate; so putting aside his spectacles, and beginning to stride up and down the room, he said that Kate had been confined to New York ever since she left school, that a journey would do her good, and that as he meant to be absent five or six weeks, he should be very happy to take her in charge himself; she would be a jolly little travelling companion, and he would find ways enough to make her contented.

So while Kate lounged about the piazzas and bowling alley at Stafford, playing bo-peep with Johnny Curran, cutting out paper dolls for Bridget and Clara, and doing every thing else she could think of to kill the time which would hang heavy on her hands, who should jump out of the coach one fine afternoon but Uncle Mike, with a big trunk evidently equipped for a journey. Kate, however, failed to receive the idea conveyed by the big trunk, and throwing her arms round her uncle's neck cried out, "Oh, Uncle Mike, have you come to take me home?"

"Not a bit of it, child; I have come to see Mag," said he, evidently enjoying her disappointment. When, however, he thought he had teazed her enough, he explained that he was going to Saratoga, Lake George, Niagara, &c., a trip in which he meant to consume five or six weeks, and if she chose to accompany him instead of remaining longer with Margaret, he would do his best to land her safely in New York at the expiration of that time. "But first," said he, "you must make up your mind to stay here a week longer, because I promised James to stop a few days with Margaret and the children, and besides it is terrible hot in New York, and most terrible hot travelling, and I must wait a bit and cool off before I take a fresh start."

Of course Kate, who had never seen Niagara or Lake George, was not so unreasonable as to object to a pleasant trip of this sort, and what with anticipations of the journey and preparations for it, with beating Uncle Mike in the bowling alley where she had the advantage of three weeks' practice, and being beaten by him at backgammon, she contrived to pass very pleasantly her last week at Stafford. Uncle Mike laughed at her a good deal for finding it "so dreadful dull," "particularly," said he, "as James and Haraden told us when they came down that you were enjoying it amazingly, and were the gayest of the gay." And then Uncle Mike, after a queer way that he had, looked straight into Kate's candid blue eyes, which in the present instance Kate found she could not stand, and the blue eyes dropped.

The day after Uncle Mike's arrival at the Springs, Kate was in the lower piazza in the afternoon with her cousin Margaret's two little girl's, the children were both in the swing, which Kate was pushing, when a light travelling carriage suddenly drew up before the door. Kate glanced round with the curiosity which one always feels at such places to know who is coming next, and caught a glimpse of a face within the carriage, which instantly riveted all her attention; it was to no purpose that the children screamed out at the top of their voices, "Katy, push! cousin Kate!" — "Oh Katy, we were going so nice! don't make us stop!" cried little Bridget in a pet, but Kate did not come back, and the little girls by this time finding out that there was something to see, tumbled themselves out of the swing and came running towards the railing. The coachman had opened the carriage door, and a slender, graceful black woman, with an orange and yellow turban, had just stepped out and was now assisting to alight the most beautiful lady, — as it seemed to Kate, — that she had ever seen. The richest chestnut hair that fell in waves of singular beauty off her low, broad forehead: the straight brow, the eyes with their long lashes, which matched the hair, the short upper lip, the mouth exquisitely delicate and a little cold, the fair cheek slightly flushed — nothing escaped Kate's eager gaze. Without looking, the fair stranger must have perceived as she descended from the carriage, that some one on the piazza was gazing at her, and as she stepped forward towards the house, she turned full upon Kate her magnificent hazel eyes with the most forbidding expression; but seeing no doubt, the wondering admiration painted upon the young girl's face, some kindlier feeling parted the delicate lips and the cold look vanished. After the lady had got out, the black woman almost lifted from the carriage a delicate looking boy of apparently four years, just like the lady — his mother of course — except that his countenance was full of endearing sweetness and had that patient, gentle look which one often sees in the faces of invalid children. He followed his mother into the house slowly as if a good deal fatigued, and the two trunks being taken off, "Mommy," as the little boy called her, proceeded to empty the carriage of various boxes and carpet-bags which had been stowed away inside. The trunks were both marked V. E. on one end, and when "Mommy" rested the slender, ivory-handled umbrella and parasol against the door-way for a moment, Kate saw that the brown linen case in which they were both secured was marked in indelible ink, Victorine Elford.

It was a common enough occurrence; visitors were every day arriving at Stafford, and Kate would not have given the new-comers another thought if she had not been so singularly captivated by the lady's beauty.

"You might not think so," said she to Margaret up stairs, "but it seems to me that I never saw any thing in my life half so beautiful as her face."

But Margaret did think so when on seating herself at the tea-table between her father and Kate, she saw opposite her a little lower down, the object of her cousin's admiration. Kate had opportunities enough to feast her eyes on that fair face, for they met regularly at meals so long as they remained at Stafford. Some of the young men seemed to claim Mrs. Elford's acquaintance, though she was not particularly cordial; Margaret remarked that she was not graceful, which was true, although there was nothing to hinder her being graceful except a certain imperiousness — a something resolute and determined in her manner — which seemed incompatible with grace; when in complete repose she was very graceful as well as beautiful. The little boy did not come to the table, but he was about the piazzas all day with his nurse — his "Mommy" as he called her. She was a young and stately Mommy, attired always with a most picturesque neatness; and seemed both fond and proud of her young charge: her mistress called her Harriet. Harriet was not very communicative — a point in which the black women of the South differ from all other servants: they do not chatter and talk all day long about the affairs of their masters and mistresses. So the only thing which transpired about the Elfords was that Missis was travelling for Master Henry's health: that Master Henry was pretty well now and always at the North, only very delicate, but that Master could not keep him at the South at all, or only a little while in the winter.

About a week after, one lovely morning, Uncle Mike and Kate in travelling costume were in the piazza; their luggage, legibly marked "Albany" had been brought down and stood also in the piazza, waiting the moment of departure; Margaret and the children were with them, and the landlord of the Stafford House was talking with Uncle Mike.

"You've got a fine day, sir," said Mr. Bell, "not too much sun, just pleasantly over-cast."

"Yes," returned Uncle Mike, "we shall have it warm, though, I think."

"Well I guess likely; we must expect it warm about this time:" then touching with his cane the mark "Albany," upon Uncle Mike's trunk, he added, "I think you said you was bound for Saratoga, sir?"

Uncle Mike replied in the affirmative.

"I guess likely you'll meet some of our party there: Mrs. Elford, the southern lady who came the day after you did, sir, leaves us to-day for Saratoga; if you make any stop in Albany I don't know, but I rather think she is going to stop some little time in Saratoga."

At that moment the light travelling carriage was wheeled round into sight, and the coachman began to brush and dust it out. And then came out upon the piazza Master Henry and his Mommy, with some indications in the little boy's dress that he was about to start on a journey, for he was not one of those children who, dressed spotlessly clean in the morning, make themselves pigs in half an hour; though he lived in a constant frolic, attempted more feats than any other four-year-old at the hotel, and had to be constantly restrained lest he should go beyond his slender strength, he managed to come out of all his little scrapes, exhausted indeed, but untumbled and unsoiled. — And the stately Harriet, always as proud and fond of him as if she had been his Mamma instead of his Mommy — she too was evidently about to travel, in her calico dress of rich dark maroon, the clean rose-colored apron with bright green checks, the fresh turban always of orange and yellow, and instead of the white neck-kerchief which she invariably wore in the house, a rich scarlet one neatly folded over her shoulders and carefully pinned down before and behind: — in fact every gay plaid which she wore and every brilliant tint became the slim young negro woman as butter-cups and poppies become the green grass.

"I wonder, Maggie, whether we shall see Mrs. Elford on the way?" whispered Kate.

"It's not likely, as she goes in her own carriage."

"I hope we shall, for I shall be quite lonesome when I lose sight of her face; I have done nothing but look for her and look at her ever since she came."

Just then the stage coach drew up, the porters came crowding in among our little party for the luggage, good-byes were said, mutual promises to write were reiterated, and the travellers were off.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *The Young Lady has a Plan.*

We do not intend to describe the journey. It was very pleasant, and Kate enjoyed it exceedingly. They spent a few days at Albany and Troy, and when the coach stopped at the Pavilion, almost the first object which caught the eye of our friend was the orange and yellow turban, and little Henry's large, soft eyes looking down from the piazza.

Every body was at Saratoga. The gay world crowded the streets and hotels; fountains, alleys and walks were thronged with the "upper ten." Saratoga was as gay as music and dancing, laughter and song could make it: in the morning drives and rides, gossip and cards; in the evening, balls and concerts, waltzing and flirting. The few were there to ride, to bowl, to exercise, to drink the water and to pick up health; the many were there to flirt, to dress, to make their market and to kill the time: a great, gay, worldly Babel of a place, almost equal to Bath and Baden. But though most of the sojourners at Saratoga were only there to frolic and show themselves, and get rid of that useless commodity, time, — they all drank the water. That was a part of the religion of the place, and Kate, being yet uninitiated, was amazed at the amount of the cool element which some of these pretty ladies managed to dispose of. One beautiful woman boasted that she had drunk fifteen tumblers before breakfast, eight between breakfast and dinner, and fifteen more between dinner and bed-time: another was not so particular *when* she drank hers, but she took twenty-five tumblers every day between rising and going to bed. Poor Kate, who had a most cheerful, healthful capacity for laughing, thought nevertheless that she should die of laughing the first time she heard these extraordinary details, but one gets used to every thing, and so did Kate to this enormous consumption of Saratoga water.

She was rather impressed by the utter worldliness and heathenism which seemed to prevail here: these gay and fashionable people had never heard, apparently, that there was any other world than this; or that there was anything to do in this world but to eat and drink and be merry; except when Sunday came, to be sure, they went to church in great numbers, and some of them wore very serious faces, quite different from any other day; but they appeared to find the day rather a weary one, which Kate did not, though very sorry not to have the opportunity of hearing Mass. Her good angel, to whom she had been always wont to look, begging him to "illumine, guide, defend and govern" her, did not fail to whisper in her ear that these most worldly people were not one whit more worldly than a certain individual to whom she was daily giving too many of her thoughts, and whose image, as impressed on her memory, was too much the object of her admiration, and almost of her devotion. This was not a welcome suggestion. "But then," says Kate, "if Haraden were only a Catholic he would be quite different, and who knows but we may have some influence over him, and it is a great gain any way to have him willing to be so intimate with Catholics at all as he is with us." So it was that our fair heroine having once unconsciously set her heart on some earthly end, turned as unconsciously towards that end all the opportunities she had of weaning herself from it, and even all the whispers of conscience and gentle suggestions of watching angels.

She saw Mrs. Elford, of course, who as we have said was also at the Pavilion, but Mrs. Elford only recognised Kate by the faintest cold bow, though little Henry gave his hand and a lovely smile to the fair young lady who looked at his mamma so much, and who always looked at him when his mamma was not by. The little boy appeared stronger, had more color, and was evidently picking up. The beautiful southerner had plenty of acquaintances at Saratoga, and was gayer than at Stafford, but the day after Kate's arrival the coach from the west brought in a large party whom Mrs. Elford was evidently expecting, and who thenceforth completely engrossed her. Kate felt a great curiosity to know who this party were, and finally teazed her uncle to look at the books and find out: Uncle Mike very good naturedly complied with her request, although he did not care two straws who the people were; he rummaged the books, found out the party, and before he got back to his impatient little niece had entirely forgotten their names, and could only inform her that they were all from Buffalo. So Kate devoured her curiosity, and presently got the better of it. Uncle Mike was never at a loss for some one to play backgammon with him, and the dancers at the Pavilion soon found that Miss O'Connor was an acquisition; she was much sought for in the dance, was very gay, and enjoyed the gayety, but nobody showed her that marked preference which she had been accustomed to receive from Haraden White and one or two others in New York, and she was always wishing that her partner in the dance were an inch or two taller, or a trifle more elegant, or, in short, that some one whom she could have named were at Saratoga with her. But this did not prevent her, as we have observed, "enjoying" Saratoga. She wrote home to her father that she was having "a jolly nice time, though Uncle Mike took dreadful good care of her; that he would not let her have one single quadrille after he thought it was time to go to bed, and hardly let her out of his sight in the daytime, and what was worst of all, he said she should not stay at this 'miserable dissipated place' but one single week, while for her part she would be charmed to stay two weeks or even three."

Uncle Mike was as good as his word. At the end of a week, in spite of Kate's teazing, and in spite of her coaxing, he insisted on packing up, and put himself and the young lady *en route* for the North. They visited West Point and Ticonderoga, spent a week upon the shores of the blue Lake George, and then partially retracing their steps, directed their course towards Niagara. They passed through the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, with its immense fields of waving broomcorn and elmy, winding river; visited some of the pleasant towns which adorn the sides of the old Iroquois lakes, with their streets of villas and gardens, and arrived by easy stages at that far-famed spot, the end of so many journeys, the desired goal of so many thousand travellers, native and foreign, then as now and always the favorite resort of bridal parties and summer tourists in quest of health or novelty, information or amusement. Niagara — the great lakes tumbling white and green over the rocky edge of their enormous basin — our travellers admired it from the American side and from the Canadian; from all points of view; and like all others, were ready to say that the half had not been told them. Kate wrote home glowing accounts of her visits to the fall, in the most romantic schoolgirl style, full of fine words and nicely rounded sentences: — her letters were generally quite simple and off-hand, but her simplicity was carried captive here, and she attempted the heroic.

If Kate did not profit by this summer trip in the precise way and degree which Uncle Mike had hoped, it certainly was not his fault. He kept her busy; he made her write to her father and to Margaret, made her drive and ride and walk, and showed always a wonderful fertility of invention in finding her employment, and when he set her down at her father's house towards the close of September, if the *maladie du cœur* were not cured, certainly that was the only malady which she could be suspected of suffering under. Her father marked with delight the rounded form and rosy cheek of his daughter, and the gracefulness and gayety more decided than ever.

Margaret had not yet returned from Stafford, and some of Kate's young lady friends were still absent from the city: sea-side and country had not given up the Gothamites. But the gentlemen were mostly on the spot, and her father was not the only person who remarked the renewed vigor, freshness and animated grace which Miss O'Connor had derived from her journey. Nor was New York dull. There are always in summer distractions enough for such of the population as may not choose to emigrate: a famous actor to see, a new singer or a marvellous violinist to hear, some prodigy or other, a giant or a dwarf, somebody with too many heads or somebody with no head at all, or if you belong to the Penseroso school, something for that also. Kate's style was not the Penseroso, and she made herself merry; she sang and she danced, she ate ices and shopped, and showed her graceful figure in Broadway among the fair promenaders, and received not without a flutter of subdued, womanly delight, her share of flattery and admiration. She had been charmed with her journey, no doubt, but it was clear by the warm flush upon her cheek and the moist sparkle of her eye, that she was a great deal more delighted to get home again; and it needed no vast amount of penetration to discover that this almost tremulous joy ran over more abundantly in some companionship than in others, and that flattery and admiration, though agreeable incense always, were more agreeable when offered by some persons — shall we say? or shall we put the word in the singular number? Frank Dougherty remembered his old bet with Pat McKeon, and offered to renew it to the amount of a dozen best kid gloves instead of a single pair. Pat McKeon fought shy, and would not own the bet. About these days William Curran, thinking that perhaps Miss Kate would not be unkind to him, proposed to bear her company on the journey of life, but Miss Kate convinced him that if she needed any arm to lean upon, it was not the arm of Mr. William Curran that she required. People began to say what they had never said before, that Miss O'Connor was difficult and saucy and satirical.

One lovely morning, it was one of the last of September or one of the first of October, we cannot say precisely which, just as the parlor clock was on the stroke of eight — eight o'clock was Mr. O'Connor's breakfast hour — Kate entered the breakfast-room. The folding-doors were open, the sun was streaming into the back parlor where the table was laid, and the rooms looked very cheerful, but the mornings had been for a week past quite cool, and Mr. O'Connor besides had been suffering more than usual from rheumatism; for his comfort therefore there was a blazing coal-fire in the back parlor, whither the old gentleman's huge armchair had been wheeled. He was an early riser, which his daughter, we must say, was not, and ordinarily she found him sitting in his great chair reading the newspaper and waiting for her, when she came down on her best mornings, half a minute or so before the breakfast bell rang. This morning her father was not in his accustomed place, but just as she was saying internally, "I hope he is not sick," she heard his footstep in the room overhead. At the same moment the china-closet door opened and in came Bridget with the steaming coffee and savory toast. Before the girl had fairly rung the bell, Mr. O'Connor entered.

"Oh, Pa! I was afraid you were sick!" cried Kate, running to meet him as he came hobbling in very lame indeed.

"Ah, child, you've got the start of me for once. No, no; I'm not sick, but my knees are very bad;" and the old gentleman shrank painfully as he let himself down upon upon his chair, though he laughed all the while and seemed to think it a great joke. Kate kissed him with a face full of tender concern before she took her place at the head of the table. Mr. O'Connor's lame knees did not spoil his appetite however; he breakfasted as usual, and then put himself into the great chair by the fire, while his daughter ran to fetch him the morning's paper. As he sat reading and toasting his feet, she could not help noticing how old and worn her father looked. It was not that his years were so very many, he was not yet sixty-three, but the first year after his wife died, Mr. O'Connor had grown old suddenly, and of late he was decrepit with rheumatism. But Kate had always hoped he would take a start and grow young again, as she had often heard him and her uncle say their father had done, and then live perhaps to be seventy or eighty years old. While she was revolving these thoughts, Haraden White came in, letting himself in, as he always did, with his pass-key. He usually came about this hour, and the old gentleman and the younger one walked together to their place of business. Finding Mr. O'Connor rather out of sorts, Haradan sat down and began to chat.

"I think I won't go out this morning, Haraden," said the senior partner; "or if I manage to thaw out in the course of the day, I'll come round may be for awhile about noon; the fact is, my legs are so stiff I can scarce get about the room," said papa O'Connor, chuckling merrily as he always did when he had any thing particularly dismal to say. They spoke of the news and the state of the market, Haraden now and then glancing furtively at Kate: the young girl's color had risen ever so little on Haraden's entrance. Bridget came in and began to clear away the breakfast things — then Kate observed that the piano in the front parlor had been left open over night, and humming a tune in a low tone, went in to shut it: Haraden rose, — apparently to go, but instead of going sauntered carelessly into the parlor after Kate. As he stepped over the threshold of the folding-doors, the fair cheek which had been flushed became pale, and the graceful fingers trembled in their very simple avocation of smoothing down the damask piano cover. "I want to speak to you a minute, Katy," said Haraden, quietly, and taking one of the white, trembling hands, he drew her pale and powerless towards one of the front windows: — they stood there together, not looking out, but Haraden looking at Kate, and Kate looking nowhere — perhaps ten minutes, not more.

"Katy, dear?" called Mr. O'Connor from the other room. Kate broke away from Haraden and ran in to her father.

"Ring the bell, darling, I want some more coal." Papa did not perceive the deep flush upon his little girl's cheek and neck, nor the quivering of her bright lip and delicate fingers: in those ten minutes words had been spoken that would not be recalled, and which influenced very likely the whole future existence of Kate O'Connor.

Haraden came towards the folding-doors, walking and looking as calm as a clock, and never the least at a loss for some contrivance to decoy the child — for she was nothing more — back again to the west window. There was a chair in the recess for Kate, and one for Haraden; Bridget brought in coal and replenished the fire; papa must have heard the faint murmur of their voices in the other room, but he was deep in his newspaper and never noticed; by and by — but it seemed only a minute — the clock struck ten: Haraden started up, printed a silent kiss upon Kate's glowing cheek, and went out. She sat still, waiting to catch his smile and bow, and admire his handsome figure as he passed the window. Her father heard the front door shut and asked if that was Haraden.

"Yes, sir," said Kate, leaving the window now that the beloved object was out of sight.

"Bless me! how that fellow dawdles about here of a morning! ten o'clock as I'm alive."

Kate silently stirred the fire, brushed up the hearth, took a few directions from papa about the dinner — if Uncle Mike had been there he would have been sure to detect the tremor in Kate's voice, but Uncle Mike was up three pair of stairs in Front street. She set the table square which Bridget of course had left awry; pretended for a few minutes to be reading last night's Evening Post, (the little hypocrite!) sauntered into the front parlor and spent a few minutes more in rummaging over her music, and finally went up stairs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. II.

*A Run through Leinster. — Wicklow. — "St. Kevin's Bed." — Kildare and its Remains. — St. Bridget. — Kilkenny Castle, — The Ormond Family. — The Route to Munster. — Jerpoint Abbey, on the River Nore.*

The near neighborhood of the Irish capital is not very interesting in its scenery, nor very rich in sights or traditions. But a few hours travel, in any direction, will carry you beyond the flat pastures and common-place views of the county of Dublin, into hilly and romantic Wicklow on the one hand, or monastic and austere Kildare on the other. I visited, and was delighted with, both, though from rather different impulses and causes.

Wicklow is by common consent considered the fairy-land of Leinster. If you can imagine a whole county gathered up into a series of ridges and furrows, as close as the fingers of one's hand; each glen having its own separate, special character,— a singular, yet finished scene; perpetual novelty with perfect variety; an immense natural cathedral, full of transepts, angles, and recesses; where white cascades tumble down moss-grown rocks, and crystal rivers murmur on, where foliage adorns the vista on either hand, and old grey-headed hills look down like village elders on a May-day festival: if you can imagine such a realm of Gloriana as that, call it Wicklow. To describe otherwise than by comparison would be all but impossible. What Dean Swift, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and Gerald Griffin felt themselves unable to do justice to, we may well be excused for dismissing with this prudent appeal to the resources of the reader's own fancy.

But if Wicklow is full of secret beauties, it cannot charge upon modern taste any oversight of its two most remarkable scenes, Glendalough, among the mountains, and Ovoca, towards the sea-shore. The latter is the song-famous scene of "the meeting of the waters." It is a series of glens, drawing out of each other, like the tubes of a telescope. As the road descends some wooded hill, or crosses a rustic bridge, or disappears in a mountain gap, you think you have seen it all, but beauty lies beyond beauty, like pictures in an endless gallery. At what is called "the upper meeting," on a bit of a meadow clipped into a tongue by two mountain brooks, Moore wrote the glorious song beginning—

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

If seen towards sunset, of an August evening, the most prosaic person in the world might be tempted to agree with the poet. What a pity he did not live and die there! Then it would be as sacred to his memory and his muse, as Abbotsford to Scott's, or the Hudson to Washington Irving's. He had not then been carried between a beadle and an undertaker to "a cold English grave," under the deep shadow of "the Established Church" of Devizes, Devonshire.

While, however, natural beauty eludes the pen, and to be felt must be seen, words which rightly put together are a sort of rubble-wall, can more easily describe Glendalough—"that most singular scene of Irish antiquities"—as Sir Walter Scott called it. In Dublin, I found the name Glendalough almost unknown, but if you spoke of "the seven churches" every one knew what you meant. The mystical number seems to have been a great favorite with the old Irish, as "the seven churches" of Clonmacnoise, the seven of Clonfort, and other places, attest. For what particular reason the ancient religious establishments limited themselves to that number, I could not ascertain; doubtless, if we only knew it, there was some very good cause for it..

Glendalough, as all readers of Moore's melodies know, owes its celebrity to St. Kevin, the founder of its churches. He was one of the earliest and holiest converts of St. Patrick, and his death is recorded to have taken place on the 3d of June, A. D. 619. Ancient legend says that he died about midnight, retired in that rocky cell, the entrance to which the artist has sketched below.

ST. KEVIN'S BED.

He had sent a messenger across

"——The lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er;"

to bring one of his monks, to administer the last rites. It was a dark, starless night, and psalm and song were hushed in the valley. The messenger and the monk hurried to the rock of the recluse, but they had scarcely pushed off their boat from the inhabited shore, when they saw the opposite steep lighted up, glowing like the rising sun, and in the midst of the general illumination, a perfectly white dove, winging its way upwards into heaven. When they reached "the Saint's bed," they found his body there, cold and pulseless, but his soul had already departed to God who gave it.

A heap of absurd "legends" of St. Kevin are constantly kept on hand at Glendalough. With the recital of these clumsy inventions I shall not trouble you: they are unrelieved by a gleam of true sentiment, or native intellect. The story of St. Kevin and the lady is, I fear, not much more authentic, though it is certainly of older date. Many of the Irish Saints had anticipated the rule of St. Ignatius for the perpetual exclusion of women from the precincts of their retreats. "Let there never be a cow brought to Bona," said St. Columbkille, "for where-ever there is a cow there must be a woman, and where there is a woman, there will be trouble." St. Senan of Inniscattery, was equally austere —

"Oh haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning's smile,
For on thy deck though dark it be, —
*A female form I plainly see;*
And I have sworn this sacred sod
*Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod.*"

St. Kevin appears to have lived under the same rule, and hence the legend. As to its authenticity this deponent sayeth not. One of the best informed Irish antiquarians — Dr. John O'Donovan — assured me that it was not to be found in any of the early lives of the saint. It has, however, obtained such fame from its adoption by two native poets, that the *genius loci,* taking it into favor, now swears to its legitimacy.* But whether allured by the spells of poets, or led by more ordinary motions, no man of heart can visit Glendalough unmoved. "Here,"

---

*Moore's exquisite ballad — "By that lake whose gloomy shore," — is too well known to require quotation. Gerald Griffin's equally beautiful "Fate of Kathleen," opens in the neighboring vale of Luggelaw, from which he makes St. Kevin fly, and Kathleen follow. The *finale* he makes accidental, or rather the result of a sudden frenzy, on her declaring her resolution to leave him "never!" —

"With clenched teeth and painful smile,
(Love's last despairing token),
She flung her arms around him, while
Her heart beat thick and broken.
She clasp'd him as she would have grown
Into his breast forever:
Then fixed her gaze upon his own
And sternly whisper'd '*Never!*'

"Again! Again! Those maddening dreams
Upon his soul awaken,
The fiend across his eye-ball swims
Those golden gates are shaken,
Again he hears that ringing mock
The vision'd stillness breaking,
And hurls the maiden from the rock
Into the dark lake, shrieking."

says Gerald Griffin, "we feel the truth that is too bright even for the eagle eye of reason to contemplate. Ambition seems a dream, philosophy a guess, our spirit seems to mount above its tenement, and to behold the passions, the faculties, the science, and the occupations of man at that leisurely elevation, where alone it can become acquainted with their relative value." In the presence of ruins so various and so venerable, even ordinary minds must share something of that sensibility, thus beautifully recorded by one of the purest and most gifted of men.

If, before or after visiting Wicklow, the traveller should take a detour into Kildare, he will find objects, not indeed of equal interest, but still very well worth seeing. Within sight of the Kildare way-station of the Midland Great Western Rail Road, he will see the ruins, where "the bright lamp that burned in Kildare's holy fane" was fed by the devout hands of St. Bridget's sisterhood, for a thousand consecutive years. The accompanying sketch, though not the best that might be made, will give some idea of the remains of St. Bridget's "parent-house."—Unpestered by gabbling guides or dealers in legendary lore, the visitor may roam at leisure through those cloisters, where the morning and the evening breezes only sing matins or vespers now. If he desires further information than the eye furnishes, he can read it in Lanigan, Brennan, Carew, or any other ecclesiastical historian of "the Isle of Saints.*

ROUND TOWER—KILDARE.

---

*St. Bridget's nunnery bears date A. D. 484, her father having become St. Patrick's first convert, when the Apostle preached at Tara. She is buried in Downpatrick with St. Patrick and St. Columbkille—

> "*Hi tres in Duno, tumulo tumulantur in uno*
> *Patricius, Brigidia, atque Columba pius.*"

St. Bridget is styled "Patroness of Leinster," and sometimes "of Ireland." A very few houses of her Order yet remain. Giraldus Cambrensis who wrote in the 13th century, relates of her the following amiable anecdote:—"One fact of hir, being yet a a child, made hir famous. The king of Leinster had given to hir father, Dubtactius, as a token of his good liking towards him for his valiant service, a rich sword, the furniture whereof was garnished with many costlie jewells. And, as it chanced, the damsell, visiting the sick neighbours diverslie distressed for want of necessarie reliefe hir father being a sterne man and his ladie a cruell shrew, she could devise no other shift to helpe to relieve the want of those poore and needie people, but to impart the same jewells of that idle sword among them. This matter was heinouslie taken; and, being brought to the king's ears, it chanced that shortlie after he came to a banket in

After Wicklow and Kildare, the Excursionist, if bound southward as we were, will reach, in due season, "the town of Kilkenny;" an ancient borough but in excellent condition. The artist presents a view of the approach by the river (the Nore), which, from its shallow and sylvan character one would little suspect to be, at this point, but a few perches from the gates of a city, containing 30,000 inhabitants. The fine old feudal castle of the Ormond family here represented, heightens the country character of the whole scene. A moment, and turning an angle of the castle, we come full face to the city, famed of old for—

KILKENNY CASTLE.

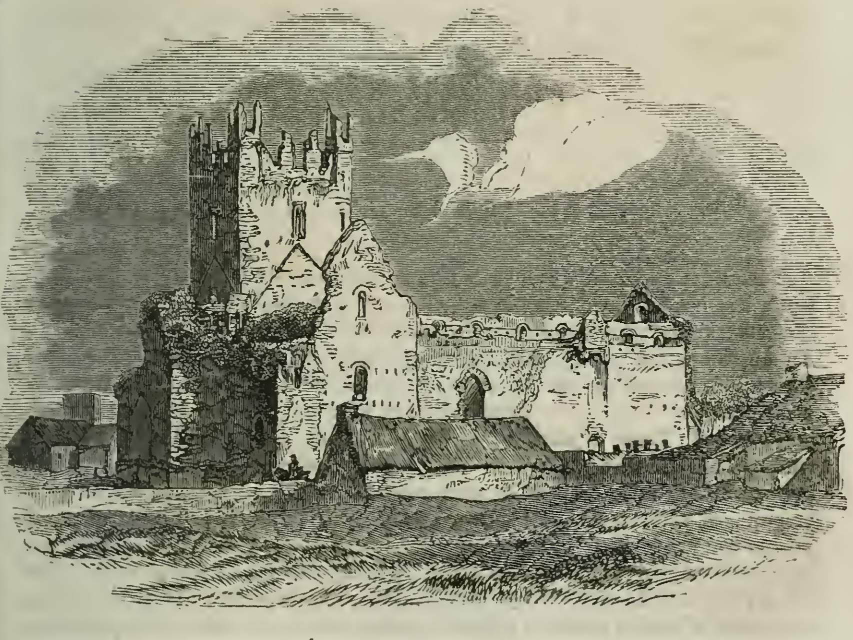
hir father's house, and calling the maid afore him, that was not yet past nine yeres of age, he asked hir how she durst presume to deface the gift of a king, in such wise as she had doon his? She answered that the same was bestowed upon a better king than he was, 'whom' (quoth she) 'finding in such extremitie, I would have given all that my father hath, and all that you have, yea, yourselves too and all, were ye in my power to give, rather than Christ should starve.'"

"Fire without smoke, earth without bog,
Water without mud, earth without fog,
And streets paved with marble."

Whether it was that we were fortunate in the weather, or not, Kilkenny certainly kept up its proverbial reputation. I have seldom felt balmier airs, or met more cheerful scenes, than in that city.

The castle — partly mediæval, partly modern — is alone worth a day's journey to inspect. Its picture gallery, 150 feet long, and proportionately lofty, contains one of the best private collections in either kingdom. It has several original Vandykes and Lelys, including the famous one of the Earl of Strafford. The tiger-like intensity of this face is absolutely painful. The brow seems knotted with care and thought, and the fiery glance follows one all round the room. I have seen many modern portraits, and a few old ones, by master-hands, but anything like this terrible vitality, never met my eyes.

Besides the castle, St. Canice's Cathedral, the Black Abbey, (now restored to its ancient purpose), the College, the old Confederate Assembly-house, and the Tholsel, are amply worthy seeing. One who had leisure and taste for the anatomy of history, could well spend a week in this ancient city. Here in the middle ages gathered round the market-cross, crowds of men enlisted for the Crusades, branding the cross upon their naked flesh; here, between 1640 and '50, the Confederate Catholics had their head-quarters, in that fearful struggle with the monster Cromwell; here, in more recent days Grattan played Macduff to Flood's Macbeth, Moore wrote prologues and spoke them too, and poor Banim, the novelist and dramatist, paralyzed in body and melancholy in mind, was wheeled in his garden chair, on visits of friendship or recreation in the open air.



JERPOINT ABBEY.

A few hours drive — still proceeding southward — brings the traveller near a spot he ought to visit, Jerpoint Abbey, founded A. D. 1180, by one of the Fitzpatricks, lords of the neighboring territory, (then called Ossory).

At the "Reformation" (so-called), the pious Cistercians of Jerpoint, "were found seized" of 5,400 acres of land, which was declared confiscated, and granted to the first Protestant Earl of Ormond. This was in the year 1540, when the Rt. Rev. Oliver Grace, its last mitred abbot, was ejected from the cloisters, in which he had spent a long and holy life. On this incident Mr. Hall, the tourist, wrote, many years ago, a very striking little poem, from which I take an appropriate stanza,

> "Nor let thy last lord, Jerpoint, be forgot,
> Whose sorrows teach a lesson man should learn,
> But fancy leads me to the very spot
> From whence he parted, never to return.
> I mark the venerable abbot stand
> Beneath the shadow of his church's towers
> Grasping the wicket in his trembling hand,
> Reverting to past scenes of happier hours,
> And dwelling on the many years gone by,
> Since first his young lip breathed his earliest prayer,
> To lisp of Him who lives beyond the sky,
> And nurse the hope he might behold Him there.
> And now he gazes, ere his steps depart,
> While earthly feelings wake that long had slept:
> When, with a look that spoke a breaking heart,
> He turn'd him from his hallow'd home and wept."

Five hundred scenes in Ireland suggest similar recollections of the Vandalism of the *soi-disant* "Reformers."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—II.

(PARIS).

A FEW days sojourn under the wings of mine host of the Hotel du Bonlafontaine, has recruited and revived us. We can now devote time and will to other subjects than the schedule of animal comforts and the resources of gastronomic art. An ample range of observation and thought extends around the stranger, and invites his comments on the accumulated wonders of the vast Metropolis. With what eyes shall we survey these objects of interest; with what spirit shall we judge them? There is certainly no defective sight on our side of the Atlantic, when national merits are regarded. In our self-complacency, we are so dazzled by our excellence, as to be blind to other people's virtues: we so magnify our own proportions, as to exclude all pretensions of rivalry. Or if we chance to travel beyond this magic circle, we measure competitors by the distance which we interpose, and the prolonged shadows which they cast. Mais que voulez-vous? Are we not the beacons of the Nineteenth Century, the renovators of the world, the exemplars of social, political, religious regeneration to mankind? Besides, put

France in the foreground of observation, and ordinarily we borrow English glasses to inspect its position, to estimate its character. With the literature of England, we adopt her prejudices and antipathies. We feel the influence of her ancient contests, and above all, of her religious antagonism with her Gallic neighbors. England is the paragon to eulogise; the criterion to select; the model to imitate. Prepossessed by her pride, arrogance, sanctimoniousness, we enter France with a predisposition to carp, to cavil, to condemn; with one eye resolutely shut to the good qualities of the latter country, and the other wide open to her frailties and vices; searching for tyranny in her government, defects in her institutions, lies in her Religion, corruption in her priests, baseness in her people. Listen to the tirades of some haranguer in a small coterie; read notes of travellers who inveigh against monarchs and popery at a breath, and pronounce every thing execrable but the *cuisine;* glance at the illustrated pages of authors, who affect, with these caricatures, to image French society as well as French structures. You may be tempted to think that these dashing delineators, these types of their class, had time and abundant facilities to capacitate them for the enterprise. What are they? A flying visit to the French Metropolis — an association with Englishmen or Americans in the "Rue de Rivoli," or the "Boulevards," — the use of English guide books and the fit accompaniment of a cajoling "valet de place" — a frequentation of places of amusement, and, it may be, of haunts of dissipation — an entire ignorance or smattering of the language — a constant misconception of terms and ideas, as well as misconstruction of usages and habits — a stroll through churches during service, to criticise ceremonies and ministrations which they do not understand, to mock at decorum and piety which they cannot appreciate, to detect scandals in the folds of every clerical dress, and impeach motives and looks, and acts, by the standard of their own — in fine, an exclusion from the French fireside, and the intimacies of family re-unions, where alone a truthful picture can be drawn. It is needless to say to what extent elements so partial, and a procedure so injurious, disqualify many of our compatriots to take a correct view of this country: but assuredly we neither admire the acuteness of their vision, nor welcome the expression of their judgment, when we give a cursory look to the rash, flippant sorry opinion which they fling before the world to enlighten its ignorance and expose their own. From early life we have learned that Paris is infected with hideous wickedness. Examining hereafter the causes of this wickedness, we may have occasion to compare notes on the city of the Seine, and the city of the Thames. But as there can be no shadows without lights, we have likewise learned that the capital of France presents, in signal contrast, the spectacle of the noblest virtues and the example of the most heroic sacrifices. The vast majority of the people profess the Catholic Religion. Its principles ought to underlie their conduct; its spirit, in very many instances, gives birth to their sentiments, and fashions their habits. With this we begin: and as certain institutions and monuments are some of the signs of its inner life, we propose to visit them; saying to the suspicious and skeptical who exclaims, "can any thing of good come from Nazareth?" — even as St. Philip replied: "Come and See."

### (THE GRECIAN — THE GOTHIC).

Genius has employed its sublimest conceptions, and royalty poured out its treasures, to render Paris, what it is now denominated on the continent, "the head of modern Civilization." Churches, palaces, towers, columns, gardens, institutes, libraries, are lavishly distributed in all sections of the city; and from any lofty eminence, as for instance from the dome of the Pantheon, the eye is charmed and dazzled by the splendid spectacle. But the Churches are our first Chapter. They are the sanctuary and tabernacle of God; and there we seek the inspiration of His presence. They are moreover the houses of prayer and instruction and holiness; — open to thousands of worshippers from the dawn of day to its decline. Let us look at the clergy and people, in the discharge of their primary and reciprocal duties; giving and receiving the lessons of truth and morality, in order to combat error and subdue vice; recurring to the fountains of spiritual life, to glorify God and obtain peace for men of good will. It will help us to ascertain whether Religion is here genuine and substantial, or mere idle parade; whether practice tallies with profession, and conduct with teaching.

Paris happily preserves many noble specimens of religious antiquities. We view with an admiration bordering on ecstasy those eloquent memorials of the glorious times of old, which, amid the storm of vicissitudes, have escaped the ravages of the elements, the fiercer wrath of man, and the fashions of an innovating age.

The philosophy of our countrymen is too material to apprehend this sentiment. A shrewd and progressive race, they discern a cumbersome and unseemly old fogyism in a centennial building; they are prompt to remodel and adapt it to the spirit of the times, as they calculate ground by the foot, and estimate ecclesiastical architecture by pews, cushions, and revenues. Nevertheless we are fain to prefer, to neatly laid masses even of Baltimore brick, in their brilliant freshness, the dingy, time-worn masonry which bears on every stone the impress of a thousand years. The prevailing taste too, in the United States, is Grecian. Parthenons on a small scale and wooden peristyles gaudily painted, so crowd our cities in imitation of Attic art, if not of Attic taste, that we might fancy ourselves born in a Greek colony, and look in the porticoes for statues of the greater deities who preside over the respective colonnades, or for shrines of the tutelary gods in the household. For Catholic purposes, the Grecian orders seem to us far inferior to the Gothic. An edifice, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, presents at once a distinct, and except in the accidental distribution of ornaments, a uniform idea. Churches of the Greek style have some peculiar exterior characteristics: but in proportion as these signs diminish, or the architect ventures to modify them, the untrained eye can rarely mark the difference between the sacred and profane, and separate from religious structures, courts of justice, halls of exchange, *salons*, theatres and academies. The Greeks used neither cross nor spire; and when we adopt their style, we are at a loss where to put these symbols of Christianity. You may change the destination of a Greek church, and strip it of its religious characteristics; but the Gothic is invariably Catholic in its design and application. As you enter, this conviction flashes on the mind, from column and vault, and window and chancel. Take away the kneeling crowd, the priest, the altar. We feel that the harmony of the edifice is broken; but the necessity of these component parts is obvious. If you wish to alienate its rights, to convert it to secular ends, or even to Protestantise it, you must need remodel, that is, destroy it. As the religion of the Pagans was exterior and addressed to the senses, their temples were analogous. Grace and symmetry predominated in every line and combination, and spoke vividly to the imaginations and the passions. As the people did not enter, the *cella* (or part inclosed) was small, and the interior comparatively unadorned. But Catholic churches are public schools of morality and virtue. Every object accosts the soul, and in its Christian symbolism serves to awaken the faith of the beholder, and consecrate his affections to God. Leave the glare of the outer world, and "severed from all sound of Earth's unrest," contemplate the triumphs of religious art. The eye, springing to that airy, fretted vault, seems to reach beyond it, a remote and holier realm; the mysterious twilight calms the heart and disposes the mind for meditation; the sculptures and paintings with their grave and sacred aspect, recall the end of this venerable abode, and prepare the soul for communion with its Lord; whilst the arcades and crypts with their mortuary marbles and inscriptions awe and purify the sinner, as he reads without disguise or cavil or escape, the prophecy of his own doom. The moral is not of yesterday, nor that which typifies it. The outspread volume with its divine conceptions, its touching records, its picturesque beauty, its gorgeous illuminations,

> "Tells of a race that nobly, fearlessly
> On their hearts' worship poured a wealth of love."

These indeed are the memorials, truthful and refreshing, of the ages of Faith. They are the evidences of that Catholic spirit which stamps its imperishable loveliness on the earth, and dedicates, by unnumbered devices, the creature to the service of his Creator; which in the purity of its devotion, the generosity of its sacrifices, the identity of past and present interests, and the union of all times, gathers us in its comprehensive embrace around the altar, at its dread commemorations; at the font and confessional, "for the remission of sins;" before the statues of the Virgin and Saints, in invocation of their supernal influence; at the Cross, in the mystery which proclaims the redemption of an enslaved world; at the tomb, in that enlivening hope which lights its darkness by the promise of a glorious resurrection. . . . .

(NOTRE DAME.)

Shortly after our arrival we wended our way through the intricacies of the *Cité* to the Cathedal, which is dedicated to the Virgin, under the simple but affecting title of Notre Dame. It is an admirable monument of mediæval architecture. A first glance impresses you with an idea of linear severity and simplicity of forms, of that harmonious and purely pointed style, rarely found in a church posterior to the twelfth century. Let us pause a moment. From the *parvis* or western portico, we behold the *façade* in its bold and varied characteristics. Two symmetrical towers now embodied in the immense fabric and now insulated in hoary grandeur, two hundred feet high, remind us of the massive majesty of the Lombard architecture, rather than of the elegance and lightness of the Gothic. Three ample portals, with a series of retiring arches, admit you into the nave and aisles. The ogives, sides and tympans of the entrances are richly and profusely sculptured. Angels, prophets, saints — the mysteries of the life of Christ and of His Blessed Mother — the miraculous events of the old and the new law — the prominent passages of Ecclesiastical history — the juxta-posited virtues and vices are chiseled on the solid stone, and figure to the rudest intellect the society of God with men. The doors are embossed with bas-reliefs of the Saviour, overburdened by His cross, and the Blessed Virgin, immersed in a sea of sorrows. Buttresses, niched and pinnacled, divide the front into elaborate compartments; and parallel galleries formed with slender shafts and crowned with quatrefoil battlements, cross it, above and below a magnificent rose window of nearly forty feet in diameter. But we enter with the throng that pours its silent and uninterrupted current through the doors. Embrace with a single glance the glories of this majestic pile. It is cruciform. A marbled area, three hundred and ninety feet by one hundred and forty-four, is divided into nave and choir and double aisles, and overhung by groined vaults, one hundred and four feet above the pavement. As you scan the arched canopy, you are amazed at the bold and plastic and versatile genius of the architect, who even in the "dark ages," — ages of spiritual misrule and monkish ignorance, forsooth, — planned and executed with exquisite adjustment this sanctuary of the Most High. The graceful curves of the arches, the delicate profiles of the mouldings, the lightness of the lateral walls grooved into almost continuous windows and carved into crocketted flower work, the huge pillars alternately circular and clustered, surmounted by foliage and figured ornaments, the rose and ogive lights, with their soft, tremulous and dreamy lustre, the dim and solemn triforium, the paintings and bas-reliefs, and *boiseries* and marble groups with multiplied forms and representations, the lateral chapels which alcove the entire circuit, the treasures of sacrificial vessels and sacerdotal decorations, the colossal and deep-toned organ which resounds through the vast enclosure, in unison at times with peals of the sonorous *Bourdon*, or enormous bell of the southern tower, attract, captivate and thrill the heart with strange emotions.

But Notre Dame is more than a repertory of ennobling ideas, bodied with artistic grandeur and impressed with scenic characters on the inert mass. It is to the thoughtful spectator

> "A temple shadowy with remembrances
> Of the majestic past"—

a storied minster which pictures the brightest and darkest pages in the annals of France; from the age of St. Louis to that of Napoleon III, from the days of Alexander III to those of Pius VII. It has echoed the tramp of mail-clad warriors who invoked the blessings of heaven on their arms or laid their trophies at the foot of the Cross, and of ruthless terrorists who came to defile the sanctuary with bloody hands, to trample on the emblems of salvation, "to dethrone the King of Heaven as well as the monarchs of the earth."* It has heard the supplications of Christian multitudes prostrate before the unseen majesty of God, and the yells of frantic and ribald mobs who desecrated His temple by infamous orgies, and knelt before a courtesan, installed in place of Christ and deified as the "Goddess of Reason." It has seen the pomp and splendor of ministerial rites, of crowned Emperors and consecrated Pontiffs, with cross and thurible and embroidered robes, with waving banners and gleaming swords: and again the triumph of the spoiler and darkness and desolation; when a mourning voice bewailed the sorrows of Religion: "From the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed: there are none that come to the solemn feast; her priests sigh; her virgins are in affliction, and and she is oppressed with bitterness."

(St. Denis.)

Are you inclined to indulge these reveries; to muse on the eventful past, which chastens the heart and gives soberness to our thoughts? Come with me to the Abbey Church of St. Denis, which stands some five miles from Paris. It belonged to the Benedictines, and was founded by Dagobert I, A. D. 613. The *Oriflamme*, or royal standard, which was here religiously guarded, and *Denis Mont-joie*, the ancient battle cry of the French armies, have rendered the name familiar. It is another beautiful example of the pointed style. The stained glass bears in vivid colors the images of the monarchs of France: and the walls are emblazoned with the records of a gorgeous heraldry. Mortuary pillars and sculptured effigies crowd the side chapels. A deep and solemn gloom, mellowed at times by the rich tints of the windows, pervades the body of the church, and reminds you, in union with the profound stillness which is broken only by your tread on the chequered floor, that St. Denis is the last resting place of the long line of kings, who, in succession, have ruled or misruled this famous land. Any delusion created by royal pomps in the church itself, is soon dissipated after you have descended into the crypt or subterranean chapels, where are entombed the relics of mortality. You walk through a dim, circular corridor, on each side of which plain or ornamented sarcophagi are placed: and amid the skeletons of departed greatness, you trace the line from Clovis to Louis XVIII. What a history in these cold and lifeless vaults; these silent and recumbent figures; these powerless bones, crumbling into dust! Of what avail is the chiseled marble in the affectations of posthumous parade, or the voice of eulogy which finds no echo in this dreary abode! What a satire on ambition and cupidity is carved on the tomb of Louis le Grand; and what an estimate of woman's worth and loveliness is gathered from the grave of poor Maria Antoinette! Truly the heart must be hard, and the mind perverse, if the traveller who holds even brief communion with the royal dead of St. Denis, comes not from their presence a wiser and better man. On issuing from the vaults, we found near the sanctuary, on a permanent bier, the unsepulchred remains of Louis XVIII. A legend in the life of Maria Antoinette will explain this singular custom. During the visit of Joseph II to the Court of France, he expressed a wish to visit St. Denis, in company with the royal family. When Louis XVI pleaded the ceremony which this occasion exacted, his Imperial brother-in-law proposed an incognito pilgrimage during the night. Accordingly Joseph, Louis, Maria Antoinette and her only attendant, the Princess de Lamballe, left Versailles at midnight, and began to explore the recesses of this sanctuary of the dead. They descended into the Bourbon crypt. They were arrested in their progress by a catafalco, around which was burning a number of lights. "What is this?" inquired the Queen. "It is," replied the Prior, "the corpse of Louis XV." "What!" exclaimed Maria Antoinette, "the corpse of our grand-father?" This exclamation betrayed her; and the monks saluted their royal visitors. The Prior explained to the sovereigns this ancient usage. The embalmed body of the late king lies in state, at the bottom of the stairway, until his successor to the throne comes to occupy the place and send him to his appointed tomb. Lamps, corresponding with the number of the years of his reign, burn day and night around the catafalco. These are attended to with vigilant care, as a mysterious dread obtains, that the extinction of these lights bodes great calamities. Hardly had the explanation been given, when a violent gust shook the pendant pall and extinguished many of the surrounding lights. The King trembled, Joseph grew pale, the Queen uttered a cry of terror, the Princess de Lamballe swooned. "Let us retire," said the Emperor. "No," replied the King. "We are Christians, and we ought not to credit superstitious traditions. The events of life are directed by the hand of God. I will not leave St. Denis till I have offered up a prayer at the tombs of my ancestors. Reverend Prior, open, if you please, the door of the crypt where Henry IV and Louis XIV await me." He and Antoinette descended alone into that awful receptacle and lifted up their hearts to God in the dread silence which appals the soul. At the expiration of half an hour, they rejoined their companions; and silent and dispirited returned to Versailles. Adieu.

---

* Words of the execrable leaders of the Municipality of Paris, Paché, Hebert and Chaumette.

H.

# Review.

I. *The Power of the Popes during the Middle Ages.* By M. Gosselin, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Translated by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

II. *Brownson's Review for January,* Art. IV. "*You go too far.*"

The work first named in our heading is a learned and successful defence of the Papacy. As we stated in our last number, Mr. Brownson in reviewing it takes occasion to revive the controversy regarding the indirect temporal power of the Popes — a controversy which we must say, we consider calculated to produce the most unpleasant results.

Besides the temporal power enjoyed by the Popes in the territory generally known as the States of the Church they frequently exercised power over the temporalities of other sovereigns, taking them away even in certain cases for alleged abuses. Amongst those who defend their conduct on such occasions the greater number in our times, at least, consider them as exercising a right lawfully *acquired* in the course of events, — a right which as it was acquired in one state of society was lost in another. This right when claimed as inherent in their office by the institution of Jesus Christ, is what is technically called their indirect temporal power.

The right was for a time defended by many Catholic writers. We must confess, however, that in our age, and in our generation at least, we looked upon the theory as abandoned, and we were both surprised and mortified on seeing it revived by Mr. Brownson. The revival of it in such a quarter is calculated to bring unnecessary odium on the Catholic body whose sentiments he may be supposed to express, and — what is scarcely left to be regretted — it is calculated to make the school of which he is so distinguished a champion be considered as only reviving exploded theories and putting forward high sounding paradoxes — a view which would be as unjust to him as it would be injurious to the cause he so ably advocates.

In this view of the case we feel it a duty to raise our voice against the doctrine he puts forward. We do not intend to enter deeply into the intrinsic merits of the question. We shall briefly show how extensively the opposite doctrine prevails in the best portions of the Church and how deeply it is rooted: and we shall make some remarks on the want of orthodoxy and high-toned Catholicity with which he charges its defenders.

Mr. Brownson's last article purports to be a review of Gosselin's work on the Temporal Power of the Holy See. He tells us that the author holds this doctrine, and that by explaining all the facts on that theory his book is well calculated to defend it.

Yet this book has received everywhere an approbation that must give great weight to one of its fundamental maxims. The position of the author, and the popularity of the work in France speak sufficiently for that country. It has, moreover, been translated into German and English, and is circulated with approbation wherever these languages are spoken. Those amongst whom it has found favor are not the persons whose orthodoxy is doubtful, or whose allegiance to the Holy See is suspected. It is precisely amongst those whose principles are most sound that it is best received.

Nor is Gosselin the only orthodox writer who takes this view of the subject. We do not now remember a work of any note written in this country, that assumes any other. It is notoriously the doctrine of the great bulk of Catholics in this country, in the British empire, in Germany and elsewhere. Mr. Brownson himself speaks of Gosselin's as the "popular theory," as "a favorite method" of defending the Popes "with many" for whom he has "a profound reverence." Nor is it merely among "Catholic politicians" that it is "the fashion," as he remarks, to assert the distinct and independent character of the two powers in their respective spheres; clergymen, as well as laymen, wherever they had occasion to come forward, bishops in their most solemn declarations, as well as civilians, agree in the same statement. We could refer to all the bishops in England and Ireland during the struggle for emancipation; we could refer in this country to the writings of Bishop England and to those of Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, who defends the Popes on the same ground as Gosselin, and to numberless other authorities. Let it be enough, now, to point out the beautiful language of the illustrious Archbishop of Freiburg, who with the frost of one and eighty winters on his head, and one foot in the grave, as he himself feelingly remarks, is fighting heroically the battles of the Church against the lay power in Baden.

This illustrious prelate appeals to the words of Christ, "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," for the very purpose of showing that there is an order which the State may call its own, over which the Church has no controlling power, as well as an order which belongs exclusively to the Church over which the State has no authority. The following is his *platform.*

"Two great orders govern society — The CHURCH and the STATE. *Each of the two in its own sphere is self-supporting (selb-ständig) and independent.* As long as each moves in its own sphere, their end — the eternal and temporal welfare of man — is happily attained, and the welfare of society is secured by the action of both. But if, on the contrary, one intrudes on the other, confusion, lesion of conscience, the disturbance of the social order are the consequences. History is there to testify to this as a warning to all. One would have supposed that eighteen centuries would have been enough to teach this to the nineteenth. But it has forgotten the lesson."

These words are taken from his splendid pastoral published last November.

The stand which the venerable Archbishop of Freiburg has taken on this principle is applauded throughout the Catholic world. The Holy Father himself, in his late Allocution, has bestowed the greatest praise on him, and seems to extend his approbation to the very position taken by the heroic prelate, when he speaks of him, as being "resolved to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," and says that, "neither menaces nor the fear of danger have prevented him from courageously defending the rights of the Church." His position therefore claiming for the Church an independence in its own sphere, analogous to that which he grants to the State in the sphere of its peculiar movements, satisfies the head of the Church that he defends fully her rights. Need we look for a better proof of the sentiments of the best men of our day on this important point?

During the struggle for Catholic emancipation in England, it was investigated with great care how far Catholics were justified, or could be relied upon, in defending this very doctrine. The issue of the investigation was equivalent on the one side to a verdict of the British Parliament and nation, that they had given the most ample satisfaction, and on the other, to a proof that the upholding of this doctrine does not infringe in the least on the purest and most high-toned Catholicity.

For two centuries Catholics were excluded from office by no other barrier than an oath, which all receiving office were required to take, by which they disclaimed the recognition of direct and indirect, spiritual and temporal power in the Pope. Had they trifled with conscience there was no law nor any disposition in England to punish them. Though any casual observer might have easily seen that those who from time to time prevaricated, were allured by the advantages of place, or that their submission was extorted by violence, the perjurer was received as an honored son, and the State loaded him with favors. The bulk of the Catholics refused to take that oath, and thereby showed how great their veneration was for such an act, while they subjected themselves to be robbed and treated as helots in consequence of that refusal.

Yet, with this respect for an oath, and this determination to abide by the truth at all hazards, they were always ready to take that proffered them, if the word *spiritual* were blotted out. They were always willing to abjure belief in any temporal power of the Popes over that kingdom, whether direct or indirect. Mr. Brownson himself tells us, that the Catholics in the time of Elizabeth held this doctrine. He might have added, that the martyrs proclaimed it at the stake where they were about to suffer for the faith.

When emancipation was finally offered, it was offered only to those who on oath would abjure both the direct and indirect temporal power of the Pope.* Yet a difficulty was never raised against this requirement. The laity and the clergy, the bishops and the priests, as well as the people, showed themselves ready to comply with the condition. Emancipation given with this condition was received as a boon. It was considered and announced as such by the whole Catholic world. Would this have been possible if it were obtained only by the sacrifice of an important principle of our religion, or of any point which a full and genuine development of Catholic principle would have required?

The Holy See itself was not ignorant of the condition on which emancipation was granted in England. It would say as little for the vigilance of the Universal Pastor, if we supposed that such a movement could have been carried on without his knowledge, as it would for his fidelity, if we thought it could be consummated without his voice being raised against it, did it involve any real sacrifice of Catholic principle. Indeed we know positively that his attention was directed to this very point. The various formulas of oath offered to or by the Catholics were submitted to the Holy See. More than once such formulas were condemned for going further than genuine Catholic principle would warrant. And yet no formula was ever condemned, or in the slightest degree disapproved, on the mere ground of its denying the indirect temporal power. The bishops who were foremost in encouraging their flocks to pronounce this disclaimer, and those who pronounced it themselves, were never made to feel that they had prevaricated or in

---

*"I do declare," swears every one in the oath of allegiance in England, "that I do not believe that the Pope of Rome . . . . hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority or pre-eminence *directly or indirectly* within this realm." This oath is taken on a thousand occasions: every one is liable to be called on to take it at any time. Few in any position in society can be long without finding it necessary to take it.

aught incurred the displeasure of the Common Father. When they visited the tombs of the Apostles they were received as brothers, and more than one received such marks of friendship as the Holy See is wont to give only to those who are deemed almost confessors of the faith. From seminaries like that of Maynooth, at whose very entrance the student and the professor disclaim this doctrine on oath, according to the formula already quoted, not only are missionaries invited to preach the Gospel to the heathen, but bishops have been more than once selected by the Holy See itself, to be placed over churches in the most distant parts of the globe.

While the disclaimers alluded to were made in the British Islands, the Holy See not only did not punish or raise its voice against them, but in Rome itself, the silence of death reigned, and continues to reign on this subject. No work has been written for many years, not even a pamphlet is issued, to defend the deposing power. In the chairs of theology it is not mentioned. When the youth of England, of Ireland, and of America, go to Rome, as to the mistress of churches, to be instructed in the pure doctrines of the Gospel, the Holy See does not think it necessary to tell the professors by whom they are trained, to infuse into the young Levites an antidote to the doctrines on this subject, which are known to be prevalent at home.

We happen to have the most satisfactory evidence on this latter subject, and while we know many who assured us they had never heard the doctrine taught there, we do not know one who ever heard it inculcated in any chair at Rome.

Now and then a voice is heard here and there, endeavoring to revive the defunct theory. Mr. Brownson, however, will we hope pardon us, if we say that those who have hitherto come forward in our days to defend it, are not those most esteemed for calm judgment and correct views, nor have their opinions carried weight. They were mostly known as persons who delighted in extreme opinions, who appeared to seize with avidity what grated most on the sentiments of the age. Their extreme views neutralised the effect of the many other good things they said, and after making a great noise for a while, they were forgotten. We would instance La Mennais as an unfortunate sample of this school.

But whatever were their merits, they were not able to draw the Holy See from the silence in which it had entrenched itself. This silence is without an example on any truly important point on which disputes arose in or out of the Church. It is profound in proportion to the energy with which the doctrine that is said to be so unsound is proclaimed. The champions of Rome relax their efforts on this subject, as what is called error succeeds in stalking abroad with a bolder front. Popular authors deny it, the laity and clergy, and the episcopate of an illustrious branch of the Church reject it on oath; it is every where disclaimed; and the successor of Peter, to whom was entrusted the office of confirming his brother, whose voice, when the bulwarks of the faith were assailed, could not be hushed by threats of persecution, — no, not even by the danger of nations abandoning the Church, the Pastor whose warning voice was heard in every storm, is now silent. What must we conclude from this, but that it is not true that a vital point, or any point important in his eyes, is assailed by this denial?

Without speaking of the boldness and firmness with which the Popes in former days, trusting to the protection of the Divine Founder of the Church, raised their voice, regardless of consequences whenever the doctrines of faith or the real privileges or powers given by Christ to her pastors were assailed, we have seen in our own times how Rome spoke, and acted, what front she showed, and what future action she caused to be anticipated, when on another point some of the most illustrious sons of the Irish Church, actuated confessedly by a desire for its welfare, were pursuing a course which the unerring instincts of the Holy See could perceive to be fraught with danger.

The Holy See never compromised with error, no matter who was in question, and when error is inculcated by those who call themselves her children, when they teach it openly and perseveringly, — then, if ever, the maxim of St. Augustine holds good, "The Church neither does what is wrong, nor is silent with regard to it."

Though, therefore, this doctrine of the indirect temporal power may seem calculated to exalt the Holy See, when we come to look at things as they are, it cannot be defended, particularly in the high tone assumed by Mr. Brownson, without bringing home to that sacred chair itself, at the same time, a charge of pusillanimity and neglect of duty, which is as much opposed to its uniform history as it would be discreditable if well founded.

We consider this alone a sufficient reply to the authorities by which this doctrine is said to be supported. It is a poor mark of respect to the memory of illustrious Popes of other ages, to endeavor to draw from their acts and words a theory that would make their successors for the last two centuries appear in the light of cowards, — nay, traitors to the sacred cause entrusted to their keeping.

This same charge would hold good against the Popes of the first centuries. We do not speak of those who lived in times when the faithful were so few or so weak, that it may be said with truth, that they would have been unable to make a sentence of the chief pastor effective, though they believed it righteous. We refer to the times when the bulk of the Roman Empire was Christian, when the faithful were undoubtedly ready to support the head of the Church in any legitimate exercise of authority, and when this support would have been sufficient to bear down all opposition. There were sovereigns in these days whose private and public misdeeds, whose persecution of the Church and of its lawful pastors, whose efforts to transfer her rights to the advocates of heresy and schism exceeded any thing charged against Henry IV, or Barbarossa, or Philip the Fair. The former merited deposition as fully as the latter. Were these deposed by a right inherent in the Pontifical Office, the Popes possessed the right to depose the others, and yet they never exercised such a right; the sword said to be given them by Jesus Christ was allowed to sleep in its scabbard during the whole continuance of the Eastern Empire. They went themselves into exile, they allowed hundreds of worthy pastors to be subjected to the same fate, and wolves to be intruded in their places; they raised indeed the voice of warning against the usurpation, but they never uttered that one word which would have hurled their persecutors from their thrones, and have effectually paralysed the hands of the tyrants who laid waste the pastures of the Lord.

Had they possessed the deposing power all this time, we should assuredly apply to them them in its most literal acceptation the words so frequently used by St. Gregory VII, "Cursed be he that withholdeth his sword from blood," (Jerem. xlviii, 10), without mitigating them by the moral interpretation almost invariably added by that holy Pontiff.

This reflection has special weight when we keep in view the doctrine so ably and so correctly defended by Mr. Brownson in opposition to the so-called development theory. As he shows, the Church was at all times equally conscious of the doctrines taught, and consequently of the powers given her by Jesus Christ. The

Popes therefore during the times alluded to, if they had this deposing power, were fully aware of it, though they all along abstained from exercising it. What else could be said of them in this case, but that they were cowards, or traitors to the important cause which they were bound so carefully to protect?

When we find that this power was never claimed by the Popes during many centuries, though occasions occurred which would have made its use imperative, had they possessed it; when we find it commencing with a new order of society in which they obtained a temporal pre-eminence which no one will claim to be a necessary appendage to their office; when we find this power going into disuse as the state of society to which we have alluded passed away, and now again neither claimed nor exercised, though its exercise is wofully demanded if it have an existence, it is but natural to class it amongst those adventitious rights of the Papacy which may be acquired and lost, which it may be desirable that the Popes should or should not possess, according to circumstances, and not amongst those unchanging privileges which ever and invariably belong to the office established by Christ to guide and uphold His Church.

Although, therefore, at the first glance those who defend this power may seem to advocate the side most respectful to the Holy See and best calculated to explain the conduct of many Popes, when their theory is applied to the whole series of facts of the case, it is untenable. It places the whole Church, as well as the Popes themselves, in a position that must lower her in every man's estimation — presenting her as an unfaithful guardian of God's interests on earth, quaking with fear before the powers of the world, and for whole centuries during her early and later life, not daring to assume the bold attitude in which she was placed by her divine Founder.

It would require more space than our pages would afford, were we to enter into a critical examination of the documents that might be produced on this subject. We will barely remark, in the first place, that no authoritative decision can certainly be produced on the opposite side, and this is remarkable, considering that this power was always denied. We have lately looked again at the more important ones that are produced, and we are fully satisfied that they can be easily explained as implying only that subordination of temporal to spiritual things, which every Christian will admit, and of the obligation of kings as well as others, even in their official acts, to be guided by the law of God as expounded by the Church, and to be subject to her censures when they disregard it. But though every Catholic, in using what belongs to him, is bound to abstain from sin, and if grievously sinning, may be punished with ecclesiastical censure by his bishop, and yet it does not follow that his property can be taken from him by the same authority, so it does not follow that a King can be deposed by a Pope, though he certainly may be punished with excommunication, if, even in his public administration, he set the law of God at defiance, and trample on the rights of the Church.

Incidental statements, in the second place, even in the most important documents, do not constitute authoritative decisions, nor will any accurate theologian deny that, for good reasons, they may be departed from. The same may be said of the number of theologians who at one time defended this doctrine. The number and the character of those who reject it are sufficient proof that it was never defended in a manner that would of itself imply any obligation of adopting it.

We abstain from many other remarks which would show that its assertion was not at any time as general nor as authoritative as some would insist, and while we freely admit that the development of circumstances cannot change the character of a doctrine, we must be allowed to say, that it may shed such light on things at one time deemed dangerous by the best men, as to dispel the danger most effectually and to create a certain culpability in those who would keep up that cry, notwithstanding their manifest toleration by the highest authorities, and the explicit adhesion of many of the most faithful sons of the Church.

The imputation of a want of courage in those who deny, or fail to assert the indirect temporal power, is as much out of place as the charge of want of orthodoxy. To prove this, it is enough to point out who they are that speak on the opposite side, and who are those that are silent. Without alluding to the others on whom the charge would fall most unjustly, the Catholics of Ireland, who spoke out so clearly on this subject, showed any thing but a disposition to sacrifice the vital principles of the Church for the purpose of gaining the favor of men in power. On the contrary, when they might have obtained emancipation by yielding to the State what other Catholic nations yielded even with the permission of the Holy See, they preferred to remain in civil bondage rather than forfeit the fullest freedom of the Church. The men who could ascend the scaffold rather than comply with the requirements of a tyrannical government, should not be charged with pusillanimity or subserviency to power; and yet, as we remarked before, many in England and Ireland disclaimed their belief in the deposing power on the very scaffold where they were about to suffer for the faith.

Boldness as well as timidity may be carried to excess, and when we find it proclaiming a charge of subserviency which necessarily falls on whole Churches whose faith has shed so much lustre on the Catholic name, on illustrious men who have adorned the Church by their virtues, whose faith and services are every where esteemed, when the silence that is said to be so culpable is found to reign even amongst those who were charged "to confirm the brethren," we think it time to say, that boldness has gone too far.

We have no sympathy with the Gallican declaration of 1682. It was wrung from a few prelates by the civil power, and was adhered to only where the civil power had obtained an undue influence over the Church. But that declaration has too many faults to insist that the condemnation which it received, and richly deserved, fell on the very one article which denies the indirect temporal power.

We have not the declaration itself before us, and we are not sure that the wording of the article in which the indirect power is denied, is not of such a character as would seem to exempt kings from the obligation of receiving from the Church the interpretation of the laws of God that are applicable to their duties. This, of course, would make it deserving of reprobation from every Catholic. The law of God must rule over all, and the Church is not only the authorized expounder of that law, but it is her province to punish disobedience in all cases when she deems it wise, by her censures. We should not venture much in saying that this is all that is necessarily implied in the teaching of Gregory VII and Boniface VIII, though in their acts they claimed a far more extensive power, the origin of which we trace to other sources besides the divinely conferred prerogatives of their office.

Moreover, the indirect power of the Popes was denied in the Gallican declaration on the principle that kingly authority was derived immediately from God, and could never be forfeited. This is as much opposed to the principles implied in the acts of the Popes, in any way that they may be interpreted, as it is to the opinions generally received now amongst ourselves. The disrespect which that doctrine implied was entirely different from any thing that can be deduced from that of Gosselin. According to the Gallican theory, the deposition of Kings by Popes was invariably an usurpation of the worst kind, for it was usurping what under no circumstances could be taken away. According to Gosselin, however, the Popes possessed the power which they exercised, though they possessed it as an *acquired* right, which might again be lost. The former view is an insult to the memory of many holy men, to whom the world is now at last doing tardy justice. The latter implies no real want of respect. They did not directly teach that the power they exercised was a power inherent in their office, even though their language at times might seem to imply, or in reality, might incidentally imply as much. As we remarked before, no accurate theologian will pretend that this kind of incidental statement or implication makes the doctrine which it indicates obligatory, or that a denial of what is so implied or stated, necessarily infers any want of perfect orthodoxy.

A manifest and radical difference, therefore, exists on this subject between the Gallican declaration and the doctrine of those who, like Gosselin, deny to the Popes the *inherent* right to indirect temporal power. The latter is the doctrine of our most illustrious writers, and one to which the Catholics of this generation are pledged as fully as they can be pledged to any thing to which the Church has not lent her sanction.

If an author rises up against us now and then to disturb the general harmony, we can only say that amongst Catholics as well as others where the teaching of the Church has not removed doubt, the human mind may occasionally be led into any exploded theory; that zeal for the Church as well as jealousy of her claims may sometimes cause mistakes. But we look upon the principle that defines the proper sphere of the power of the Church, and denies its extending of its own right over the temporalities of kings, so as to be able to divest them of the same, illustrated as it now is by the practical working of society, and confirmed by all the approbation that could possibly be expected in such a case, is one of those things which, like the laws of gravitation, when once well understood are forgotten no more.

To any who, notwithstanding the general opinion of this age, think it a duty to contend for this power, we would propose the course of the Holy See itself, for whose honor they think they are zealous, as a model worthy their imitation. If Rome, the appointed guardian of the interests of the Church, has abandoned or does not feel called upon now to assert this principle, we think the same course may be safely adopted by any private individual, whatever idea he may form to himself of his duties or his responsibilities.

We regret exceedingly that we have felt obliged to write any thing against another Catholic author, especially against one whom we esteem so highly as Mr. Brownson; but the responsibility of this manifestation of disagreement rests on those who first write what they cannot but know is deemed both incorrect and imprudent by the bulk of the Catholic community.

◆

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—"THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY" and several other things are inevitably crowded out. They will appear in the April number. "A Friend" has been received, and the contents are respectfully noted. He is unquestionably right in his general principles, but errs (we are authorized to say by a judge whose competence he will not dispute) in their application.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. ALL FOR JESUS: OR THE EASY WAYS OF DIVINE LOVE. *By Frederick William Faber*, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 12mo. pp 432.

THIS is one of the most remarkable books of the age. Every thing that Father Faber writes has an undefinable originality about it, an unction and a fervor all his own; but this is peculiar even among his thoughtful, and if we may say so, devoutly impassioned writings, for the exceeding abundance and beauty of the thoughts, the perpetual stream of well-methodized and edifying meditation that flows through it, in the purest English too, so that it is calculated to delight the scholar as much as to inspire the Christian. There is a wit and sparkling humor, moreover, that breathe of St. Philip, and which mark the healthful, happy tone that his children are laboring, not unsuccesfully, to substitute for the ancient gloom of English heresy.

One of the best features in this book, and one which will recommend it to universal perusal and reperusal, is that the standard of sanctity which it sets forth and teaches the way of, though high, is yet fairly within the reach of all. It might almost be called the "science of the saints made easy," and yet there is really no disguise or abatement of the great principles of mortification. But the book must be read in order that its charm and merit may be understood. Every body who wishes to get to heaven the easiest way, but not so easy as to *miss* of heaven, should get ALL FOR JESUS, and make it one of their companion books. To make strictness, self-denial, and even suffering not only cheap, not only welcome, but a source of joy and cheerfulness, by referring all to love, is the method of Father Faber.

We give a passage or two that we marked as we read, although they are not more striking perhaps than many others.

### THE SALVATION OF A SOUL.

"LET us see what goes to the saving of a soul, and what is involved in its being saved. In the first place, it was absolutely necessary that God should become man, in order that that soul should be saved, according to the dispensation of God. It was absolutely necessary that Jesus should be born, teach, act, pray, merit, satisfy, suffer, bleed, die, for the saving of that single soul. It was necessary that there should be a Catholic Church, faith, sacraments, saints, the Pope, and the sacrifice of the Mass, for that one soul. It was necessary that there should be a supernatural substance or quality, a marvellous participation of the Divine Nature, called sanctifying grace, and that on this should be accumulated loving acts and impulses of the Divine Will, in the shape of manifold actual graces, preventing, accompanying, following, and efficacious, else that soul cannot be saved. Martyrs must die, doctors must write, Popes and councils must expose and condemn heresy, missionaries travel, priests be ordained, for the safety of that single soul. When all these preparations are completed, and by an act of merciful omnipotence that soul is created out of nothing, then there must be a guardian angel appointed over it; all through its life Jesus must be occupied about it; Mary must have a great deal to do with it; all the angels and saints must pray and interest themselves about it. To every good thought, pious word, and devout action, and, of course, they soon come to be innumerable, a participation of the Divine nature, grace, must concur. Unseen evil spirits have to be warded off from it, and foiled in their attempts upon it. Hourly temptations have to cause more or less emotion among its advocates in heaven. Every attribute of God vouchsafes to legislate for its advantage, so that it plays upon them all like one who fingers the keys of a musical instrument. The Precious Blood has to be communicated to it through extraordinary sacraments, which are full of mystery, and were invented both as to form and matter by our Lord Himself. All sorts of things, water, oil, candles, ashes, beads, medals, scapulars, have to be filled with a strange undefinable power by ecclesiastical benedictions in its behalf. The Body, Soul, and Divinity of the Incarnate Word have to be communicated to it over and over again, till it becomes quite a common occurrence, though each time it is in reality a more stupendous action than the creation of the world. It can speak up to heaven, and be heard and obeyed there. It can spend the satisfactions of Jesus as if they were its own, and can undo bolts and bars in purgatory, and choose by its own determinate will whom it will liberate and whom it will pass over. And all the time it is so near to God, and its heart is a place so sacred and so privileged, that none but God Himself, can communicate grace to it, not even the angels, nor the Mother of God herself, blessed throughout all ages.

"All this goes to the salvation of a soul. To be saved it has to be God's child, God's brother, and to participate in God's nature. Now see what is involved in its being saved. Look at that soul yonder that has just been judged; Jesus has this instant spoken; the sound of His sweet words has hardly died away; they that mourn have scarcely yet closed the eyes of the deserted body. Yet the judgment has come and gone; all is over; it was swift but merciful, more than merciful, there is no word to say what it was. It must be imagined. One day, please God! we shall experience it. That soul must be very strong to bear what it is feeling now. God must support it, or it will fall back into nothingness. Life is over. How short it has all been. Death is done with. How easy was its passing sharpness. How little the trials look, how puny the sorrows, how childish the afflictions! And now something has happened to it, which it is to be for evermore. Jesus has said it. There can be no doubt about it. What is that something? Eye has not seen, nor ear heard. It sees God. There is stretched before it an illimitable eternity. Darkness has melted from before it. Weakness has fallen off from it. Time has vanished, that cramped it so. There is no ignorance. It sees God. Its understanding is inundated with unspeakable delights; it is strengthened by unimaginable glory; it abounds in that Vision to which earthly science is an illiterate stupidity. The will is flooded with love; excessive happiness thrills through every affection. As a sponge is filled with the sea, so is it filled with light, beauty, bliss, ravishment, immortality, God. These are foolish words, lighter than feathers, weaker than water. They are not a shadow of what it feels. Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, heart has not conceived. There it is on the threshold of it all; the same soul that but a moment ago was sobbing in pain, feeble as an unmanly child. There can be no mistake about it."

Here is one of the wise and witty passages :

### SENSIBLE DEVOTION NOT TO BE DESPISED.

"There are not a few who think that devotion to be solid must be dry. But does the dry system answer? We hear people condemning unlucky devotees, because they are fond of functions and benedictions, of warm devotions and pictures of the Madonna, of feasts and foreign practices, for with such, an Italian devotion is something next door to a heresy ; I suppose because it has the remarkable bad fortune to come from the Holy City! Now, does it follow, that because persons are fond of these things, they have nothing else in their piety? Because they have one characteristic of good Catholics, are they *therefore* destitute of the others? Because they like flowers, do they reject fruit? Oh, but mortification is the thing, and the conscientious discharge of our relative duties. Very true ; and pray, what mortification do you practise, honest disciple of dry devotion? Are they exterior, the hair-shirt, the discipline? Or interior, loving to be spoken ill of, and lightly esteemed? And how do you discharge your relative duties? Almsgiving, for example, is one, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world is another. How do these things fare with you? Be honest with yourselves, or, much more, be honest with God. Whether we want mortifications or relative duties to edify us, I suspect we must seek them with the devotees, not with you. If, instead of the definition of the Immaculate Conception, you would have enthusiasm added to the number of mortal sins, to what post of honor are we to assume tepidity? It is just possible that enthusiasm may not be quite the monster evil of the world : at least, we have not suffered much from its ravages here in England. And any how, in spiritual matters, what we have most to dread is the evil we are most likely to fall into : and I assure you, you at least have no danger to apprehend from hot-hearted enthusiasm or ultra-piety.

"On the other hand, it may not unfrequently happen that souls, who want something beyond this dry solidity, (if any thing dry can be solid in a religion which is all of love,) may, by being allowed scope for the fervor of first beginnings in devotional variety, diversion, interest, and even change, ultimately mount to higher things, and climb with a more manly courage the rougher and directer roads to holiness. But see how God is calling souls, and lead them by the gentlest and most winning ways, unless there be a clear vocation to the hard and rough. Many are lost, because they are forced too high, and many more, because they are made to fear sensible devotion, and to believe that dryness is solidity. Oh, do any thing, I beseech you, rather than tire people of their good, compassionate God! Rather interest them in Him, if you can, and all you can. Souls are gravely warned, without regard to time, or place, or person, or condition, to be detached from the gifts of God, and to eschew sweet feelings, and gushing fervors, when the danger is rather in their attachment to their carriages and horses, their carpets and their old china, their parks and the opera, and the dear bright world. Why, if the poor Belgravians could get a little attachment, were it only to an image or a holy water-stoup, and I care not how inordinate, it would be a welcome miracle of grace, considering all they have to keep them far from God, for they move in a sphere which seems to lie outside His omnipresence. No! no! the warnings of St. Theresa to Barefooted Carmelites are hardly fit for such as those. Oh, better far to flutter like a moth round the candles of a gay benediction, than lie without love in the proprieties of sensual ease and worldly comfort, which seem, but perhaps are not, (and you cannot tell), without actual sin."

1. THE CROSS AND THE SHAMROCK. *Written by a Missionary Priest.* Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 16mo.

THIS volume is the fictitious history of an Irish emigrant family. The father, a man in decent circumstances, dies on the voyage; the mother and orphans are robbed of all they possess by a rascally compatriot and fellow-voyager. After many trials, the widow O'Clery dies also, leaving her children to the mercy of American laws and anti-catholic prejudices. It is here the story opens. The children are first taken to a poor-house, then distributed as apprentices in various families in Vermont, or Northern New York, where they are subjected to various trials of their faith, out of which they emerge triumphant. One of them dies a martyr to the cruelty of his persecutors; another converts many intelligent Protestants, and becomes a priest; a third becomes a "holy nun;" finally, a fourth, whom we have heard not a syllable of before, turns up as a most cruelly abused young lady in a wealthy Protestant family, who had kidnapped her when an infant, and have brought her up in their own religion; she is recognised by the priest, her brother, on the dying testimony of an old female slave, and forsakes all the wealth and splendor to become a poor despised Papist. There is any quantity of rather coarse satire upon Protestants, and Yankees especially, sprinkled through the volume; and in that respect it seems tolerably level to the tastes and capacity of those for whom the author on the title-page tells us it is designed — "the male and female servants of the United States." The anecdotes bearing upon the lack of morality among the *dominies,* as the author calls them, are not always edifying, and although they may be true, do injustice to the body of New England ministers, who are, we believe, as a class, men of kindly hearts and decent, moral lives: — not a few of them are even austere. We were quite prepared, before reading the book, not to find an artistic fiction, which certainly it is very far from being. The story even we found somewhat difficult to thrid, the author indulges so freely in his rambling propensities, besides the disadvantage under which he labors of a disconnected and heterogeneous plot, that scarcely deserves the name of a plot at all.

We think that we have been tolerably severe, and indeed, omitting any strictures we might pass upon the style and language, we have said nearly all that can be said *against* this little volume. But in regard to the merits which a work evidently dashed off in haste, by an unpractised hand, can have, we are obliged, on the other hand, to speak very highly. The volume, with all its want of concinnity and workmanlike finish, is full of rude, healthy, native power — and a poetry, an artistic instinct even, yet in the ore, needing only the fire and hammer to elaborate them into the pure gold of literary achievement. There are scattered through it dramatic scenes of the greatest spirit and pathos; descriptions of nature of a rare felicity and vigor; pen and ink sketches of character sparkling with humor. The characterization is very good throughout, and shows that the author draws from nature, with a keen eye for the foibles of men and women both. The style, though careless and quite the reverse of classic, is nervous, simple, richly idiomatic, and often glowing with Irish eloquence. In short, we do not exaggerate in saying, that there is all the promise of a powerful writer. We make room for one or two passages by way of vindicating our praise.

### MASS ON A RAILWAY-LINE.

"While scenes such as we have here described were taking place in the farmers' houses, and such scenes are not occasional nor unusual, all was busy preparation at the shanties. The largest shanty in the 'patch' was cleared of all sorts of lumber. Forms, chairs, tables, pots, flour and beef barrels, molasses casks, and other necessary stores were all put outside doors. The walls, if so we can call them, of the shanty, were then hung round with newspapers, white linen table-cloths, and other choice tapestry, while a good large shawl, spread in front of the altar, served as a carpet on which his reverence was to kneel and stand while officiating. Green boughs were cut in a neighboring wood lot and planted around the entrance by the men, while around the altar and over it were wreaths of wild flowers and blossoms, gathered by the little girls of the 'patch' in the adjacent meadows, in order to prepare a decent place for the Holy Mass. At an early hour the priest made his appearance, and was very much pleased to see the transformation which the piety of these poor, hard-working people wrought in the appearance of the humble shanty. For fifteen miles along, the crowds were gathering, and the works were suspended for the day. The overseers and contractors, to do them justice, had no objection to this occasional interruption of their profits. At all events, they knew it was a holyday; and even they, with all their irresponsible control over their men, had ample proof that, even in the wild deserts and savage woods of America, the Irish Catholic 'remembers' the Sabbaths and festivals of his God or his Church.

"Long before the hour of Mass, the shanty was crowded, and many were the comments and remarks made on the physical powers and other external accomplishments of the new priest.

"Some remarked that his reverence — God bless him! — need not be afraid of traveling alone through these lonesome glens, for it would require 'a good man to handle him; that it would.'

"'That's thrue,'' said another; 'he would be able to 'settle bread' on a half dozen Yankees any day; that is, provided they did not use any weapon but the arm that God gave 'em.'

"'But you know,' said a third, 'these Yankees always carry a *rewolwer* or two in their pocket, the treacherous rogues. Look how they killed that Irish peddler, and robbed him, and fired six shots into Michael Gasty's house the other night and he in bed quietly sleeping.'

"This and other such narratives and comments were the order of the day outside the door only, where those who were careless or not preparing for their duties were congregated. Inside, a large crowd of women and rough-fisted men gathered around the door of the temporary confessional; and it was near noon before the priest ascended the temporary altar to offer up the 'victim of peace' for the assembled sons of toil."

### A RICH MANSION.

"See the imposing structure, with the neatly-mowed lawn in front. Observe the taste and artistic skill with which the walks, the little hedges, and the shrubberies are laid out. You can get but an imperfect view of the proud edifice itself, which seems as if a monarch, that looks down with dignity and authority on the countless array of ordinary buildings that extend as far as the eye can reach on every side. The gates, as you enter the enclosure, are of massive iron, painted green, and, by the help of machinery, yield to the gentlest pressure of the hand, as if some spirit of the ancient fabled Olympus kept guard at their hinges. It is a complete '*rus in urbi*,' inside the outer wall. Here the luxuriant grape vine creeps along in graceful festoons, groaning under the pressure of her full paps; there the lofty and beauteous palm spreads his cooling and protecting branches.

"On one side see the fruitful lemon and orange trees, bending under the weight of their golden and emerald productions; on the other the fragrant apple, the sweet pear, and mellow peach borrow support from the strong granite wall to bring their burdens to maturity. Behold there two fountains casting their crystal and refreshing contents aloft, as if making restitution to the thirsting atmosphere for what they stole from him under ground. The water falls back again, however, and is received by the marble basin at the base, to form a neat pond, where gold and silver fish sport and gambol. A little at a distance, to the rear, the fragrance of honey and the busy hum of the bee are perceived by your grateful senses. The place looks like an earthly paradise; every thing there seems to laugh without restraint, from the creeping rose fastened to the hedge, to the tall, princely-looking mountain ash, with its bunches of red berries."

3. SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR. *By the Rt. Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, M. P* With Memoir and Notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. Redfield: New York. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 768.

MR. REDFIELD has deserved well of both Catholics and Irishmen by many of his publications, and this is one of that class. For whatever disagreement we may be disposed to manifest in regard to some things in the career and the sentiments of Sheil, it is certain that he belongs to the modern history of Ireland and of Catholic emancipation, wherein he is a figure only less conspicuous than his great friend O'Connell. No man could be found more competent, either, than Dr. Shelton Mackenzie to edit the invaluable sketches of the Irish Bar here rescued from oblivion: — a man who, though yet in the prime of manhood, is a veteran in periodical literature, and who has discharged his office of editor in this case, not only *con amore* as a patriot, but with a professional fidelity as a man of letters, seldom equalled in these days of slip-shod haste, and has enriched the work first collected by his industry, with such copious and accurate notes as leave scarcely any thing desired by those who like ourselves peruse the volumes in order to become acquainted with one of the most brilliant and interesting periods of Irish history.

4. The Life and Labors of St. Augustine. Translated from the German of Dr. Philip Schaff, Professor of Theology at Mercersburg, Pa. *By the Rev. F. C. Porter.* J. C. Riker: New York.

The name of the author of this sketch will intimate to the initiated the spirit in which it is written. Dr. Schaff does not near so closely approximate to Catholicity as his friend Dr. Nevin, and although we watch the career of both with interest, we feel always that Dr. S. is more of a Protestant, — *i. e.* more deeply plunged in that watery, marshy *fosse* or ditch of private judgment, which every body must cross somehow in order to get out of the camp of Luthero-Calvinian heresy, if they have had the misfortune to be born in it.

5. The Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a Slave in St. Domingo. *By the Author of* "Three Experiments in Living," &c., &c. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Is a well written biographical sketch of one well-known to many of our readers, and and who in an humble station, glorified God by the virtues proper to his state. Pierre Toussaint, (always a practical Catholic), teaches wisdom to the false philanthropists and red-republican fanatics of the age, to which they will perhaps be more likely to listen from lips of his color.

6. Theological Essays. *By C. D. Maurice.* Redfield: New York. Is a book which has been put upon the Protestant Index for denying and explaining away the doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked. The stand-point of *Maurice*, both in this work, and in his "Kingdom of Christ," published years ago, and received with unbounded favor by many Episcopalians of the High Church school, does not differ essentially from the slippery mud where, as we have observed above, the estimable Dr. Schaff chooses to take up his position; and the pitiable pusillanimous conclusion into which the former has slipped down, reminds us in time of the fixed principle of his once favorite Coleridge — he illustrates it aptly now — that "Christianity without a Church exercising spiritual authority is vanity and dissolution."

7. The Potiphar Papers: illustrated by *A. Hoppin.* Putnam & Co.: New York.

A writer of fine talent, travelled, well-read, at home in fashionable circles having been immensely struck with Thackeray's satires on English Society, has treated us here to a dish composed after the same receipt, as nearly as possible, with our own "Best Society" for materials. There is no attempt on the part of the writer to disguise his Thackerayian inspiration; and some deduction must of course be made from the talent of the cook who is not the original inventor of the broth, however good and savory it may be when served. We cannot but notice with applause the severe satire on fashionable dances by one who judges merely as a man of the world, and from which young ladies who indulge in them may learn what such men think of their delicacy. One of the best papers is "Our New Livery and other things," in which the brilliant Howadgi shows up what he calls, not without felicity, "the *Lady Alice* school of religion," and in depicting the pretty "pinchbeck Popery" that has a certain vogue in *all* our fashionable circles, shows how true it is that the lion's skin only makes the ass beneath more ridiculous.

8. A MONTH IN ENGLAND: *By Henry Tuckerman.* New York: Redfield.

A SERIES of scholarly essays, in the manner of the Sketch Book, full of curious semi-antiquarian details, and smacking pleasantly of much and choice reading, abundant leisure and careful artistic cultivation. If the style is a thought too elegantly elaborate, it contrasts on that account so agreeably in our mind with the down-at-the-heel indecorum of the present day, that we easily forgive the slight excess of plaited ruffle, velvet smalls and diamond-shoe-buckles in one whom we feel to be a gentleman of the old school of letters. Justice is a remarkable trait in Mr. Tuckerman's mental constitution, and while he is extremely captivated by the traces every where visible in England of a past rich in recollections, above all literary ones, he is not so blinded by these as not to be able to see the other side of the picture, and although he does not insist much on the ignorance, brutality, snobbery, fanaticism, misery and vice with which England is rife, he does not leave it out altogether. It is curious, though, to see him — a scholar and it is presumed a Christian — visit and describe England, ignoring absolutely the most striking and significant fact in it. So in the ancient world an accomplished stranger from beyond the Mediterranean sea, might have visited Rome, and have seen and described to his friend every thing in the Imperial city — baths, temples, amphitheatres, aqueducts, columns, statues, and Augustus and the Senate — all but the Church in the catacombs and the bishops whose successors were to supplant the Cæsars.

9. ORIGIN AND CAUSES OF DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. *A Discourse by George W. Burnap.* Delivered in Baltimore before the Maryland Historical Society, on its Eighth Anniversary Celebration, Dec. 20, 1853.

MR. BURNAP commences his lecture by showing that except in New England, all the American colonies were founded on aristocratic or regal principles, but were, however, in every case very speedily converted into pure democracies. For this necessary development he assigns three causes, 1, the *cheapness of land and dearness of labor;* 2, the *isolation* of America from Europe ; 3, the *progress and establishment of civil liberty in England* contemporaneously with the colonization of this country. The author's remarks on these heads are happy, but we consider his points open to criticism. The artificial aristocracy attempted in North Carolina failed undoubtedly, but a natural one grew up in South Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. The isolation of this continent from Europe did not prevent the system of seignories gaining a perfect establishment in Canada. And to talk of civil liberty in England being *established* under the reign of the most odious oligarchy that ever existed, sounds to us like irony. The author should have begun by defining democracy more exactly. Democracy, in the American sense (with which alone we have to do), is the system of government by numerical majorities. It is either the best form of government in the world, or the worst, according as that numerical majority which governs is presumed, on the one hand, wise and good, or on the other, ignorant and corrupt. The theory, however, which sets it up as *alone* legitimate, and which prevails extensively among us, and is what most people mean by "democracy in America," is a product of the Principle of Private Judgment in religion, applied to politics. The filiation of American democracy, in this sense, to wit, as an exclusive and consequently propagandist theory, is, it seems to us, clearly deduced from the Independency or Congregationalism of New England. Those who reject all authority in the spiritual order not derived from themselves by delegation, must necessarily reject it in the secular order. Self-government in the Church leads by a single, inevitable step, to self-government in the State. This is the real, spiritual ground and origin of American democracy, which is not to be sought, we think, in any casual combination of outward circumstances, though these may have favored its development, but in the soul, the mind, and the hereditary intellectual principles, of the American people. We ourselves, following Washington and the other wise founders of the Republic, are opposed to democracy in the sense we have defined it, but warmly in favor of the true Republic, taking the word in its most generous and comprehensive acceptation,

10. The Partisan, by W. Gilmore Simms; Simms' Poetical Works; The Yemassee, by the same author; Vasconselos, by Frank Cooper; The Blackwater Chronicle (a profusely and elegantly illustrated book of sporting adventures, whereof the scene is laid in Virginia); Western Characters, by J. L. McConnell, (also adorned with numerous handsome cuts, the drawings from the prolific pencil of Darley, but which scarcely merits the talent and expense thus lavished on it); and Art and Industry of the Crystal Palace, by Horace Greeley: — all from Redfield, New York, are but a single wave of that cataclysm of print which threatens to drown the reading world. The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi, (a series of sketches, comically illustrated), Appleton & Co., belongs to the same category.

# Maga's Own.

We were long in doubt what to call this department of the Magazine, which, we hope, will not be its least interesting feature. The "Editor's Table" was already appropriated by the venerable Knickerbocker, and had been re-appropriated with their usual appreciation of what is good, by the Messrs. Harper, and besides that we profess not to sail under the black flag, we eschew imitation for many reasons. We don't wish *our* Editor's Table to be compared with that of our friend Clark — a comparison in which it might easily suffer; it would not be easy to be as witty as he is, or to attract so many other wits by the magnet of ours, which amounts to the same thing as being witty one's self; and indeed we think it better not to attempt wit at all, lest we should "go up like a rocket, snd come down like a stick," as many other would-be wits have done. Then we thought of "Light Lucubrations" for a heading, but we reflected that it would commit us to be *light*, which we might not always be able or inclined to be, and should our light lucubrations turn out heavy, there would be endless jokes against us. "*Currente-calamosities*" was another title that occurred to us; it is new and not bad; and if we wielded the brilliantly facile and humorous pen of our friend Mac Leod, it is what we should certainly adopt, assured that we could sustain indefinitely the sparkling character it promised; but being what we are, we dare not venture. Then we thought of "*Pen-flowings*," which is good again; but our name unfortunately is not N. Parker Willis, and so we reluctantly abandon that too, as having, though original, a stolen sound.

"But pray, sir, explain (if you'll be so good) what you mean by *Maga's Own?*"— Most willingly, Miss, or Madam, (the gentlemen are supposed to understand every thing, and so not to ask explanations). The word *Maga* — you will find it on the cover, elegantly interwoven, by our friend Wallin, among the grapes and vine-leaves of the border he designed for us — was first adopted by Christopher North in Blackwood, as a sort of feminine proper name for that famous Magazine, and it has since, by usage, passed into a Christian name for all magazines. For it is not a Latin noun substantive, signifying magazine, as some may suppose, but a proper name, like Tullia or Julia, applicable to all the daughters of the great Monthly family. Just as among the Romans, all the daughters of Cicero would be Tullias — Tullia Prima, Secunda, Tertia, and so on, — and all the female scions of the Cæsars would be Julias, so all the monthlies are *Magas*. A fair set of sisters they are, with a strong family likeness, a common witchery of manner (we mean no pun — for though *Magus* be properly rendered wizard, it does not follow that Maga is a witch), and some of them, we own, arrant jades, ladies of light reputation, and very easy virtue, while others walk in flowing, grave and decent robes, and with a goddess-like gait, like so many muses; and our particular Maga is one of the most beautiful of the sisterhood, and one of the most decorous in her attire, like a nun by Beato Angelico, with a cross on her bosom, and a harp — an ancient harp of the western Isles, at her feet; and her robe enriched with a classic, yet devout inscription in an embroidery of the vine-leaf, trails on the verdant, flowery meadow where she walks like Beatrice in Dante, with the step of one who dances to her own sweet song. For our Maga is gay, though not frivolous; national as well as religious; a lover of letters, and susceptible of the tenderest human sympathies, at the same time that she recognises the paramount authority of divine faith; a baptized muse; a Christian Maga, who crosses herself before she takes the pen, and counts her liveliest labors so many prayers in disguise, offering them all on the altar of obedience, with an intention that looks beyond this cloudy scene.

*Maga's Own* will be peculiar to our Maga; we defy any other Maga to imitate her in it. There is no other Maga that has been taught to speak the same language — the language of the sanctuary, without forgetting her native wood-notes wild. The other Magas are druid priestesses, crowned with oak-leaf and bearing the mystic misletoe, or they are flower-crowned votaries of Venus or Momus; or at best of Minerva and Jupiter Stator — Pagans all. The *Rambler,* indeed, is a Catholic Christian Maga; she speaks the language of the universal Church; but she has not the song of the woods; she was not born under the Western sky; she has not paddled a birch-bark canoe over the virgin waters of the new world. We have then a native cry, a note, a cadence, not imitable on British ground, and which is worth perfecting, so it be always in harmony with the divine song of the Church. Our Maga addresses a people, not a body of cultivated scholars chiefly, like her English sister: and she speaks, accordingly, in the popular voice.

Making mention of *Jupiter Stator* reminds us of an incident illustrative of the irreverence into which our Bible orators are prone to fall. Some years ago when we were yet outside the pale of the Church, we happened inside of the Tabernacle during the anniversary of the Bible Society. The Rev. Dr. FLUENT had the floor. We all know that the Bible (meaning King James' version of it) is "the palladium of our liberties;" that rather pagan simile (which shows that Rome has not been alone in appropriating and baptizing the ideas of the heathen) has been used till it is quite thread-bare; but the Rev. Dr., who is nothing if not classical, gave us a new turn of the same idea. Jupiter, we all know, was worshipped at Rome under the title mentioned above, as he who gave stability to the city, and so the Rev. Dr. Fluent closed up one of his fine periods in praise of King James, by averring, (*ore rotundo,* of course), that "the God of the Bible was the preserver of our institutions —*the Jehovah* STATOR *of our country!*"— It brought down thunders of applause!! "The Catholic Church," thought we (we were a Protestant then) "raises the saints to the vacant thrones of the old gods, as the Apostles Peter and Paul are the protectors of Christian Rome; but these men bring down the Almighty Himself to the level of the ancient deities of Olympus."

While we are on this subject, Maga, with one of her gay yet serious smiles, puts us in mind of another instance of the reverence which is bred for the Bible by sowing it broad-cast on every soil that offers, and by the side of every travelled road even, as the Bible Society does. It is with some reluctance, however, that we, even at Maga's suggestion, clip the following from one of our exchanges, being afraid that our readers, not being "Bible-readers," as the phrase is, will be shocked at us for quoting it with ever so good an intent. Yet it is not *half so bad* as things that we see every day, and in religious papers too.

WHY DID JACOB WEEP?—"Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—*Scripture.*

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to cry about. — *N. Y. Globe.*

How do you know but that she slapped his face for him? — *N. O. Delta.*

Gentlemen, hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again. — ***Flag.***

It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he had'nt kissed Rachel before, and regretted the time he had lost. — *Age.*

Green, verdant every one of ye. The fellow boo-hooed because she did not kiss him in return. — *Manchester Adv.*

Pshaw! none of you are judges of human nature; Rachel was the first girl that Jacob kissed, and he got so scared that his voice trembled, and tears came trickling down his cheeks. — *Auburn Adv.*

Jacob was a man who labored in the field. When he kissed Rachel, he had just returned from his labors and had not washed his lips. After he had soiled Rachel's cheeks, he wept for fear she would think he was a "*free-soiler.*" — *Detroit Free Press.*

No, gentlemen, not one of you are (*sic*) correct. The reason Jacob wept was, he feared Rachel would tell his mamma. — *Jersey Telegraph.*

Pshaw! You are all out. The reason Jacob wept was that Rachel would not let him stop kissing her, when he once began. — *Penn. Register.*

What a long list of innocents! We know, for we have tried it on. There were no tears shed, and the good book does not say there was (were?). It was only his mouth that watered, and the lifting up of his voice forced it out of his eyes. — *People's Paper.*

How philosophical! Jacob a "freesoiler." In my opinion the reason why Jacob cried was because he was a *Soft.* — *National Democrat.*

"How profane!" says Maga, with a sort of shudder. Would it be profaning still further to give the true explanation? which is that Jacob wept, as a natural reason, from joy and deep gratitude to God, who had brought him safely and directly to his mother's kindred; and mystically, because the love of the Shepherd of Israel for his elected spouse was to be cemented by tears. If our friends had been accustomed to that beautiful interpretation of Scripture by which the Church blends every incident of the old Testament with some mystery of redemption, it would have been impossible for them to perpetrate such outrages on Christian feeling.

# Record of Events.

*From January* 15, *to February* 15, 1854.

## I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE principal points of interest this month are, abroad, the Ceremonies in Rome, and the position of the government in Baden; at home, the departure of the Apostolic Nuncio.

ROME: 1. *The Papal Allocution.* — 2. *Benediction of Rt. Rev. Father Birder.* — 3. *The Holy Places.* — 4. *The New Cardinals.*

1. The topics introduced in the Allocution of our Holy Father, Pius IX, in the Consistory of December 19, were, 1. the state of the schismatical bodies of the East. The Pope mentions the letter addressed to them inviting them to return to unity, and the unseemly response of certain schismatic bishops; the Holy Father announces that he will cause a reply to be prepared to their arguments, in the hope of convincing them. The Pope expresses the desire he entertains for the maintenance of the rites and usages peculiar to the Catholic Church of the East, inherited from the Holy Fathers, and proceeds to announce the erection of two new sees in Wallachia, which are made suffragan to the see of Fogarity, raised to an archdiocese, and called Alba Juliensis. The see of Groswardein is detached from the archbishopric of Gran, and annexed to the new Province. 2. The Pontiff rejoices in the convention made for the interests of religion with the Republic of Guatemala. 3. His Holiness, as was to be expected, grieves over the injuries inflicted on the Church in Baden and encourages the Confessors of the Upper Rhine to persevere in their noble course. "For the rest," says the Holy Father, "we hold and teach the doctrine which the Church has always held and taught, with the Apostle of the Gentiles, that we ought to obey the higher powers, and the Bishops hold and teach it with us." 4. The schism of Goa; and 5. the disorders of Hayti, where the mission of the Bishop of Acadiopolis has produced no good result, engage

the Sovereign Pontiff's attention. 6. The Pope mentions with regret the evils consequent upon the migration of priests to certain parts of America, where they have been received without due examination of their doctrine and morals, and concludes, 7. by an allusion to the affairs of Sardinia. The negotiations for the settlement of religious affairs with this Government appear to have become useless, but the Pontiff, in his goodness, has granted its prayers for the diminution of the number of holidays of obligation.

In this Allocution we have, in short, an index to whatever is important in the present state of the Universal Church.

2. The Benediction of the Abbot Elect of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Bernard, Leicestershire, (the Rt. Rev. Father Birder, a convert), took place on the Feast of St. Thomas, in the old Church of St. Gregory, on the Celian Hill. The ceremony was highly imposing, and was performed by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in the presence of a most distinguished crowd, who thronged to witness the benediction of the first mitred Abbot canonically elected in England, since the so-called Reformation, as well as to hear the discourse preached on the occasion by the Rev. Father Manning. "Upon the merits of this last," says the correspondent of the *Tablet*, "there was but one opinion between Protestants and Catholics. It was a rare and polished gem of sacred eloquence, and was delivered in a tone of singularly fascinating sweetness, tenderness and unction." The grouping in the sanctuary at different points of the ceremony, is said to have been singularly imposing and beautiful, even in the Holy City, where ceremonies have their consummate perfection. There are two forms for the benediction of a mitred Abbot: the one made use of (at the request of the Rt. Rev. Elect) was that called "auctoritate apostolicâ." At the conclusion, the Abbot, attended by his assistant abbots, passed down the church, giving his blessing to the faithful, and returning to his throne, remained sitting and mitred, while the Cardinal Archbishop and the assistant abbots stood uncovered. He then gave his pontifical blessing, which was followed by the "multos annos." It is very interesting thus to see the ancient sweetness and power of Catholic institutions returning to long-heretical England from Rome their fountain.

3. It is stated by the *Times*, on the authority of a letter from Rome, that the Pontifical government is causing to be prepared an article on the Holy Places, which will be a reply to certain allegations of Russia. "It will be first communicated to the different allied Courts, and probably afterwards published in the *Civiltá Cattolica.*"

4. On the 22d Dec., in a public consistory, the Holy Father gave the hat to the new cardinals Brunelli and Pecchi, and afterwards, in a secret consistory, according to custom, first shut and then opened the lips of these new princes of the Church. Mgr. de Lucca was transferred from the cathedral church of Aversa in the Kingdom of Naples to the archiepiscopal title of Tarsus *in partibus*. This is considered to render certain the nomination of this prelate to the nunciature of Munich.

GERMANY: 1. *Previous state of Religion in Baden.* — 2. *Opening of the Chambers.* — 3. *Royal Chapel at Berlin.*

1. The attention rivetted upon Baden by the persecutions has brought out several interesting facts. Seventy years ago the ecclesiastical province where the clergy now display such heroic constancy, was the most disedifying in all Germany. A large number of the clergy were filled with hostility to the Holy See, were even clamoring for a vernacular liturgy and the abrogation of clerical celibacy; many lived in open concubinage; the middle classes were generally infidel; only the nobles and peasantry (every where most faithful to religion) remained sound; while the ecclesiastical administration was in the strictest chains of Josephism. The writings of Moehler, the effect of the noble confessorship of the Archbishops of Cologne and Mayence, the efforts of the Jesuits (introduced in 1850), and the revolution of '48, which shattered Josephism, are among the causes of the change.

2. The Grand Duke opened the Chambers on the 13th January. The government speaks of a perfect reconciliation with the Church as on the point of being effected, but how far we are warranted in regarding it as really so, does not appear. The Archbishop still maintains his position, and has been obliged (it is a great consolation to learn) to suspend only six priests for disobedience to his orders.

3. On the 18th Jan., a new Royal Chapel was "consecrated" at Berlin. It is described as a perfect blaze of ecclesiastical decoration of various dates and styles, all executed as the upholsterers say, "without regard to expense." It forms an octagon of 80 feet diameter, is 115 feet high from floor to summit of the dome, and the floor, walls and plinth are all of marble. The altar is of Oriental alabaster, with a ciborium or canopy of the same. The recess in which it stands is fitted up with marble seats, cushioned with crimson velvet, for the clergy. Unhappily the dirty and unseemly costumes of the Prussian ministers seem out of place in this magnificent setting, while the nudity of the functions they perform, and the fatal absence of the sacrifice must be only the more remarked in such a scene.

FRANCE: 1. *The Seminary of St. Sulpice.* — 2. *Religion in Paris.*

1. The Seminary of St. Sulpice, with the approbation of the Archbishop of Paris, has, it is understood, established the Roman liturgy and ritual in the Seminary — a step which, it is wished, may prepare the way for their establishment in the archdiocese. When the Pope was informed of it, he said: "Tell the Archbishop and the Seminary that they are Gaudium et corona mea."

2. A novena had been celebrated in the Church of St. Genevieve, restored to religion by the piety of the Emperor, attended by almost countless crowds, in honor of the Virgin Patroness of Paris.

SPAIN: 1. *Ecclesiastical Changes.* — 2. *Accouchment of the Queen.* — 3. *Infidel Society.*

1. The dioceses of the kingdom have been divided anew into arch-priestdoms and parishes, and their several incomes apportioned, agreeably to the late concordat. Three of the vacant dioceses were filled up at the late consistory, by the Holy Father.

2. The Queen was delivered on the 5th Jan., of a Princess, who died three days after of convulsions.

3. A society has been formed to circulate philosophical, i. e., infidel works. This bodes the same remedy which in France was found the only efficacious one — absolutism. The new collection is called "The Freeman's Library," and the *Nacion*, Lord Howden's organ, supports it.

ENGLAND: 1. *Schools.* — 2. *Conversions.*

1. In London, Jan. 18, the Convent Schools at Tottenham, (St. Aloysius), the oldest and most extensive educational establishments connected with Catholic charity in London, were destroyed by fire. — On Monday, 16th Jan., the *new* and splendid schools of the Oblates of Mary were opened in Liverpool. — Generally, the opening of schools, or the effort to improve them, is a leading feature in English Catholic news. At Mortlake a *choral* school has been founded by the Rev. J. G. Wenham, the idea being not simply instruction in Church music, but to give a good education to the middle classes, to which accurate instruction in singing is to be superadded, with a view to the formation of choirs.

2. The English papers announce the conversion of the wife and daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel. The sub-editor of a London paper has also just been received into the Church on a bed of sickness from which he is not expected to recover.

SCOTLAND: — In Scotland the Church advances quietly. Conversions take place in the highest ranks; churches are built and enriched: the schools are filled; the poor are zealously cared for.

IRELAND: 1. *The Old Year in Dublin.* — 2. *New Redemptorist Convent.* — 3. *Dr. Cahill's Letter to Mr. Edward Walford.*

1. The close of the old year was celebrated in the Metropolitan Cathedral at Dublin by a function like that with which the last day of the year is solemnized at Rome in the Church of the *Gesú*. The *Te Deum* was chanted and the Archbishop preached.

2. The Very Rev. Fr. Buggenoms, Superior of the Redemptorists, is receiving plans for a convent he is about to build in Limerick. It is to be of the Italian architecture, and will overlook the Shannon. The site selected is one of the most elevated in the city, with a frontage of 250 feet.

3. The letter of Dr. Cahill to Prince Albert in which the eloquent controvertist describes the difference between a Catholic college and the university of Oxford, in the point of morality, called forth some severe strictures on the part of an Oxford convert, Mr. Edward Walford, M. A., who asserts that Dr. Cahill's representations are greatly exaggerated. Dr. C. replied with his accustomed power of invective. There seems to be some intemperance of language on both sides, but the substantial right of the question is evidently with the illustrious Irish priest.

CANADA: — His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec, has also issued a pastoral, warning his flock against the new spiritual-rapping and table-turning.

UNITED STATES: 1. *The Archbishop of New York at Havana.* — 2. *Affairs of the Nuncio — His Excellency's departure.* — 3. *News from Rome.* — 4. *Ordinations.* — 5. *Confirmations.* — 6. *Religious Professions.* — 7. *Churches.* — 8. *Pastorals.* — 9. *Charities.* — 10. *Obituary.*

1. Letters from Havana communicate the welcome intelligence that the climate of Cuba has had the happiest effect in perfectly restoring the health of Archbishop Hughes. His Grace was the guest of the Bishop of Havana, and all classes of the population vied in testifying their respect to him when he appeared in public. It is fervently hoped that the Archbishop will not return to this country until the warm weather is fairly established.

2. At New Orleans, when it was understood that the Nuncio was about to arrive there, the streets were placarded (Jan. 8), with an extraordinary polyglott which is

almost worthy of putting on record, as evidence of the ferocity, joined with ignorance, which bubbles up in the breasts of a very small portion (let us hope) of our floating foreign population. It was printed in red, in the English, French, Italian and German languages, with the most execrable grammar and spelling, calling upon the citizens to receive the Nuncio as the brewers of London received Haynau, and "to treat him as men treat a wild beast." In Cincinnati there was another riotous assemblage on the night of Saturday, Jan. 14, with insulting transparencies, a burning in effigy, cries and groans before the cathedral, &c. The Catholic population, with a forbearance that does them honor, especially considering their numbers and proved courage, took no notice of it. At Boston, Jan.——— a few men and boys formed a mob of the same sort to insult Bishop [illegible]itzpatrick and the Nuncio, who was presumed to be his guest. On the 4th of February, his Excellency sailed from New York in the steamship Atlantic. He was taken on board from Staten Island by the steam-tug Active, by order of the U. S. Marshal. Whether this proceeding, as the Freeman's Journal observes, was intended to pay honor to his distinguished diplomatic character as an Envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff charged with a mission of amity to the President of the United States, or to avoid a disturbance of the peace which the government had no means to quell, does not appear.

We had intended to conclude our notes of this affair (which has now passed into the domain of history), by giving in full an admirable leader of the *National Intelligencer* (Washington), of Feb. 14. We have seldom read a more solid or dignified paper, which richly merits insertion did not want of space forbid.

3. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore has received from Rome the Bulls, by which the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Erie, is re-instated in the See of Pittsburg, and the Rt. Rev. Josue Young, D. D., of Lancaster, Ohio, is appointed to the See of Erie. Dr. Young is a native of Maine, and a convert to the Catholic Church, into which he was admitted about fifteen years ago. The new prelate had previously declined the See of Pittsburg for reasons which reflect high honor upon him; but this contest of humility and love between the bishop and bishop elect of the two dioceses of Western Pennsylvania is now terminated by the voice of Rome.

The Holy See has issued a special decree in regard to the jurisdiction of vacant dioceses in the United States. When a vacancy occurs by death, the ecclesiastic appointed by the deceased Bishop, in virtue of the faculties already granted by the Holy See, takes the administration. If the Bishop made no appointment, the Metropolitan appoints the administrator, and in default of the Metropolitan, or if the Metropolitical See be vacant, the Senior Suffragan exercises the same power. In all cases wherein the vacancy occurs from any other cause than death, the right of appointing the administrator belongs to the Metropolitan, or Senior Suffragan, as above. The administrator in all cases can exercise those faculties only which are contained in the printed formulary.

4. *Ordinations.*

Diocese of Galveston. Jan. 15, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Odin. Sacred order of Priesthood — Rev. MM. Gonard, Gury, Faure, and Metz.

Archdiocese of New York. Wednesday, Jan. 18, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Loughlin (Bp. of Brooklyn). Tonsure, Minors and Subdeaconship.— MM. James Brennan, Patrick Mahoney, Francis Joseph Baldauf, and Peter Paul Ellenmeyer.— Friday, Jan. 20, Deaconship — the same Rev. MM.— Saturday, Jan. 21, Priesthood — the above named Rev. MM. and the Rev. MM. Peter McCarron and Benjamin O'Callaghan.

Diocese of Albany. Wednesday, Jan. 18, Thursday 19, Friday 20.—At the Cathedral, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCloskey. Minors, Subdeaconship, and Deaconship — Rev. Louis Desroches. On Saturday, Jan. 21, Priesthood — the same Rev. gentlemen.

Archdiocese of San Francisco. Saturday, Dec. 17, by the Most Rev. Abp. Alemany. Subdeaconship — Señor Juan Conopla of the Seminary at Mission Dolores. Deaconship — Rev. Richard Carrol, recently from Ireland. Sunday, Dec. 18, Deaconship — Rev. J. Canopla. Priesthood — Rev. Richard Carrol before mentioned.

5. *Confirmations.*

Jersey City: Sunday, Feb. 5. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bayley confirmed 430 children at St. Peter's Church, chiefly belonging to the Catholic schools of that city. — Baltimore: Sunday, Feb. 5. The Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed 118 persons at St. Vincent's Church, (among whom were several converts).

6. *Religious Professions.*

Archdiocese of Baltimore. — Jan. 23, Convent of the Visitation in Baltimore, Sister Mary Innocent (McAtee) and Sister Mary Paula (Combs) were admitted to their religious profession by the Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Flaut. — Jan. 28. Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Miss Ellen Moran (now Sister Mary Martina), and Miss Sarah McDermott (now Sister Mary Gabriel), both of Boston, took the habit of religion. Rev. Geo. Fenwick, assisted by Rev. P. Miller, officiated on the occasion. — DIOCESE OF HARTFORD: — Saturday, Jan. 28, — In the Convent Chapel of Our Lady Mercy, at Providence. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'REILLY, Miss Mary Ann Spaen (Sister Mary Stanislaus), Miss Margaret Furlong (Sister Mary Aloysius), and Miss Maria Read (Sister Bernard Xavier), were admitted to the religious profession.

7. *Churches.*

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA. — Sunday, Jan. 15. Feast of the Holy Name, — At Delaware City, the new church of St. Paul, Rev. Jeremiah Donoghue, Pastor, was dedicated by the Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, V. G.

DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN. — Sunday, Jan. 29. At Brooklyn, L. I., the new German Church of St. Boniface (formerly St. Thomas, Episcopal) was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Loughlin. The Germans present were addressed by their pastor in their native tongue, and the whole congregation by the Bishop, in a sermon which the Celt describes as one "of great power and deep reflection."

St. James' Church, NEW YORK, has been beautifully re-decorated in the interior.

At GALVESTON, Jan. 12, an unsuccessful attempt was made to burn the Ursuline Convent. Being at full day, 1 P. M., at the first sound of the bell, almost the entire population hastened to the spot, and in half an hour the flames were extinguished.

8. *Pastorals.*

DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH. — Jan. 12. The Rt. Rev. Bishop directs that the regulations concerning Marriages, Banns, Baptisms, Rites of Sepulture and the Catechism enjoined in the Pastoral of the Bishop of Charleston of Jan. 2, for the Diocese of Charleston, shall be observed also in the Diocese of Savannah. — DIOCESE OF CLEVELAND: — The Rt. Rev. Bishop invites his clergy to a Spiritual Retreat in St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th of February. The Retreat was to be conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Timon, (Bishop of Buffalo).

9. *Charities:* Christmas is always prolific of these.

At NEWARK, N. J., the receipts of the Ladies Fair in aid of the Orphan Asylum were $2,000. A Ladies Bazaar at QUEBEC produced $4,000 (£783). At ALBANY, the Ladies Fair and Christmas Collection for the Orphans produced unitedly $5,000. At BUFFALO, the Christmas Collections for the Orphan Asylum amounted to $752 57; those for the Cathedral to $972 63. In NEW YORK, the Christmas Collections for the Orphans footed $6,345 50.

10. *Obituary.*

Brother PATRICK GRANT, of the Third Order of St. Francis, died at the monastery of LORETTO, Cambria Co., Pa., on Friday, January 20. He was the first of his order who made his religious profession into the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'CONNOR. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the new church at Loretto by the Rev. Albertus Magno, Passionist, assisted by the Rev. MM. Gallagher and Corbett, as deacon and subdeacon. The remains were interred in the Monastic cemetery.

At NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 24. The Rev. MARTIN KELLY, pastor for the last two years of the congregation of Milliken's Bend, now in the diocese of Natchitoches. A native of Ireland, he had sought the climate of Louisiana, leaving, with permission of his superiors, the diocese of Philadelphia, in consequence of threatened consumption. Having been constrained by the progress of disease to suspend his functions, he was about to return to his native country, when God was pleased to call him, as we trust, to a better.

## II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

1. We notice that the republication of *Pere Jean*, the beautiful story of the Jesuit missions in New York, by James McSherry, Esq., has been begun in the *Lamp*.

2. The International Copyright treaty is passing through the senate. Mr. Everett, who as Secretary of State negotiated it, has admitted a clause regarding the rights and interests of American publishers, and printers, and *vice versa*, against foreign monopoly of publication. With this proviso it is difficult to see how any patriotic and intelligent statesman can object to a measure which merely secures remuneration to the *producers* of literature from those who consume it. The principle on which the claim of authors, native and foreign, rests is simple, to wit, that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Mr. Carey's clever pamphlet, which otherwise presents some strong points, is singularly weak where it pretends to refute the application of this principle to literary labor. By some persons who do not deny the justice and expediency of International Copyright, the securing of it by treaty is objected to as an unwarrantable extension of the treaty-making power. We ourselves were at first rather inclined to this view, but on reflection it appears rather plausible than just. For the principle of copyright has been affirmed by Congress; it is now merely a question of extending its privilege to foreigners

for the sake of completing the protection intended to be given to our literature, and in such a manner as to obtain for ourselves reciprocal advantages. This fairly falls within the treaty-making power.

3. *The New York Book Trade.* — Some idea may be formed of it by what has recently been published respecting the Appletons. Their new building cost $150,000. The capital employed in their business is about $750,000. Their annual sales amount to about $700,000, of which they remit about $150,000 to London for the purchase of English books. They average about four new books per week. The foundations of this business were laid about twenty years ago by Daniel Appleton, who is now deceased: it is now carried on by his four sons.

## III. FINE ARTS.

*Lockwood's Picture of the Last Judgment.*—At Newark, N. J., there resides an artist, a Catholic, a convert of some six years, we believe, who for nine years has been occupied, almost exclusively, upon a picture of the Last Judgment. The dimensions (36 feet in height by 18, if we remember rightly, in breadth), required a studio to be erected especially for its accommodation. The painter has visited Munich in order to pursue the studies, especially in anatomy, required for the execution of his task, and what is more praiseworthy, for six years he worked without encouragement or sympathy even from his most intimate connexions and friends. He was sustained by that enthusiasm which alone accomplishes great things, but does not accomplish them *alone*, without the aid of genius. On a late visit to Newark, we were taken by a friend to Mr. Lockwood's studio, and saw his picture, now approaching completion.

When we consider that this subject has been painted by Michael Angelo, who is by many considered to have failed in it, and that the only modern, so far as we know, who has attempted it with success, is the illustrious Cornelius, sustained by the patronage of a king, the attempt of Mr. Lockwood will readily pass for presumptuous, and his utter failure may confidently be anticipated. And yet we feel bound to say, that so far as we are capable of judging, the picture is a *successful* one. We mean that in addition to a great many particular beauties, it does not as a whole fall below the dignity of the subject, and excites in a powerful manner the sentiment which the thought of the Last Judgment ought to inspire.

It is needless to say that the upper portion of the picture is occupied by our Divine Lord, surrounded by the Saints of the old and new law. Above, on the very arch of the picture, are the angels of the Passion, bearing its instruments to Heaven. The grouping and the faces of these Saints are noble, and free from conventionalism; unlike those in the great fresco of Cornelius, they are varied in expression and marked by strong individuality. It is a great fault, however, in a Catholic point of view, as well as in the view of art in its highest aspect, that the Blessed Virgin is lost, as it were, in the crowd of Apostles and Martyrs. It is here that we already begin to feel that Mr. Lockwood has not, like the great painters of Italy, breathed from the first an atmosphere of theology as it were, which influenced their genius when they were least aware of it. Beneath our Lord is the Archangel Michael, a figure of great power and beauty, brandishing a thunderbolt, with which he is driving the vices down to Hell. The middle or aerial portion of the canvass is occupied by groups; on the right ascending — the Virtues symbolized by representative individuals; on the left descending or rather falling headlong — the Vices allegorically represented. Angels are receiving the former, and bearing them up to Heaven; Lucifer — a figure conceived more in Milton's vein than in the spirit of the old Catholic painters — an archangel ruined — beautiful and imposing in form — grandly winged, with " wide imperial vans spread in the dusky air," — but with all bad passions expressed on his hateful countenance — receives the falling Vices. The latter are painted in strong relief, with the most effective anatomical development and great richness of color, and though perfectly nude, without any violation of the modern rules of delicacy, which Angelo, in his grand conceptions, set at nought somewhat painfully, though not without a sublimity in the meaning of his indecorums. Lastly, the foreground and base of the picture is a rock — a tomb — which is opened to pour out the multitudes of the dead. In procession they come — druids, pagan priestesses, philosophers, a Christian queen — beautiful and serious figures; back in the middle distance are a crowd of philosophers, artists — Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, &c. — and other eminent mortals, and behind them again, dim and indistinct, the hosts of mankind. A fine and instructive group on the left, are a miser crouching over a vase or pot of gold, the top of which is heaped, but the bottom and side are broken, whence the riches are escaping; a tyrannical king, prostrate and grasping his sceptre; a drunkard, supine and spilling his golden chalice. In the right corner is the most beautiful group of all, representing the five races of mankind; the Caucasian — a female figure, partly draped in blue — is admirable.

The greatest blemish in the picture is the figure representing Liberty, or man in the state of freedom, received by an angel, and which is neither more nor less than a half-nude portrait of General Washington! No argument can reconcile us to such a solecism. Americanism has here prevailed over universality; and Mr. L.'s Protestant education over his acquired Catholicity. By the side of Washington is a female figure, naked, with chains just broken from her wasted limbs, and whom an angel is likewise welcoming: this represents, we are told, the equality of human conditions at the last day. The drawing is remarkably good, so far as we can judge; the tone of color in the finished parts rich and harmonious; the grouping is effective, and so well disposed that the canvass is not crowded, although it contains about 1,500 figures. Upon the whole we risk little in predicting that the work will win for the gifted and patient artist who has produced it a high and enduring fame.

## IV. Political and Secular Intelligence.

1. At home the Nebraska bill is undoubtedly the most interesting topic of the month. The whole question of the Compromise has been called up again under it, and the candidates who are to take the field in the next presidential election have used the opportunity of making their respective bids for the vote of North or South. Nebraska and Kansas are portions of our yet unorganized territory in the North-west (north of 36° 30′), yet extensively occupied by Indian tribes, and which it is proposed to form each into a new Territory, that is to say, a State *in ovo*. The point in dispute is whether slavery shall or shall not be *excluded* by the bill which constitutes them. The Nebraska bill leaves the subject open to the inhabitants of the new Territory. It would appear from the arguments on both sides that this great problem, in spite of all the various compromises, has not yet obtained a truly national solution. In a practical point of view, the controversy is unimportant, so far as the new Territorries themselves are concerned, as they are utterly unfit for slave labor; but it deeply concerns our peace that the discussion should be laid finally to rest.

2. Europe remains in expectation of a general war resulting from the Eastern question. During the last month little has occurred to change the aspect of things materially. On the 6th of January an action or series of actions commenced at or near Kalefat, which lasted about four days, and in which the Turks were victorious. The loss of the Russians was severe, and it appears that their artillery was badly served, while that of the Turks displayed the greatest efficiency. Austria, meanwhile, has in some degree defined her position with regard to the Muscovite aggression, so far as to let it plainly be seen that she will not consent to any territorial aggrandizement of the Czar at the expense of Turkey. Denmark has proclaimed her neutrality; Sweden adheres to the same policy, while the people of that country are animated with an eager hostility to Russia. France and England have sent their fleets into the Euxine, and the former is preparing, it is said, to send an army of 80,000 men, to co-operate with the Turks by land. England also is arming, and will send 10,000 troops. In the latter country the most vehement indignation has been excited against Prince Albert who is accused of intriguing in favor of Russia, and exercising a back-stairs or rather "curtain" influence to impede the action of the ministry for the support of the Sultan. The Queen opened Parliament on the 31st of Jan. in person: she was cheered and the Prince hissed by the populace.

3. In regard to the Turkish question Catholic sentiment at home and abroad seems divided. A considerable number of the most influential American Catholic journalists (including Mr. Brownson) have declared their sympathies with Russia, as a Christian though schismatical power, against the Turk, regarded as the hereditary and barbarous enemy of the cross. On the other hand, the Catholic journals in Europe are nearly or quite unanimous against Russia, whom they regard as the bitterest and most powerful persecutor of the Church in the whole world, while the Turks, at present, whether from weakness or indifference, grant almost complete toleration. It is considered, also, that the triumph of Russia would lead to fresh and still more unjust concessions in regard to the Holy Places.

THE

Metropolitan.

**Vol. II.** **APRIL, 1854.** **No. 3.**

# CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES,

## ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION, AND THE BEST MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

*(The Prize Essay).*

II. Literature.—We now come to what is more properly the province of literature, as distinct from theology, whether dogmatic, apologetic or polemical. As we have already intimated, we embrace under this head all works by real Catholics, whether on strictly Catholic topics or not, as forming a literature for us, perfectly safe and free from ignorant, malevolent and unmannerly slanders. These authors we shall consider under the head of 1, historians,—2, essayists,—3, litterateurs,—and 4, poets, concluding by a review of the periodical press.

1. In the branch of history there are portions of our own country to which the early French and Spanish colonies and missions give an interest, which Bancroft was the first to develop: it was clear that if left to bigoted and ignorant writers, these portions could not but be unjustly treated, while a Catholic could, without laying himself open to charge of partiality, from a knowledge of ideas and motives, do full justice at least to the subject. Every one of our writers, then, who devotes his time to such portions of our country's history does a double service. Martin, a Catholic, was the first historian of North Carolina and then of Louisiana, while as a priest he was without a rival. O'Callaghan in his history of New Netherland, gave the first account of the Dutch colony of New York and also the first account of the rise and progress of the celebrated Jesuit missions among the Iroquois in the same state. Future writers cannot pass either with a sneer, they must examine authorities and give facts, not *á priori* theories. McSherry does justice, but certainly pays no biased admiration, to the early settlers in Maryland, and their noble but mistaken policy. "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi" restores the claim of the early missionaries as pioneers of the West, and redeems them from the charge of fraud so largely bestowed by prejudiced and unthinking rivals, who, like Las Casas, little thought that their inconsiderate words would be used as weapons against their own religion.

Others have by contributions in various ways done service to future historians. None of these works of which we now speak, mostly local histories, have any pretension to rank as literary compositions or are to be judged as rivalling

Prescott, Bancroft, or Parkman. They have in their local subjects and its details a bar to any great beauty of arrangement and style. Compared with others in the same field, they are, however, superior to the majority, and surpassed by few of the local historians of the country.

In general history this country can boast of having produced Fredet's Ancient and Modern History, a work written with much clearness, ease and power, but above all, the only reliable general history in our language.

Church history and biography has naturally received more attention. Dr. Pise, the dean of American Catholic authors, began his career by our first work of the kind, a history of the Church, unfortunately never completed, and too voluminous for general use, but well and concisely written, faithful and free from declamation. His biography of St. Ignatius and his companions, is obnoxious to the charge of being at times unnatural and marred by neologisms; but it was too little disseminated, as a work on the early Jesuits was and is much needed, and this account was accurate and, with the exception above noted, extremely well written.

Dr. Spalding, now Bishop of Louisville, began the history of the Church in his diocese by his "Sketches of Kentucky," and continues it in his life of his predecessor, the sainted Flaget. These embody a mass of most interesting facts, but the author evidently wanted time; facts are often mistaken, unsafe authorities too implicitly followed, frequently into gross errors, and the whole bears in style and form evidences of too hasty composition, or the want of a patient and well informed editor. This is the more to be regretted as there is a frank, open manner in the works of Bishop Spalding, which is engaging and attractive, and capable, were the attainment not of too little consequence, compared to greater duties, of being made to equal Headley, or the Abbots, the masters of that style.

Dr. White in his life of Mrs. Seton, or as we learned in childhood to call her "Mother Seton," has certainly produced the most finished and carefully written work of the class in our literature. As editor of the Catholic Magazine and Almanac he has contributed largely to the history of the Church in America, and brings to his labors good taste, a pleasing style, sound judgment and great fidelity of research.

Bishop Bayley of Newark has just given a sketch of Catholicity in the island of New York, too brief indeed to do justice to the many interesting topics it embraces, but clear, accurate, judicious, and above all a model of a calm, pure English style. A life of Bishop Quarter sketches the rise of Catholicity in his diocese of Chicago.

Bernard U. Campbell began in the Catholic Magazine a life of Archbishop Carroll, extremely valuable not only for the exceedingly interesting manner in which it is written, but also for the varied acquaintance it shows with American history, and the Catholic portion of that history. No greater loss can be sustained than the failure of this writer to give his work complete, and in a more accessible form.

A hitherto anonymous writer in the same Magazine gave the lives of all the Catholic priests put to death on the early missions in the United States. His style was not exempt from a charge of dullness, but his examination of the French and Spanish authorities, makes his sketches a most reliable source for the history of the early missions.

Besides these works relating to American Church history, we have from the pen of the scholarly Walter, lives of Sir Thomas More, and Mary, Queen of Scots, both of whom may be deemed martyrs of the faith. These lives are extremely well written, full of interest, devoid of all pedantic affectation, simple, clear, and in their tone pure and elevating.

No portion of our English literature is more deeply imbued with falsehood than history,* and it is grateful to see that our Catholic literature has done so much to restore truth. Since the English Reformation, when the crown usurped the spiritual power, and in consequence claimed a divine right, the flatterers of kings in their writings poured every obloquy on any who had dared to oppose previous monarchs on behalf of the Church. With the Moorish ballad they sung:

> "There is no law, to say such things
> As are not pleasing to the ears of kings."

Dunstan, Becket, Anselm, Edmund, had been canonized by the Church, and all are reviled by the flatterers of Henry and the other Popes of London. To us republicans, it has always been a source of merriment and wonder to see American writers follow in the same train, when, by every rule of logic, they should give those saints a republican canonization for their attempts to confine the power of tyrannical kings to the civil government, which is the only province of princes. In England the writers of the lives of the English saints apparently feared to touch St. Dunstan or St. Thomas, but here their lives might be most usefully written; and what we still want of our historic writers are works to dispel popular delusions on various matters of history. Walter's works began this. A life of More is a better method of exposing Henry than a diatribe against that king. The captivity of Mary in like manner unfolds what was the Somerset religion in its early days of fervor, and shows what virtues it most inculcated.

The Indian Sketches and Oregon Missions of Father de Smet are undoubted favorites, no less from the subject than from the graceful, easy narrative, the deep interest and sympathy which the missionary awakens by his story.

With these we end the notices of our historical writers, a body which must constantly increase and will soon call forth the best talent among us; for the field is large, inviting and almost unoccupied.

2. Under the head of essayists, reviewers and lecturers, we can find not a few, contributors to reviews and periodicals, or occupants of lecturers' chairs in the long winter evenings. Brownson was long known as a reviewer and essayist before he came among us, and was feared and respected by all; for just, stern and positive, he never spared his own party, if he believed it in fault. As a Catholic he has not changed, but his terrible logic sometimes becomes too fine spun, and he is apt to be exaggerated and sweeping. His style is clear and solid, but requires study and reflection to follow his train of thought; hence his writings are more esteemed than his oral discourses. Of the former a volume has been published under the title of Essays. Dr. Spalding excels as a reviewer. His review of the History of the Reformation by D'Aubigné, which attracted so much attention a few years since, was by far the best of his works. The lectures and letters of Archbishop Hughes are marked by singular vigor, depth and power, a keen sense of satire and that closeness of argument which in earlier life won him such repute as a con-

---

*Dickens, whose "Child's History of England" has every vice that any of its predecessors possessed, is nevertheless conscious that history in our days is a branch of fiction.

"'I suppose history never lies, does it?' said Mr. Dick, with a gleam of hope. 'O dear, no, sir!' I replied most decisively. *I was ingenuous and young, and I thought so.*"
David Copperfield.

troversialist. Several others have to a greater or lesser degree distinguished themselves in this career, but their writings are inaccessible or known only in particular localities, and cannot be considered as forming part of our current literature.

3. With the most prolific class, the litterateurs, we have now to deal, and here we are most likely to come under criticism; for these writers are of so varied attainments, have written so well and so ill, have sometimes been so unjustly treated where they really deserved praise, and been exalted to the skies when certainly some censure was needed, that we feel indeed somewhat fearful that in our endeavor to be impartial, we shall always be leaning to the opposite side. But relying on our profession of literary faith heretofore made, we remind the reader that we are not comparing the different classes of writers together, and that where writers are few the most opposite opinions may safely be given, and be really true.

Most of our litterateurs are contributors to the periodical press, Catholic and otherwise. Most of them, however, have published tales, sketches or romances, or would-be tales, sketches and romances. Dr. Pise was the first Catholic writer of tales. His Father Rowland and the Indian Cottage, both controversial, began his career of popularity. Other writers followed gradually, but a few years since they began to come out regularly, and every Catholic publisher has issued several. Doctor Pise contributed his new mite; Mrs. Dorsey of Baltimore, Mrs. Sadlier of Montreal, McSherry the historian, Cannon and several other New York writers swelled the number of our short tales. The Rev. Mr. Boyce in his Shandy McGuire and the Spæwife, Huntington in his Alban and the Forest, McLeod in his Pynnshurst and Bloodstone, rose to a higher sphere and gave us works to compete with any of the day; while the author of Justo Ucundono opened a new plan of didactic treatises, in which, as in our controversial tales, the teaching of doctrine is conveyed by the vehicle of fiction.

Of these writers Huntington is, we suppose, the first in the dramatic arrangement of his plot, and its artistic development, in the classic purity of his English, the arrangement of his sentences and the beauty of his descriptions: in the external as well as the internal qualities. Boyce, in his dramatic style, his fire, his constant activity, is superior; but in language, æsthetics and development of plot, decidedly inferior to the author of Lady Alice. McLeod, in his Pynnshurst, is in his peculiar element, and this ramble in Switzerland is worth half our tourists bundled all together. There is freshness, vivacity, quaintness, genial humor, and at times a pleasant dreaminess that carry the reader most delightfully on. His Life of Walter Scott is still better, and by far the best biography of the novelist. In his tales we see a want of fire and action; there are in the Bloodstone deep touches of feeling, vivid description, but it does not so allure the reader on that he cannot lay it down half finished to resume it at leisure. The powers of this writer are, however, of no ordinary description, and he will do the more good, as he is entirely free from any of the excesses into which some "nuevos cristianos" are apt to rush.

Of the minor writers of the day, we think that Cannon, McSherry, Mrs. Dorsey and Mrs. Sadlier have succeeded best in their tales. The Pere Jean of the Maryland historian is a beautiful, simple sketch, in perfect keeping with the time and characters he has chosen; well conducted and pleasing, and far superior to his Willitoft. Cannon's Mora Carmody and other tales evince alike taste, education and talent. Mrs. Sadlier has written many tales and translated more, most of her own being of Irish scenes. These she conducts with great skill, and her popularity is not undeserved. Her Willy Burke and other American tales are true to nature, simple, unaffected and well fitted for young readers. In Mrs. Dorsey there is more grace and sweetness, as well as the polish acquired as a contributor to our American magazines, untarnished by any of the Laura-Matildaism into which it is apt to slide.

There have been single tales not unworthy of note. Father Oswald was one of the best works of fiction ever issued in this country; Sherlock's Moral Tales, a series of well written allegories; The Orphan of Boston, by the Rev. J. T. Roddan, somewhat rough and unartistic, but not by any means devoid of wit, power or pathos: but to give any thing like an appreciation of them all would require more space than that allowed us, and there are doubtless several of worth, which we do not even know.*

4. To claim for ourselves poets seems natural, our Church is the mother of poesy, and her faithless sons stand among the highest of English bards, her Shakspeare, Southwell, Pope and Moore; but though of late a Catholic tendency called out a Keble and a Faber in England, Griffin and Callanan in Ireland could alone be called Catholic poets. If among the collections of the outpourings of the American muse, we look for a Catholic name, we look in vain. The Rev. Dr. Rufus Griswold, a kind of literary midwife, has long been the gate-keeper on the road to Parnassus, and having, like a certain English judge, come to the sapient conclusion that Catholics are aliens, and that the law does not recognize their existence, he wisely ignores their existence also. Pise, however, is a poet, and if in his larger poems he has not succeeded in attaining a high rank, the same is true of almost every modern poet: yet surely in his fugitive pieces there are many lyrics, as worthy of a place in our anthology as any that can be found. Cannon and Miles, both Catholics, have essayed the drama, but that class of poetry is not in vogue. The theatre has fallen, drama has given place to melo-drama, to spectacles, ballets and dancers. A play of genuine merit, as a poem, has no chance of success in representation, and for reading the form is not so attractive as narrative. Even Longfellow suffers by adopting this form in his Golden Legend and Spanish Student. These writers, however, show great skill in their plots and truthfulness in their characters: but their claim as poets rests chiefly on their lyrical effusions. Many of Cannon's are of great beauty. John Augustus Shea, long enough resident here to pass for an American, was a poet of acknowledged power and beauty. Mrs. Dorsey has a volume of poems, chiefly elegiac, with some which far surpass the rest in descriptive power, melody, graceful imagery and tenderness. Huntington is also a poet, and in his last, a single canto only of a great poem on Columbus, evinces all the imagination, power of description and creative genius visible in his prose, but also a far greater degree of melody and grace than his earlier poems promised. Wallace, a clergyman of Maine, is a true poet. Most of his volume consists of translations, and this we regret. A poet is lost in the fettering of a transfer of words from idiom to idiom. In his description of the sea-coast and its varied incidents, Wallace is best to be judged and most to be admired.

Besides these there are to be found in our magazines and papers many lyrical effusions of anonymous writers, some of them of singular beauty.

5. In concluding thus the litterateurs we have now only to glance at our periodical literature. Our Review is well known; its articles are chiefly by Brownson whose name it bears: they form a mass of polemic literature of great value. Re-

---

*Since the above was written has appeared The Cross and Shamrock, melo-dramatic in plot and unpolished in style, but vigorous, fresh and poetical.

views properly speaking he gives rarely: his book notices, occasionally ample, touch on but a limited range of works. His political articles possess the greatest value for the generality of readers, and all naturally look to such a quarter for a sound opinion on great European questions, on which the mass are often, from the uncertainty of the accounts which reach us, unable to decide.

Magazines have flourished at various times, but generally only for a short time. The Metropolitan, the Expositor, Cabinet, the Children's Catholic Magazine, Boy's and Girl's Catholic Magazine, and one or two others did service for a time. The United States' Catholic Magazine reached seven years of existence, and now in a manner restored in the Metropolitan promises to do good service. These magazines were generally edited by clergymen, who always had mission duties to attend to and consequently could give only a divided attention to the periodical, yet they were all creditable, and contained articles in prose and verse of a high order, not inferior to any in the country. Our newspapers have a still wider circulation, and though their articles are not very literary, they are so to some extent. Formerly a Catholic paper was always Irish and vice versa; fortunately this is now rapidly ceasing to be the case. Most of our papers are edited by Americans, though Ireland, as a Catholic country of the same language as ourselves, necessarily affords much interesting matter.

Before closing this view of our literature we may say a few words of what has been done for our schools. The great mass of the school books are absolutely and entirely Protestant, even those used in public schools, which should be neither Catholic nor Protestant: but school committees, school trustees, school inspectors, superintendents of schools, regents of universities and all, seem to limit the word sectarian to what is distinctly Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, not to what is anti-Catholic. Thus no history is ever rejected for extolling Luther and the Reformation, for charging the Catholic Church with a spirit of persecution;—this, though as decidedly Protestant as may well be imagined, is not sectarian in their eyes, and such books are admitted, but the unfortunate work which even doubts the propriety of the Reformation is scored out as sectarian and Catholic. In such a state of things Catholics can do and have done service in two ways; first by writing books such as should be used in our common schools; secondly by by writing books for our own schools, where we may speak plainly on all points. Kerney of Baltimore has a very good compendium of history, in which facts are given without reflections to excite the displeasure of either party. Grace, in his Outlines, has adopted the same plan. Besides these, Kerney has improved Irving's Catechisms and added a good one of the United States. We have also a reader —"Models of English literature," and Mrs. Sadlier has expurgated and enlarged Pinnock's Catechism of Geography. Others have given treatises on Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Astronomy, &c., in which there is no sneer at us, for even into such books malignant enemies have thrust their undying hate.*

Among the purely Catholic books, we may place Fredet's History, a work suited to college classes, and a Catechism of Church history, so that here much, very much is yet to be done.

---

*Many have doubtless seen the popular Arithmetic which gives as a question: "If the Pope can pray a man out of purgatory in one day, a cardinal in two, &c., in how many days can they all pray him out?" Just imagine the uproar which the following would cause if found in a Catholic book, and surely it would not be more insulting. "If Luther sent 1-812 of Christians to hell, Calvin, 1-567, Cranmer 1-5867, how many did all three send?"

We have thus reviewed the present state of our literature; it is but the growth of a few years, and though to many it may seem insignificant indeed, we need not despair.

> "Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
> Blooming in beltane, in winter to fade."

It is a strong and hardy plant. Its root is in deep and fertile earth, it will grow year by year, the benison of heaven is upon it, it need fear no tempest, but will grow up a strong and hardy stem.

Writers are not wanting, nor these men of ability: publishers are not wanting nor readers. There is then no fear for the future, even though matters should continue as they are, but if we consider the number of Catholics and their want of reading matter, we must feel that something should be done to give a new impulse, to increase the number of works and the extent of the editions, in order to diffuse more widely the good they are intended to do.

There remains now to consider how what has been done was accomplished, and to see what means may be adopted to advance the cause. This will form the subject of another article.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

### MARRIAGE.

The religious life, being a life of perfection, is the portion of but a small number of privileged souls for whom God reserves His most intimate communications, and most precious favors. The greater number of women are called to live in the world, and to serve God in the married state. St. Paul writing to the Corinthians says that Christ is the head of man, man the head of the woman, and God the head of Christ; that man is not from the woman, but that it is the woman who is from the man; lastly that the man was not created for the woman, but the woman was created for the man, and that the man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. (I *Cor.* xi).

Does the Apostle mean that man is the end of woman, as God is the end of man? Evidently not. Man and woman have the same end. Both were created for God, and ought to tend to Him, although by different means, because their nature is not absolutely the same.

These words of St. Paul reveal a deep knowledge of the character of woman, and of the end assigned to her. She is the glory of man, and she was created for him. Man is the image and the glory of God, and has for immediate head Jesus Christ, His divine Son.

What distinguishes woman from man is that the latter may attach himself to an idea, and consecrate his life to it, whilst woman attaches herself principally to a person. This difference comes from the fact that man was made to act, whilst woman is especially destined to love, and thus to render action more easy to man, of whom she is the companion and ought to be the glory. Woman therefore wants some one on whom she may lean, who may direct her, who may be her head. And it is this want which, corresponding to the want of acting and governing by which man is distinguished from woman, renders so sweet and so advantageous to both their union in marriage. Woman leans on man, man supports woman, and both lending assistance to each other, walk more safely towards their common destination.

But this disposition of woman to obey, to lean on one who governs and strengthens her, to devote herself to a man who may love and support her, imposes on her the duty of considering carefully the person to whom she thus entrusts her whole life. If the man she accepts for a husband understands the obligations which this confidence lays upon him, she will find in her love for him a strong pledge of happiness and virtue. But if she falls into the hands of a man who is ignorant of her dignity, and for whom marriage will be only a veil under which he wishes to screen the bad passions of his heart, she has greatly to fear that her docility, her disposition to obey, and her self-devotion will turn to her ruin, by inducing her to follow blindly the fatal direction which he will endeavor to give her.

This is a stumbling block to the virtue and courage of many women. At first they adhere firmly to the principles which they have imbibed from a Christian education, and to the resolutions with which faith has inspired them. They struggle against the efforts of a husband without religion, who attempts to overthrow the barrier which opposes his evil designs, and to render his wife the accomplice of his vices and errors. But often the latter becomes wearied with the combat, surrenders, and accepts the shameful yoke imposed on her. How many women there are in whose hearts the abominable perseverance of a husband has succeeded in stifling, even to the last germ, the precious virtues which a pious education has implanted in their souls!

Marriage consists principally in the union of minds. This union may suffice to the married couple and no other union can supply its place. But that minds may be united, they must have a common centre around which they can meet and understand each other. Love alone perhaps would offer this point of union, if man together with the want of love did not feel the necessity of reflecting and believing, and if he had not a faculty more imperious perhaps than the heart,—the intellect. How can there exist a perfect union between two minds which disagree on the most important points and on the essential end of life?—between two minds one of which blasphemes what the other believes, and despises what the other holds in the highest veneration?

Such minds will be able, it is true, to understand each other and to agree on different things, on the means of acquiring a fortune, of procuring themselves all the enjoyments of the world, of surpassing others in luxuries and sumptuosity.

In other words, in order to be united and to understand each other, they will be obliged to descend into that low sphere of life in which ignoble souls grovel, and above which we must rise and maintain ourselves, if we wish to be true to our better nature and secure our ultimate end.

Never will two such souls be able to dwell together on a holy thought, on heavenly hopes, on divine sentiments. They must refrain particularly from diving into the future; for all their hopes are on this earth. After death no union for them, but eternal separation. Each *will go into the house of his eternity*, and that house will not be the same. Such is the fate, such is the grief, such the anguish which women prepare for themselves, when through passion, or a guilty condescension to the unjust wishes of their parents, or from some other motive, they take for husbands men who do not believe.

And when children come to be educated, how will parents who disagree on the principle and the end of education be able to perform that duty? As the government of the family belongs to the man, he will carry out his own views. In the education of his children he will make little account of religious principles, and yet they constitute its essential basis. How sad must be the results for the happiness and salvation of youth, thus to overlook religion in educating them!

Then when the time shall have arrived for his sons and daughters to select a state of life, if God calls them to a more perfect life, will not their vocation be opposed by a father who values religion little, and cannot understand the peace and happiness afforded by the sacrifices it prompts us to make? And supposing even that God should call those children to the married state, is not the selection of a partner most important to secure temporal happiness and eternal salvation, and ought not religious motives to have a large share in such a choice?

A woman therefore, in wedding a man who is not of the household of faith, not only endangers her own happiness and salvation, but also that of the children whom God may give her, and who will be one day the principal object of her tenderness and solicitude. The peace of her mind will be disturbed, perhaps, in her last moments by the dreadful fear that in departing she leaves her husband and children out of the way of salvation, and that the adieus she addresses to them will prove to be everlasting.

She would not marry a man whose rank or fortune would be far below her own; in doing it, she would think she disparaged herself. But there is no real misalliance except between souls; and every soul which, ennobled by sanctifying grace, and enriched with its precious gifts, unites itself to a soul destitute of faith and of the virtues of which faith is the principle, disparages itself; and no disparagement can be in its consequences so deplorable as this.

It may happen, I know, that a wife will win to God a husband that believes not,—that the unbelieving husband will be sanctified by a believing wife; but it is quite as probable that the contrary will take place, and that the husband by his influence or by persecution will lead his religious wife astray. The words of St. Paul who says that the unbelieving party is sanctified by the party who believes, were addressed to those who were already married when they embraced the faith, and who had to make the most of the situation in which they found themselves; they were not intended to apply to those who having as yet formed no engagement, are at liberty to choose a partner who can give them solid guarantees for happiness and salvation. I know that there are circumstances in which a wife may reasonably hope to bring to God by her example and counsel a husband whom she loves, and by whom she is loved; but this is an exception that confirms the general rule which we have laid down, and which women ought to bear constantly in mind when it is a question of selecting a husband.

If they are so frequently forced to regret the choice they have made, it is because before making it they neglected the precautions required by prudence and faith. Did they seriously deliberate before God, in meditation and prayer, on the step they were about to take? Did they rise by faith above the prejudices and illusions caused by the emotions of the heart or by the imagination? Did they consult their parents, and the director of their conscience, with a sincere intention of profiting by their advice, and of being guided by their decision? This is what all women should do before marrying. Is it done by most of them?

Mothers seem convinced, and try to convince their daughters, that as a woman cannot directly seek a husband, she ought to accept the first who offers himself, even when he does not present the guarantee that might be desired, and that in acting otherwise, they run the risk of not finding afterwards a suitable party.

But will it not always be time enough to take a step which compromises both your earthly happiness and your eternal welfare? Besides, why do not parents and girls who wish to marry, count faith and Christian virtues in a husband of as much value as those exterior qualities which they prize so highly? Let a man poor in worldly goods, but rich in piety and generous sentiments, come to offer his heart and hand to a young woman, and it will be seen what difficulties will be raised on the part of the girl herself, or that of her parents.

But whatever confidence a girl may have in her parents, whatever may be her respect for their will, her duty to them must not make her forget her obligations towards God, nor should her submission to their orders go so far as to compromise her own salvation and happiness. In circumstances so grave as those we speak of, she must have courage and firmness enough to oppose an invincible resistance to every solicitation, since her condescension may be followed by useless regrets and most deplorable faults. She should act in this manner not only for her own sake, but also to spare her parents themselves the grief of having caused the misfortune of their daughter by urging her to a union contrary to her inclination and her conscience.

# Pius the Ninth,

*At the Church of St. Luke in the Roman Forum, when the Holy Cross was carried to its own Church.*

Ring out, ye merry bells, a merrier strain:
Let echo with her thousand tongues sing loud
The joyous anthem from each hill and plain
Symphonious with the soul-exulting crowd.
The Cross again triumphant reigns:—the cloud,
That hung so darkly o'er the seven-hilled scene,
Breaks to the rising beams that sweetly shroud
The sign of our redemption with their sheen:
And Rome again is Rome—our Mother and our Queen.

Lo! from the ruined temple and the shrine,
Where erst dark superstition held its sway,
And they who ruled with power almost divine
Bowed down before their gods of wood and clay,
The teeming earth seems all alive to-day.
Not such a crowd these stony summits crowned
Since he, the pilgrim pontiff, made the way
To fame once sacred, holier, purer ground
And pleased Religion raised her numerous trophies round.

And these proud arches, o'er which Time has passed
So gently, that he seemed to crown their fame,
Yet rear their heads defiant of the blast,
Enduring witness of their author's shame.
Vespasian, Titus, thou whose honored name

Shines lonely 'mid that host, in history blest
  By title pious, did ye think to frame
A temple for Christ's glory, when ye drest
These massive columns thus to their immortal rest.

But why 'mid these mementos of the dead
  Gather these living myriads? Does the tongue
Of Tully shake the forum with the dread
  Of some new Catiline to vengeance sprung?
  A sweeter spirit rules the gaping throng.
Behold yon venerable form, serene
  In native majesty; 'tis thus among
His venerating children ye have seen
Some reverend patriarch stand in fond exulting mien.

And from those lips the honeyed nectar flows
  That fills the hungry soul with sweetness: — see
What eager joy upon those faces glows;
  What new delight is sparkling in each eye,
  As ear drinks in the trancing harmony.
Those echoes oft to Tully's voice had thrilled,
  What time he bade Rome's genius wander free,
Or in the traitor's shame the tempest stilled: —
But never words like these that glorious temple filled.

Vicar of Christ, as o'er that living sea
  Whose restless waves are breaking at thy feet,
Thy clear, mild eye is wandering lovingly,
  Dost thou not hear prophetic voices greet
  The wondrous influence of thy rock-bound seat?
Let the sea rage — let all its angry waves
  Dash up their foam against thee, they shall meet,
There where thou standest, Him whose mandate saves,
And refluent shall they rush confounded to their caves.

Alas! that enemy still vengeful throws
  Among the Saviour's wheat his baneful seed:
Still to his work his cunning phalanx goes
  And blasted hopes their cruel malice feed.
  How many a loving parent's heart shall bleed!
How many a hearth-stone drink with wild alarm
  The deep debasement of their hated deed!
But shall they triumph! — No, — tho' myriads swarm,
The whirlwind seed they cast shall burst on them in storm.

But thou must weep, oh! mourning father, weep,
  Even as He, thy Lord and Master, o'er
His Father's fated city: — thou must steep
  Thy bread in gall and wormwood still, before
  Thou drainest this dread chalice of the store
Of ills it bears unto thy loving heart.
  Alas! those floods of vengeance yet must pour
Their purifying waves, ere crimes depart
Or treachery foul shall break his thrice-envenomed dart.

But it shall come — the blessed day shall come —
When tears shall change to smiles and sorrow cease
To break her plague-filled phials over Rome.
Then joy shall bask beneath the light of peace:
Then Angels gladden at the earth's release,
And man, no more rebellious, shall be blest.
For heaven's own spirit, which redeems and frees,
Shall pour its gentle visions on his rest,
And one eternal sunshine rule his sinless breast. L.

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER VIII.

### *The Young Lady meditates on the step she has taken.*

The room which Kate entered was large, sunny and bright. It had no carpet (in those plain days) and was not magnificently furnished in any respect, but it was her sanctum. It was the room where she slept and dressed and worked and read what little she ever did read — for Kate did not trouble books much — and where she said her prayers. It was the place where she had resolved ever so many times that she would not care so much for this world and this world's vanities, and where she had prayed ever so many times that she might not be led into temptation, and where she had spent hours upon hours in fussing over some peculiar sleeve or some new dress or some charming novelty of a frill, and puzzling the life out of her poor brains to contrive how she should make herself look prettier than any body else at Mrs. So-and-so's ball, so that Haraden might say that no girl in the room was dressed as well as Kate O'Connor; and where she spent hours again of delightful revery afterwards thinking of the flattery, and homage, and success, and compliments, and gratified vanity, which that same ball had procured her. Coming into this room now, as we have said, she walked instinctively, as ladies mostly do, towards the dressing-bureau. It is a convenient place to lay any thing upon, and then — the toilet glass is there. To the toilet glass Kate lifted her eyes; that was instinctive too. The face which she saw reflected there was very fair and bright, a youthful, happy, glowing face flushed with a recent joy: and yet a shrewd observer would have discovered a slight perturbation there also.

"What have I done?" said Kate, looking into her own blue eyes. "Two hours ago I could have said yes or no to any body, and now I am bound. I know I shall never go back from my word and it is fixed." Not but that Kate's promise to marry Haraden had been subject to her father's consent, she had too much principle to omit that, but she knew well that she could get his consent to any thing if she only set about it, and as for Haraden, he would not care for fifty papas. Nor yet did Kate regret so soon the promise she had given. Oh no, she loved Haraden better than all the world beside, she would have broken her heart if he had left her or loved any body else, he seemed to be the end and object of all her thoughts, words and actions every day of her life, she was sure she never would be happy without him, and she thought and hoped, and tried to convince herself that she would be happy with him :— oh yes, she was certain she should — he loved her, that was clear, and she was sure that he would try to make her happy, and he had but to try — and he promised not to plague her about her religion, he said she might be as much a Catholic as she pleased. She took some plain sewing and sat down to think : for a little while it seemed that she could not think but only feel, but the quiet, noiseless, obedient little needle gradually calmed her. What a benediction is the needle to a woman ! we always think that if the men could only learn to sew they would get on so much better and so much more innocently through the world.

---

* Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

Kate then began to sew, and sewing she grew calm and began to think quietly. She reflected that she had been at home not quite a year, and in that year she had altered a good deal, more perhaps than in any year of her life. A year ago she did not see any necessity for marrying at all, now she had set all her heart and all her thoughts upon marrying, not Pat McKeon, or Frank Dougherty, or any other good Catholic, who would have gone with her every Sunday to Mass, and from time to time to the Holy Communion, and to heaven with her she hoped when they both should die — but to a man who never prayed at all, who abominated the Catholic religion, and who thought nothing in the world so mean and degrading as to go to St. Peter's "among all those beggarly Irish," except indeed confessing one's sins to a priest,— that was meaner still.— Ah, Kate, the world has done more than a year's work on you! there is an immense stride between becoming a nun and marrying Haraden White. True, he said he would not molest her about her religion, and yet even now, although he had no power over her, his influence in some inexplicable way hindered her in the practice of it. She could not explain or understand exactly how it was, but she had not been to confession since Easter, and this omission and forty others with which she had to charge herself, were all referable in some shape or other to Haraden White. But when she was once married it would not be so; she would be his then, and he hers, and she would not be all the time in a fever of excitement lest she should vex him and provoke him to neglect her and perhaps to leave her. But Kate's conscience had a very unkind habit of always speaking the truth, and it whispered now that if she was so very fearful of displeasing the lover, she would be still more afraid of offending the husband, that the Church did not approve of her children marrying Protestants, although, indeed, it was done every day, that her father who wanted her to marry a Catholic would be vexed to have her marry Haraden, that in short, she might be putting her soul in peril and that it was not too late even now to confess all to her father and set herself free. It must not be supposed that Kate for a moment harbored such a thought as this last: no indeed, we have said conscience whispered it, but it was so utterly repugnant to every thing in Kate's heart that she crushed it almost before it discovered itself, as if it had been a rising sin, and tried to persuade herself indeed that it was a wicked temptation in her ear — "and after all," she said, "who knows but that my marrying him may make him a Catholic in the end, and that would be a great blessing, and then I should have done some good in the world." So having found this nice way of silencing her ungracious inward monitor, she gave herself up to the pleasanter reveries which usually accompanied and sped her industrious needle.

What would Mag say and all the girls — what a stir and talk and charming little excitement her engagement would occasion — Haraden White to marry Kate O'Connor, a Catholic after all — in spite of all that the Protestant girls had said — how every one would notice her and look at her and asked to be introduced to her; and would not she look pretty and would not she be beautifully dressed? "Trust me for that," said Kate, in her girlish revery, "I know how to make myself look pretty." And then as she dreamed, something reminded her of certain spiteful and contemptuous remarks of Haraden about her religion, and what he would make his wife do if he had one, and what she should not do, and then returned upon her the vague terror and misgiving — and "I wonder what Father Haly will say?" said Kate at length, as she suddenly dropped her needle and looked up: — "but Haraden will have to *promise*, to give his word of *honor*," she added, nodding imperiously her head with its fair ringlets; and resuming her needle, gay visions of wedding dresses and bridal gear, of wedding visits and wedding tours, and all the accompaniments of a fashionable marriage again engrossed her thoughts.

All day long it was April in Kate's heart and in her face: showers and sunshine, calm and cloud. After April comes summer, and we must hope that after Kate's changeful April came sunshine and summer too.

## CHAPTER IX.

### What some People object to it.

The next day Margaret came home and the children, and the day following Mr. O'Connor became apprised of the fact that his daughter had engaged herself, so far as she might without consulting him, to Haraden White, and that she awaited his consent. Of course we do not feel bound to say whether he was informed of this circumstance by Uncle Mike or Margaret or Haraden or the young lady herself, or by the peculiar penetration and sagacity of Mr. John O'Connor, which, as we have seen, was not particularly on the alert at least in this direction: these are family secrets which we are no way called upon to divulge, any more than we are bound to inform our readers precisely what it was that Haraden White said to Kate in the west window and what she answered him, that morning that her father was kept at home by rheumatism,— for Mr. O'Connor had been better since, and was now as well as usual. Mr. O'Connor became aware, then, of a fact which did not please him: he did not want Kate to marry a Protestant at all, and then he had a positive desire that she should marry a son of one or another of his own Catholic friends, "first-rate fellows," he said, "as ever lived, and plenty of 'em too, and she might have had her pick, and nothing would suit her but she must go and marry this confounded Protestant: such a thing," he protested, "had never entered his head, he thought she had more sense." Kate hung on her father's neck and kissed him, and cried, and declared she hated to vex him so, but what could she do? she *did* love Haraden dearly and she couldn't help herself; "and as for those others, Pa, that you talk about, I never could marry either of them any way in the world, I never could love them if I tried ever so hard; Frank Dougherty is a capital fellow and I like him well enough, but he is only two years older than I am and you can't expect me to marry such a boy — and Pat McKeon, he is so bashful and blushes so, I've no objection to him as he is, I dare say if he were once married and out of my way I should like him very much — but to marry him! well there, it's no use talking, Pa, I do love Haraden, and I don't love any body else, and if I can't marry him I don't want to marry any body;" and Kate stuck out her pretty lips and looked as ugly as she could, and in spite of himself and his vexation, Mr. O'Connor laughed. When papa laughs the child has got her own way; every body knows that: and it was to no purpose that Mr. O'Connor suggested that if Kate were to consult Father Haly, Father Haly would be certain to tell her that she had better never marry any body than marry Haraden White or any other Protestant; "and he is not the only person who would say so, your Uncle Mike says so, and if you were his child, he never would give his consent."

"No, I dare say; he would like me to marry William Curran, but I never would marry William Curran, and if I had been Mag I never would have married James: I don't like either of them."

"And yet either one of these Catholics that you turn up your little nose at is a thousand times better man than Haraden White, and has a thousand times better chance for the next world."

"Yes, Pa," said Kate, with a mischievous smile, "but you know I want a husband for this world; and then may be if I marry Haraden, he'll become a Catholic."

"He is a great deal more likely to make you a Protestant, let me tell you, child, and if he does, I'll never forgive you, mind that, Kate O'Connor."

Kate assured her father that nothing in the world would ever make her a Protestant, and came off victorious, of course, as she always did with him in any encounter of wills. Uncle Mike said she was a goose to throw herself away on Haraden when she might do so much better; and so said a good many other people, when her engagement became a matter of notoriety; many Catholics said so, especially the older and wiser part of her friends; but truth obliges us to add, that many Catholic girls and some of their mammas too, felt some envy of Kate and not a little disappointment that "so desirable a match as this fashionable, wealthy, elegant man" had not fallen to the lot of themselves or their own fair daughters.

Margaret was very much "astonished," and very "sorry" too, for she was both fond and proud of her cousin, and thought she might do better, and she was rather disposed to take Kate to task for engaging herself to a Protestant: "I am very sorry, Kate," she said, "for I don't believe Haraden will ever make you happy;" and Kate turned a little pale and wanted to know what made Margaret think so. But don't preach, dear, wise, prudent Mrs. Curran! *Who* was always in the habit of retailing to Kate all the foolish compliments and flattering speeches of this same fashionable beau? *who* always repeated to her his opinions upon dress and style, fashion and etiquette, as if his opinion were worth more than that of all the rest of the world? who gave her to understand that if she succeeded in pleasing him she had achieved a great success? You did not mean any harm, Dame Margaret, but when you have cleared your conscience of all this silly gossip, it will be time enough to scold your pretty cousin for falling in love with this mirror of fashion whom you were always holding up for her admiration.

Two or three days after, Mr. O'Connor was alone in his office, Haraden having gone to take Kate and Margaret out to drive, the old gentleman was poring over his accounts, and suddenly there was a rather hurried, tremulous knock at the office door: — "Come in," sung out Mr. O'Connor, and the door opening, in walked Mr. McGrorty, looking a good deal excited, and with his spectacles on his nose, which was singular, as he never wore them except to read or write. After the usual friendly salutations he sat down with an air of great agitation, took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead although it was an uncommonly cool day for the season,—the season, as we know, was October—and then put his hat on again. While Mr. O'Connor was wondering what was the matter and whether his excellent old friend might not be a trifle mad, Mr. McGrorty suddenly said, "I understand, my dear sir, that your daughter is engaged to Mr. White?"

"Yes," said papa O'Connor, and turning back to his accounts, he began rather sulkily to figure up.

"My dear sir," said Mr. McGrorty spasmodically, "I'm a very old fellow and ugly to boot"—Mr. O'Connor laughed—"but your pretty daughter had a thousand times better marry me than marry that man."

"Do you know any thing against his moral character?" said Mr. O'Connor, starting and turning pale.

"Heaven forbid! my dear sir; but he is a Protestant and has no kind of religion and is the merest worldling that ever lived."

"I know, my dear sir," said papa O'Connor petulantly, "but what can I do? I don't want the child to marry him, but—the little pest!—she has had her own way ever since she was born, and I can't help it. I resolved she shouldn't marry him, but if she once sets her heart on any thing she comes round me and coaxes and cries and looks so pretty—and I never could deny her any thing in my life," said he, impatiently cutting a quill to pieces, "and I can't help myself."

Mr. McGrorty having delivered himself of his awful errand, became calm again, though he shook his head despondingly, and seemed to think it a great calamity, that so fair and innocent a creature should be given away to such a worldly, selfish, irreligious fellow.

While Kate's Catholic friends were expressing their opinions something after this fashion, her engagement occasioned no small stir among Haraden's acquaintances, the outsiders. Almost with one voice they exclaimed that it was an abominable shame that such an elegant fellow should go and fling himself away on a Catholic; some said he would soon get tired of his bargain, and other some that he would soon have enough of it and would never marry her; and Mrs. Weld said she did not believe he ever *meant* to marry her. This was just what Haraden liked: he was willing to make a stir, he really loved Kate as well as he could love any thing besides his precious self, he fully meant to marry her, and he was delighted to show all these great folks that he could afford to marry a Catholic if he liked, and that he would do it, too, in spite of their talk. He was certain that Kate was thoroughly pure and innocent, and he was very well satisfied; and assuredly, we think he had great reason to be satisfied.

In process of time, after the engagement was all over town, and every body knew it, Kate watched for an opportunity to go to confession. She took care not to go sooner, because she felt that she must tell Father Haly that she was engaged to Haraden, but she did not wish to give him such a piece of information, and did not so much mind telling him of it when he knew it already from public report. Of course, at this stage of affairs, Father Haly did not forbid Kate to fulfil her engagement, and if she expected him to do so, she was very simple, but in truth she expected no such thing.

But Father Haly had a great aversion to such marriages, and he made no secret of his aversion, and he took care to make Kate see that he thought, and made her understand too, that the step which she was about to take was a most foolish, imprudent and dangerous one. He blamed her for letting her heart go out of her own keeping and into such dangerous keeping: that, he assured her, was voluntary, and to say the least, a great weakness and a fault. It was of no use now for Kate to say that she could not help it: her faithful counsellor shewed her that though perhaps she could not help it at present, she might have helped it easily enough three or four months ago. He warned her that she would place her soul in peril, and that she must not be disappointed if her marriage did not prove a happy one; and Kate left the confessional in tears, and feeling very dismal.

She, however, could not resolve to give up the dear object upon which she had set her heart, and what was quite as weighty an objection, she could not resolve to go back from her word and give all Haraden's acquaintance occasion to laugh, and cry "I told you so!"—but she resolved that she would be more regular in her duties, and that she would certainly go again to Father Haly soon. Fortunately for her resolution, Haraden never found out that she had been to confession this time, and she was left in peace and went again "soon," as she had said. The weeks wore away, Christmas came, Kate went to confession again, that she might make her "Christmas" as usual, and somehow Haraden became aware of it, and then there was a storm. There were tears on one side and words on both, and poor Kate was a great deal more unhappy than she had ever been in her life before, and in a fever lest Haraden should leave her, and she would have been much better off if he had, but unfortunately he had no idea of leaving her; and she (good lack!) had not courage now to "go again soon," and so she diverted her mind from this real and serious trouble by preparations for her marriage, which was to come off before Lent, by studying the fashions of morning dishabille and evening costume, consultations with milliners and dress-makers, visits to the shops, inspection and selection of hats, dresses and jewelry.

## CHAPTER X.

### *The Young Lady carries her plan into effect.*

One rainy night during the January thaw, Uncle Mike and Haraden were at backgammon as usual, Mr. O'Connor was enjoying his pipe, Margaret had not come in, as it was one of James' nights for coming home early, and Kate sate close at Haraden's elbow with her work, occasionally overlooking the throws and moves. Suddenly the young girl espied a delicate looking epistle peeping out of Haraden's pocket, and like a true daughter of Eve, she helped herself to it; it was beautifully directed to Haraden White, Esq., on fine black-edged paper and beautifully sealed in black, but it had been opened and read, sparing the seal by carefully cutting round it. "Haraden," cried Kate, "what lady writes you pretty little notes in such a pretty little hand as this?"

Haraden was meditating how to dispose of a rather unlucky throw, and she had to repeat the question a second time. "Jealous!" said he at last, turning round with a smile which showed his fine teeth. "A very great friend of mine, an old friend."

Kate was not jealous, but only curious, and she persisted, "Who is she?" "Read it and see," said Haraden, turning back to his game. The note was as neat inside as out, and ran thus:

"No. — Park Place, *Tuesday Morn.*

"Dear Haraden:—

"You will have heard ere this of the very sudden and sad death of my poor husband. I had but just returned to the South with my little Henry, with whom and for whose health I had been travelling during the summer. I returned almost immediately after with my little boy to mamma, with whom I have been residing ever since, but as mamma thinks I keep myself too quiet, and Aunt Margaret has just moved to New York, having taken this house, she has wished me also to remain in New York until after Easter. Do come and see me. Yours, &c.,

"Victorine Elford.

"P. S. — I was at Saratoga for a month last summer, and rather expected to have seen you there."

Haraden looked round. "Have you read it?"

"Yes; have you been to see her?"

"No, I only got it to-day noon. I should have gone to-night, if it had not been so wet. I shall go and see her myself, and then I shall take you."

"No, I don't want to go."

"Oh, but you must, I want you to."

"Did you know she was at Saratoga last summer?"

"No."

Kate read the note again and turned it over, examined the neat black seal with the impress V. E. in German letters, and felt a slight pang of jealousy and a most unreasonable reluctance to go and see again the fair face which she had last summer been so fond of looking at. She had known, of course, that Mrs. Elford was a Protestant, and she saw now by this expression "after Easter," that she was an Episcopalian.

Presently she resumed her sewing and waited patiently till Haraden and Uncle Mike had had enough backgammon, and then she told Haraden that she had met Mrs. Elford both at Stafford and at Saratoga.

"You saw her!" cried he, evidently interested, and Kate went on to tell him all the circumstances, and how she had been charmed and captivated by Mrs. Elford's beauty; and then Haraden gave Kate some account of his former acquaintance with Victorine Prentiss.

She was, it seems, the only child of an old established lawyer in Buffalo, who did a fair business, but whose chief fortune was this pretty daughter, and for many years previous to the death of Haraden's father — his mother had died when he was quite a lad — the two Whites, father and son, had boarded in the family of Mr. Prentiss. "Of course," said Haraden, "I had opportunity enough to get acquainted with little Vic, and was as much fascinated with her beauty as you seem to have been; she was the prettiest girl in all Erie county, and I dare say I should have married her, but after my father's death I had business in St. Louis and New Orleans which took me away, and I was gone a long time, more than two years; and the fact is that 'mamma,' as she calls her, is a regular schemer and always was; so the winter that I left Buffalo what does she do but shut up the house and take Miss Victorine to Washington. There they met Henry Elford, who was not a penny richer than I am, only he had a fine estate and a whole lot of niggers, and then he is of a proud old family in Georgia, and Mrs. Prentiss likes old families, and when I came back Victorine was married and off. And I am glad of it now," said Haraden, quietly clipping to pieces a note which he had taken from the card-basket; "she is not so good-tempered as you are, Katy, by any manner of means."

Kate looked up and fixed her open blue eyes trustingly upon Haraden's face. "And her husband is dead?" said she.

"Yes, he was killed last autumn by a fall from his horse; I knew of that, and it was just after Victorine went home, it seems."

"Where did they live?"

"At Savannah."

"Have you seen her since she was married?"

"No: I have been at Buffalo several times, and I always put up at my old quarters, but she has never happened to be at her father's."

The conversation here became desultory, Uncle Mike produced his overshoes from the corner of the hearth, and presently the party broke up.

The next day Haraden went to renew his acquaintance with his old friend, and it was arranged that the day following he should bring Miss O'Connor to call on the fair widow.

"Is your friend Mrs. Elford as pretty as she was before her marriage?" asked Kate as the carriage rolled along.

"Well," said Haraden, "she does not look well in black; she was always rather pale," he added, glancing at Kate's glowing cheek, "and a black dress takes all the color out of her face."

They arrived at the house, rang and were admitted, Kate feeling no small degree of perturbation. As they stepped into the hall from the lobby, whom should she see but Harriet, brilliant and stately as ever, and little Henry in deep mourning. He was watching, child-like, to see who was coming, and immediately recognizing Kate, came forward, presenting his hand with the smile which she so well remembered. "Oh, I remember you, lady," said he, "I saw you—somewhere—at that large house, you know, which had so many piazzas and the swing." "Saratoga," said Kate. "Yes, Saratoga: and see my black clothes; poor papa is dead, and mamma wears black clothes too and is very pale." They were shown into the parlor, and presently in came Mrs. Elford, looking, Kate thought, as beautiful as ever in spite of her dress. She was very polite, but very calm and cold, and our heroine felt quite oppressed: in a few minutes came in Aunt Margaret, to whom Kate was introduced as Mrs. Mills, and whom she recollected as one of the Saratoga party: Mrs. Mills was too well-bred to seem to stare, and yet Kate felt sure from her manner, that she had come in to see a live Catholic dressed like a lady, much as she would have come to see the Khan of Tartary or the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. The young affianced found this a trial; and she would have felt it still more painfully only that in her simplicity she fancied that to be engaged to Haraden White was a sufficient advantage to supply all her own deficiencies. While she was feeling awkward, then, and trying to feel less awkward, Henry came in, and this produced a real reversion in Kate's favor. The child talked to her as if she had been an old friend, and always with that lovely smile which Kate thought he must have got from his poor dead papa, for she had never seen such an expression on his beautiful mother's face. He knew as much about different religions as he did about ceremonious morning calls, but when Kate asked how old he was, he said, fixing his large, loving eyes upon hers, "I was five years old last twenty-fifth of December. I was born on Christmas day."—And she could not help thinking some special blessing rested on this endearing child born on so joyful a festival.

"Well Haraden," said Kate frankly as they drove home, "I think Mrs. Elford is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, but I must say her manners are any thing but pleasing."

"You must consider, Katy," said Haraden very deliberately, smiling and showing his fine teeth in his peculiar way, "that in the first place Mrs. Elford has a great dislike for your religion, and then," added he, with that delightful conceit and self-complacency which seems the peculiar attribute of the nobler sex, "you know that you are engaged to me, and you could not expect her to like you much."

As we have said, our friend Kate was not vain, she had a painful sense of her own deficiencies, she really believed that to be chosen by Haraden made her an object of envy, and she received his explanation of Mrs. Elford's chilling manners with the best grace in the world. Afterwards, in the evening as she sate sewing, Haraden said abruptly, "Victorine's hands are not half so beautiful as yours, Kate." Mrs. Elford's face was far, far more beautiful than Kate's, but she had not a single expression half so lovely as the truthful, confiding look with which after some such remark as this Kate would fix those large eyes of hers upon her lover's face.

So passed, as happily as such periods are said to pass, the term of her engagement, and the time appointed for the grand event rapidly approached. If Haraden was selfish, as we have said, he never wanted generosity in regard to money and gifts: he lavished upon Kate presents without stint, she had little time for repose or reflection, the days were occupied in shopping, the evenings in examining and deciding upon purchases, and planning the next day's round of busy errands. It is a sufficiently fatiguing life, but girls always find it a fascinating one, and Kate, as we have seen, was no exception in this respect to girls in general.

When they were first engaged, as it was understood that Mr. O'Connor would not suffer any marriage, however auspicious, to separate him from his child, Haraden had proposed buying a new house, in order that on their marriage, Mr. O'Connor might leave his own old one, and go to reside with his daughter in a pleasanter and more fashionable locality. At first this idea was distasteful to the old gentleman, and was therefore abandoned by Haraden, who was easy-tempered and really amiable except where his prejudices were violently assailed. Afterwards, considering it, Mr. O'Connor saw that it would be more pleasant for Kate; that the selection of a new house and the disposal of the old one would be rather an amusement to himself as well as to Haraden; it was a business arrangement after all, a speculation, and in that point of view a thing which he should enjoy; so on further reflection, he proposed it himself to Haraden, and it was settled; they selected together a fine house in Broadway, just finished on the most improved plan, as the advertisements ran in those days before Croton water and gas were thought of. This at the last made Kate more busy still: every day questions were to be settled which she only could decide, about the furniture, adornment and arrangement of the new house, there were carpets, mirrors, curtains and an endless list of articles to be examined and approved, and engagements without number with shopmen and trades-people; meanwhile time crept stilly and swiftly on, and almost before Kate had become aware of the approach of spring, the eventful day was at hand.

The wedding was to take place on the last Thursday before Ash-Wednesday, which fortunately came very late that year, and at Mr. O'Connor's house, which Kate did not very well like; she would have preferred to be married in church — in those days it was permitted in mixed marriages to marry in church — but Haraden did not want to go to a Catholic church to be married; it disarranged all his notions, he said, and in short he would not do it. He would have greatly preferred to be married in the evening; it was much gayer, he said, and pleasanter, but upon that point Kate was obstinate, and all the family of course, and having yielded in this particular, he was the more strenuous about the other. When Father Haly was spoken to, to perform the ceremony, Haraden became aware that before the knot could be tied, his young bride would be obliged to go to confession, and that certain promises very important to her future happiness would be exacted of himself. He did not care a fig for the promises, but as usual, he was angry about Kate's going to confession, and afterwards in talking with her and Margaret about it, made use of such expressions and showed so much irritation that Kate's heart sank within her, and Margaret felt (not unreasonably, we may well say) a serious alarm for her cousin's future happiness. When Haraden had left the house, (it was only the day before that appointed for the wedding), Margaret said that late as it was, she thought it would be far better that the marriage should be broken off; she reminded Kate of Father Haly's warning in the confessional, and of the advice of her father and uncle, and others of her best friends, respecting the great risk and danger of marrying a Protestant; she said she was certain that if her Uncle John were aware of the expressions which Haraden frequently used, and of the strength of his prejudices, he would revoke his consent, and alluding to his remarks the moment previous, added, "I am sure, Kate, that you will never be happy with Haraden."

Kate sate listening silently for a few minutes, her eyes full of tears, and her heart full of misgiving, but at last she cried, "Say no more about it, Margaret Curran, I shall marry Haraden: I have given my promise, and I shall keep it, come what will, and I don't intend that Pa shall have a chance to revoke his consent; perhaps I shall be happy, and if I knew I should be as unhappy as you say, I would rather risk it and bear it, than make such a hue and cry as there would be if the thing were broken off at this date." Mrs. Curran felt that there was indeed nothing more to be said.

When Mrs. Elford first came to New York, Haraden expressed his desire that she should be at the wedding, and Kate accordingly asked her; she objected at first on account of her recent affliction and her deep mourning; but Haraden had set his heart on the thing, and it was Kate's interest to have him pleased, so she overruled Mrs. Elford's scruples, and the fair widow promised to come.

The last eventful morning dawned. Who can describe the awe, the chill, the suspense, the lonely audible throb of a young girl's heart on that last morning. Her bridesmaids and sisters are about her, talking gaily and laughing, and she laughs perhaps, and talks gaily in return, but it is only for fear that they may see into her heart, or read in her honest eyes the thoughts which lie buried there. She has thoughts which she dares not breathe to the tenderest sister, thoughts which she might perhaps whisper in a mother's ear, but Kate had no mother. Even in the happiest marriage, where she knows that she is beloved, and has the fullest confidence that she is giving her happiness into safe keeping, if she has any feeling and any sense, her heart on that last morning must take hold on heaven; nothing else is strong enough to sustain her sinking courage. What then was the fear and the chill in Kate's heart — poor Kate, who, the evening before, had shed sad and bitter tears of foreboding, who knew certainly that her future husband and companion had no fear of God before his eyes, and who had been warned not to be disappointed if her marriage should prove an unhappy one!

Margaret presided with most sisterly tenderness at her young cousin's toilette, and well did Kate repay that care: she was beautiful and beautifully dressed. She exerted herself, and looked gay and happy, and as the moments flew by her spirits rose, she began to feel happy and the thing passed off auspiciously. Haraden White, Esq., made not the smallest difficulty about promising that he would not in any way meddle or interfere in matters which concerned his wife's religion, nor hinder or in any way restrain her in the performance of her religious duties, and such further promises as were required of him. He was perfectly dressed and looked magnificent:—noble, elegant and nonchalant. Mrs. Elford was there, dazzlingly beautiful in a dress of silver grey, than which nothing could better become the delicately flushed marble of her complexion. Every body was there, every thing was as it should be, the wedding guests were gay, the wedding and the breakfast were brilliant and sumptuous, but to Catholics who had seen marriages before the altar and within the altar rails, it had a barren air of heathenism. After the breakfast, the newly married couple started immediately upon a wedding tour; they were to return before Easter to their new house in Broadway, which was all ready for them, and meanwhile Mr. O'Connor remained in his own house, (which was, however, with its furniture, already sold), until they should return.

And so it pleased Kate O'Connor to marry Haraden White, but it did not please Heaven that Haraden White should be for a long period of years the husband and guide and intimate companion of Kate O'Connor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.*

The pride of kings is the first and principal cause of the downfall of their royal houses; but closely treading on the heels of this is another, their sensuality. These kings would verily wish to persuade us that they are gods on earth, made of finer clay than the rest of us, precious stones in comparison with our common pebble, the gold of humanity in contrast to our vulgar iron and brass; their blood is sacred, forsooth, their persons are decorated with "the majesty," as the old Roman expression was; yea "there's a divinity doth hedge a king;" an ordinary woman, however chaste and beautiful, is not fit for the conjugal bed of a monarch, nor may the sacred stream of royalty flow through the wedded bosom of a plebeian, or rather of one, who however *noble*, could she boast sixteen times sixteen spotless quarterings, does not after all partake of the mysterious privilege of regal or imperial ancestry. And yet there are very few of these gods on earth who have not given frequent and scandalous proofs that they are made of as base clay as any descendants of Adam, some of them by their excessive indulgence in the ignoble pleasures of the table, or in the frivolous pomp of dress and furniture, the delights of palaces and gardens, of men-singers and women-singers, and all the luxurious gratifications of a court, and more still, by their addiction to the illicit pleasures of that appetite, the inordinate power of which is the most shameful mark of the fall of our race from its pristine and truly royal dignity. It is needless to ransack history for instances of the voluptuousness and criminal amours of princes. The facts are too notorious to require particular proof, or even specification; and it is all, we must allow, extremely natural on the part of human nature, subject as it is to that weakness, when surrounded by so many temptations as environ kings. And as it is commonly remarked that these temptations and the pitiable falls to which they conduct, are permitted as the punishment of pride, so it happens in the case of sovereigns and royal personages. That pride which leads them to reject the alliance of all beneath their own rank, necessarily renders the marriage union in their case too frequently an affair of state and grandeur, in which the heart has very little place, its inclinations are not consulted and congeniality of temper is not even thought of as a requisite. In short, royal marriages are apt to be marked with indifference or aversion of the parties for each other; and often, as the choice has been so narrowed, there is wanting that physical charm which is the lowest bond of conjugal affection; the sovereign sees a hundred ladies in his court more attractive than his queen, and they, too often, are only envious of her exalted position, and disposed to rival her at least in the affections of their monarch. When we consider, then, how many women in such a circle unite to beauty and fascinating accomplishments a deep want of principle, and an utter indifference to religion, and on the other hand, how much a king has to offer to overcome a virtuous resistance — wealth, honors, power, all that man naturally covets, we shall cease to feel surprise that so many kings have been dissolute, and rather wonder that any have been irreproachable and some saintly.

---

*Continued from page 44.

But power, let us be assured, always rests more or less upon a real basis — upon the moral and intellectual vigor of those who possess it. Now there is nothing which destroys moral and mental vigor more rapidly and completely than voluptuousness. It involves, in the first place, a base subjection of the will, the kingly faculty in man, to the dominion of a low vital susceptibility, a mere bodily appetite in fact (for the voluptuary soon loses all thought of love in its moral sense); and in the second place, it consists, in the physical sphere, in a perpetual irritation of the nervous system of organic life, which produces an exhaustion and degradation of the whole man. It is fatal to the individual, and fatal to his race. Now let us only suppose the case of this enervating and enfeebling process going on in a family generation after generation, and it is clear what the result will be: — that family will become what is called degenerate; it will have run out; have become exhausted; it will be represented by sensual, timid, irresolute beings, whose want of courage and moral energy will be associated with defective intellectual power. If you add to this cause the deplorable system of royal intermarriages, founded upon the excessive pride before mentioned, and implying a contempt for the instinctive cravings of affection which always lead men to seek for mates in a different family, and even in a different circle from their own, you have accounted sufficiently for royal "*cretinism,*" as it is called, and in a word, for the incapacity of the present royal families of Europe. But *cretins* and incapable men cannot long rule mankind. Their dominion becomes insufferable and is felt to be degrading, and men rudely shake it off. Your king do-nothing is soon supplanted by a vigorous mayor of the palace who knows how to do every thing. Your Richard II cedes to your Bolingbroke; your Henry VI to your Edward IV; your James II to your Prince of Orange; or a revolution breaks out — a crisis political — and the crown tumbles off the head of the royal inanity into the dirt; then follows a period of wild and painful anarchy, till the people, having expended its paroxysm, becomes calm, and submits, even with pleasure, to a new and sterner master.

Who does not see the illustration of these views in the story of the Bourbons? Henry IV, a prince of great energy and talent, the founder of their line (considered as one of French kings), commenced the tradition of royal voluptuousness. His son was a weak prince, but a good and moral man. He had a *master* all his life! Richelieu governed France in the name of the incapable son of the great Henry IV. The marriage of Louis XIII was for a long time a barren one; at length God gave him a son who, though far from equal to Henry IV, was nevertheless possessed of royal qualities, but who unfortunately imitated the licentiousness of his grandfather, and converted the court of France into a sort of harem. The mistresses and the illegitimate children of Louis XIV, the former adorned with titles, the latter shamelessly made princes of, marked a kind of deification of the passions of the monarch. His grandson, Louis XV, sank still lower in profligacy, and instead of being governed by a Richelieu, like the feeble but good son of Henry IV, was governed by a Du Barry and a Pompadour. Is it to be wondered at that the grandson of Louis XV, when it came to his turn to reign, in an evil hour for himself, found himself like Phaeton in the chariot of the Sun, incapable of guiding or controlling those frenzied steeds of Apollo — the passions of a multitude excited by new ideas — that he fell, and that monarchy in France fell with him? We insist upon this physical and moral deterioration consequent upon the licentiousness and luxury in royal families, not because we overlook the other detriments that accrue to their dignity from this source, such as the destruction of the prestige of royalty, the odium and contempt of their persons which it generates and diffuses, but because we regard the loss of internal vigor and native power as the chief and only fatal loss to a ruling house. Where these high qualities remain, other misfortunes can be repaired; the display of genius, of lofty courage, of masculine energy and a sovereign will, can reduce a refractory people to submission, conciliate the admiration of outraged subjects for their prince, revive loyalty in millions of breasts, and plant anew the royal tree shaken or half-uprooted by the storms of the state.

But we must not forget, looking at this subject as we do, from the religious point of view, that the sin of luxury in kings is a very great crime in the eyes of God, for which He will be sure one day to take a signal vengeance, and as it is more than the sin of a private person, namely, the sin of a king, will visit it upon his dynasty, in a public manner. For it is a fixed principle, which we have no need to establish, that with the advantages and merits, so to speak, of his birth, a king inherits in his public capacity, a participation in the demerits and faults of his ancestors, and becomes liable to punishment for their sins and errors. It was thus, that for the sin of David in regard to Bethsabee and Urias, the sword, as Nathan the prophet foretold him, never departed from his house; while for the criminal indulgence of Solomon towards the idolatry of his wives, ten tribes were forever rent away from the sceptre of his descendants. A king is the father and secular shepherd of his people; the supreme end of his authority is their moral welfare and eternal salvation, which he is to seek by political means, as the Church does by those which are heavenly and spiritual; and when he prostitutes his power and dignity to corrupt the morals of the fairest portion of his subjects, and sacrifices their purity and their hopes of heaven to procure an infamous pleasure to himself, let it be believed that this is a great crime, a deep treason against his office, and that sooner or later, it will be overtaken by the just vengeance of the Supreme Ruler of nations.

We have thus developed two causes of the degeneracy and fall of the Bourbons, their infernal pride and their shameful voluptuousness; by the first they stood up against God, and by the second, they corrupted and injured men; by both set a fatal example to sovereigns and drew down upon themselves the inexorable pursuit of a Nemesis more real than that which followed the fated house of Atreus. If we examine them on the third head of royal delinquencies, we shall find them not less guilty than on the other two, and that they have given here, too, fearful and irredeemable pledges to the justice of Providence.

The state was not ordained for a mere secular end; nor does the civil authority have for its principal term and reason, the worldly prosperity of the nation over which it is established. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it does, nor a worse practical error than for a government to pursue this end at all hazards and as an exclusive or even paramount object. The secular order exists for the sake of the spiritual, the natural for the supernatural, the temporal for the eternal. Although the state is sovereign and independent in the secular sphere, that sphere is itself subordinate to a higher—the spiritual; and the civil authority, therefore, cannot be quit of the moral obligation to consult the spiritual interests of its subjects as their highest interests, never to be sacrificed to those of this life. The state is bound to prefer justice to power and extent of dominion; the virtue to the wealth of its citizens; unity of faith and purity of morals before all the other advantages that can be named. France always acknowledged these principles, and it was in virtue of her formal recognition of them that her sovereign was called the eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian king. The Bourbons recognized them more particularly in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a measure, which, whether in a political or moral sense, nothing else could excuse. And yet it only needs a glance at the history of France under their rule, to see how they made these high interests subordinate to their supposed political advantage and aggrandizement.

It is painful to be obliged to cite these errors of a fallen race, in whose veins runs the blood of a St. Louis, but truth forces us to point out how Henry IV was the first Catholic monarch in Europe to make a political compromise with the avowed enemies of the faith in the bosom of his own kingdom; how in the name of his successor, Richelieu supported the arms of the Protestant princes in order to humble the power of Austria; how Louis XIV pursued the same policy, even so far as to encourage, it is generally believed, the enterprise of William III upon England, and most assuredly followed it in his German alliances; how, at a later period, following these evil traditions, the eldest son of the Church leagued with Frederick of Prussia against the Empress-Queen, abandoned Catholic Poland to heretical Brandenburg and schismatical Russia, left Ireland to the oppressive rule of Protestant England, and in short, made the *balance of power* instead of the unity of faith, the guiding star of French policy. The shame and misery of Gallicanism, the expulsion and suppression of the Jesuits, belong to the same category of errors.

And if you come down to the fifteen years of the Restoration, and the eighteen of the Orleans branch, when the race had an opportunity of repairing its mistakes, you discover that they used it only to repeat or rather to aggravate them, in the infidel system admitted to teach in the universities, in the desecration of Sunday by public works in deference to the heathen sentiment of the portion of society which seemed to rule, in the shameless endowment of a dozen different forms of religion by the State, as if it were become atheist at once, and lastly by the marriage of the heir of the throne to a Protestant. The mere license allowed to infidel writers to undermine the very foundations not only of religion but of social morality, during all the period both of the Restoration and of the Orleans rule, is a sufficient proof of the Bourbons' unworthiness: for if they could have prevented it and did not, they were unfit to reign as most Christian kings; if they could not have prevented it, it was time for them to yield to a sovereign and a dynasty that could. Incapacity in kings is indeed a worse fault than simple unworthiness, because it is one that cannot be remedied. The last monarch of France of their race was far from being incapable, however; or at least his incapacity lay in not being able to comprehend anything beyond the most worldly policy: — the *Reineke Fuchs* of the State, old Louis Philippe died, as he deserved, in exile and political contempt. A most ignoble close did he make of the long line of Capetian sovereigns, which began with Hugh the Great — he who knew not the alphabet of the true act of reigning, and mistook successful meanness for greatness, who thought France could be governed without one holy, without one generous aspiration as the life of her ruler's policy! The last prince of the third race of kings, having abandoned the insignia of his family — the oriflamme, the *fleur de lys*, the cry of *Denis Mont-joie*, the very title of king of France, the usages of the Bourbon monarchy, the time-honored titles of the French princes (the *Dauphin, Monsieur* and *Madame)* — in place of these heroic though exhausted traditions, could only substitute material interests, a sordid bourgeois policy of encouraging luxury for the sake of trade, and trade for the sake of luxury. Not one spiritual interest of the people was cared for under his short-sighted reign. That domain was left for the socialists and fourierites. His chief ministers were Guizot, a Protestant, and a writer of superficial histories; Thiers, another clever litterateur, a votary, therefore, of the system of display and vanity ycleped parliamentary government; and Soult, the old robber of the Peninsula, a Jew by birth (if D'Israeli may be credited), and certainly possessed of no more ideas of Christian statesmanship than a musket. These were the councillors of the Citizen King. But in truth it made no sort of difference which of them held for the time the principal portfolio of the ministry; the essential type of the Philippine policy was never departed from by any of the nominal administrations, from Casimir Perier to the last acceptance of a portfolio by the vain Thiers, while Paris was already in *émeute*, and the days of the Orleans dynasty were numbered.

Great ideas are the real daily bread of nations, and the government under which a people is famished in respect to these, has lost the reason of its existence. It was this fundamental want that alienated the French from the government of Louis Philippe. They were disgusted with mere secular prosperity; the classes who who did not share that prosperity, which the conduct of government caused to be regarded as the sole end of public authority, rose in rebellion; and so the poor tricksy sham of the *juste-milieu* — the system which had no principles or great ideas of its own, and thought to steer safely by holding the exact middle way between opposing principles — came to an end.

We repeat that this result is inevitable when secular governments give themselves up to the pursuit of mere secular ends. These ends can *never be perfectly attained;* and the best accomplishment they can possibly have is always an apple of Sodom, fair to the eye, ashes to the taste. The grandeur of the grand monarque was discovered to be a theatrical show at last, and one that had cost France infinitely too dear. The restoration disappointed the royalists more bitterly than it offended the nation at large; and the burgher policy of Louis Philippe failed to satisfy the bourgeoisie: the National Guard themselves gave the *coup de grace* to that very system which was designed to repose on the contentment of the selfish interests of the middle class. And Providence itself, which never created the great trust of civil authority to subserve the interests of the mere animal man, and still less the animal interests of a mere class in society, withdraws its protection from governments that so abuse their trust, and suffers them to reap as they have sown.

From all these things we conclude, and we believe it could be made still more clear did our limits allow us to go into the historical details, that every cause which could tend remotely to destroy a dynasty was at work in the case of that of the Bourbons; and looking at things in the large, comprehensive way, we do not see how they could have continued to reign, unless the laws of Providence were suspended in their favor by a miracle. Any how, that miracle has not been wrought, or at least it has been wrought in vain, for not once but twice, notwithstanding the merits of St. Louis interceding for them, their sceptre has been shivered into dust.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LONDON PRESSMEN.

A GOOD deal of information has recently transpired in regard to the manner of getting up the periodical literature, which now absorbs to itself so large an amount of talent. In no other country in the world is the system carried to such perfection as it is in England, and in no other city as in London. The following account of the manner in which the editorial matter, as well as the news, of the great London journals is prepared, we take from Duffy's Fireside Magazine. At some future period we shall present a similar view of the Paris press, the *redaction* of which, as it is called, is somewhat differently managed.

"In this age of competition and progress, the saying that 'a daily paper is a daily want,' has arrived at something like the dignity of an apophthegm. The statesman and the warrior, the merchant and the man of business, the poet and the painter, the actor and the author, the speculator and the *savant*, the priest and the layman, those who work and those who are idle, those who live to please others, and those who live only to please themselves — to each and all the very look of their morning paper bears the welcome aspect of an intelligent and omniscient friend, in whose pages they are sure to find exactly what they want, at the least possible outlay of trouble and expense to themselves. The whole earth seems to be girdled, day after day, between sunrise and sunset, by a legion of dainty Ariels, whose sole, but by no means simple occupation, is to gather and garner up information for the uses of the great London Press. Every thing that can be of possible use to anybody is there hived, and stored, and elaborated, and finally sent forth in so workmanlike and artistic a fashion, that the very perfection of the accomplishment, and frequency of the feat, cause us to lose sight of the aggregate amount of genius, diligence, toil, and industry that have achieved it. And even when we do come to consider the matter closer, the very magnitude of the operations which must be included in the manufacture of one of these vast daily repertories of knowledge, daunts us at the outset, and causes us to wonder, not at how it has been so well done, but how it could ever be done at all. By-and-by, however, when our inquiries become a little closer, and our means of information more correct, we begin to be able to unravel the matter, although our wonder at the result necessarily remains as great as ever. We find that Money — Capital, is at the bottom of it; but we also find that the system on which this capital is disbursed is the most perfect that can be conceived, and that the marvels achieved by it are produced and superintended by an agency worked out with the most wonderful harmony and exactness in all its details. A plethoric treasury induces a spirit of indifference as to expense, when a desirable object is to be obtained, and this wholesome prodigality almost necessarily raises up a host of claimants, in the hope to profit by it. But the ambitious tyro, fresh from college, and burning to distinguish himself as a member of the far-famed 'London Press,' has still a long probation to go through before he arrives at the goal of every pressman's hope. A scale of progression and gravitation is before him, and like the ambitious actor on another stage, he must learn to walk the provincial boards with dignity and effect, before he can hope for an engagement on the great metropolitan stage; and even then he must be the best of his kind—'the most perfect article to be had in the market'—ripe, ready, zealous, and, above all, *practical,* or he will have to retire from the field, in order to make way for a better man.

"Conducted and systematized as journalism now is, it has been elevated into the dignity of a profession—and a very important and influential one, too—by the efforts of able men, who were aware of the advantages and responsibilities attached to their calling, and who perceived that the public were prepared to encourage and reward them for every change for the better which their own talents and anxiety enabled them to make. They, therefore, proceeded to gather together bands of subordinate workers, perfect in the several departments in which they were to be placed; and, still better, they determined to remunerate them in so liberal a spirit as to make it worth the while of men of liberal education and well trained ability to prepare for their service, and to be satisfied to remain in it, when they were engaged. We have heard, that to Mr. Perry, a former proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle,* is due the first great move in what has certainly proved to be the right direction, but be that as it may, we believe that the members of the profession in the present day have a right to look to the *Times* as the vast and munificent fountain from which have sprung those golden waters that have fertilized others and enriched itself. In this age of keen competition, others have followed its example, hoping to arrive at similar result; but, although formidable competitors are in the field, and although some amongst them may have rivalled, and even outstripped it in some one department, still, on the whole, its superiority is manifest, and its unrivalled popularity enables it to keep even the best of its competitors at bay, from the almost extravagant generosity of its outlay. Its rule of action, and a very wise one it is, is to admit nothing that is not well worth paying for; and to accept nothing that it does not pay for on the most liberal scale. The source is immaterial; the value and utility of the article are the test. Many a 'correspondent' has been paid for articles which never appeared, but the special information conveyed in which has been worked up in another way; and more than one amateur contributor, who would have been quite content to have his ambition gratified by seeing his productions appearing in the columns of the *Times,* has been still further gratified by an unexpected draft on its treasury; thus winning gain as well as glory, pudding as well as praise. An anecdote or two will illustrate this. Some time ago, during the railway battles which occurred between the advocates of the broad and narrow gauge, a clever, but illiterate mechanic, formed certain shrewd speculations on the subject in dispute, and embodied them in a series of very disjointed and ungrammatical epistles to the editor of the *Times.* They were read (for in so well-managed an establishment every thing *is* read), and although their orthography was questionable, the value of their suggestions was admitted. They never appeared, but the writer was just as amply paid as if they had; for they passed into more competent hands, and were polished into shape, and thus presented to the public in a more attractive guise. A young gentleman, travelling in America, amused himself, during his progress, by writing home letters to 'The leading Journal.' On perusal, they were found to possess more than ordinary merit, and to contain some peculiar information which it was considered desirable to publish. They were consequently inserted; and on his return their author was both astonished and delighted to learn that 'a cheque,' drawn in his favor, awaited him at the office whenever he pleased to call for it. In this commercial and utilitarian spirit of giving *quid pro quo,* all its arrangements are based; and the consequence is, to insure priority and accuracy of information on almost all imaginable subjects, precisely because it is generally known that, when given, it will be adequately requited. At the same time, in thus illustrating our position by an example or two, we would not be understood to detract from the capacity or number of its registered and permanent staff, or from the efforts its members are competent and well inclined to make. In fact, the name of the phalanx of its literary retainers, foreign and domestic, is 'legion,' and the sums disbursed for their especial behoof are almost fabulous. Subdivision of labor is the official order of the day, and as 'Jacks of all trades' are generally 'masters of none,' in literature as well as in meaner things, every man is selected according to the bent of his genius, and ample time is given him to perfect his work, because he is richly paid and has nothing else to do. Editors, subeditors, leader and summary writers, critics, correspondents, reviewers, reporters, occasional reporters — each is given his particular business to furnish, and all that is expected of him is, that it shall be well done, and never behind time. To select him for his post at all is, *a priori*, a mark of his ability, and an acknowledgment of it, and stimulants are never wanting to encourage him, should he be found worthy of their application. And thus it is, when we seat ourselves at our breakfast-table of a morning, and glance our eye over the broad sheet which lies so innocently beside our muffin plate, we are never disappointed in our expectation of finding the latest news told in the best manner, or of reading essays which Addison might have penned on subjects which less accomplished writers must have failed to make either interesting or palatable. We turn from politics to the drama, from war to peace, from the palace to the police office, from the city to the country, from the east to the west, from England to its antipodes — there is not a link wanting, an item omitted, a record delayed; 'our own correspondents' seem to have ten times the ubiquitous vitality of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and whether they are required to dip into the mine, dive into the sea, soar into the air, expose themselves to the dangers of cholera, the broadside of a Russian three-decker, or the fire of a Turkish battery, they appear to be always at their ease and in their element, and to proceed on their mission with a never-say-die sort of mercurial audacity, which, by the thousands of readers who profit by it, would be found much more difficult to imitate than to admire.

"Although we have selected the *Times* as the theme on which to ground our foregoing observations, we are quite well aware that many of its competitors make efforts nearly as great, and foster literary talent, of a particular kind, nearly as much. It is said, even, that latterly, something like professional jealousy is felt by the 'thunderer' against the youngest and most vigorous of its rivals, the *Daily News;* and those who read the finished articles of the latter, and glance over the mass of information supplied by its contributors, will be disposed to admit that even the best of its opponents must never spare the spur, if they wish eventually to win the race, or keep the cup. In many of its departments, also, the *Morning Chronicle* is a keen and formidable competitor for public favor; and more than once we have heard that the magnates of Downing street have admitted the accuracy of the foreign reports sent to, and inserted, in it, when they pooh-pooh'd those of its mighty cotemporary as not altogether worthy to be relied on.

"If we turn from the journals themselves to their contributors, we shall be equally surprised at the wonderful fertility, industry, and dexterity of some of the men who work the machine, as at the power and profuse expenditure of the organs into which the product of their flowing fancies and vigorous pens perennially find their way. It will readily be taken for granted, that what is called 'a leader writer,' for a first, or even for a second-rate London journal, must require learning, training, and ability of a very peculiar kind, and therefore it is that their number, although considerable, is still limited in the aggregate, and their services both highly paid for and greatly in request. We are aware of instances in which writers officially unconnected or bound to any one particular journal, are yet in the receipt of incomes amounting to, sometimes, a thousand pounds a year, gained by untiring industry and a degree of facility, which only great original talent, coupled with long-continued practice, could ever give. Their business is to provide leading articles for the daily and weekly journals, which are paid for, not by any stipulated salary, but by the piece, as we may call it; and the sum total of highly-finished matter furnished by them in this way, is really one of the marvels of this go-a-head generation. We happen to be cognizant of the fact, that the average daily work of one of them — the accomplished son of an accomplished father — is *eight* articles! some longer and some shorter — all dashed off at a heat, and including a mass of matter, the very writing out of which would daunt an ordinary scrivener.

And yet this wonderful performance must be first-rate, and so considered by the purchasers, or it would not be accepted or paid for; nor would it be copied into the provincial journals, and quoted and requoted, as the well-digested and considered opinions of the great London Press. But here, again, the sub-division of labor is brought into profitable account; for the rough material, out of which these polished pieces are to be wrought, is provided in this way to the superior lapidary's hand. Two or three young men, selected for their aptness and ability, are engaged as his assistants, whose duties are to read over new works, hunt up necessary authorities, inform themselves of special facts, and, having thus armed themselves, their further duty is to jot these down loosely together, and present them to their principal, who then elaborates them into more perfect form, after the fashion which his experience suggests. Again, the matter worked up and furnished to one journal, on any particular subject, may be recast and given a different dress in order to suit another, or others; and, in this way, with considerable labor and infinite address, we find the product of one able and well trained mind presented to us in many useful and agreeable forms, and gaining fresh grace and beauty by the way. Furthermore, 'the 'prentice hands,' to whom was allotted the original drudgery, are thereby put into active and efficient training themselves. They undergo a sort of pupilage, and ultimately are sent forth from the great artist's *studio*, as very accomplished professors, to follow the same vocation, and, in many cases, to insure a similar reward. All this exertion, however, presupposes an amount of industry, for which men of the literary *genus* are not often given credit. But this is the calumny of a by-gone day; and the lives of the most eminent amongst our present writers, of every class and degree, give no countenance to it. In particular, the writers for the press take an honest pride in keeping up the dignity of their responsible profession; they live like gentlemen, mix with gentlemen, and, in social life, endeavor to assume and keep for their families a position consonant to their undoubted rank. At the same time, to do this with effect in dear, delightful, extravagant London, is an undertaking of so expensive a character, that the most constant and unwearied efforts are necessary in order to keep the pressure of circumstances from deranging the intellectual process, so constantly at high-pressure action, and so decidedly necessary to keep every thing right. Thus, industry becomes a compulsory virtue, and order, regularity, temperance, and domesticity tread in its train. Grub-street and its garretteers are now only an unpalatable tradition; and even a penny-a-liner would turn up his nose, if offered a residence for nothing in 'lodgings' such as Goldsmith revelled in, and Johnson continued to inhabit long after he had the means to live in better, if he chose.

"Having alluded to the class of London *littérateurs*, called penny-a-liners, I may take the opportunity of saying that, taken on the whole, they are a clever, comical, jolly, hardworking, extraordinary race, who live and thrive best on the misfortunes of others, and manage to put money in their own purses by telling how others have been plundered or defrauded of it. They are not gregarious, however — at least when looking out for food, as they generally hunt in couples, and look upon others of the same *genus* as themselves as offensive intruders, whom they would demolish if they could. It is wonderful, however, to witness the activity, energy, and perseverance of their pursuit, once the game is started, or even when their practised senses catch the slightest scent where it may lie. A fire breaks out, it matters not where, and before a single engine has time to arrive, you will distinguish among the anxious crowd several individuals, well made up against the weather, with bearskin coats and mufflers, who betray the liveliest anxiety to gather every morsel of information that any body can give. They rush from place to place, and hazard life and limb, almost as freely as the fire-brigade itself. Every jet of the flame, every shout of the mob, every accident or escape from accident of the inmates, the progress of 'the tremendous element,' the immense 'sacrifice of valuable property,' the extraordinary exertions of that particular member of the fire-brigade who wore whiskers, and rushed to the rescue of the distracted female who appeared at a window in the fourth story, with dishevelled hair, and clasping an infant wildly in her arms; the falling in of the roof, during which 'you might hear the pulse of the mighty multitude throb as one man;' each incident is noted down, to be quoted to-morrow, by these anxious inquirers, whom you take to be philanthropists of the brightest hue, and who turn out to be *only* penny-a-liners, earnest in their vocation, and making the most of it, at this 'interesting juncture' of their lives. And then what a rich mine of wealth is a well-concerted, cruelly-perpetrated murder to them! How they haunt the spot, and hover about the remains, and hunt up information, and discover that 'the color of the handkerchief was blue,' and that one of the eyes was 'a little discolored by a livid mark,' which *might* have been done by either hand or hammer; and how an empty glass (with a shank to it) was discovered in the cupboard, and a blue paper (with nothing in it) was extracted from a table drawer, and a knife, 'the blade of which was slightly bent,' lay buried beneath a heap of offal in a small larder to the right of the stone passage. It is the very poetry of particularity, and would soar many degrees higher, were it not that the ill-natured sprite, called 'the sub-editor,' is sure to cast an envious eye on its ambitious flights, and jealously to dock them when they come beneath his ill-natured knife. In fact, this same 'sub-editor' is about the direst foe with whom the penny-a-liner has to contend. He has the horrible duty allotted to him of curbing, maiming, cutting down, and otherwise disfiguring the products of the penny-a-liner's imaginative mind and flowing pen, and all accounts concur in saying that this duty he performs in a very ruthless way — that is, unless he happens to be a young hand. A friend of ours, however, chanced to be in this predicament, and on his first induction to office, generously admitted every flowing period sent to him. After a few days, however, he found that the length of the 'reports' became alarming, and that his whole available space must be taken up in rape, robbery, fire, murder, suicide, drowning, and such ferocious material. An application to, and consultation with, a 'cute' old editor, however, set him right. 'They find you a little green,' he said, 'and so long as you continue so, they will make hay of you; just put the whole bundle in the waste-basket for a few days, and they will understand the hint without a single word said on the subject.' The hint was taken, and our friend's perplexity and trouble at once were at an end.

"The incomes derived from this branch of business are sometimes very considerable. The principal person employed by the *Times* is said to be in the receipt of fifteen hundred a-year. He keeps a secretary, assistants, vehicles and horses, and is to be found at every scene of enormity within twenty miles of the great metropolis. Others realize profits to the amount of many hundreds a-year. and these profits are wonderfully increased, if it so happen that any number of the disasters they are employed to record take place on a Thursday or Friday, because they are then able to furnish reports to the weekly and Sunday papers, as well as to the daily ones. There lately occurred a 'tremendous conflagration' at the west end of London on a Friday morning, and we were assured that a pair of these 'diligent inquirers' actually netted sixty pounds as the product thereof. It is a misnomer, however, to call them penny-a-liners, as three half-pence is now the sum given for each line of their useful, graphic, and meritorious productions."

# How the Heathen lamented their Lost.

*For the Tomb of Philanis, dying unwed.*

BY THE VIRGIN ANYTE.

Often upon the lamentable grave
 Of the Maid untimely dying,
Kleino the mother wept her child beloved: —
 By name to the Shade loud crying
Of Philanis! who, the marriage-night unproved,
Crossed Acheron's pale wave!

# She touched the Hem of His Garment.

*Written at Rome, on the 23d Sunday after Pentecost,* 1844.

O PROMPT, as once on Hermon's hill,
  The dews of health to shed!
The afflicted ruler at his will
  Thy patient footsteps led.

Fountain of Life! what healing force
  Passed from Thee not unfelt,
While 'mid the crowd who thronged thy course
  The conscious Woman knelt.

When Thou, O Jesu, on her turned
  To ask who touched Thee — who?
Thus by her Healer's eye discerned
  What shame, what fear she knew.

Flowed downward from that brow divine
  The meekly-parted hair, —
The woman-like, the heavenly sign
  Of tenderest pity there.

And hovered still that mighty dove
  Upon the opening lips,
While greater miracles of love
  Those of Thy power eclipse.

From those sweet awful lips broke forth
  The re-assuring word
Of Him the utterance of whose mouth
  Is like a two-edged sword.

Peace spreads through all the listener's soul,
  Like health through all her frame;
Holding in *heart* that sacred stole
  Through Heaven's love-gate she came.

Sore stricken, too, with shame and fear
  Thou didst not then contemn,
Oft might *we* dare unseen draw near
  To touch thy garment's hem;

To feel the flowing fount of sin
  Dried up within the soul,
And that absolving sentence win,
  "Thy faith hath made thee whole!"

## THE HOLY WAY OF THE CROSS.

The Protestant who enters one of our churches may very probably have his attention arrested by a series of pictures, or colored prints, or may be prints uncolored, hung upon the walls on either side at regular intervals, and of which the artistic execution, in his opinion, will scarcely entitle them to such a place. If he vouchsafes to examine them, he will find that they are representations of certain passages or circumstances in the passion of Jesus Christ, beginning with His sentence of death — "And Pilate delivered Him to be crucified" — and ending with His sacred entombment. It is likely enough, if he be piously inclined, with some faint conviction in his heart or mind, that this event, the steps of which are thus depicted, was the fountain of human salvation, the transaction which reconciled our race to its Maker, that he will form a rather favorable opinion than otherwise of the devout intention of those by whom these pictures were so placed, at the same time that he cannot well suppress a curl of the lip at the artistic taste which selected them. Or, if his visit chance to occur at one of the hours when the church in question is frequented by devotees, he will be surprised and interested to observe a certain small number of persons, an old woman perhaps, or two, and some gray-haired laborer, quite likely a foreigner, a German perhaps, making the circuit of these pictures, kneeling in the aisle at each one, and saying to himself or herself some prayers.

These persons are performing the devotion called The Way of the Cross, and the pictures are put there, not for any æsthetical beauty that they can boast, for that is often, to say the least, extremely moderate, and by no means calculated to raise the enthusiasm of a lover of art, but simply to enable that devotion to be performed. Each picture is but a colored or outlined *word*, the object of which is to call up to the devotee's mind a scene, an event, deeply engraven by quite another instrument upon the tablet of his or her heart and memory, and if it were little more than a hieroglyphic in its rudeness, it would still serve that purpose, and, were it exquisite as Raphael's Holy Family, might serve it less.

At each of these pictures, called technically *Stations*, certain prayers are said, and the heart is directed to meditate on the event represented, in order to kindle suitable affections towards the Saviour of mankind in His sufferings. When the Stations have been erected by an authority competent to do so, the act of those performing the devotion is considered equivalent for certain purposes to a devout pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre itself, and has been enriched by the Sovereign Pontiffs with the same indulgences — to wit, a plenary one, each time it is performed. When our supposed Protestant friend had received this explanation he would probably be worse scandalized than by the unartistic character of the pictorial representations of which he will now have obtained a complete solution. The whole arrangement subserves not a purpose of ornament, nor is it even intended merely to excite pious emotion, but provides the means for the performance of an *action* recognized by the Church as penitential, satisfactory and meritorious.

As at this season many of our readers will, we hope, be performing the Stations of the Cross, we give on the following pages some of the exquisite though simple verses which have been written touching the sacred events they will commemorate, illustrating each with a cut of the Station from a little book in common use among Catholics in practising the devotion, and called *The Holy Way of the Cross.*

### FIRST STATION.

*Jesus is condemned to Death.*

"Amazing Mystery! past all ken:
All thought transcending far:
The Judge of angels and of men
Judg'd at a human bar!"

### SECOND STATION.

*Jesus takes the Cross on His Shoulders.*

"In silent sadness, through the throng,
His Cross the Saviour bore;
While wretches, as he passed along,
Insulted Him the more."

### THIRD STATION.

*Jesus falls the first time under the Cross.*

"The cruel jest and ribald song
Assailed him from the hostile throng;
Until in misery none can tell,
Borne down, at last, the Victim fell!"

### FOURTH STATION.

*Jesus meets His most afflicted Mother.*

"Virgin of virgins! thy pure feet
The path of pain have trod;
Thy heart went forth thy Son to meet,
Mother of God!"

FIFTH STATION.

*Jesus is asssisted in carrying His Cross by Simon of Cyrene.*

"See, 'neath a cross of wood our Maker bend,
And from created strength his help attend!"

SIXTH STATION.

*Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.*

"See where yon woman wipes His sacred face,
And wins a likeness of the King of Grace!"

SEVENTH STATION.

*Jesus falls under the Cross the Second Time.*

"See where the Cross — that purchase of the Crown —
Weighs on His frame once more and sinks it down!"

EIGHTH STATION.

*Jesus consoles the Women of Jerusalem, who followed Him, and wept over Him.*

"Lo where the daughters of sad Salem weep,
Whom for themselves He bids those piteous tears to keep!"

### NINTH STATION.

*Jesus falls under the Cross the Third Time.*

"For the third time see Jesus fall
Beneath His weighty cross: —
For its dear sake, Lord, teach us all
To count all else but dross!"

### TENTH STATION.

*Jesus is Stripped of his Garments.*

"Now from His pure and virgin form
The garments off they tear,
For He beneath God's anger-storm
Will naked stand and bare!"

### ELEVENTH STATION.

*Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.*

"See — see as His Altar
The Cross is displayed,
And He, the great Sacrifice,
On it is laid!"

### TWELFTH STATION.

*Jesus Expires on the Cross.*

"Lo! how He bows, — when He resigns
His breath,
That Head which holds the Crown of
Life and Death!"

THIRTEENTH STATION.

*Jesus is taken down from the Cross.*

" See taken from the bloody Cross
The Victim who repaired our loss ! "

FOURTEENTH STATION.

*Jesus is Laid in the Sepulchre.*

" And laid within His rocky tomb
The Victor's self of Death's pale gloom ! "

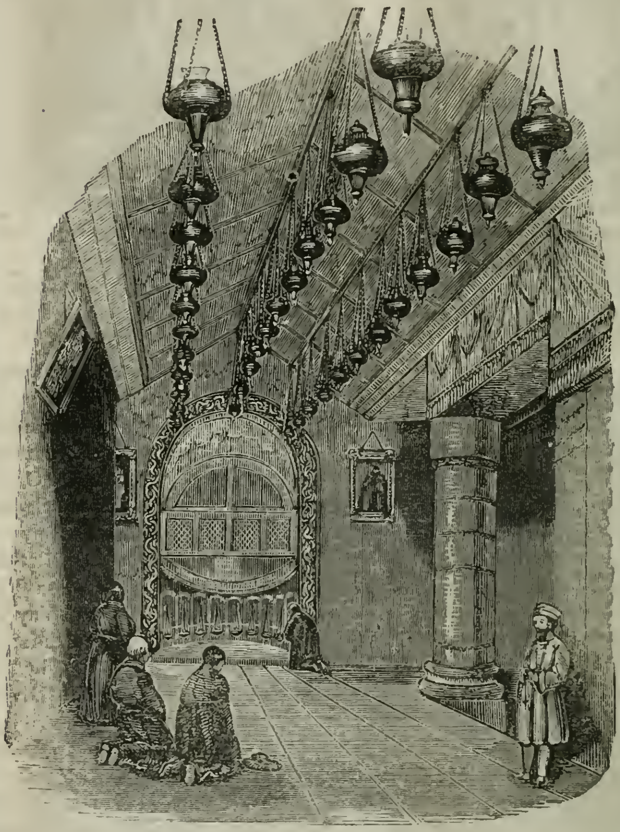
We adore Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, and bless Thy holy name,
*Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.*

*The Dolorous Way in Jerusalem.*

The most interesting, and we were going to say, the most perfect manner of performing the Way of the Cross, is to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to perform the Stations in the Dolorosa Via, the Dolorous Way itself, traced by the steps and sanctified by the blood of the Divine Saviour of mankind. That was the begining of this heart-touching devotion, which has been thus practised for at least fifteen centuries by our predecessors in the faith, who from distant countries have sought the sacred scene of the salutary Passion, and, arrived at the spot so fruitful in graces, have commenced at the house of Pilate, and thence proceeded, on their knees, along the Way of Grief where bliss eternal was purchased for each of the pilgrims.

The cut on the preceding page, represents the *Dolorosa Via*, as it is at present in Jerusalem, winding along the rocky hill-side of Zion, worn by the feet and the knees of pilgrims without number, of every age, sex, color, and clime.

Over the terminus of this Holy Path — the Tomb in which the body of our Lord was deposited after it was taken down from the cross — is erected, as all know, the celebrated church of the Holy Sepulchre, to save which from the power and pollution of the infidels, Europe at the time of the Crusades precipitated itself upon Asia; and which, singularly enough, even in this day of unbelief and material interests, was the first object of contention that led to the contest now raging in the East, and which seems to involve all Europe and Asia, even as of old. Indeed, a veneration for this sacred spot, and a love for the devotional exercise that thence took its rise, is necessarily bound up with a true appreciation of what was accomplished there for us, and of the person by whom it was accomplished. In the passage from Pilate's house to the Arimathean's tomb, our salvation was achieved, and He who wrought it was God incarnate: these two simple propositions of faith explain all the devotion of the Christian world for so many centuries to the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, as evinced in the never-ending lines of pilgrims who during all the lapse of those centuries have continued to approach it, and in the devotion of the Holy Way of the Cross, by which those who cannot seek the Holy Spot, with their feet, visit it in mind and heart, and pour out their prayers and their tears over the last footsteps of their Redeemer and before the resting-place of His Body sacrificed for their sins.



*Interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.*

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—III.

(LA CONCIERGERIE—MARIE ANTOINETTE).

ON the banks of the Seine, in one of the oldest quarters of Paris, stands the Palais de Justice. Beneath this feudal castle, the ancient residence of the kings of France, lies the famous "Conciergerie." By a special permit of the prefect of police, we were admitted through a frowning gateway, into these subterranean chambers, dug, in a manner, out of the foundations of the Palace. The walls are green moulded and scaled by constant humidity. The tramp of numberless wayfarers on the quays, the unceasing roll of vehicles in the adjoining streets, the dull, monotonous splashing of the river against the bridge and parapet walls, send a din through the long and dismal corridors, with mournful echoes, like the moans of the unhappy beings, who through many ages, have tenanted these sepulchral abodes. The massive piers, the groined vaults, the fantastic sculptures of these substructions, as well as the sombre walls and spired turrets which surmount them, recall the early period of the Capetian kings, who rioted in the halls above whilst their prisoners pined away in the dungeons beneath.

They forgot that the Providence of God, which is no respecter of persons, awards justice to the guilty even in this world; and alas! often punishes the crimes of the fathers in their children. Here as well as in the crypts of St. Denis, are proclaimed the admonition and menace; "O ye kings! understand: serve the Lord with fear: embrace discipline, lest at any time, He be angry and you perish from the just way."—(*Ps.* ii).

We entered the dim and silent ward: we passed through grated wickets and bolts and chains and guards. A narrow door opens into a vestibule which now serves as a sacristy to the prison chapel on the right. Here were confined the wretched Girondists, who expiated their follies and crimes by a bloody death; and here on the eve of their execution, they celebrated their last meeting on earth, with festivities worthier of Pagans than Christian men. To the left of the vestibule is a low, damp cell, perhaps some fifteen feet in length by six in breadth. Through a circular aperture, about twelve inches in diameter, cut in the form of embrasure through the solid masonry, and trellised with iron bands, a faint twilight glimmers on the bare walls and brick floor. A hospital pallet, mean and uncurtained, a small deal table, a wooden chest, two straw chairs, are its furniture. Among these realities of destitution, dreariness and horror, was incarcerated for seventy-six days the hapless widow of Louis XVI, the ci-devant queen of France, Marie Antoinette! She, of whom Burke had said, when she graced the *fêtes* of Trianon; "I saw the Queen of France at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering, like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy,"—she, now pale, haggard and emaciated, with blanched hair and tattered garments, forlorn of fortune, comfort and hope, occupied this old, unwholesome, noisome dungeon: and revolutionary France, mad with wickedness and imbrued with blood, exulted as it heaped ignominies and distresses on her head! Her appointed valet was a spy, robber and murderer; and two gens d'armes were thrust on her privacy, to torture by sinister aspect, sleepless vigilance and brutal address, the last hours of a defenceless, heart-broken, persecuted woman! Where was the lofty courtesy of olden times, the championship of loyal knights, the chivalry of Du Guesclin, Dunois and Bayard? Where is the journal of that sad captivity? Ah! if those walls could reveal the scenes of misery which they inclosed; if these vaults could utter the story of her wrongs, what a chronicle to touch the heart would be given of the tears and sighs and agonies of that afflicted wife and mother!

On a black tablet affixed to the wall we read: "D. O. M. Hoc in loco Maria Antonia Josepha Joanna Austriaca, Ludovici XVI vidua, conjuge trucidato, liberis ereptis, in carcerem conjecta, per dies LXXVI, ærumnis, luctu et squalore adfecta, sed propria virtute innixa, ut in solio, ita et in vinculis, majorem fortunâ se præbuit: &c." Who can contest the truth of this pious record or refuse the tribute of pity, admiration and prayer to the departed spirit?

"Quisquis ades, adora, admirare, precare."

From this horrible dungeon, Marie Antoinette was led out into the blinding sunlight and exposed to the truculent multitude which outraged her feelings at every step, till the axe in the "Place de la Concorde," ended by one blow, her tortures, her sorrows and her life. As she had conscientiously and resolutely refused the proffered services of the Constitutional clergy, the Revolutionary Tribunal, with ineffable malice, denied her the consolations of religion. But God did not forsake her in this extremity of wo. Apprised that a faithful priest, who could not obtain access to her in prison, awaited the passage of the cortège in the Rue de St. Honoré, to give her absolution, she occupied herself solely with this thought, and with eager, searching gaze marked the houses in succession. At length she discovered the specified number and the hand upraised to bless her. With closed eyes and bowed head and penitent soul, she welcomed the grace and mercy of God. The sign of hope was given; the seal of reconciliation received: and then with a brighter look, a braver heart, a firmer step she mounted the scaffold. She knelt and prayed. One last look to the distant turrets of the temple: one last cry of the yearning spirit of the mother, "Adieu, my children, I go to rejoin your father," and the tragedy was ended!

Cruel as was the fate of poor Maria Antoinette, she does not escape even now the obloquy of ignorant and unfeeling men. How unmanly and unjust is this attack on her memory, which we find in one of the latest of Abbott's series! "The Queen had nerved her heart to die in the spirit of defiance to her foes. She thought perhaps too much of man, too little of God. Queenly pride rather than Christian resignation inspired her soul."

Little does this statement accord with the facts which impartial and veracious historians narrate; with the solemn words of that pathetic letter which she addressed to her sister, the Princess Elizabeth. "May my son never forget the last words of his father, which I now repeat from myself. *Never attempt to revenge our death.* I die true to the Catholic religion. Deprived of all spiritual consolation, I can only seek for pardon from Heaven. I ask forgiveness of all who know me. *I pardon all my enemies, the wrongs which they have inflicted:* — Je pardonne à tout mes ennemis le mal qu'ils m'ont fait."

But we need not wonder at this misrepresentation. The Protestant world does not know and cannot comprehend the consolations of Catholic faith. It cannot penetrate the interior; and guided by material instincts, it misjudges motives, sentiments and acts. Infidelity, indifference, or any form of error is preferable to the religion of the major part of Christendom. Thus this same compiler in speaking of the approaching death of Madame Roland, one of the refined heathens of the Revolution, seems quite content with her "vague and shadowy prayer, which betrays a painful uncertainty whether there was any superintending Deity to hear her cry." He has no reproof to utter, when "she came to the conclusion that it would be more honorable for her to die by her own hand, than be dragged to the guillotine." He is not startled at her "fears whether there was any immortality." And why? Because she disowned the faith of her fathers: because "the papal system appeared to her but a colossal monster, oppressing the people with hideous superstitions, bare-faced deception in processions and relics, ridiculous dogmas and puerile traditions!!" *En passant,* is it not meet to enquire how far it is instructive and edifying to put in the hands of our children these temptingly-illustrated falsehoods, fit companions and successors of the calumnies of Peter Parley?

### (The Cause of these Misfortunes and their Remedy).

I have expatiated on this eventful crime, because in glancing at the state of society, at the close of the last century, I regard the judicial murder of the Queen of France, as a high exponent of the utter debasement to which that society had sunk. Marie Antoinette dethroned, imprisoned, separated from husband and children, subjected to a vile and harassing surveillance, denied decent and sufficient raiment, calumniated, reviled, maltreated in all her relations, as Queen, wife, mother, woman — exposed to public insults, debarred the ministrations of religion, carried in a tumbrel to the scaffold, with her hands tied behind her back, guillotined amidst the fiendish shouts of a caitiff mob, demonstrates in the people a moral callousness, an excess of turpitude, a sanguinary ferocity, a retrogression to barbarism, which no other wickedness in the gory register of that epoch can surpass or equal. It is a history of crime and horror, unique, significant, comprehensive in itself. France indeed was rotten to the core.

Shall we ascribe this fearful depravity to the influence of the Catholic Church? So charge some theorists, with as sound logic as Macauley, who, in noting the temporal adversities of Ireland, attributes them to her religion, and not to the notorious misrule of England. The earnest and clear-sighted reader of history cannot be thus deluded. The despotism of Louis XIV in Church and State, the blow he gave to civil government, when he established Gallicanism in opposition to Papal authority, the errors of Jansenius and the fierce hatred of his followers to the Jesuits, the open corruption of the reign of Louis XV, and of the regency under the Duke of Orleans, the infidel conspiracy of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal and the Encyclopedists who had borrowed their unbelief from the English skeptics, the irreligion, profligacy and rebellion which flowed from the doctrines of these crafty teachers, were sufficient to poison the wells of life, and to shake the social and political fabric to its base. But let the work of iniquity be completed. The French Bishops are in exile; the clergy are put to death or banished; Catholics, suspected of *incivism* and persecuted, are driven to apostasy or to death. The patrimony of the Church is sequestrated; colleges and academies closed; monasteries and convents secularized; religious orders suppressed; the sanctuaries of prayer and penance broken up; the Catholic worship extinguished; atheism inaugurated; God ignored and Hell declared triumphant. What more could be devised to rob France of her faith and demoralize her heart? Iniquity is ingenious and persevering. Chatel and his sacrilegious innovations — the St. Simonians, with their pantheistic extravagancies — the littérateurs and novelists, with their anti-social, anti-christian, impure tenets and descriptions — the University, with its monopoly of education and misdirection of the youthful mind — a Voltairian government, subtle as malicious in its affected liberalism, these were the active foes that aggravated her calamities and riveted her chains! But God had pity on His Church; He rescued from its oppressors the land of St. Louis. Men had tried all expedients, resorted to all associations, adopted all systems; and found only vanity and affliction of spirit. Rendered wise by disappointment, they lifted their eyes to heaven once more — their refuge, hope and end. They recalled the pleasant times of old, the glories of the Church of France, the resources of the ancient faith. And that faith of their fathers again invoked, that faith so pure, so truthful, so cheering, so invigorating, though thwarted in its endeavors, was resolute to minister to their wants; though crushed to the earth, rose up full of energy and life; though unsupported by the powers of this world, still, in the name and by the virtue of Christ, wrought wonders in France. How marvellous indeed are the contrasts of the beginning and end of the last fifty years! Mark the present aspect. The Episcopacy is illustrated by men of talent, zeal, virtue and apostolic independence. They fling away the fetters of 1682; and inspired by Rome, to which they fondly cling, build up anew the institutions and monuments of religion. Many of them, by their works, are worthy of the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. The priests, learned, prudent, devoted, labor piously and efficiently in their ministry of redemption. If you enter the churches, you behold the evidences of that new life which animates France. There, like the sentinel at his post, the priest is always stationed. It is no periodic duty, no holiday occupation: for is he not a laborer in the vineyard, a servant in the temple of sacrifice, an intercessor in the house of prayer? From the early dawn until midday, priest succeeds priest at the altar. Do you repair to the sacristy to consult on Church business — to the font to obtain the waters of regeneration — to the confessional to crave remission of sins — to the tabernacle to adore Jesus Christ in the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament — to the bier, to assist at the solemn rites of the dead? There "the minister of Christ and dispenser of the mysteries of God" awaits you; prompt to aid, to relieve, to console you. The hours of darkness chill not his charity nor relax his zeal. The night bell and the placard are before you — "La sonnette de nuit pour les sacremens."

If you enter a succursal church or pass a lateral chapel, you are arrested by the tones of a paternal voice, you discover gathered beneath the shadows of piers and the soft twilight of stained windows, a decorous, attentive, interested crowd. It is the *curé* or the *vicaire* with his little flock — the children of the parish, into whose innocent souls he is pouring the light of knowledge and the unction of grace. What vigilant love, what multiplied efforts, what unwearied pains to prepare those young hearts for the presence of Jesus Christ; and subsequently to confirm them in virtue by the "Catechisme de Persévérence?" The clergy of Paris know the value of religious instruction to correct the evils of the revolutionary past, to provide for the wants of the uncertain and perilous future. They neglect no opportunities to impart it. During the week and frequently on Sundays, you may listen to catechetical explanations, exhortations, *prônes,* sermons; delivered with that impressive eloquence which distinguished the pulpit orator in the days of Goldsmith. "The French preachers," he says, "generally assume that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors of Christ." I have heard some of the most accomplished speakers among the French clergy, and some less gifted and less popular: but in all, both the substance and manner were admirable. They speak without note or manuscript; with that attractive grace, that earnest piety, that winning directness of appeal, that touching simplicity, that perfect oratory, which we seek in the heralds of divine truth. No one can be blind to the influence which they exercise over the people. When eminent preachers like Lacordaire and Ravignan occupy the pulpit, nave, aisle, and side chapels are crowded to excess. Six thousand young men have been observed to hurry to Notre Dame or St. Roch or St. Eustache on these occasions.

And who are these hearers? Not merely the poor and humbler classes; but the educated and affluent members of society. "Literati," says Roselly de Lorgues, "Orientalists, engineers, magistrates, diplomatists, naturalists, advocates, professors, — the whole intellectual power of the age, from the Polytechnic school to the old Academy, have been assembled in mute attention round a Catholic pulpit, in order to receive their share in the bread of the word." Nor is this assemblage of rare occurrence. Every festival and Sunday, the churches are thronged; not with a listless, irreverent, offensive multitude. Silence, order, attention pervade the house of God; and an air of soberness and piety in their words and actions, denotes the religious sentiment which actuates the worshippers. As my eye roamed over the immense concourse, gathered in respectful attitudes before the altar and pulpit, and marked the quiet and courteous association of mendicants and operatives and soldiers and military chiefs and children of the schools and guilds of artisans and representatives of the higher grades of civil life, I could not behold without emotion this grateful spectacle, nor hesitate, as I recalled the horrors of French infidelity, to exclaim: "A domino factum est istud et est mirabile in oculis nostris!" . . . Do not suppose that this is mere parade, the conventional piety which fashion inspires. Even were this true, since hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, the homage thus publicly rendered to a divine principle, would argue a wonderful change in the spirit and manners of a nation, formerly so wanton and reckless. But confining our views to the churches for the present, we cannot fail to observe most consoling assurrances of the renewed power of faith. Look at those kneeling, motionless, silent figures. In the mists of the morning, they seclude themselves in these shadowy retreats: in the solemn stillness of evening when darkness is flung over the sanctuary, they tenant those marble floors; and even in the hours of the broad sunlight, when the world stirs the heart and claims man's thoughts and labors, they occupy some holy spot, they are found at their privileged places. They court no notice of earthly eyes; they crave no applause from worldly lips. They have come from the glare, the turmoil and the temptations of their homes and places of business, to seek a refuge in God, to adore Him in spirit and truth, to pour out their wants, hardships and sorrows in His sight, to solicit His succor, to obtain His protection. Holy and beautiful is this sweet and frequent communion of many Catholic hearts with God, in the quietness and solitude of the churches of Paris! But again, as we pass and repass the confessionals, and remark the crowds which resort to these fountains of mercy, we ask ourselves what but the power of God and the excellence of the Catholic religion could humble these souls with the sense of their infirmities and sins? What but the imperishable force of their faith could bring these recusants to their knees; not merely the lowly but the great, not only the poor but the rich, not the few but the many: compel them to avow their transgressions, to promise amendment, to offer atonement? Day by day, this "ministry of reconciliation" is exercised through long hours; and penitents go forth, purified, renovated, strengthened to combat their passions, to edify the world, to illustrate the holiness and might of their religion. And oh! who will not acknowledge the efficacy of grace, as he beholds those invited guests who throng to the banquet of their Lord? It is not merely childhood in the beauty of its innocence, it is not only woman in her lively faith, her spontaneous piety, her generous affections; but man in his maturity and the fulness of his age, who triumphs over the world's scoffs and his own passions, and comes "to abide in God, that God may abide in him." Père Ravignan gave the communion at Notre Dame, at Easter, to fifteen hundred men, officers, lawyers, physicians, *savants:* and at St. Roch, at midnight mass, I saw the congregation rise, seemingly *en masse*, to greet their new born Saviour and receive Him into their breasts. Adieu. H.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. Essai sur l'Origine des Idees et sur le Fondement de la Certitude, suivi de Nouvelles Observations sur le Cartésianisme, à l'occasion d'un nouvel écrit de M. le Vicomte de Bonald. *Par le T. R. P. Ventura de Raulica,* Ancien Général de l'Ordre des Theatins, Consulteur de la Sacrée Congregation des Rites, Examinateur des Evêques et du Clergé Romain. Paris: Auguste Vaton, 1854. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 254.

The eloquent Father Ventura in his first Conferences (1851) traced the history of what he terms the philosophic reason and the Catholic reason, exposing the misery, the littleness, the sterility and the impotence of the former, and the riches, the elevation, the grandeur, the fertility and the force of the latter; the former, taking its point of departure in doubt, and seeking to penetrate truth by its own unaided force; the latter commencing with *faith*, and proceeding towards its end by the aid of revelation of which it both demonstrates the doctrines, and invests itself with the pregnant fulness and the glorious certainty. Applying these principles, the illustrious Theatin proceeded to treat of the Church, the Trinity, Man and the Incarnation, showing the conformity of the revealed truths to reason. In 1852, he resumed the subject by treating of the dogma of the Creation under the same point of view, showing that the ancient philosophers and modern rationalists, no less, have all either been ignorant of, or have denied and explained away this essential dogma, and developing the absurdities in point of religion, morality and even of philosophy, into which they have consequently fallen. He particularly insisted on the point that unless reason began its march by admitting, by an act of faith, on the authority of the united human race, taught by God, the creation of man by God, and a God Creator of man, it was impossible to avoid scepticism; and in connection with this position he quite naturally took up the philosophy of Descartes, and signalizing the famous *methodical doubt* as the necessary starting point of the philosophic reason, he vindicated that great man from the charge of having made it his own, and undertook to show that Descartes himself had established all certainty on the faith in God the Creator. In a philosopher so inconsistent and vacillating as Descartes, it is easy to prove almost anything, but the point where Father Ventura seemed to fail in this part of his proof, was in making out the basis of Descartes to be an act of *faith* in the existence of God the Creator, whereas that philosopher undertook to *demonstrate* that existence, in the manner of St. Anselm, from the mere idea of the infinite and all-perfect, so that in fine, he could not get clear of the vicious circle of resting all certainty on the position of a God Creator, and of proving that position by a process of reasoning, not yet shown to be certain.

We are free to confess that we are not accurately informed respecting the origin of the controversy growing out of the Conferences of Father Ventura, between that Very

Rev. Father and the Vicomte de Bonald, son of the celebrated author of the *Primitive Legislation*, &c. and founder of the Traditionalist school in France. We have never read any of M. de Bonald's replies to, or attacks upon Father Ventura, and considering that M. de Bonald is but a littérateur, while Father Ventura is a learned priest and a great philosopher, would easily content ourselves with taking for granted that the latter is right and the former wrong. But we must say, that whether M. de Bonald can or cannot make good a defence of his own position in some points, we are extremely obliged to him for having been the occasion of his adversary's writing the brilliant and masterly work of which the title is given in our heading. Those severe, indeed over-caustic, but characteristic passages, in which the eminent orator chastises the presumption, and demonstrates the ignorance of his opponent (besides that in one or two instances we detect an abuse of power and an unfair or at least untenable criticism), interest us only as a display of controversial vigor seldom equalled; but the unfolding of Father Ventura's own views on the Origin of Ideas, on the Foundation of Certainty, and on the Philosophy of Descartes, results in a metaphysical treatise singularly clear in form, and which shows of how much service even an inexperienced opponent can be to the very greatest of philosophical writers. The very misapprehensions of such an adversary show the philosopher who looks down upon him from the heights of speculation, what points of his thesis need to be stated more clearly or even more *accurately*, what points of his *proof* need to be re-inforced and strengthened and rendered impregnable.

The present treatise of Father Ventura is divided by himself into three portions. In the first he treats of the Origin of Ideas, refuting the doctrine attributed to Descartes and held by his followers of innate ideas, and establishing the theories of the formation of ideas by the active human intellect (intellectus agens), which he does, by showing, 1, that it is the doctrine of St. Thomas and the schoolmen; and 2, that it is conformable to the nature of the human intellect as a real second cause, and the only escape from Pantheism, into which the opposite doctrine, of the passivity of the intellect in the perception of ideas, is resolvable. In the second part, he treats of Certainty, and is chiefly occupied with explaining the state of the question at the present time, and proving the criterion of universal consent. The third part, which is the longest and perhaps the most important, is an animated criticism of what Father Ventura calls the inquisitive method in philosophy, and a zealous vindication of the demonstrative or scholastic method. He lays down the principle that in philosophy we must set out from the order of faith to arrive at the order of conception. He proves it by St. Thomas, by the testimony of M. de Bonald, Sen., and by Descartes himself; he answers a crowd of objections; shows that the system of methodical doubt has been condemned by Rome, and by all the Catholic world; and ends by a powerful analogy between Cartesianism and Protestantism. The conclusion of the whole is that philosophy and theology are not different and independent sciences, but the same science treated in different manners, and as it were on different levels, and that theology is the mistress of philosophy, on which she imposes its laws and limits, and dictates to it its end. Father Ventura does not regard philosophical theories as matters of indifference, but as containing the principle and germ of every kind of political and social mischief, if they are false; and of every thing desirable in the secular and the religious sphere, if they are just and true. We forbear expressing any opinion in regard to his thesis, but we can safely say of the book that it is full of learning, and admirable for its logic and eloquence.

2. HARMONIE DU CATHOLICISME AVEC LA NATURE HUMAINE. *Par Mme. L. De Challié* (née *Jussieu*). Paris: Gaume Frères. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 324.

WE took up this volume with a certain prejudice. The harmony of Catholicity with Human Nature was a subject which in our judgment demanded something more precise and more powerful than any thing we had a right to expect from a female pen. Nor were our prejudices entirely dissipated when we found the fair author, in her Preface, laying it down that she had thought it permissible and proper to "transport herself into the very sphere of the understanding and the personal sentiment, putting on one side the external proofs of religious truth," and that "the Catholic finds the rule of his faith and the proof of his belief in a fact entirely personal, in the relation between the very laws of the understanding and the conscience and the principle of the authority of the Church." Reading a little on, we discovered that Mme. Challié was aware of this first impression.

> "If any one casts his eye on these pages, and at first sight is tempted to say: 'But you are not a Catholic, you seek your point of departure in yourself, see how already you place your conscience before the Church,' — we shall answer forthwith — 'who does not know that our submission to religious authority is a moral submission, though perfectly effectual, a free, voluntary submission, which originates for that very reason in the sphere of conscience, and which submits to that authority with a perfect intelligence of the motives of its submission? We have meant to establish precisely this, that the complete independence of the human fact, in the order of religious convictions, cannot be realized unless in virtue of our obedience to that Church wherein man does not teach man by his own private authority, and never speaks in his own name: and that, further, our obedience being a moral act, the Catholic faith, under a double aspect, maintains us at all times in the sphere of our proper and personal life; so that to be a Catholic it suffices, we may say, to agree to the normal conditions of our intellectual, religious and moral existence."

Proceeding from this thesis, to unfold and demonstrate it, the author gives us one of the clearest and most beautiful treatises we have read. Establishing that doubt is natural to the human soul since the fall, and yet that certainty is its first necessity, she shows that reason never finds itself in its normal condition but when, humbly recognizing its own weakness, it submits to a teaching at the same time external and truly divine. Hence follows the real existence of such a teaching, and in fine of the Catholic Church. We cannot pursue our analysis through the volume from want of space. We can but select one more striking passage.

> "We know," says Mme. de Challié, "that all the great minds which have broken the bonds of the Christian faith, find themselves nearer the Protestant line than to the Catholic, precisely because they see nothing in Protestantism which recalls the supernatural and religious element. They are often ignorant that the Reformation has only deprived religion of its supernatural element in consequence of the fact that it has intended and attempted to sacrifice to the religious element a portion of the natural facts which constitute the being of man, and that the Church, far more generous to our nature, maintains in *her* doctrine the value of the moral sense, of the free will and of the human act, even outside of faith in the revealed truths, although she refers to *grace* all the glory of our salvation."

We are not willing, however, to admit the position of Mme. Challié touching the *naturalness* of doubt without some limitation; for the spontaneous, unreflective acts of the human intellect are, as Balmez has clearly proved, accompanied with certainty.

3. LE PAPE EN TOUS LES TEMPS, et spécialement au XIXe Siècle. *Par le Docteur Don Juan Gonzalez.* Traduit de l'Espagnol, par le *Comte Charles de Reynold-Chauvancy*, Chev. des Ord. de St. Jean de Jerusalem, &c. Paris: Auguste Vaton. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 12mo. pp. 409.

THIS is one of the valuable tracts which we owe to the zeal and learning that flourish still in the Church of Spain. As a history of the action of the Popes, in the earlier centuries it is too brief to be entirely satisfactory, but the chapters touching the Pontificates of Pius VI and Pius VII, and exhibiting the relations of the Holy See with Napoleon, contain much valuable information which is not easily accessible elsewhere, and as a guide-book to European history as affected and controlled by the Sovereign Pontiffs, it will be found highly useful to the student.

4. LES AVENTURES DE TELEMAQUE, Fils d'Ulysse. *Par Fénélon*, Archevêque de Cambrai. New York: Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 393.

Is a work that we may well spare ourselves the trouble of saying anything about, except that it is very neatly printed, and as far as we can judge from turning over the leaves, *edited* with unusual care and accuracy by Prof. Surenne.

5. Alcohol and the Constitution of Man; being a Popular Scientific Account of the Chemical History and Properties of Alcohol, and its leading effects upon the healthy human constitution. *By Edward L. Youmans*, author of the "Class-Book of Chemistry." New York: Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 127.

This tract is headed on the cover "Reading for the Million," but it is a sort of appeal to that million which no scientific man can admit to be wise or justifiable. It has a purpose which is unscientific, to wit, the advocacy of compulsory legislation upon the sale and use of ardent spirits; and science turned special pleader is always to be suspected. A scientific treatise, even a *popular* scientific treatise, should look only to the establishment or the statement of scientific truth in its own sphere; and the chemist, or physiologist, has no right to travel beyond chemistry or physiology into questions of criminal jurisprudence, which pertain to the judge and the legislator, and are to be decided on a larger basis of facts and principles than either chemistry or physiology can furnish. This procedure is open to still graver objections when this special pleading is addressed to the people, who, in their sovereign capacity, are called upon to restrict the liberty of some individuals, and to withdraw the protection of the law from others, in accordance with the views of such and such a *chemist*. This treatise is open to special objections, moreover. The theory of nutrition which it takes for granted, and of which the celebrated Liebig is the author, though extremely ingenious and beautiful, is only an hypothesis, and one that is not conceded by all scientific men. In applying it, moreover, the author proves too much, for if Alcohol is to be rejected because it does not contain the so-called nutritive principles by which the *waste* of the body is supplied, so should *fat*, *oils*, *sugar*, &c., which yet form so large and so necessary a part of human food in various climates. The immense craving of man for substances which do not strictly nourish the body, and their consequent universal use by mankind, is a fact that has not been explained satisfactorily. Tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, are examples. The use of wine is the most ancient, the most wide-spread of all. It may not nourish (although that is not conceded), it may not assist the vital functions, it may interfere with them, it may even diminish the strength, and yet its undeniable property of producing exhilaration may be useful in human society, for reasons that chemistry and physiology cannot unfold. The argument that Alcohol is not a product of nature, but of *putrefaction*, is a pure sophism, as if the Almighty had not ordained the law by which Alcohol is produced out of sugar in the process of fermentation, leaving it to man's experience to determine to what uses the product can be turned.

6. On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. *By William B. Carpenter*, M. D. F. R. S. with a Preface by *D. F. Condie*, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 12mo. pp. 178.

Many of the facts in the tract just noticed are drawn from this work of Dr. Carpenter's, the method of which is more strictly scientific, and the discussion more complete. The real scientific aim of establishing the effects of alcohol upon the human system in various states is pursued throughout and with success; nor need we observe that the practical conclusion is in favor of total abstinence as the *best* rule upon the whole for the happiness, the vigor, the immunity from disease and the longevity of those who practise it. The inductive argument against the *nutritive* capacity of Alcohol, drawn from its being the product of decomposition (p. 83), is not liable to the charge of sophistry, and the inference is doubtless correct.

7. Boys at Home. *By C. Adams*, author of "Edgar Clifton," &c. Illustrated by *John Gilbert*. Appleton & Co.

Another nice Children's Book, *very* prettily illustrated. It belongs to the Edgeworth school of stories — natural religion, good natural morality, &c.; — and if it is not calculated to do a great deal of positive good, is not likely to do any positive harm to its youthful readers, and to our Protestant readers we can heartily commend it as infinitely preferable to the religious trash with which their Juvenile Literature is now flooded.

8. A New and Complete Gazetteer of the United States. *By Thomas Baldwin and J. Thomas, M. D.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 8vo. pp. 1364.

This appears to be the most *complete* Gazetteer yet published in the United States, and as far as we can judge from an examination of the articles descriptive of localities with which we are acquainted, it is accurate. It necessarily follows, however, from the attempt to include a complete Gazetteer of the United States in one volume, even of nearly fourteen hundred pages, that the account of many places is too concise to be entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless, its value as a Post-office and travelling directory is immense, and renders it an indispensable book for merchants, publishers, tourists—indeed for every man who wants to be acquainted with the present condition, industry, and resources of the American confederacy. We observe one defect in point of information. All the old European gazetteers invariably mention in the statistics of a city, that it is (if such be the fact) a bishop's see. It is evident that this information ought not to be omitted, because it is a permanent peculiarity, which (in all ordinary cases) will belong to the place as long as it continues to be the abode of men, and perhaps even after war or barbarism shall have rendered it again desolate and uninhabited. We consider this omission, therefore, as a theoretical defect. One excellent feature in the Gazetteer is giving the pronunciation of the names of places which are either of foreign origin, or are otherwise irregularly pronounced. Another is the full and well-written accounts given of the States and the more important cities, accounts which are interesting even in a literary point of view. "To represent correctly the Present condition of this vast Republic"—the most extensive civilized country, united in one dominion, under the sun—is the task that the Publishers have had proposed to them, and it must be confessed that they have *accomplished* it.

9. A Grammar of the Spanish Language. *By M. Schele de Vere*, of the University of Virginia. New York: Appleton & Co.

Is an excellent grammar, clear in arrangement, complete in analysis, and brings down the theory and use of the noble Spanish language to the latest date. The history of that language which is added, is concise and elegant, and we observe with pleasure the liberal and scholarly tone in which the author alludes to and vindicates the action of the Church in the "so-called Dark Ages," at the same time that the expression which he uses in regard to the character of the priesthood at that period, is far too sweeping, and needs correction. There was ignorance and corruption, no doubt, but it was mingled with learning never surpassed, and sanctity bright as the stars.

10. An Attic Philosopher in Paris: or a Peep at the World from a Garret. Being the Journal of a Happy Man. From the French of *Emile Souvestre.* Appleton & Co.

Belongs to the natural-picturesque-sentimental school, the same to which Ik Marvel and Fanny Fern in this country appertain. The best thing in it is the really beautiful description (from the sentimental point of view) of the *Fête Dieu* in a country village of France. The translator, however, in explaining in a note the word "Tabernacle," should not have used a form of expression which, though strictly taken it does not imply anything unsound, wounds pious ears. The Sacred Blood, moreover, is never reserved in the tabernacle, and for the other sacred species there are many appellations which would neither compromise the translator's theological opinions, nor offend any of his readers.

11. Hand-book of German Literature. *By G. J. Adler*, A. M., Professor of German Literature in the University of the City of New York. New York: Appleton & Co.

The pieces included in this *Handbuch* are well-selected—Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Tieck's *Puss in Boots*, and the *Xenia* by Goethe and Schiller. There are very interesting critical introductions to each, by Professor Adler, an enthusiastic scholar of the Art-Literature school. We shall recur to the volume again, with the view of analyzing these exquisite works, and, therefore content ourselves at present with praising the critical taste of Professor Adler, displayed in the Introductions, and the beautiful typography of the whole.

12. Graham's Magazine for March *on the Apostolic Nuncio.*

It has been said that English literature for the last three hundred years has been a vast conspiracy against truth, and certainly American literature and particularly our pretty, fashion-plated, story-filled magazines seem determined to have their share in that conspiracy. Witness the following which the editor of Graham has the effrontery to insert in what he calls his "Monthly Summary."

> "Monsignore Bedini, like an archiepiscopal Orestes, has, for some months, been haunted by the avenging furies of the poor priest, Ugo Bassi, of Bologna, put to death in 1849. Bedini's friends urge that Bologna was then under the martial law of Austria. But it is a fact that before Bassi was shot without trial, they unconsecrated him, that is, cut out the flesh of his hands, forehead, and head, which had received the touch of the chrism. Surely this skinning off the chrism was no soldier's fancy. The fusillade was theirs; but the flaying looks terribly like priests' work. At all events, this piebald democracy of ours howled vehemently after the Nuncio — pursued him with haro *(sic)* and hue and cry through all the great cities of our Union — through Cincinnati, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston — and even in those cities where he was not, they crowded angrily round the idea of him, and burnt him in effigy. All this is called disgraceful — like the doings of the London draymen in respect of Marshal Haynau. It may be so. Still, as no bones have been broken, we may allow that there is such a thing as wild justice, which may be forgiven by the milder orders of society. It seems to be part of the common law of this confederacy that no cruel agent or friend of any foreign tyrant can expect any courtesies or any hospitable treatment on the soil of this republic from the people."

Now in our character not merely of a Catholic editor, but of an American literary man, we take the liberty of telling Mr. Graham that the above paragraph contains not one but a series of wicked falsehoods, the malice of which is blunted only by a shallow ignorance and bigotry that would discredit the London Record itself. There is such a variety of shameful untruths in this brief paragraph as shows that the writer, if not a mere credulous simpleton, must be a master of the art of lying: — a harsh word, but when he has read our remarks through, he shall himself judge whether we are not at least justly provoked to use it.

First comes the fiction imaginative, which prepares the way for the belief of the horrors afterwards to be related, by styling the Apostolic Nuncio "an archiepiscopal Orestes, haunted by the avenging furies of the poor priest, Ugo Bassi," &c.; the poor priest having been taken in arms, as a captain of a band of robbers, the terror of Bologna, and shot as such by an Austrian military commission. Next, we have *suppressio veri*, in the circumstance admitted that the Nuncio's friends (*i. e.* the whole Catholic press of the U. S. and that of Italy), "urge that Bologna was under the martial law of Austria," as if that were *all* they urge, whereas the principal allegation of the friends of the Nuncio (see every Catholic paper in the country, and particularly the Metropolitan for January and February) is that Bassi was NOT DEGRADED before his death. Third, follows the direct untruth — "It is a *fact* that before Bassi was shot without trial (*untruth* circumstantial — for Bassi was tried by a court martial), they unconsecrated him, (*untruth* categorical — Bassi was *not* degraded), THAT IS, *cut out the* FLESH of his HANDS, FOREHEAD and HEAD, which had received the touch of the chrism:" (*untruth* by implication, and a gross calumny on the Catholic Church — for the ceremony of degradation involves no such cruelty, nor any thing remotely resembling it). Gavazzi's story was impudent enough, but this gratuitous invention of "cutting out the flesh" is so gross as to overreach itself, and the particular spirit from the world of eternal falsehood who whispered it to the editor of Graham, must have been a very inferior sort of demon, or else have entertained a contempt for the intellect of the readers of that magazine which we find it impossible to share. Flaying alive was bad enough without actually cutting up the victim. There is a superstitious rule or canon in the Catholic Church against priests' shedding blood, which, even had they no mercy, would have prevented the insertion of such a ceremony in the ritual, or the perpetration of such an act by a prelate. But thus ever a falsehood *grows as it goes.* Bassi was shot (a truth): being a priest, he should have been first degraded (a truth); — we are yet in the realm of realities, but (now it begins to be *narrated*) next, he *was* degraded (false, but immaterial); then, as in degradation the thumb and forefinger of each hand are lightly scraped by the officiating bishop ("pontifex leviter abradit" — a symbolical act, the physical reality of which would not hurt a new born babe), ergo, Bassi's were (false, but still immaterial); next — Gavazzi now gives the story a generous fillip — Bassi's *thumbs*, *fingers*, his *hands!* his *head!* had the skin scraped *off* — *peeled* off — he was FLAYED alive (falsehood with fiendish malice); lastly, — Graham's Magazine in its Monthly Summary must claim the credit of the last monstrous shape of the winged, foul-mouthed, and discordant calumny — "the FLESH was *cut out* of his *hands*, FOREHEAD (new circumstance) *and* HEAD," while, with an ingenious "*that is*," the inventor of these circumstances contrives to charge them not only on Monsignor Bedini, who, it is insinuated, executed the cruelty, but on the Church, one of whose ceremonies is affirmed to involve it.

But this calumny is so intensely stupid that we really incline to think that the editor of Graham, whoever he may be, was in good faith — such good faith as belongs to the crass ignorance of the uneducated English rustic, who, if he were told that the Pope ate a Protestant every morning for breakfast, would probably believe it. In the early ages it was believed by the Roman populace that the Christians celebrated cannibal banquets in secret, and something similar — "the flaying looks terribly like priests' work" — seems to be the idea of Mr. Graham's editor touching the Catholic clergy now. Mysterious law! which reproduces in the XIXth century and in the New World, the same relation between the Church and the surrounding Protestantism, which existed under the Cæsars between Christianity and the surrounding Paganism. If we persist in pointing out this identity, it is that we may cause our friends to reflect.

We have not done with Graham's Magazine yet, however. The misrepresentation of facts, with a horrid calumny of a most excellent individual and of the religion of the majority of Christendom, may proceed from ignorance, which is criminal indeed, and inexcusable on the part of a man who undertakes to write the "Monthly Summary" of a Magazine; but the sentiments with which this extraordinary paragraph concludes are necessarily the deliberate views of the writer. It is, then, the opinion of Graham's Magazine — one of the respectable literary monthlies of the United States — that it is "the common law" of our country that an individual, a foreigner, against whom no crime has been proved, if he happens to be denounced by a band of assassins and cut-throats fled from the justice of their own country, or by a renegade travelling ex-monk, animated with a furious hatred of the Church which he has deserted, may be pursued by mobs from city to city of our Union, burned in effigy, threatened with assassination, insulted, outraged and endangered as to his personal safety, and compelled to withdraw from our soil with precautions against violence and riot. If this be "the common law of this confederacy," it was surely not without a certain inspiration that the Sovereign Pontiff, addressing the President of the United States, as the Representative of their government and laws, begged him to take the Catholics of this country under his protection.

13. THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OT THE MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTION, near Baltimore, for the year 1853. *By William H. Stokes.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Is noticed elsewhere. See *Maga's Own.*

14. WE have also received Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28 of DUNIGAN'S New Edition of HAYDOCK'S FAMILY BIBLE. No. 28 brings the work down to the 11th chapter of I. Machabees, and contains, by way of hint that the Old Testament will soon be complete, a very tasteful record table of "Births," the graceful vignette adorning it being sure, we opine, to win the approbation of every young mother to whom her husband may think fit to present a copy of this noble edition of the Holy Scriptures.

# Maga's Own.

We own to a sincere feeling of gratification at the cordial and at the same time indulgent appreciation with which Maga's Own has been received. Indeed Maga has been very well treated altogether, since she confided herself to our guidance, and she herself feels as much flattered as a new bride by the compliments she receives. There is, indeed, but one favor that she asks, which is, not to be judged hastily. While she neither courts nor shuns criticism, and would like to proceed as peacefully as may be, holding the even tenor of her conciliatory way, speaking the truth but in charity, meek and yet fearless, she feels it to be necessary to her developement and her usefulness, to move *freely*, not watching every step she takes lest it should be condemned, not guarding every expression lest it should give offence. The same liberty which we claim for ourselves we concede, as far as we can, to our contributors. Some species of censorship an editor must exercise, in the interest of morals, of orthodoxy, if you please, of justice, decorum, of grammar even and the English language. There are some anomalies in style, quite prevalent it may be, which we cannot allow Maga to adopt, or give vogue to, and we use our pencil unhesitatingly to erase or alter them, when they occur in communications sent to her. But peculiarities of style, which may not be exactly to our taste, or of thought which may not square precisely with our opinion, we do not pretend to retrench. Where a certain rudeness of construction is characteristic of a writer, who has vigor and clearness of thought, we leave it untouched, as we do his honest opinions and independent, fearless expressions. And of course the critics are just as free to find fault, if they like. 'Tis a free country anyhow, and we are all American citizens, and if "a cat may look at a king," as the phrase is, much more may a free-born Yankee, even with Celtic blood in his veins, look in the face of that great autocrat, the Press. For the children of the Celts, if born this side the water, and their fathers too, if they've been duly "made natives of," ought to be deemed and taken as part of the universal Yankee nation. We often amuse ourselves with thinking of the internal transformation which that same Yankeedom is thus insensibly undergoing, and how it will wonder at itself one day on discovering that it has become a great Catholic land, when from Plymouth Rock to the golden sands of California, cross after cross shall daily catch the rays of the westering sun, and every instant a new one shall be bathed in their swift, luminous march along our mighty parallels of latitude!

A friendly, a clear-spoken and always welcome voice from across our Northern frontier "trusts that we are mistaken in attributing to him (the editor of the Metropolitan) some little prejudices against Dr. Brownson, who has rendered greater services to the cause of the Church than any lay writer of the present day." It pleases us and Maga too, to seize this opportunity of removing at once a misapprehension which others no less friendly to both, seem to have entertained. We owe Mr. Brownson too many and too deep intellectual and spiritual obligations to harbor any prejudices against him. Not a line, not a word, have we ever penned that was intended to diminish in aught his just and enviable fame — quite the contrary of this, if the truth were known, has been the real case. It is true that we made merry with his ontology, rendering at the same time our cordial homage to the brilliant talent which he had displayed in its defence, but surely it is possible to differ with a philosopher on a point of metaphysics, whether wisely or foolishly (as most of our cotemporaries evidently think), without ceasing to admire, to honor and to love him. As for the idea which a youthful co-aspirant with us in the editorial race suggested, we believe without considering it carefully, that the illustrious Reviewer's former criticisms on our works had prompted the course which *Maga* felt obliged to pursue in regard to a certain position recently taken by the Review, in the first place, Maga listened in that affair to a voice more entitled to speak than ours, and in the second, *the Editor of the* Metropolitan *knows nothing of the injuries* (if they were injuries) *of the Author of* Alban.

"THE CATHOLIC" of Pittsburg in a short but pithy article applies to the writer of the Prize Essay on Catholic Literature the apothegm, *Medice cura teipsum!* with reference to his remarks on the classic purity of style of a celebrated and standard work by an American prelate. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the Prize articles, and considering that JOHN G. SHEA's work on the Exploration of the Mississippi has received the longest, most respectful and most flattering notice from the London Literary Press that any American book has for a long time obtained, and that he is acknowledged to be one of the most accurate and patient historical investigators in the country, (though he errs extremely in his too partial estimate of our own productions in his present number), we did not feel ourselves called upon to re-write his essay for him: which essay, if it manifests a Doric plainness here and there, has also rare beauty in passages — the beauty of simplicity in expression united to force of thought. Shea is a careless writer, no doubt; his style is as rough sometimes, as a corduroy road, but that road lies through a wild, rich, fertile country full of promise to the hardy cultivator. We will stake our literary reputation that no literary man by profession could read his two papers without being struck by them, while it should in fairness be stated that the original essay which obtained the prize, was unfortunately lost, and that the author was obliged to supply it from memory as well as he could.

And, dear me! talk of criticising people's style as deficient in elegance or perspicuity! Maga, with a malicious air, would like to know *whose* style is not capable of being shown up. Dr. Cahill ridicules Mr. Northcote for saying, in virtue of a slight slip, that "the month of February is shorter than usual this year." There lies on our table at this moment a communication from a learned Doctor of Divinity (itself far from faultless) pointing out some grammatical inaccuracies in Mr. Brownson, who is one of the greatest living masters of clear idiomatic English. Possibly even the Pittsburg Catholic might tremble a little if the eye of some ruthless critic were turned upon it. Will the editor, for instance, vouchsafe to expound to Maga the following, which is the second sentence of his leading editorial in this very number wherein he pounces down on our friend Shea?

> "On subjects of internal policy he (General Cass) is mostly always correct for exalted and patriotic views, and a manly and fearless expression of them, no American deserves better of his country;" &c.

We suppose that there ought to be a colon or semicolon after "correct," which would render the above intelligible, but would it even then be "classic?" Or let the editor parse the third sentence in his next article —

> "The Czar very likely never expected that, to obtain his demands, recourse would be had to the sword."

Nothing more "clear" than that, according to all the rules of grammar, "would" agrees with the Czar's enemies; and pray, what is meant by "their obtaining his demands?" The writer meant, no doubt, to say that "the Czar never expected that, to obtain his demands, he *would* be *obliged to have recourse* to the sword," or "that, to obtain his demands, recourse *must* be had to the sword;" but he has not said it. And we would engage to pick out a dozen more sentences open to criticism, in these two articles alone, of the current number, only that Maga affectionately shakes her head, and says, "No, it's too bad; and I *like* the articles, for they express exactly what you and I think on the greatest points, almost, now at issue." — "Oh, very well," we reply, "we were only going to show the Pittsburg Catholic, dear Maga, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

While we are on the subject of criticism as against ourselves, or rather against our contributors, we cannot help alluding to the lecture given us by the "Western Tablet." Chicago is a great way off, and so Mr. Linton has not heard yet, we presume, that the articles on the Power of the Popes in the February and March numbers of the Metropolitan, proceed from one of the most eminent prelates in the American Hierarchy: the special charge of presumption, therefore, which he brings against us for having written them, falls to the ground; but as regards his general accusation, founded on our first number, but which he apparently sees no reason yet for withdrawing, that "our aim seems to be self-glorification and our predominant virtue *pride*," we own with compunction that it is but too well founded; our conscience often reproaches us with the same thing; and we thank our young editorial brother for thus faithfully re-echoing its warning voice. We confess that it is a sort of favor for which men in general, and particularly editors, seldom evince much gratitude.

A FRIEND — one of those wise men who know the truth of the saying *dulce est desipere in loco*,— narrated to us the following: — A tiny little girl had a Protestant mother and a Catholic aunt. Mamma and aunty were always disputing about religion, of course, to the great confusion of the small personage's ideas, till one day the short-skirted innocence, tottling over the floor, seeing that human authority and human reason would never terminate this great difference, demanded in her broken treble —

"Say, Aunty! is DOD a Tatholit?"

AUNTY (taken aback, and smiling).— "Yes, my dear, DOD is a Tatholit."

INNOCENZA (with fervor). "Oh! den, Ma! if DOD is a Tatholit, *we* ALL *ought to be Tatholits!*"

What became of "Ma," is not related in the story.

"GENTLE WORDS" is sweet and flowing, but not quite up to the mark. Yet it has stanzas we would not willingly lose. Is not the following as good as most of Watts?

"Harsh words were never known to bring
To earthly minds content,
Or soften o'er the slightest sting
Or still the heart's lament."

Still better is the following —

"The old and aged bent with years
Will smile at gentle words,
And sweeter they to childish ears
Than melody of birds.

* * *

"The lip uncast in beauty's mould,
Though smiles rest seldom there,
If all it speaks is gently told,
Has beauty far more rare."

Our correspondent, who is doubtless fair and young, has poetry in her soul and simplicity too, poetry's best handmaiden: let her not be discouraged.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS of Connecticut propose to hold a convention in New London, in May, for "the more effectual association and fellowship of the Congregational Churches" of that State, with a special view, it is understood, to check the ravages of heresy and neology among themselves. The "Protestant Churchman," speaking of the movement, says, —

> "The evils of the Congregational polity have at last become so apparent that it is not at all surprising to find an effort made to remedy them. Such are the tendencies to error, and the inclination of all isolated communities to continue and increase any departure from truth, that the Congregational system, from the very nature of the case, must eventuate in the largest differences of opinion and doctrine. The prime advantage of association consists in the correction of casual error in individuals, through the influence of the main body. This is an important check to heresy, flowing from combination — or what we, as Episcopalians, would call the unity of the Church. *Whenever this unity is sacrificed in form or substance, the strongest safeguard of purity of doctrine and the quality most essential to stability is abandoned:* local causes, and individual peculiarities are left in full sway,— those who, if they had an appeal to the great body of the Church, would resist, succumb to the arguments or the personal influence of their

pastor, and finally whole congregations are irrecoverably led away into fatal error. Then the evil spreads — there is no principle of organization to afford an efficient remedy — and the isolated individual organisms take each their own way until, warned by a shipwreck here and there, of the dangers into which they are fast running, they begin to retrace their course, and think seriously of mutual consultation and assistance."

We should not be surprised if the Protestant Churchman itself were at length to turn its penetrating glance *inward*, and remark in *itself* that "inclination of all isolated communities to continue and increase any departure from truth," which it discerns so clearly in its Congregational brethren, and, advised in time, as all the world besides sees plain enough, that it is in the same sinking boat, take refuge in the "bark" where "what they as Episcopalians call the unity of the Church " is sacrificed neither "in form nor in substance," and constitutes not only "the strongest" but a *complete* "safeguard of purity of doctrine." In fine, "The Protestant Churchman " here endorses the whole Churchly principle of faith — "Churchianity" in all its bearings: for if the Bible alone, interpreted by private judgment, does not prevent pious but "isolated individual organisms " from taking "each their own way to shipwreck," and if "a principle of organization is the only efficient remedy," and "an appeal to the great body of the Church," then, *practically speaking*, Church authority is the only test of orthodoxy, and we need not tell our logical friend *where* that conclusion lands him. If, merely for want of this "important check to heresy, flowing from combination, whole congregations are irrecoverably led away into fatal error," in spite of the Bible and their pretended diligence in reading it, why may not whole Churches? And in short, where can he stop, logically, in this ascending and widening series, till he arrives at a *unity*, embracing universal Christendom in its *principle* of combination, and preserved from error by an infallible promise of God?

Our Presbyterian friends are standing, with every rag of canvas they have left spread out, on the *other* tack. They'll make more leeway than headway, in our humble opinion.

"Romanism," says the Presbyterian, (a highly respectable old-school paper), "is an exotic in the United States. It has not one principle in sympathy with American Institutions. Its priesthood is of foreign birth; its ceremonies are the opposite of simplicity; its spirit is essentially intolerant; its aim is to extend the dominion of a foreign prince, and in all its features it is thoroughly anti-American. When young women so far forget themselves as to enter nunneries, one of the first acts is to discard their American for foreign names. Thus Miss Mary Ann Spain becomes Sister Mary Stanislaus; Miss Margaret Furlong becomes Sister Mary Aloysius, and Miss Maria Read is henceforth known as Sister Mary Bernard Xavier."

"Romanism " is a corrupt word, gentlemen: — if you will prove us exotics, at least do it in good English. How can Catholicism (which is what you mean) be an exotic in the United States, six of which States — Maryland, Louisiana, Missouri, Florida, Texas and California — it originally founded? Or does the fact of Anglo-Saxon immigration and United States acquisition turn the original settlers into exotics? If "Romanism " is an exotic elsewhere in the United States, surely it is not an exotic on the Mississippi which it discovered, on the Potomac which it first colonized, on the Penobscot and the Mohawk which it hallowed with its martyr blood, at St. Augustine, the oldest town in the Republic, which it founded, at St. Francisco where it built churches that excite the wonder of the pilgrims of gold from our Atlantic cities. In what parts of our immense territory is Catholicism an *exotic*? If it "has not one principle in sympathy with American Institutions," what kind of institutions can those be with which a religion that believes in a God, in Redemption, in the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, in the love of God and Man, in the nothingness of life and a judgment after death, has *no principle in sympathy*? We think better of American institutions than our cotemporary, and beg to know, if the fact be as he states, how it happens that "Romanists " are the only class of citizens, North or South, who can be thoroughly relied on to sustain our institutions? That our "priesthood is of foreign birth" is simply untrue. Why not say "its *laity* is of foreign birth?" for the proportion of native and foreign in the clergy and laity is almost exactly the same. If it be an *un*-American sentiment to taunt the Catholic laity with the origin of the majority of their number, and we are sure our excellent friends would not be guilty of it, why is it *less* un-American to taunt the Catholic clergy with the same thing? Our "ceremonies are the reverse of simplicity." So to an uninstructed eye is a steam-engine — to a scientific eye the very marvel of simplicity. Simplicity is the adaptation of means to the end, and if the Presbyterian were once instructed in the end of our ceremonies, our life for it he would regard them as simplicity itself. That "its spirit is essentially intolerant" we cannot deny, since that is a characteristic of truth, and was of Presbyterianism, so long as Presbyterianism believed in itself; but that "its aim is to extend the dominion of a foreign prince" is another simple untruth, (our friends must pardon us for saying) unless they mean Jesus Christ, who according to the flesh was a Jew and, therefore, is haply considered a foreigner in "Anglo-Saxondom." For our part, we beg to say to our Presbyterian friends that in religion we know neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither foreigner nor native, but consider all as one in Christ Jesus, who has broken down these walls of partition and united the world in one spiritual empire, wherein languages and nationalities disappear before the unity of faith. And if our sisters and daughters, "when they so far *forget themselves*" (not so ill-chosen a phrase) "as to enter the nunneries," forget also the names they bore in the world, and assume those of the citizens of HEAVEN — the saints, without distinction of race or country, it is not with a view to make themselves thereby Spaniards or Italians or French (as our friends innocently suppose) but to signify that henceforth *their* citizenship — their *πολίτευμα* — is in Heaven, where those glorious patrons are enjoying the delights of the true country: — our friends are too good scholars, and too well acquainted with the Greek Testament, not to appreciate the allusion.

WE RECENTLY paid a visit to the Mount Hope Institution for the Insane, near this city, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and were, we need scarcely say, highly gratified. The moral treatment pursued here is full of wisdom and gentleness. A particularly laudable feature is the absence of visible restraint — no high walls, no gratings, nothing to suggest the idea of confinement or set the imagination at work on plans of escape. Hence elopements, as the Report of the last year observes, seldom or never occur. The male patients take long strolls, in companies of fifteen or twenty, with an attendant of course, in the surrounding country. We met such a party on the occasion of our visit, and should never, without being told, have suspected its character. "Among the moral appliances," as the Report before mentioned happily says, "*fresh air* occupies a position of transcendant interest." Employment, recreation and the soothing power of religious faith, and the inspiring, cheerful, regular (above all) and ritual worship of the house, contribute to restore the equilibrium of the soul. This noble institution is self-supporting, but it is very desirable that the rich and charitable should contribute to establish free beds, that the excellent Sisters may be able to extend its benefits to a greater number of that class of these unfortunate beings whose friends are unable to pay any thing; for although many such are always supported by the Sisters themselves, their means are far from being equal to the necessity that exists, as one may well suppose. So Maga ends this month with an act of charity towards those in whom the divine ray of reason flickers like an expiring lamp, which it is needful to place in a pure, still air, and to shelter by some loving hand.

# Record of Events.

*From February* 15, *to March* 18, 1854.

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

The leading idea of the month is, on the one hand, the persecution of the Church by the secular power throughout the world, and on the other, the majestic progress which she makes, and the bold attitude she assumes, at every point where she is assailed.

Rome: 1. *Secular affairs of the Pontifical States.*— 2. *The cause of the Ven. Benedict Joseph Labre.*— 3. *Ceremonies.*— 4. *Favors to England.*— 5. *Reply to the "Word of the Greco-Russ Orthodoxy."* — 6. *Political Investigations.*

1. Considerable financial embarrassment still existed, owing partly to a misunderstanding between Mr. Rothschild and the Pontifical government, which prevented the payment of the last instalments of a loan contracted by that banker with the treasury. The withdrawal and burning of the paper money with which the Reds saddled the country, was consequently checked, and owing to the fact that the government had commenced by withdrawing the small notes, great difficulty was experienced for a time in retail transactions from want of change. However it has been partially remedied by a wise decree, forbidding the brokers to exact a premium on copper. In the meantime the custom house revenue shows a steady increase on former years.

2. On the 10th Jan., the examination of three miraculous cures wrought through the intercession of the Ven. Benedict Joseph Labre was proposed in the Congregation of Sacred Rites. This great servant of God was born at Ameltes, in France, in 1748. His life by a special impulse of God, was spent in making pilgrimages on foot and in poverty to the most celebrated sanctuaries of Europe. Afterwards, remaining in Rome, the extreme severity of his life cut it short at the early age of thirty-five.

3. On the 18th of the same month, the Feast of the translation of the Chair of Peter from Antioch to Rome was celebrated at St. Peter's with the usual solemnity. After mass and a Latin sermon, the Pope gave his solemn benediction from the throne beneath the bronze chair, believed to enclose that of wood actually used by St. Peter. After the function, the Pontiff visited the monument of Gregory XVI, just exposed and partly finished. The scene at this moment presented by the living actors, might, says a writer, have formed a good subject for art. Pius IX, surrounded by Cardinals and other attendants, stood immediately before the new mausoleum of his predecessor; a wide semi-circle was formed by the Swiss Guards, inclosing the stately group, while beyond crowded, as near as etiquette allowed, a multitude of spectators, dividing their attention between the silent sculptured works and the person of His Holiness.

The ceremony of blessing the lambs, of whose wool the *pallia* are made, to be sent by the Pope to the Archbishops and Patriarchs, took place this year at the ancient church of St. Agnes outside the walls. On the Sunday within the octave of St. Antony, an immense crowd assembled in the piazza of St. Mary Maggiore, to witness the gay ceremony of the benediction of horses and mules, which takes place every day during the octave, at the little church of St. Eligio. The weather was charming, and the scene highly animated and picturesque.

On Sunday, Feb. 5, the festival of St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr, was celebrated by the superiors and students of the Irish College with special solemnity. Their beautiful

Collegiate Church, on the Quirinal, is dedicated to the saint, and is called *Sta. Agatha de' Goti*, from its having been in possession of the Arian Goths during their domination in Rome. It was bestowed on the Irish College by Gregory XVI, during the presidency of Dr. Cullen, the present Archbishop of Dublin. In this church, near the high altar, is preserved the heart of the illustrious Liberator of Ireland. The church, on this occasion, was richly draped from roof to pavement with purple and gold, and the transept arches filled with banners bearing the arms of its Titular, Cardinal Antonelli. High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Comete, Bp. of Nicomedia, assisted by the Rev. MM. Power and O'Donnell, of Dublin, as deacon and subdeacon. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kane, Bp. of Ross, and Mgr. Bedini, Bp. of Terracina, were present, with a large assemblage of clergy, and most of the Irish, English and Americans residing in Rome. The Rev. Dr. Moran, a Superior of the College, pronounced the panegyric, which was his maiden effort. In the evening, the V. R. Dr. Kirby, Rector of the College, entertained a numerous and distinguished company at dinner, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Manning and Dr. Ives.

Nor should we forget among the important ceremonies at Rome, of which the particulars have come to hand since our last date, the celebration of Pontifical High Mass in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, at the Papal Altar in the Basilica of St. Peter, on the feast of the Purification, Feb. 2. The bull authorizing the Cardinal to celebrate, was fixed, as usual, to one of the columns of the famous bronze canopy over the altar, at which, without such solemn and formal authorization, no one but the Pope himself ever celebrates. The Rt. Rev. Abbot of Mt. St. Bernard's assisted at the ceremony of blessing the candles, in cope and mitre, and during the Mass in his religious dress as Abbot.

4. The Holy Father has granted to the Abbot, who has now returned to England, many singular favors — among these a *Plenaria Indulgentia quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis* for his Abbey church, besides the right of a privileged altar four times a week to the Abbot personally. The Rev. (late Archdeacon) H. E. Manning has been made a Doctor of Divinity by the Holy Father.

5. A powerfully written and conclusive article has appeared in the Civiltá Cattolica in reply to a *brochure* styled *Parole de l'Orthodoxie Catholique au Catholicisme Romain.*

6. Jan. 24. A preparatory investigation into the secret plans of the insurrectionists, extending from August, 1847, to August, 1853, has just terminated, and a definitive trial is soon to come on. The autograph of Mazzini has been found in not fewer than three MS. instructions seized at the last date.

SARDINIA: *The State still at war with the Church.*

The Bishops and Vicars-General Capitular of Turin, Genoa and Vercelli (except the Bishop of Novara who is absent) have addressed the King, protesting their loyalty, demanding protection against the faction which outrages them by its writings, and remonstrating against certain circulars issued by the government itself, particularly one which deprives the beneficed clergy of certain augmentations of revenue, received in compensation for ecclesiastical property in the hands of the State. More recent accounts state that the irritation between the Civil Government and the Church goes on increasing every day, and that the new project of law relative to public instruction is looked for with great anxiety. The negotiations with Rome for a concordat, are no longer spoken of since the publication of the Pope's last encyclical letter.

GERMANY: 1. *The Upper Rhine.* — 2. *Increase of Immorality in the Protestant States.*

1. Serious apprehensions are entertained lest Bavaria should take sides with the governments of Nassau and Baden in their conflict with the Church. Grave difficulties already exist between the government of Bavaria and the Bishops of that country. Meanwhile the government of Nassau has forbidden the erection of a Capuchin convent in its states. In Baden things remain in *statu quo.* But the Pope has addressed (Jan. 9), a brief of encouragement and congratulation to Mgr. Vicari, and both addresses and pecuniary offerings continue to pour in from the surrounding Catholic countries, especially Switzerland and France. The Cardinal-Primate of Hungary and the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna have both published acts of sympathy with Mgr. Vicari.

2. The frightful progress of immorality in Protestant Germany has at length arrested the attention even of the Protestants themselves. The utter abandonment of the churches and of divine worship, the desecration of Sunday by labor and dissipation, the constantly increasing ratio of illegitimate births (so that in one place two-thirds of the *families* had only illegitimate children) intimate the entire absence of restraint by any supernatural law.

FRANCE: 1. *Closing of the College of St. Michel.* — 2. *Education.* — 3. *Sunday.* — 4. *Death of Lamennais.*

1. The abrupt closing of the Jesuit College of St. Michel, near St. Etienne, by order of the Imperial government, has caused deep feeling. The motive assigned is that the

college was a "nest of legitimists." It would appear that the students insulted some plaster busts of the Emperor, and that this circumstance was carried to the authorities by a *maitre d'etudes* who had been dismissed for bad conduct. Father Ravignan had had an audience of the Emperor, who is understood to have given assurances of his protection and of justice to the colleges, but the college, by our last advices, has not been restored.

2. The question of education is being solved in a practical sense by the establishment of colleges and schools under the direction of the clergy, which now number 37,000 élèves, and by the reform of the courses and books in the University and schools of the state, numbering 87,000 pupils.

At the same time certain difficulties have occurred even in France between the Church and the Government on the subject of Education. One of these touches the right of visitation claimed by the latter in respect to the convent schools for young girls, and although the utmost delicacy has been used towards the Bishops, the claim to enter cloisters in the name of the State, is not suffered to pass without a protest, respectful but animated and firm.

3. Another point to which the zeal of the Church is turned since her comparative emancipation by Napoleon III, is the better observance of Sunday, the boundless desecration of which has been the opprobrium of France for so many years. The pious "*Œuvre du Repos du Dimanche*" or Association for promoting the Sunday Rest, is unwearied in its efforts and accomplishes many important results.

4. Lamennais, the celebrated author of the "Paroles d'un Croyant" and of the "Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion," died in Paris, Monday, Feb. 27, at the age of 70. He refused to the last to conform to the duties of religion. His former friend and controversial opponent, Father Ventura, sought in vain to get access to him. His Socialist and Infidel friends surrounded the dying excommunicate priest, and used every effort as well to prevent a change in his sentiments, as to exclude those pious persons who would have endeavored to visit him from a motive of charity. Thus the contest of the devil for this unfortunate soul became, as it were, visible to the eye. He forbade any religious ceremony at his funeral, so he was "buried like a dog," (says a letter from Paris), in unconsecrated ground, and without a prayer, in Pere la Chaise, being followed to the grave by a considerable number of Communists and Unbelievers. The whole Christian world remains shocked, and is aghast at such a termination of this fearful career — at this consistent perseverance in that "*superbia satanica*" which the Pope in condemning Lamennais so severely reproved. The numbers who did not cease to pour forth prayers for him to the last, catch at the rumor that he was desirous before he died to see a priest, but that the Infidels about him kept guard to prevent his desire becoming known; and trusting that it may have been so, ponder the possibility and likelihood of such a man eliciting an act of perfect contrition in that supreme hour and desperate situation.

SPAIN: 1. *Precarious Political Situation.— Attempt to appreciate it.*

This country appears to be on the eve of great changes. The court evidently meditates making itself absolute, by repeating the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon. Two generals — Concha and O'Donnell — have been banished. The liberal party (so-called) is said to be plotting the anti-national scheme of a union of the Peninsula under the young king of Portugal; while the peasantry and many in the higher classes, faithful to religion, however (as we suspect), rather than to the male line merely, or to a fanaticism for the Salique law, are almost universally Carlists. The cause of the Count de Montemolin is identified in the minds of the Spaniards with the Church; that of the constitutional Queen with the infidels and plunderers of ecclesiastical property. It may be said, indeed, with perfect truth, that any government in Europe which would adopt, at this moment, the policy of giving entire liberty and doing full justice to the Church, would give itself a long and sure lease of power.

Since the above was in type, the news has reached us of an attempted insurrection at Saragossa, in the interest (as is supposed) of the banished generals, and the energetic suppression of which by the government has been followed by the proclamation of martial law through all Spain.

HOLY LAND: *Persecution of the Patriarch.*

A number of Greeks, having bribed the Turkish authorities not to interfere, prior to Christmas, assaulted the Patriarch, Mgr. de Valerga. The object was to prevent the erection of a new Latin Church at a place called Beit-Djallah. Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers (the French Ambassador) had complained to the Porte; but the fêtes of the Nativity passed in sadness at Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The patriarch was obliged to take refuge from the violence of the Greeks in the hut of an Arab.

INDIA: I. *Convent opened.* — 2. *Catholic Chaplains.*

I. A new and beautiful convent was solemnly opened at Bankipore, Patna, on the 6th of November.

2. At Benares the Catholic soldiers are equal in number to the Protestant, and although the latter have a chaplain who receives 700 rupees a month, the Bengal government has a second time refused to grant the most trifling pittance to the Catholic chaplain. When such things are done, can it be wondered that men are saying on the eve of a general war, that "A Protestant government's difficulty is a Catholic people's opportunity?" People may call that an ungenerous sentiment, but generosity in such a case is mere moonshine. It is necessary first to be just to the souls of so many thousands of poor soldiers and sailors, whom a bigoted government consigns (as far as lies in its power) to eternal perdition.

ENGLAND: 1. *Model Lodging-Houses.—Dr. Cahill and the Rambler.* — 3. *Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral.* — 4. *The Quarant' Ore in London.* — 5. *Mr. Chambers' Motion.*

1. In London a project is on foot to build model lodging-houses for the Catholic poor. The object is not so much to promote their mere physical health and comfort (though that alone would be a sufficient motive) as to rescue them from the horrible moral contamination to which they are exposed in the low lodging-houses of that city, and of which no fancy can form an adequate picture. MAYHEW in his remarkable work does justice to their virtues in contrast with the worse than Pagan degradation around them, yet how, ask charitable Catholics, and say the experienced London missionaries, — how is it possible to be immersed in that filth and not be defiled? The Irish names in the police reports, and the national accent of Erin that seemed privileged never to be heard on female lips unless they were the lips of purity, now heard on the midnight pavement of London and in the haunts of sin, give a painful and too convincing answer. Misery is like the miasma of Asiatic cholera; when it visits the healthy and and pure localities of a Catholic country, it produces no more harm to the soul than the latter does to the body in pure mountain districts; but let it come to the poisoned and fetid regions, where vice and unbelief form a worse atmosphere, than the reeking cesspools and heaps of fermenting garbage make in those crowded courts and alleys, and it acts as a deadly moral pestilence. Those whose bodies would have died in Ireland, in London lose the life of grace, under the same pressure of distress. It is consoling to know that the problem of meeting this terrible evil is taken up, and that it will be solved by an enlightened and persevering charity.

2. A disedifying controversy has been begun and closed (as we hope) in England, between the Rev. Dr. Cahill on one side and the "Rambler" on the other. It began with a very severe critique in the latter magazine on Dr. C's recent letter on Transubstantiation, attacking its spirit, logic and theology — the latter, certainly, on very insufficient and mistaken grounds. Dr. C. replied in two long and somewhat acrimonious letters in the Standard and Tablet, bringing accusations against the honesty and truth of the editor of the Rambler, which Mr. Northcote had no difficulty in showing to be unfounded. There the matter rests, both parties, as the Tablet remarks, having evinced great talent, and we may add, not a little temper; and we gladly dismiss the topic, an attempt at the full appreciation of which would occupy more space than we can afford, or than its importance warrants. These personal controversies between Catholics, all sincerely devoted to the faith, and especially with evident *misunderstandings* on both sides, though deeply to be regretted, are not to be treated as fatal or permanent lesions of charity. When the atmosphere has given up, in lightning, thunder and rain, all the electricity and heavy wet with which it was charged, it will clear up, and we shall have finer weather and more "enjoyable" (as the English say), than before the storm.

3. Cardinal Wiseman, in his Lenten Indult or Pastoral, dated "out of the Flaminian Gate" at Rome, — as it would be deemed contrary to usage and ecclesiastical propriety for any but the Chief Bishop to date his acts of authority from Rome itself, — speaks of his not being likely to return to England before a considerable portion of the penitential season shall have elapsed. This shows how much truth there is in the report that His Eminence was going to take up his abode permanently in Rome. The pastoral, which we observe is addressed to the faithful of the "Diocese" of Westminster, (not the *arch*-diocese), is one of great beauty. After speaking of the consolation which he derives from his journey to the Tomb of the Apostles and his vicinity to the throne of the Vicar of Christ, he exhorts them to avail themselves of the benefits of the season, in view of the chastisements of famine, war and pestilence, impending over their country; His Eminence deplores the evils of war, directs the collect for peace to be recited at every Mass and benediction during Lent, and that as soon as war shall be declared, in the Prayer for the Queen after Mass on Sundays, the clause ***hostes superare***, "that she may conquer her enemies," shall be inserted, which has been omitted, observes the Cardinal Archbishop, for forty years.

4. On Quinquagesima Sunday, the devotion of the *Quarant' Ore* or Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, began at the church of our Immaculate Lady of Victories, Clapham, and will be continued in the various churches of the diocese o Westminster and that of Southwark, until Easter.

5. In the House of Commons, Tuesday, March 1, Mr. T. Chambers moved for a select committee to inquire into the number and rate of increase of conventual and monastic institutions in the United Kingdom, and to consider whether any, and if any, what further legislation was required on the subject. This motion produced a long and exciting debate, in which the question of the Nunneries' inspection came up, and as always happens in such cases, a strong light was thrown, even by Protestant speakers, upon the virtues of the Nuns and Religious, and the high utility of conventual institutions even in the secular point of view. The government opposed the motion, but the House dividing, the motion was carried, by a majority of 186 ayes over 119 noes.

SCOTLAND: 1. *St. Mungo's, Glasgow.* — 2. *Dumbarton Schools.*

1. On Sunday, Jan. 22, in Glasgow, at his titular church, the feast of St. Mungo, the great patron and founder of that city, was solemnly observed for the first time since the Reformation. The Rt. Rev. Dr. SMITH celebrated Pontifical High Mass, assisted by a numerous clergy. The sanctuary was elegantly adorned, the music exquisite, and magnificent vestments and plate, recently presented, added lustre to the scene.

2. At Dumbarton, a noble edifice for St. Patrick's Schools is nearly complete, with a chapel, and has been opened for scholars. The grand and massive doorway is said to be much admired, and the whole building, the finest of the description in Dumbarton, to be in perfect taste, as well as of a solid and substantial character.

IRELAND: 1. *Catholic University.* — 2. *New Bishop of Kerry.* — 3. *The Quarant' Ore in Dublin.* — 4. *Receptions of the Veil.* — 5. *Churches and Convents.* — 6. *Obituary.*

1. The Very Rev. Dr. Newman has at last really taken up his residence in Dublin with a view to the opening of the Catholic University. It is confidently said that he is to be made a bishop *in partibus*, which honor, or some other mark of its esteem and confidence, the Holy See has long desired to bestow upon the illustrious and venerable convert. In connection with this subject we may mention, on the authority of the Boston Pilot, that the Very Rev. Dr. Newman has addressed a letter to Mr. Brownson, in which the latter is offered a distinguished position in the new University. The appointment will not oblige Dr. Brownson to be absent for any long time from this country, nor will it interfere with the Review. The approximation of these two great men must be regarded with a deep interest by all those who have long admired them both.

2. The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, President of All-Hallows College, is appointed Coadjutor to the Bishop of Kerry.

3. As in London, so in the capital of Ireland, the Lenten season has been inaugurated (Thursday, March 2), by the opening of the Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, which is to continue in different churches in Dublin and the diocese, till summer at least. In Dublin the devotion was opened by His Grace the Archbishop, who sung High Mass, at the church of the Conception, Marlborough street. "After Mass," says the Tablet, "the procession, in which the Archbishop bore the sacred Host in an ostensory of extraordinary size and magnificence, under a canopy of cloth of silver, passed through the aisles to the outside of the church, and then entered by the great front door. As it proceeded up the nave to the high altar, where numberless wax lights already burned brilliantly, waiting the arrival of the Most Holy, and while the sweet strains of the 'Tantum Ergo' were pouring forth from choir and organ, there was a majesty, a heavenly grandeur in the scene that expressed more forcibly than any language could, the sublime sentiments of veneration and love which are called forth by Catholic faith in regard and in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Throughout the day the church was crowded by devout adorers, and until the hour arrived for closing the church doors at night there was not an instance in which it did not present the edifying spectacle of a vast congregation hushed in silent prayer."

4. *Taking the Veil.*

Thursday, Feb. 9. Convent of Mercy, Castlebar, Mayo. Miss Madden, daughter of Mr. Michael Madden of Westport; Miss Geoghegan, of Moate; and Miss Morris, Co. Galway, a niece of Earl Stirling. — Miss Maria Griffin, daughter of Gerald Griffin, Esq., of Corkrag, County Limerick, has been received into the Convent of Mercy, Peter's Cell, Limerick. — Thursday, Mar. 2, at the Ursuline Convent, Cork, Miss Ann Cruise, Dublin, Miss Teresa Collaghan, Middleton, and Miss Ellen Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq., of Deansfield, County of Dublin; were received by the Rt. Rev. Dr. DELANY. — Thursday, Feb. 23, at the Middleton Convent, Miss Frances Molony, daughter of the late John Molony, Esq., of Rosscarbery, was professed.

5. *Churches and Convents.*

At Ballina, Mayo, the new chapel is to be completed by erecting a spire, with a handsome clock: £1,000 have been raised. — At Ballinrobe, the same contractor, Mr. Egan, has undertaken to complete the Convent of Mercy for £2,000. The M. Rev. Dr. Mc-

Hale advanced £500 towards it. The building is already covered in and glazed.—At Ennis, Limerick, a subscription has been raised to build a chapel for the Franciscan Convent —In Dublin, measures have been taken to complete forthwith the new Church of St. Catherine, Meath street, which, when finished, will be one of the ecclesiological and architectural illustrations of Ireland.

6. *Irish Obituary.*

Jan. 30. The V. R. P. Donegan, P. P. of Drumlane, by whom the new Church at Drumlane was erected at his own expense (for £3,000). Jan. 29, at Ferns, the Rev. Peter Murphy, C. C., aged 34. He was an alumnus of the College of Kilkenny.

United States: 1. *Return of Archbishop Hughes.*—2. *See of Chicago.*—3. *Letter of the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr.* Bedini, *to the Archbishop of Baltimore.*

1. Tuesday, Feb. 28, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes arrived at New Orleans from Havana, enjoying an apparent vigor and health which he had not for a long time previous. "*Nous avons eu peine, un instant, à en croire nos yeux, tant nous l'avons trouvé changé en mieux,*" says the Propagateur Catholique—"We could scarcely believe our own eyes, at first, so much changed for the better did we find him!" *Deo gratias.* His Grace quitted New Orleans on the 8th March, to return slowly to his diocese. During his stay at New Orleans he visited most of the churches and charitable institutions, and received a great deal of attention from the clergy and laity. All who visited him were struck, says the Propagateur, with the calmness and gentleness of his manners.

2. The Archbishop of St. Louis has received the bulls appointing the Very Rev. Anthony O'Regan, Superior and Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of St. Louis, at Carondelet, near the city of St. Louis, to the See of Chicago.

3. His Excellency the Nuncio Apostolic, Monsignor Bedini, reached England in safety after a somewhat stormy passage, and by this time will have arrived at Rome to give to the Holy Father an account of his mission of amity and peace. He wrote from London a letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, of which, by the kindness of our venerated metropolitan, we are permitted to give the following translation. Nothing that we might say could add to the interest and the emotion with which this beautiful letter will be read by the Catholics of the United States: we therefore forbear all comment.

## LETTER OF THE APOSTOLIC NUNCIO

### TO THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

Monsignore Mio Veneratissimo:

Behold me safe at last on the other side of the Ocean! The first sentiment awakened within me is that of gratitude towards so many who will have accompanied me from your side with their fervent prayers. Your Grace and all the good Catholics of America have the most ample right to that sentiment from me, and it is very sweet to me to consecrate to the most lively expression of it towards them, the first lines which I trace on the soil of Europe.

On the Atlantic, also, we had moments very tempestuous, and which sufficiently recalled to my mind those not dissimilar ones which I experienced in New York when least my heart expected them, that is to say, when it was so much delighted with the courteous and joyful and most honorable welcomes, which for so many months were lavished upon me. Oh what a festivity did the evil-disposed disturb in the hearts of those good Catholics! What bitterness did they seek to shed into the kindnesses which were so peacefully reciprocated between the devoted children and the Envoy of their most loving Father! They had indeed too fair an opportunity to poison the joy of a holy family always becoming more inflamed with the ardor of faith and charity; nevertheless they will never prevail to destroy the dear remembrance of that blessed enthusiasm and of that most holy reciprocated affection; never will they prevail to dissipate the effect of so many benedictions which, in the name of God the Redeemer, and of His Vicar upon earth, were given, I confess it, with the most lively affection of my soul. Moreover, to the eye of faith that madness was the most evident sign of good, since the common enemy measures his anger by the extent of his losses. If any one wishes to pretend that all this fury of certain refugees had only a political color, and not a religious one, why select as a pretext my brief political life, in that most difficult charge entrusted to me of governing a million of the subjects of the Pontifical States, after the delirium of a spent Revolution? But whoever has a particle of sense, and the least grain of experience, knows well that quite different was the origin of that raving madness, and quite different its scope. My political life, even as it concerned *them*, had not the least importance! never! Their most celebrated chiefs never occupied themselves with me even in their wildest declamations.

Arrived in America with a function wholly of courtesy, of love and of peace, what new element was superadded to exasperate them against me? And what field did they select to give vent to their rage? In what modes and with what consequences did they lend themselves to the spirit of darkness to cast mortification and fear into the camp of Christ? Oh what shameful pages will history trace in their regard and in regard to those who concurred with them in these street orgies, and those, too, who knew not how to restrain them!

They abused first the most unbounded and generous hospitality, and afterwards the credulity of a nation which is already great and which aspires to destinies still greater. If they could not claim that abused nation as an accomplice, they rendered it at least responsible for what took place before its eyes, under its laws and on its soil; namely, for a most savage attempt, capable of causing any nation whatever to descend a thousand degrees in the scale of its dignity.

They next deceived and betrayed it in the most delicate of its sentiments, since, to excite it to a generous indignation, they invented facts which never had any existence, imagined, according to their own pleasure, actions, influences, powers and exercises of power, *which I never had*, and portrayed, on the model perhaps of their own hearts, such a monster of cruelty and villainy as to move, one knows not whether to indignation most, or to ridicule. And that portion of the public prints which received as oracular this echo of Hell,—which diffused it, repeated it, expounded it with the most heroi-comical simplicity in the world, and with the most inexcusable complicity,—what service has it rendered to its nation?

Oh, I am sure that every honest American knows it now, and when this portion of the press shall also know the absurd phantasm which it has followed, the evil genius to which it has rendered service, it will experience, at the due time, an exemplary mortification. It will then wish perhaps to make amends for the wrong, but History has already noted down with her own hand those frenzied and brutal demonstrations, and nothing henceforth can obliterate them. The shame and confusion that will succeed, then, on those foreheads, we shall be able only to pity, not to remove, because they will remain there as long as the pages shall last on which history has registered these events.

The nation redeemed itself greatly, it is true, in the really courageous and true words which its Senate spoke in defence of, and respect for, the Envoy of Rome: it was in that moment that one Capitol rendered itself entirely worthy of the other: but I cannot help reflecting that, notwithstanding, such words did not avail to put a stop to those furious outrages, or even to protect my life from the same dangers. I supposed that a Government would act upon, and in harmony with, those noble words, to which I will never cease rendering the tribute of eulogium and gratitude; but the hopes thus awakened, and, in fine, the promises given, resulted in nothing: inaction became the servant of the delirium of a few, and those even foreigners: and I was obliged to be convinced that for more than one palace in Washington the inscription dictated by Job would be most appropriate—*fuissem quasi non essem.*

I must render an account to my Sovereign of the effect at least of his most kindly-intended letters, but the silence of those who received them will explain my own silence, and this discourteous and insulting lesson for the Sovereign of Rome will not be lost on any other chief of a nation and of a state, who may ever wish to lavish civilities and courtesies from the other side of the Atlantic. Certainly it is not thus that great nations are governed and served. There is indeed a common code for them all, nor is there an ocean to divide them in the fulfilment of their paramount duties, for the flagrant violation of which, those who rule or represent their destinies are obliged to answer. The judgment to be passed on this affair the Nations of the two worlds have already formed, and not some miserable bribed and shameless print on the banks of the Ohio or of the Hudson.

Pardon me, my most venerated Lord, *(Monsignore Veneratissimo)*, if I give vent for one moment to some flash of anger. I know not how to restrain it against him whom I consider the only or the principal guilty cause of this scandal and mortification; him who disgraced his office, betrayed his mission, and was deaf to public opinion after having himself deceived and perverted it. I turn instantly to those sentiments which alone ought to triumph in whosoever bears the Cross on his breast, not only as a symbol of true dignity, but also as a symbol of that cross which the persecutions of Hell cause him more truly to bear in the heart. Oh! let that power of darkness unchain itself as much as it can, through its organs, those apostasies so various, and so faithful to it; I will not retract one of the innumerable benedictions which I scattered on the land of Columbus: I will remember always with pride the joyful and loving receptions, the words interchanged in the midst of the most holy solemnities, the mutual edification which we experienced in our hearts in the fulfilment of so many acts which derived from my Episcopal Ministry: ever shall I hold dear the remembrance of the American people, whom I blessed with all my soul in their institutions, in their churches, in their sick, in their young children, true and principal treasure, sweet and precious hope of religion and of the country. My heart will always give a throb of tender and grateful affection, my lips will always breathe a prayer for them, and this hand, which, always ready, clasped so many others on that side of the Atlantic, will ever be raised with equal readiness to bless them, in whatever corner of the earth my destinies may cast me. I shall always fervently rejoice that I had in my long journeys no other end than that of satisfying the desires of the Bishops and of the Catholics. From this holy end, your Grace knows well that the menaces upon my life itself, were, even from the beginning, unable to divert me. I terminated my course only when the reiterated commands of the Holy Father obliged me to return to Europe; and the daggers and calumnies and outrages which were the most noble arms of my enemies, and which alone sufficed to stamp them; as they have rendered my mission more holy, because more persecuted, so they have infused into me greater courage to despise them, trusting in the power of the Supreme Keys, and in the efficacy of so many prayers which, in the two worlds, rose for my safety, and still rise, to the throne of God. Who knows not that persecutions are the most glorious and most inevitable heritage of our Ministry? Who perceives not in this the most efficacious means for increasing in the Faith, for kindling more with the ardors of holy charity, for extending as always the kingdom of Jesus Christ? Oh, how little would my mission have been worthy of Him, if it had been scattered only with roses! I bless those thorns which mortified it: they are the blessed seal which qualified it and rendered it more holy. Let them plant the indignity which perfected it in the very quick of the heart, the field which received that seed will not delay to bring forth abundant and blessed fruits. *Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terra mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet* Could there be words more true and more consoling than these for one who was the object of the anger of hell in the exercise of a ministry all of love and of peace? And more opportunely still does that sacred seed receive a comment from the words—*mortificandum infidelitate Judæorum, multiplicandum fide populorum.* It is the unbelieving who have the office of *mortifying* that seed, but the successful harvest is multiplied under the hands of a people that perseveres, that believes, that adores, and that knows how to receive in the heart, with equal faith, benediction and mortification. Behold the part which belongs to the good Catholics of those vast regions; I point it out as their duty and as their comfort; I recommend it as a precious memento of my sojourn among them; and I confess that the hope of seeing them persevere in good, even of increasing and multiplying in it through the most painful and mortifying occurrences that may befal, renders less grievous to my heart the moment which separates me from them, and perhaps separates me from them forever. Oh yes! I feel that this thought and this separation cost too dear to my sensibility! But yet I bless the tender emotion which I experience, because it will find an echo in the hearts of so many whom I have seen and blessed, and will confound those enemies of God and man who with so much malice would have wished to break the sacred chain of ardent charity which bound us together, would have wished to see every where dried up the source of the holy affection, with which we mingled together joy and sadness, pain and triumph —*but their desire will perish:*— it will be, in fine, a constant pledge of reciprocal, not ungrateful reminiscence, and of common prayer for our greater good and for the multiplied glories of our holy religion.

Meanwhile for a more sensible proof of my gratitude, and of pious remembrance, which may recall my journey, I send at the same time to your Grace and to your colleagues a number of pictures of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini, which I caused to be there expressly engraved, the engraving being done from a Daguerreotype taken from the wonderful picture itself, and given me by the pious and zealous bishop of that city. That portentous moving of the pupils took place precisely during my civil jurisdiction, when I presided over the government of Bologna. It was very just after the attention of the American people had been drawn to those events of my commissaryship which depended in no way upon me, or which arose solely from the implacable anger of a few lost individuals, that I should call it also to one which more truly distinguished and privileged it. Without pledging a divine faith on this subject, since I believe that the only authoritative sentence of the Vatican has not yet intervened, still how much force in itself has a faith, all human though it be, in favor of the well established prodigy; and the diffusion of a picture so blessed, and so full of celestial inspiration, I consider will be grateful to Catholic hearts, and more than grateful, useful and efficacious for their piety. If others collected the mire which impeded my difficult administration, let them have this its true gem; and as the former with that inflamed themselves to anger, to outrages, and to curses, let these by this be inflamed to faith, to love, to devotion, to piety, and to every fairest virtue which can render them worthy of so dear a treasure. Yes! this beautiful contradiction will also appear at the sight of this picture, to wit, that so many who yielded so prompt a credulity to the false and most injurious narratives of one individual, will glory in being the most incredulous in resisting the assertions of thousands and thousands who have testified to that prodigious movement of the eyes, and who through a sudden and irrepressible emotion found their own eyes in tears and their hearts in commotion. Having a blind and most prompt faith for calumnies and for falsehood, they will have none whatever for the most marvellous truths: and throwing themselves with full appetite and without disgust upon tales which degrade and corrupt the man who believes them, will profess themselves too experienced and too sagacious not to reject with scorn and contempt the faithful relation of events which ennoble the human species and console it, putting it in more evident relation with the divinity even, of which it bears itself the image since the first moment that the vital breath was given to the clay of Eden. But this is language lost upon them: *non omnes recipiunt verbum istud.* I must limit myself to pray the same blessed Lady of Rimini, that benignant she would turn her merciful eyes upon this land, where to me it is most sweet to distribute this her image. Oh may this most powerful Mother of the God-Man console with her celestial glance so many of her children who will seek in her maternal heart the fountain of so many graces; and may she in so many others also, who, bathed in the blood of her Son, still obstinately refuse to call her their Mother, work the not less rare prodigy of opening their eyes to notions more true, more just, more dear, more holy.

I ought to ask pardon, Monsignore Mio Veneratissimo: I perceive that with this burst I have usurped a field which is wholly your own; to your Grace rather than to me belongs the language which exhorts, counsels and entreats in the name of the faith. Pardon it, however, to the overflowing sentiment with which I am at this moment seized, full of reminiscences as lively as they are varied towards these Americans, whom now only does it appear to me that I am quitting, and whom I will term, indeed, always dear to my heart, even without distinction of faith. Be my interpreter with them, Monsignore, when and how you can; know me, as ever, ready to obey your wishes; honor me with your constant good will; and believe, that to the highest esteem and veneration for your Grace and for all your Episcopal colleagues, I add the most sincere and the most unbounded affection. G. BEDINI,

*Archbishop of Thebes, Apostolic Nuncio.*

*London*, 17th *February*, 1851.

THE

# Metropolitan.

Vol. II. MAY, 1854. No. 4.

## CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES,

### ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION, AND THE BEST MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

*(The Prize Essay).*

### PART II.

We have hitherto considered the origin of American Catholic Literature, the phases through which it has passed and its present state. Few can deny that its progress has been sure and rapid, that its influence is increasing, and that, if no obstacle intervene, the day is not far distant when by its light the benighted and obstinate ignorance of our country will be completely dispelled. Of this future we are now to endeavor to lift the veil, and consider what we of the present can do to increase the power and hasten the triumph of our literature.

In what has hitherto been accomplished amongst us we have had no state patronage, no deification of public opinion, no trumpet-blowing from the press: our only Mæcenases have been a few publishers, and those, as a class, about the most limited in extent of business that the whole country could offer. We have had no "book concern," no "board of missions," no "missionary society," no "Sunday School society," no "Tract Society," no *other* similar institutions, endowed by the lavish bequests of rich old maids, and generous, though hypocondriacal retired merchants. Whatever has been done, has been spontaneous: the flowers are a little wild perhaps, they need some cultivation, but the stems on which they grow have a strength and vigor and a sap of truth that atones for all that. Nay, more; whatever has been done, has been done in spite of obstacles of no little strength and resistance, among which we shall particularize chiefly the want of union among the publishers, a too great fear of English literature in any shape on the part of the clergy, and an unjustifiable severity of criticism on the part of the Catholic press.

In defiance of these opposing influences, unaided by patronage, clerical or editorial, springing from good, healthy seed, struggling stoutly with the thorns and shards of existence, our literature is at last a fact that our enemies cannot deny, a fact which haunts them and torments them as preluding the overthrow of the kingdom of deception, so that lately in a society in New York which calls itself

Christian (lucus a non lucendo) a vituperative orator could find no way to vent his spleen except to place Catholic literature between Voltaire, Tom Paine and the infidels on one side, and the yellow-covered obscene literature on the other. But proceeding now to consider our hopes and prospects, the first point will be to show how the obstacles to which we have alluded can be removed. The publishers have in a manner created our literature, as we have already pointed out, by opening a way to Catholic authors, but unfortunately there has been such a constant and petty rivalry among the publishers themselves, that it is not unusual for several editions of the same work to appear at once, editions sometimes got up at great expense, and which can return each rival publisher but a moderate profit or none, when, if a book of this sort had been left to one house, it would have amply repaid them, and the others would have been able to issue other and really needed works of which we are now deprived. Cramped thus in their means by the publication of large English works, (to which these remarks principally apply) few can venture on home productions, and publishers, authors, and public, all suffer from the effects of a mere short-sighted jealousy. This does not occur, we believe, to anything like the same extent with Protestant publishers. Among them there are certain tacit rules and understandings, never broken, even though an open rivalry may exist between the different houses. They announce the works chosen for publication, and when one house does so in regard to a particular unappropriated book, it is allowed a certain right to publish exclusively, and no other will interfere with it. Among our publishers such an announcement is seldom made, and for want of any such understanding, each in getting up an English work or a translation has to be in constant fear of a rival edition. By entering into some general agreement, and adopting fixed rules of trade, editions could be printed five times as large as those now issued, yielding a much fairer profit, and enabling standard works to be stereotyped, where now so limited an edition can be printed with safety, that sometimes when orders come dropping in from distant parts of the country, it is found to be entirely exhausted.* Such a union of forces, too, might enable us to have reprints of the larger foreign works more easily than now.†

The second obstacle which our rising school has had to contend with, is the distrust of English literature in any shape, which many of our *clergy* manifest. This distrust is, indeed, but too natural. To imbibe knowledge at such a source as that literature has hitherto been, was like drinking at those Eastern fountains, where a skulking bandit lies hid, ready to send a bullet through the unwary traveller. "Drink and away" is indeed the proper motto suggested not only by the anti-catholic, but by the immoral tendency of the great English press. England's greatest boast is her two infidel historians; her dramatists are gross beyond any parallel in a Christian country; her poets have been perfect Asmodii beside the heathen Virgil; her novelists were less gross, but crafty insinuators and the greatest of them a deadly socialist. One and all, high and low, they seemed to think that the dish was unfit for the table till highly spiced with anti-popery sauce. Till of late, the "Index" of common sense would have prohibited them all, for the Catholics had few or no recognised writers. Now however the case is altering; there are a good many writers in whom, if they are not yet of us, still good sense, *common* sense, and common decency, have got the better of the old fashioned bigotry; there are *some* books which a Catholic, even though not of a phlegmatic constitution, may read, without being vexed to madness. And besides these there are works by Catholics perfectly unexceptionable, which will do the more good the more they are circulated. The ban on English literature as such may now be taken off. Long a conspiracy against truth, it now assumes a better character. The influenee of our clergy in circulating books by various means is very great, and to them in many parts of the country the mass of the people look for an opinion on a new work. A good book is certainly a great treasure and a powerful auxiliary of other influences, especially in a reading country like ours, and the better a parish library is provided with them, the better must be the Catholic tone of the place.

---

*At this moment it is almost impossible to get the life of Bishop Carroll, that of Mrs. Seton, De Smet's Indian Sketches, or Oregon Missions, Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky or his Review of D'Aubigné, yet these are all books that should be in every family: that the young may learn the workings of God's providence here.

† It may be observed that international copyright, by making a foreign book a subject of legitimate purchase, and the right of publication exclusive, would of itself remedy the principal part of the evil above complained of, and which is not so wholly confined to the Catholic book-trade as the writer seems to suppose. It is, in fact, always for the interest of the public, that whatever has a marketable value should have an *owner*, and not be free plunder to be scrambled for; so that in this case, as in others, honesty would be the best policy. Actually we should get many reprints of valuable foreign books cheaper, if the publishers owned the copyright, as they could then afford to take time to indemnify themselves for the first outlay. — Ed. Met.

As yet, to pursue this train of reflection a step further, the Catholic clergy of the United States are not indigenous or but partially so. Nowhere, perhaps, can be found a body drawn from so many countries, with necessarily so many different national, educational and social, conventional prejudices as the Catholic clergy of the United States; who yet, have for years worked on in perfect harmony, because all are Catholics, all actuated by the same faith and imbued with the same spirit. One-tenth as many national and social varieties would create a civil war in any Protestant community:—indeed, even though homogeneously composed, these bodies cannot hold together. But as a natural consequence of this variety each has his own views on literature as on other topics, and few, we may say, regard literary works in the same light as do the people of this very exceptional country. Protestantism partly, and partly the self-defence incident to the colonial mode of life, have made the American character *sui generis*. We speak the same language as the Irish or English, but are as different in disposition from either as they are from each other. In our political views, in our social relations, ideas and customs prevail, which are not found in Europe, and which, indifferent in themselves, shock many excellent persons from the old world, who then waste time in endeavoring to alter what is actually inherent, and no more to be got rid of than a respect for the men of '76 and the Declaration of Independence.

Among our clergy there are two classes who equally discourage our native Catholic literature. Some, brought up amid English literature, such as it is or was, but saved from its polluting influence by the Catholic spirit of their families or of the circle in which they moved, believe it less dangerous than we suppose it, and expect that others will pass through the ordeal as unscathed as themselves. Inheriting, too, with this respect for English literature its Saxon contempt for Catholic authors, they treat the contributions of Catholics with a kind of contempt, echoing the "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" so constantly trumpeted by our liege lords. We have no Milton, no Gibbon, no Hume, no Shakespeare: ergo we are nothing. Such as take this view are, we think, wrong—wrong in overrating the general run of English literature, wrong in underrating our Catholic literature, wrong in underrating the evil done by the former, and the good which may be done by the latter. Granted that we Gallicize, Latinize, Italianize, Germanize, or anything-else-ize, grant that our writings be not models of English style, we may for all that be of service in forming Catholic heads and inspiriting Catholic hearts, and in that point of view let us be encouraged.

Others (and of these we desire to speak with great respect), brought up in countries where a censorship of the press exists, and where few read without consulting their confessor or some discreet person, are amazed at the tone of English literature, are horrified to see works in the hands of the young, which with them would be thrown in the fire; they believe that no virtue can exist with such a literature, they condemn it *in toto*, and when they come to take up the few Catholic works they find them either tainted too or dull, *(fade)* and insipid. These they cannot recommend, they are neither pure enough nor talented enough for their ideas: and though diametrically opposed to the former class of which we have spoken, they no less condemn our native Catholic literature, and either discourage it openly or, at least, never in any way encourage it.

Those, on the other hand, of our clergy who have been or are authors *themselves*, (the "quorum pars magna fui" of our Catholic authors by the way) better understand our real want of a Catholic literature and the necessity of encouraging such as we can get. The fact that so many, amid the cares and labors of a missionary life have found time to enrich our literature with excellent works, shows that far from being insensible to our wants, they came forward themselves to supply them. They and those who share their opinions, among whom are found some of our most eminent prelates, have done much, and will, we trust, do more, to encourage a home, an indigenous literature, a subject, on which perhaps many of the others have never seriously thought, but in which even they cannot but become warmly interested when they once look at it from the practical point of view, and see its vital necessity in the circumstances in which we are placed. For the obstacle which we have considered will be removed by an examination of the state of our national and religious feelings. We are not a sect; we are the nucleus of the true American nation. This fairly considered and pondered, our clergy cannot but encourage every effort to circulate healthy, readable books among our people, and as those which are racy of the soil must be best suited to come home to Catholic hearts, those which are home-made must be principally encouraged, albeit they be not only home-made but homely; for though "housekeeping youths have ever homely wits," it does not follow that they are not better men and better citizens for that.

The *third* great obstacle to which we have alluded is the severity of the press: and here indeed, we touch on dangerous ground, and beard the lion in his den. Shall we expose ourselves to the vengeance of the black hussars? Shall we draw down on ourselves their wrath, direful as that of old Dan Homer's hero? Shall we, another Codrus, sacrifice ourselves for the general good? or, like Don Quixote, tilt with the wind-mill giants of the plain? In sober sooth we *are* afraid. Were we writing under an anonyme or a pseudonyme,—*transeat*, we might go on boldly, and let the Metropolitan bear the brunt; but it is not so, we must face the press with visor lifted, and shield displayed, that our cognizance may be seen. Yet we trust that, like good people who hear a sermon, no one in particular will take our words as addressed to himself, but in the true spirit of practical piety apply them every man to his *neighbor!*

The Catholic press of the United States is now one of the most powerful auxiliaries we possess, and exhibits an undoubted combination of talent. Most of the editors are, we believe, Americans: a good many of them are converts: all of them are republicanly despotic, and upholders of the sound maxim, when applied to themselves; "Every man is as good as his neighbor and better too." They have a tendency to be ultra, relentless and sweeping. Partaking in no small degree of the prejudice against Catholic literature, they seem to praise as a matter of form, without examination, or real criticism, unless to oblige a personal friend or some one in dignity. On the contrary, when they do examine, and there is nothing external to bias them favorably, they fall on the poor author and tear him, aye, even tear *her*, to tatters; for to their shame be it spoken, in this land, noted above all others for its chivalric respect to woman of every grade in society, our Catholic papers, and those the loudest in the profession of a chivalric creed, have more than once criticized our lady authors with a fierceness of censure and satire that has left a wound to gangrene for years.

Newspaper criticisms are often, among editors and hangers-on of the press, treated as a joke, but their readers do not think so, on the contrary, look to their paper for a real appreciation of a book: if it be praised in the paper, they buy it, if condemned, they in turn condemn it; if it be dismissed in a supercilious line or two, they ignore it. The clergyman on the mission to whom many appeal, unable amid his many duties to read the works that appear, takes his judgment from the Catholic paper of his diocese, and is often misled. In too many cases the notice of a book is written after a mere examination of the title page or a single dip between its leaves. We have even seen a very severe and damnatory notice in which the critic confessed that he had not examined the book sufficiently to know if it was merited. A little reflection on the real effect of their notices would, we think, lead the gentlemen of the press to use greater care in their compositions, and if the necessity of encouraging our home literature were understood by them, they would endeavor to excite the same interest in the public, and thus would warmly and generously aid the Catholic author, who surely can, as matters now stand, have not even a pecuniary, much less an ambitious view in turning his pen to a Catholic subject. He makes a sacrifice if he be a man of talent, and it is hard that even then he should be slighted, or flippantly condemned, or even held up to ridicule; ridicule or censure the more unjust as not unfrequently some trashy Protestant affair is at the same time mentioned in terms of praise, so that the innocent reader will throw aside the Catholic book and take up the other, to wonder as he reads it, that it did not obtain severe castigation instead of qualified commendation.

Such are some of the obstacles with which our literature has had to struggle: its extension depends in no slight degree on their partial removal; for a complete cure of sublunary evils is not to be expected.

Passing from the negative to the positive side of our theme, if we consider what may be actively done to extend our literature, it is not so easy to speak definitely, or with practical wisdom. Some steps must be taken, it is clear, to excite interest on the subject and to multiply Catholic readers of Catholic books; to effect this the generous co-operation of the press, with the recommendation of the the clergy, will be the most certain means. The institution of parish libraries attached to each church would afford a sure means of giving a wide circulation to all new works, and enabling them consequently to be issued at lower prices and in larger editions. This in France has enabled Gaume, Mame and others to issue such numbers of tales and historical works for the young, at wonderfully low rates. Efforts, then, should be made to get up good parish libraries for our churches; and in our cities larger collections for general use. This has been attempted already, but in most cases people began on too large a scale; and we believe in one instance the books were yearly sold to pay rent, till library and books together disappeared. Yet it seems impossible that a well conducted library society cannot, with the useful aid of winter lectures, be made to flourish in each of our large cities with their tens of thousands of Catholics: and the want of such a thing is the greater as the general libraries seldom contain Catholic books to such an extent as to assist a Catholic student or furnish a Catholic young man with books fit for his reading.

As to the means of extended publication, some hints *(fas est ab hoste doceri)* may be gathered from the plans adopted by the various sects. The Methodists have the most complete system. Their Book Concern issues works thoroughly examined, which then pass current in their communion, and are admitted into their Sunday Schools and distributed in various ways. The American Tract Society pursues a somewhat similar course. Among us the only attempt at such an organization was a society in Cincinnati which began the republication of the "Ages of Faith." As only two volumes appeared it is clear that it failed. Such an association could indeed with difficulty be maintained among us: it would be more easy to adopt the plan of certain literary and historical societies, not unlike that now on foot in England to carry on the Library of Translations. A committee of publication should be organized, to consist of literary gentlemen, lay and clerical, who should make choice of original, translated or foreign works to be published, of which from six to twelve volumes might be annually issued. Subscribers to such a series might easily be procured, numerous enough to induce a responsible publisher to undertake it. Once started, it would be easily supported, without the aid of the associates, who might then take only such volumes as they chose.*

This seems to us the only feasible association plan for this country. That something of the kind is needed to supply Catholic readers with a greater variety of works, is evident from an examination of our Catholic book lists. The matter has been too long left to itself, and a movement should now be made to supply the crying want. In general English literature we need a good Catholic work to guide librarians and parents in the selection of books to place on their shelves; we have no "Choix de bons livres," and even in some of our educational Institutions, when the scholastic year is drawing to a close, the superiors, finding few Catholic works, turn to the general literature of the country and sometimes give as premiums books, which a careful examination, if they had time for it, would probably have led them to reject. We need such a book, too, as a guide to youth, to enable them to distinguish bad from good works and not waste their time in reading what they finally discover to be worthless or worse. As to our Catholic literature we need no such list: for our authors are still so few and generally so unexceptionable that it would be difficult or useless to form one. Inspecting our own book lists, we see however at once that we have no general history of the Church which deserves to be consulted or placed in a library. Reeve's is too meagre; Dollinger too expensive; Pise unfinished. We have no Lives of any of the Popes; no history of the monastic orders; of Catholic missions; Catholic charities; no history of any of the Catholic States of Europe; yet these are all works which we need constantly for our own reference or reading, as well as to put into the hands of those under our care. At present they can obtain such works only by learning French sufficient to read that language with ease, or by the common mental calculation of believing just the reverse of what a bigoted author says, and, as in working out an equation in Algebra, changing positive to negative or negative to positive to resolve the unknown quantities.

---

* It is worth observing that such a plan has been started in England, and has received, besides the promised co-operation of all that is most distinguished in that country, the sanction of the Holy Father, who sent his blessing to the undertaking.

As to books of travels and descriptions of various countries, these are more readily procured from the French, and it is to be regretted that so few works of this class are translated by ourselves, for when done by others they suffer sadly.

If we have a selection of the "Lettres Edifiantes" relating to America, we owe it to the present Episcopal Bishop of California, and it is on the whole correct, though defaced by an ignorant and unjust preface; the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, although two editions are published in English, have no circulation here,* and Huc's travels in Tartary, extracts from which were published by Hazlitt, and these, in the American edition, greatly abridged. Books like these, would be accepted by the trade generally, and Catholic writers would do good service by translating them, if they translated them well.

It is clear, then, that we need a great many works in various branches; and though literary persons are ready to undertake their preparation, and publishers are not loath to issue, the people anxious to read, a sort of apathy seems to have prevented action: Shall it prevent it always?

We Catholics are now sufficiently numerous in the country, but we are held in a political slavery. The majority of Catholics belong to the Democratic or ultra-republican party, of which, in many sections, they form the majority; but by dint of caucusing, and intrigue, the minority of the party who strangely enough comprise the fanatical portion of the anti-Catholic faction, contrive always to keep the Catholics in the back-ground, and allow them no public station, where their just influence can be exercised. The time is however approaching for a dissolution of the old parties, and a formation of new, based on religious difference. This has long been our opinion, and though treated as chimerical, will soon be seen in those states where parties are more nearly balanced. When such a division takes place through the short-sighted malice of our enemies, it will exercise the greatest influence on our literature. It may struggle on till then, but *then* it will suddenly assume a new form — a new life and activity; the excitement of minds and conflict of ideas will evoke talent, genius and skill on both sides, and draw the marked, distinctive line between the children of truth and the fautors of error.

---

*The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith are now regularly issued in Baltimore, by Murphy & Co., and sold for the benefit of the Institution; a recent fact, of which the writer could not be aware.

There are several important omissions in the article on Catholic Literature, which must be ascribed, no doubt, in part, to a circumstance already mentioned by us. Thus the *U. S. Catholic Miscellany* of Charleston, established by the illustrious ENGLAND, and for a long time enriched by his contributions, and which amicably disputes with the Truth Teller the claim of priority as a Catholic Periodical, is not even mentioned. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, the author of the "Reformation in Ireland," "O'Connell and his Friends," "Irish Settlers in America," and a great number of learned and valuable historical papers in his own Celt, is entirely forgotten, as the Truth Teller points out. Then Mr. McLEOD is left out of the Poets, which is excusable, however, as his poetical contributions have only appeared in non-Catholic periodicals. And *Pauline Seward*, by BRYANT, an American story, written with great talent and a most unexceptionable purpose, and which was warmly appreciated abroad, although it had the misfortune here to incur the censure of a distinguished Reviewer, certainly should not have been omitted. There are also some erroneous statements. Thus *Father Oswald* is claimed as an American Tale, an error for which Mr. Casserly, the original American publisher, is responsible: there being nothing about the edition to indicate its English paternity. DU PONCEAU, claimed as a Catholic author, was a very bad Catholic, to say the least, having neither lived (at least for forty years), nor died, in the communion of the Church. In mentioning these things we do not reflect on our valued contributor: for the subject is one of which the literature is yet inchoate, and one purpose of the article is to elicit from various sources, the information by which it may be completed.—ED.

Meanwhile we must labor on, our cause cannot recede. Its motto is that given to the Empire State by its Catholic proprietor — "Excelsior;" its emblem, the rising sun before which darkness flees away: a sun which does not decline till it reaches the zenith, and declines in one meridian only to expel darkness elsewhere.

## THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.*

We trust that our readers are not absolutely wearied with the preliminary points of this essay. To state and prove them was quite necessary to the end we have in view. We have established, then, as we suppose, the following positions: 1. (Feb. No. pp. 40 — 44) that legitimacy, whether monarchical or republican, *i. e.* the tranquil succession of power according to organic laws, is the order of Providence. 2. That this order may be broken, and a new succession or form of government, or a new dynasty, if the monarchical form be retained, may be legitimately set up, for good reasons, and the new, when its claims are confirmed by time, consent of nations, and in Christian Europe, by the verdict of the Sovereign Pontiff — guide of the conscience of Christian nations — is equally legitimate with that which preceded it. . 3. That this destitution of dynasties on account of their becoming unfit to reign, has particularly obtained in France, which country, since it became a Christian nation, has been governed by no fewer than three distinct races of kings, exclusive of the present reigning dynasty. 4. That the House of Bourbon, the last line expelled from the throne, had in its history most evidently placed the causes of its own overthrow. We further, under this head specified the principal remote causes of the fall of the Bourbons: — their arrogant usurpation of absolute supremacy, in Church as well as in State (which in France under the Bourbons obtained a new name, *Gallicanism*); — their voluptuousness, sapping the vigor of the race, exhausting it in the very springs of life (April No. pp. 154 — 159); and last, their abandonment of the great spiritual end, which is also the paramount end, of authority in the temporal order, and the substitution of mere secular prosperity and aggrandizement as the guiding star of their policy; which they did persistently, through a series of ignoble and fruitless reigns, and at last systematically, as an avowed principle, during the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe.

The more nearly proximate causes of the fall of this dynasty, growing out of the remote, need not be so particularly traced. A brief allusion to them will suffice. Out of the pride, licentiousness and secularity of kings (who ought to be servants and ministers of God), grow acts of political injustice, and political folly, both sure to be visited in destruction. Those who make their own will their law, will, of course, commit injustice, as did Louis XV, in the acquisition of Corsica (1768). The monarchs who are the slaves of sensuality never possess that manly force which enables them to resist the powerful aggressor in violating the public law of which they are the vindicators, by oppressing weaker states; as happened when France in 1772, by an act of shameful weakness, became the accomplice of the first partition of Poland. The power which looks only to temporal advantages is ever short-sighted, and being blind to the evils accruing from the disregard of principle, contributes, from some selfish motive, to the accomplishment of changes, to the triumph of principles or causes, adverse to its own existence; as Louis XVI did in favoring and aiding the American revolution, whereby, in order to injure a rival, the French monarchy materially contributed to ruin the cause of all monarchs, and in fact, was the instrument of successfully establishing both the precedent of revolution and the revolutionary PRINCIPLE itself of the Rights of Man, inscribed on the American Declaration of Independence. We are Americans and proud of the part which our own ancestors took in the war of our Independence; and moreover, we consider, that as against the British government, *i. e.* as against the heirs of the Revolution of 1688, the American colonies had the clearest and most irresistible case in the world; and we recognize with admiration the wisdom and goodness of Providence in opening, through the success of the American arms, not only the whole continent of North America, but the whole of the immense colonial possessions of the Protestant crown of England, to the free exercise and solid establishment of the Catholic Religion; but that does not alter the fact that the principle avowed as the basis of the Revolution, in the opening clauses of the Declaration of Independence, is subversive of the principle of *authority* in matters of government, and consequently could not be supported by a government resting on the latter principle, without an act of suicidal folly; which, as a matter of fact and history, did actually excavate an abyss beneath the throne of France, wherein with frightful suddenness it was presently after swallowed up.

---

*Continued from p. 159.

And this brings us, indeed, to the well known immediate cause of the fall of the third race of French kings—that catastrophe which involved so much more than themselves, their interests or their rights—the Revolution.

Since all are stronger than one, the majority stronger than the few, it is evident that in the long run (apart from the influence of momentary terror or the success of well-directed violence) the submission of all to one, or of the many to the few, must be founded on opinion—the opinion that it is right so to submit, and that it is even needful to the safety of all. Again, where it is believed that God is the Ruler of the world by His Providence, it will be considered that an institution which is essential to the preservation of order and justice among men, proceeds virtually from Him, and that it governs in His name:—*By me kings reign, and law-givers decree just things: by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice.* (Prov. viii, 15, 16). Kings then are said to reign by the grace of God; and the subjects render obedience as "to the ordinance of God." (Rom. xiii, 2). The first effect of the Protestant reformation was apparently to exaggerate this principle, by declaring the persons of kings absolutely sacred and inviolable, their rights indefeasible, and their authority, when pushed to the greatest extremes of oppression and tyranny, not to be lawfully resisted. It was even pretended, against all history, that the law of primogeniture was a divine institution, and that it could not be set aside by man any more than the institution of government itself. But the rules of logic were not long in avenging the rejected principle of spiritual authority by levelling to the ground this unreasonable prestige in favor of that which is only of this world. The sixteenth century threw off the yoke of the Church, which restrained the vagaries of opinion by the rule of faith; this system obtained full sway only in Great Britain, a country isolated by its situation from the rest of Europe, and marked out as it were for a theatre on which to try the experiment of spiritual independence; and in England, before the sixteenth century even was closed, it brought one sovereign to the block for resisting it — the martyred Mary, and in the seventeenth watered the short-lived commonwealth with the blood of another monarch, slain for defending his prerogatives against the people. In the eighteenth century, when the Reformation had been developed to its last conclusion in philosophic infidelity, it brought to the scaffold a king and queen of France, abolished royalty, and established a scientific barbarism in the fairest kingdom of Europe.

At the close of the eighteenth century, after ten years of convulsion, the state of France was as follows: The king and queen (last reigning) had been put to death; their son and heir had died miserably in prison of his cruel treatment; the rest of the royal family were in exile, as were nearly the whole of the nobility and clergy. The property of the nobles and of the Church had been confiscated and to a great extent sold, and was divided among a great number of proprietors; the law of primogeniture was abolished; all titles of honor were proscribed; the very unity of responsibility and power in the chief of the state, although elective, was rejected as anti-republican, and the executive power was exercised in rotation by officers chosen for a limited period. The Sunday rest was abolished, and a new holiday of the tenth day substituted; the era was changed from that of Christ to the date of the French republic; the names of the months even were not spared, as savoring of the ancient regime: the Catholic worship was forbidden; marriage was declared to be a civil contract, was made dissoluble, and was celebrated before a civil magistrate; the ancient provinces of the kingdom were replaced by a new circumscription, which, under the title of departments, more perfectly centralized the administration of France in the city of Paris, at the same time that it annulled all ancient local privileges and destroyed all historical connection between the existing and the former government of the kingdom — a kingdom no longer. The boundaries of the State were also greatly extended, and comprised not only Avignon, but the provinces of Germany west of the Rhine, and the Low Countries, neither of which had ever been subject to the French crown. To add to the complete lesion of continuity between new and old France, a series of brilliant military exploits, the most dazzling in European history, had illustrated the arms of the Republic, and effaced from the memory and the hearts of the French people all the martial glories of Henry IV, of Turenne and Condé, and had formed a new national tradition entirely severed from that of the ancient monarchy. All the most precious and salutary institutions of a Christian and Catholic country had been abolished — the religious orders of men and women, the convents, the monasteries, the abbeys, the colleges, in fine, the Church itself. The crucifix was prostrate in the dust; the sacrifice had ceased; the chants of the sanctuary were silent; the hands of the Pontiffs were no more raised to bless; the garb of the priesthood was unseen in the streets; the union of man and woman was unblessed and profane, the youth were uncatechized and unconfirmed, the sinners unabsolved, the table of the Lord was not spread with the bread of life, the dying went to the next world without the consolations of religion, their bodies were deposed in the grave without the rites of Christian sepulture. In fine, infidelity was general, at least in the towns, in the army, and among all the educated classes. Only the peasantry in some districts, and a considerable number of women, retained faith; the believers in the better classes hid their heads, so that their number appeared to be less than it really was; while infidelity stalked about and talked high and loud, and possessed all the places of power and all the channels of opinion. Literature was nearly extinct; Madame de Stael (a Swiss) was the only French writer of much force or repute; the prevailing taste was false and tawdry to the last degree; chemistry and mathematics alone seemed to take a vigorous development — the favorite sciences of the Mahometans, and the natural resource of those spirits who are cut off from moral science by the negation of its first principles. For a deep-rooted fatalism was the essential form of the ruling thought of the time — fatalism, which is materialism reduced to its formula; and this tendency, by a strange approximation, went even to the East to ally itself with the followers of Mahomet, and came near assuming the turban itself on the banks of the Nile. The French — the soldiers of St. Louis and of the Cross — had sunk into Mussulmen, without even the fanaticism of the Crescent, without even so much as the Koran retained of traditional morality, and supposed divine sanctions for their superstition. And fatalism (true daughter of Jansenism) is the deadliest blight of nations; and therefore, France was in such a state as, despite its lightning flash of conquest, foreboded a rapid decay and a disappearance, at no distant date, from the map of Europe. Already the hordes of the Dnieper and the Volga had camped in the plains of Lombardy and pushed their outposts into the Ligurian passes of the Appenines; and so surely as there is a law that governs history, the tents of the Cossack were destined to be pitched in the *Champs Elysées*, unless the vital power of faith and the freedom wherewith the truth makes free, were somehow to be restored to the apostate nation.

France, in these circumstances, needed regeneration as much as in the days of Clovis; she needed to be baptized anew; to have her altar of sacrifice rebuilt as after the waters of a deluge; and the individual whom Providence should raise up to accomplish this mission of re-constituting her a Christian nation, was a new Clovis, more unhoped for and if possible, a greater benefactor, than the first founder of the French monarchy; he would be the founder and father of new France, the Noah of the new emerging world from which the flood of ruin was retiring. To suppose that such a man, with the power to work this radical renovation, was called upon to restore the effete dynasty under whom and by whose treachery and unworthiness the ruin had been brought on, and of whose crimes that deluge, not of water but of blood, had been the punishment, is to misunderstand the situation entirely, and it certainly takes a Scotch novelist, of Jacobite sympathies, to dream of such a solution of the problem.*

The person on whom this mission devolved was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

---

* Walter Scott in his life of Napoleon proposes this as the course most fitting for the first consul to have pursued, if it had been *practicable*, which he owns it was not. But the truth is, it was not only impracticable but undesirable: for the traditions of the old family were precisely at war with the reconstruction of France through faith, and the very trust in them was an idolatrous superstition: let the would-be gods of a nation save it if they can; if fracture in pieces by a hostile hand proves them to be of clay, let them not ask to be cemented together again and restored to the pedestal whence they have been hurled.

## THE PICTURE OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

*Translated from the French for the Metropolitan.*

Near Villefranche, a short distance from the main road, is a little abandoned ruin, in which, about thirty years since, there dwelt an unfortunate infirm widow, sixty years old, and her only daughter, just sixteen. These two poor women lived on alms, and by the labor of their hands. Franconette, as the young girl was called, occupied herself with all sorts of work, and went every day from house to house in the neigborhood; her mother cut grass for the goat, gathered sticks of wood for their slender needs in the way of fire, and spun a little flax, when the weather was too inclement to go out. Thus they lived contented amid all their privations, because they loved each other, and believed in a better life. The interior of their cabin was not less miserable than the exterior. Picture to yourself, four smoke-blackened walls, threatening to fall on you every moment, a worm-eaten bed, three stools and a chest, for all their moveables. In the corner, there was a little straw upon which the goat slept: the bed of its mistresses was scarcely better; but they found it excellent, because they enjoyed upon it a sweet sleep, the reward of a good conscience. At the head of the bed Marianne had placed a small picture of the holy Virgin; it had been purchased a great many years since, and had cost but a trifle. The mother and daughter had great devotion to this picture, particularly the mother, who honored in it the divine image of her patroness, to whose influence she believed she owed all the happiness she enjoyed upon earth.

When the shades of evening descended upon the mountain, and the curfew in the neighboring hamlet sounded the hour for retiring, they both knelt before the holy Virgin, and thanked her for their daily bread; in the morning, as soon as the first rays of Aurora penetrated the roof of their cabin, they knelt again, and thanked the holy Virgin for having given them sleep during the night.* Marianne did not limit her devotions to the morning and evening prayers, which she recited before this celestial image. When fatigued by labor, and she was soon fatigued, she would push her stool near the bed, and with joined hands, praying, or not praying, would contemplate with rapturous delight, the sweet features of her patroness. She went every Sunday to the parish church, where there was a very beautiful picture of the Annunciation, which persons came ten leagues distance to see, but Marianne preferred her own picture of the holy Virgin; she had gone three times to Villefranche, and three times she had seen in the cathedral of that city, a holy family by a celebrated Italian painter, still she loved her picture more than that. We must however, observe, that it was not one of those common colored prints sold in shops, or at fairs: it was a genuine painting; time, it is true, had somewhat dimmed its brightness, but Marianne saw only the holy Virgin,—

---

* It might possibly appear to some even of American Catholics that this was ascribing to the Blessed Virgin what ought to be ascribed to God — daily bread and nightly protection: a French, Italian or Spanish Catholic would be extremely astonished at such an interpretation, as much so as if any one were to criticize in the same way their gratitude to an earthly benefactor for giving them alms or assistance. It is perfectly understood in countries where the loss of the common heritage of spiritual ideas does not infect all language, that the Blessed Virgin scatters blessings upon us from the spiritual hands of her prayers. And what is thoroughly understood does not need to be formally expressed.

white, pure and beautiful, apart from the dark ground by which she was surrounded! The Infant Jesus had such a beautiful expression of innocence and divinity! Often she would say to her daughter; —"See with what benignity my patroness looks at us: it is she who watches over us, I am sure of it: how sorry I am not to have given you her name. How lovely is her veil! How rich the embroidery of her mantle! How brilliant are the rays of glory that encircle her Babe! It seems to me I can see you now, as when you were a little one, your brow crowned with blue flowers. Be always devout to the holy Virgin, Franconette, the mother of Christ is the mother of all, but especially of the unhappy, who suffer and weep!"

In a transport of gratitude and love, they would then cast themselves into each other's arms, at the feet of the holy Virgin, then they would renew their bouquet of box-tree and garland of amaranths, which formed their only offering; but the Blessed Virgin was more honored in this poor dwelling, than in the richest oratories. Tears springing from a pure heart, and prayers uttered with an innocent voice are more agreeable to her than the most splendid pomp and the most magnificent presents.

Soon however, the sweet tranquillity of Marianne and her daughter was disturbed. God often sends the severest trials and difficulties to those most faithful to His holy law. Happy those who suffer upon earth; in the day of recompense, they shall reap an abundant reward!

There came at length a year of disasters in Villefranche and its environs — the grain fields were laid waste by a terrible storm, the meadows inundated; the vintage destroyed; all the harvests failed at once, and as misfortunes never come alone, this summer so sterile, was followed by a winter so rigorous, that the oldest inhabitants did not remember ever to have seen one like it.

The misery was general, even among those, who had enjoyed comparative comfort: and the rich, uneasy about the future, and fearful that they would not have sufficient money to support themselves, stopped employing labor. Marianne and her daughter, who had never been able to provide for themselves, but by the greatest economy, living (in short) from day to day, supported themselves through this winter no one knew how. They sold their goat, which was so necessary to them, and which they loved so much; they received through the good curate of the parish some alms, but alas! these alms were so trifling; the number of benefactors was so very small and that of the unhappy so great! Doubtless they could not have lived, but for the protection of the holy Virgin, who watched over them and whose image they unceasingly honored.

"Holy Virgin, patroness of my mother," said Franconette, "do not let her die so miserably!"

"Holy Virgin, patroness of the afflicted," said Marianne, "do not abandon my daughter, she is yet too young to die!"

The spring returned, and with it came the hope of better days for Marianne and her daughter, Franconette could again resume her labors; the old Marianne no longer felt her fingers benumbed with the cold, when she attempted to spin. Vain hopes! One morning after Franconette had gone out to cull a garland of primroses, to crown the image of the holy Virgin, the proprietor of their cabin presented himself. He was an imperious and hard-hearted man, who had no fear of God, nor pity for man.

"Ha!" said he, "your year's rent is due. The times have been bad, and I have no money, I come to demand it of *you.*"

"Alas!" replied Marianne, "the times have been still harder for me and my daughter, and we have often wanted bread, how then is it possible for us to pay our rent?"

"Then," replied the man, "you must try to find some other asylum, or some charitable soul, who will be willing to receive you for the love of God; for I shall return to the city to-morrow and you shall certainly be out of my house before I leave the village."— And he stamped his foot with rage.

"Alas!" cried the poor woman, "allow us, at least a few days respite to find an asylum for the love of God as you say. We shall not, I hope, be long in finding one; for my old age and the youth of my daughter will doubtless excite compassion in some kind heart. Can I leave my bed, my old table, and three chairs, all that I have in the road!"

"Your bed, your chairs, your old table! You are a fool, good woman; do you then think you will be permitted to take them with you? I am going to make a sale of them and that very soon."

"Sell my bed! what do you say! are you then going to reduce me to the necessity of dying on straw?"

"You may die where you please; that troubles me very little; what concerns me is to be paid; and I doubt whether I shall be, with these miserable pieces of worm-eaten wood. I will try at any rate." And as the unfortunate creature sought to take hold of his hands to implore his pity, he pushed her from him, and opening the door to go, he said: "I have warned you, you must answer to the auctioneer who will soon be here."

Marianne was struck dumb by this last word. She saw herself, or rather she saw her daughter a wanderer, without shelter, without an asylum, cast friendless upon the world, like those poor beggars, who are often forced to assemble together, to pass the night in a barn, in which they find but a little cold straw and no covering; and when Franconette returned singing, with a bouquet in her hand, Marianne could but throw herself into her arms and weep. The day passed sad and long, without her having the courage to announce to her daughter the misfortune that awaited them. In the evening, she prayed more fervently than ever to her holy patroness, and awaking in the middle of the night, she saw the holy Virgin resplendent with light. It was the moon, which had penetrated an opening in the roof and shed its radiance on the pious image. At this moment, Marianne felt calm and resigned; hope re-animated her heart. "Oh! holy Virgin!" said she in a low tone (not to awake her daughter), "holy Virgin, the mother of mothers, and my glorious patroness, I see well that you have heard me! I know you will not abandon me in this great affliction."— After this prayer Marianne again slept, much consoled; she dreamed, that the holy Virgin stretched out her arms towards her removing from herself and daughter all those who would injure them; that she presented her a purse full of gold, beautiful furniture, new clothes and white bread, in a word all that the poor widow needed; then she saw again the landlord accompanied by the sheriff, and started up much agitated by her dream, and the sad reality she was about to experience. It was late in the day before Marianne awoke; Franconette had been up and working a long time.

"How did you sleep last night, dear mother?" said she.

"Oh!" replied Marianne, "this is the last night I shall pass in this cabin, and in this bed, in which I have slept for forty years. Oh! my daughter, my daughter! from this day, we have no longer a home to rest our heads; the stone of the fields will be our seat, and our pillow."

Then she related to her daughter the visit of the proprietor, his hardness of heart, and his cruel threats, which were so soon to be accomplished. She had scarcely finished her recital, when they heard several persons talking. Immediately the landlord appeared, accompanied by officials. One established himself upon the table to act as auctioneer, others placed the furniture outside of the house; then commenced the auction before a small number of persons, whom this sad spectacle had drawn to the place. At first they put up the articles of most value, but of what value! good God! So mean, so worthless were they, that the proprietor feared the proceeds would not equal his claim. There were but twenty-four franks to pay: the sale as yet had only brought two-thirds of the sum, and there remained only a small mirror so black, so unpolished and scratched, that the bailiff hesitated about taking it, and the old picture of the holy Virgin fastened by four nails to the wall; at the foot of which Marianne and her daughter were kneeling, trembling and listening attentively to all the details of this fatal sale, and comparing their lot to that of Joseph, who saw his brothers dividing his clothes, or that of our Lord, who beheld from the height of his cross, the Roman soldiers casting lots for his robe of poverty. "Is there nothing more?" said the auctioneer, vexed at his poor fees. "Look again, let us see, if we can't make a few *sous* more!"

One of the men again entered the cabin and made a minute search; he took away the mirror and began to unfasten the picture from the wall. At this moment the two women gave a scream of terror and despair.

"How!" said Marianne in alarm, "are you going to take from me also this holy image of my patroness? Alas! alas! this is the greatest of all my misfortunes! you will get nothing for this poor picture, and will you rob me of it? This is my last blessing, my only consolation! my daughter kneel down with me; may be, they will be moved by our prayers!"

Whilst Franconette knelt at the feet of this man, her mother was before the cherished image, endeavoring to defend it with her feeble hands. This altercation having attracted the attention of the proprietor, who, already dissatisfied with the little success of the sale, entered with a ferocious air, the poor woman ran to him.

"Sir, sir, you have taken away every thing from me and I pardon you; for my goods had become yours, since I could not pay you; but they are going to take from me this picture! It is that of my holy patroness, before which I have said my prayers these forty years. This picture has received the first look of my daughter, and the last look of my husband; for I placed it here on the day of my marriage, and it is all that remains to me of him — have the goodness — the mercy to leave me this picture. What can you do with it, it is as old as I am, and as near falling into fragments, as I am near falling into dust." And her tears choked her utterance.

The unfeeling man did not even condescend to answer her. He had silently opened his knife to draw the nails which fastened the canvas, and having effected this, he carried it off.

"Who will have this superb painting for two sous?" said he to the crier, (that is about two cents of our money). "Two sous, no more; does no one speak?" He held it up to the spectators, among whom were a group of several gentlemen from the city, who were walking upon the banks of the Avron, and whom curiosity had stopped a moment to see the sale. The two inmates of the cabin did not assist at this profanation of the object of their veneration. Marianne was almost fainting with grief and her daughter was weeping over her and bestowing upon her, the most tender and affectionate cares.

"Two *sous!*" repeated the crier; "two *sous!* Is there no one here, whose patroness is the Blessed Virgin? No one to out-bid?"

"Three *sous!*" said a young girl, named Marianette.

"Five franks," replied one of the gentlemen from the city, who for the first time cast his eyes upon the picture of the Madonna. The crier was so amazed, that he seemed stunned — his arms fell with astonishment, and he looked at the highest bidder with such a quizzical air, that every body began to laugh.

"Twenty franks," added a second voice from the same group."

"Twenty franks!" murmured the crier with the voice and manner of one dreaming.

"Thirty franks!" cried the first speaker.

"Forty franks!" added the second.

"A hundred franks!"

"Two hundred franks!"

"A hundred crowns!"

"Five hundred franks! Five hundred franks!" repeated the crier.

There was a confused murmur among the villagers.

"Eight hundred franks!" cried one of the bidders, with an eagerness he tried in vain to suppress.

"I will give a thousand crowns for it," added the other quietly.

There was but a moment of silence, after which the crier said twice very slowly — "a thousand crowns! a thousand crowns! does no one bid? — Gone!"

"Sir," said the young painter, who had discovered at the first glance, the master-piece presented to him, "you have here an admirable Murillo. I would have given my fortune of an artist to dispute it with you; but you have at your disposal the funds of the government: you ought to prevail over me. On my return to Paris"* added he smiling, "I will go to the Museum to see this wonder." He then went away, casting a look of envy on this sublime painting, which his antagonist locked up in his port-folio, in exchange for three notes of a thousand franks each, which the assembly looked upon with stupid wonder.

When Marianne came to herself, and they related to her this wonderful history, she could not, and would not explain it, but as a miracle of her patroness.

We may judge whether she and her daughter were not happy, the remainder of their days, with so much money. They enjoyed, at least, every comfort. Every year, on the anniversary of the sale, Marianne had Mass said, and burned a wax taper in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. She bought a new picture which represented the mother of our Saviour taken up into heaven amid a crowd of angels. This image often brought back the remembrance of the one she had lost, and notwithstanding the happiness she owed to her little fortune, there was always a regret in her heart, and a tear in her eye, at the thought of her lost treasure; and she would often say to her daughter: "Ah! my beautiful picture of the Virgin!"

There is surely no miracle in this history, and yet we can see in it, the reward vouchsafed to the devotion of this poor woman, who said with her whole heart, happy or unhappy, "Holy Mary, I hope in thee."

---

* This picture is really in the gallery of the Louvre.

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. III.

*Waterford City.—Its Commerce.—Collegiate Church of Youghal.—Sir Walter Raleigh's House, and the Poet Spenser.—The beautiful river Blackwater.—Lismore to Cork via Watergrass Hill.—City of Cork.—Its Environs.—Gougane Barra.—Blarney Castle and "the Blarney Stone."*

After a night spent in New Ross, a busy little borough on the Barrow, we took a small steamboat with a patriotic name, ("the Maid of Erin," I think), and descended the river to Waterford City—the *Urbs Intacta,*—of Anglo-Irish heraldry.

WATERFORD.

Of Waterford, the chief feature is the noble Quay, a fine level landing, faced with cut stone for a mile at least, along which ships of 1,000 tons can lie moored!

Our view shows in the forground a curious and a common place object; the one, a Danish tower, of the date A. D. 1003, the other an emigrant ship. The tower is named after some "viking bold," hight Reginald, supposed to have been one of the first of his race, who sailed up the gentle Suir, to trade or plunder in those parts. A modern tablet states that this same tower of his successively lodged the Dane, the Norman, the gold workers and the criminals, being in various ages, fortress, mint and prison (its present service). Doubtless if the old walls could speak, their utterance would be well worth writing down: but as they said not a word, (at least while we were there), we are unable to supply either "mysteries" or "miseries" of Waterford, or "revelations of Reginald's Tower."

The city itself has few features of much interest, apart from its quay and its trade. In the latter respect, it ranks after Cork, and before Limerick. Its native shipping exceeds 20,000 tons, manned by above a thousand men and boys. Its chief export trade is, however, in produce: the kind that Political Economists pronounce the least profitable to a nation. Live stock from the pleasant slopes of the Cummeragh Mountains and the valley of the Suir —

> —— "which making way by sweet Clonmel,
> Adorns rich Waterford" ——

as Edward Spenser sings, — make up the chief freight of her vessels. Provisions prepared and packed, a manufacture in their way, come next in value to the live stock, as an article of export. "All bustle and no business, like a Waterford merchant," used to be a proverb among their neighbors, if the aforesaid neighbors' children are to be believed; but it certainly is not true now, if ever it was. The city is rich in religious institutions, one of which as we were informed, has in its charter a clause requiring the chaplain to say a certain number of Masses yearly, "for the repose of the soul of king Henry the Eighth." If true, this is certainly a very strange provision.

As we were less curious to see cities than natural scenery and remarkable points, we did not stay to examine Waterford, in detail, nor Dungarvan, our next stage, at all; but hurried on to Youghal, with the intention of proceeding leisurely up the beautiful Blackwater, which Raleigh and Spenser loved, where the romantic boyhood of Edward Burke was passed, and the glorious scenery of which is celebrated by Davis, Walsh, and other minor poets of Ireland, whose names are as seldom asked, as those of the linnets that sing in the groves of pastoral Munster. Our expectation was highly excited before we came in sight of this river, but it was even more than sustained by the reality.

At Youghal two objects particularly attracted us, the ruins of the fine old Collegiate Church, a monument of the munificence of the Earls of Desmond, who lost a principality for their fidelity to their religion, but whose works, have not literally "followed them."

The other attraction was the neighborhood of "Raleigh's house," and field, where the first Virginian potato was planted, and the first Virginia tobacco was probably smoked. The house still stands, and the memory of the adventurous owner lingers round it, many anecdotes are related of him, thereabout; such as that of a servant who found him smoking and without knowing the cause of the smoke, threw a vessel of water on him to quench the fire! We don't insist on the reader believing this, unless he is predisposed to the pleasant habit of believing rather more than less.

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, YOUGHAL.

Whoever has read the sixth canto of that "continued allegory and dark conceit," *the Faerie Queene*, by "Edmund Spenser, Gentleman," hath probably been somewhat puzzled by the story of the loves and jealousies of certain characters called "Molanna," "Mulla guine," "false Bregog," and "the unkind Faunchin." To those who visit the "Anvondhu, called of the Englishman, Blackwater," the conceit will no longer be dark, nor the allegory continued. They are all streams, neighbors or tributaries of this river, on which Spenser, like Raleigh, had got some thousands of confiscated acres, rightfully belonging to the Desmonds. Spenser's admirable poem abounds with allusions which can be understood only in this spot. Here it was for the most part written, and the mythology of it is mainly Celtic. "Puck," who has served Shakespeare so handsomely, is a naturalized Irish Faery, altogether unknown to the Saxon superstitions. "Ariel," also, tricksy and dainty as she is, formed from the side of Puck, out of one of his pliant ribs, mayhap, seems given him to mate, or as mistress under the title "Titania." Queen Mab is another undoubted Irish imagination. Neither Spenser nor Shakespeare, with all their creative power, could have begotten such lovely phantasies; they must have originated with a pious, fanciful people, to whom the unknown was not dark nor terrible; a people as incapable of imaging Calibran or Mephistopheles, or Frankenstein, as the authors of those monsters, are, or were, incapable of imaging Mab or Ariel.—"Halt there! Sir Traveller. I vow to the god Terminus, you're turning critic. Pray, oblige us by ending your essay, and continuing your journey."—Reader, bear with us, it is the first offence.

Oh that beautiful Blackwater! From Youghal to Lismore it is one book of beauty. How we envied the Duke of Devonshire when we heard he was the lord of this lovely landscape:—and how we pitied him when it was added that he seldom visited it, and then, to remain but a few days. Edmund Spenser had a better taste, and would probably have spent his life here, but that in one of the fierce outbursts of the vengeance of the oppressed, his castle of Kilcolman was burned over his head, and he obliged to fly for his life, under cover of the night;—to end his days in absolute beggary in London streets.

Lismore, our next stage on the Blackwater, once famous for its colleges and Cathedral, has now little of the works of men to dignify it, except the castle of its absentee lord. But within a short distance of it is a spot as well worth visiting as any in Ireland—"Mount Melleray." Hereafter, we may particularly describe the mountain home of the holy Trappists, but we dare not mingle the thoughts it suggested, with the lighter memorials of a summer's ramble. We cannot however forbear quoting what an Irish lady, Lady Chatterton, says of her visit to the Trappists.

"We were," she says, "very courteously received by the Superior, who showed us all over the establishment. He has a most benevolent countenance, full of Christian humility, yet quite devoid of that cringing and servile expression I have sometimes remarked in Italian monks. He first took us through the garden; where the only flowers they have yet cultivated were blooming over the few graves of deceased brethren. The sun was shining upon them and upon the painted glass window of the chapel near. I was struck with the idea that these poor men must enjoy a more firm conviction of future bliss than most people. Their own daily fare is hard, and apparently miserable. No luxury, no ornament of any kind, is visible in those parts of the building in which they dwell. The garden, too, only contains common vegetables for their use; but the church is highly decorated. They expend all their money, all their ingenuity, in embellishing the temple of the God they serve; and they cause flowers to bloom on the graves of those who are gone, as if to show that real bliss can only be found in a hereafter. There are about seventy monks in the establishment, all English and Irish. They were invited to return to France, but refused. Some of them were men of rank and fortune; but once a brother, all distinction ceases. Their dress is a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, with long ends reaching before nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue. The effect of these singularly attired and silent beings in the carpenter's shop, where seven or eight were at work, was very striking; it seemed almost as if we were visiting another world and another race. Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter; yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six; and we saw what was preparing for it — brown bread, stir-about, and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam; and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they make the best butter in the neighborhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and a crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress and perform his devotions. The chapel is very large, and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving. It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who, of course, had never even tried to do anything of the kind till after they became monks. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones, and make mortar. With all this hard life of deprivation and labor, the monks appear happy and very healthy."

From Lismore we took the shortest route to Cork, passing by the way the famous "Watergrass Hill," familiar to all readers of "Father Prout's Papers." When those papers first came out in *Frazer's Magazine,* some supposed them to be the genuine productions of the good old parish priest, who from his mountain chapel, had been far above a third of a century "monarch of all he surveyed." But the *ruse* was soon found out, though the real author was still an ecclesiastic. It is deeply to be regretted by every lover of a fine and high-toned English literature, that he was not less liberal of his clerical character, and more careful in the display of his brilliant wit. The place, however, is classical, and no man of right feeling can pass it by without smiling over the recollection of the humor which

GUOGANE BARRA.

was supposed to issue monthly from its summit, to refresh the pages of *Frazer*, nor without sighing over the fall of poor Francis Mahoney, genius, scholar, gentleman, — everything but what he was ordained to be, and therefore less than nothing.

At length we came in sight of the ruin and city of Cork, called by way of pre-eminence "the beautiful city." Few cities of 120,000 inhabitants have been better illustrated than Cork, from the days of Captain Grose and Mr. Bremer to those of N. P. Willis and Mrs. S. C. Hall. And few can be more attractive to artists. Not only has it noble marine views, but also on every side, there is every variety of landscape. Fifty pleasant excursions may be made from the city; but two are pre-eminently noticeable, Gougane Barra, the source of the river, and world-famous Blarney.

A native poet, the gifted Callanan, cut off in early life by that cruel consumption, has so well described this scene, that we shall let him speak of it in his own style.

"There is a green island in long Gougane Barra,
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

"And its zone of dark hills — oh! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle,
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island!

"How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot! from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

"High sons of thy lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the grey legend that long had been sleeping
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory.

"Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,

With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me:
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

"I soon shall be gone — though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken —
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant from the bank of the river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever."

*Apropos* of this poem, we heard it stated that it was sent in MS. without a name, to Campbell, when editor of the *New Monthly*, and that he rejected it. We can say that we don't at all agree with Campbell, and we believe you (Mr. Editor), will agree with us, that it is the true metal, run into an excellent mould, too.

And now for Blarney.

It has been said there were heroes before Agamemnon, but no Homer to give them immortality. And so it was with Blarney, and its stone of eloquence, (*not* "rock of sense") till towards the end of the last century when one Richard Alfred Milliken, a facetious attorney of Cork, undertook to ridicule the mythological ballad-makers, by singing the praises of Blarney Castle. His doggrel was set to an excellent air, which saved it pretty much, as a scapegrace is pardoned many things for the sake of his excellent relatives. Milliken did not succeed in singing the Mythology out of fashion, but he did better, he sung Blarney into immortality. His strains, however, continued incomplete, till the *Pseudo* Prout added this stanza, in special commemoration of the stone we are "coming at." —

BLARNEY CASTLE.

"'Tis there the stone is
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow illoquent;
'Tis he can clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliam*ent.*

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and out-er
To be let alone!
Don't think to hinder him
Nor to bewilder him
If he's a pilgrim
From the *Blarney Stone!*"

The worst of it is, the said stone is rather hard to be found after you get to the Castle. In reality there are *two* stones, each of which has its party. The late Father Horgan, Parish Priest and Antiquary, was of opinion that the genuine one, was that set in the wall, about twenty feet under the battlement, on which there is this inscription: —

> "*Cormac McCarthy fortis*
> *Me fieri fecit. A. D.* 1446."

While "the other party" swears by one about two feet square, set in the level of the battlement and bearing the date 1703, with some heraldic device. Between such learned disputants, American birds of passage like ourselves could not pretend to decide: so we resolved to believe in the one we could most easily get at, and left Blarney fully convinced that we had received the persuasive gift in its full perfection.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Flowers.

Ye will come soon, sweet flowers,
Ere many suns their lengthened course have rolled,
Ye will come forth to greet the warm spring hours,
And stud the earth with gold.

Where the rock-fretted voice
Of streamlet rushing o'er its mossy bed,
Biddeth the thirsting wild-wood bird rejoice,
Will your bright legions tread.

And in the forest green,
Amid its shadowy depths, where solitude
Reigneth supreme, will ye bedeck the scene,
Unplucked by fingers rude;

But rocked on slender stems
By every motion of the bee's slight wing,
Ye will display your painted diadems,
And your pure incense fling.

Or on the rocky steep,
O'er whose rough sides ye gently strive to throw
Your gorgeous mantle, while far waters leap
In the cool depths below.

And where the garden fair,
Tended by loving hands, looks up and smiles
With Nature's gratitude for all their care,
Will stand your glittering files.

In the gray light of morn,
And through the long bright hours of summer's day,
Until the o'erwearied sun, all travel-worn,
Yields unto eve's mild sway.

Then through the silent night,
Unto the azure, star-bestudded skies,
Will ye look up beneath the moon's pale light,
With your soft dew-gemmed eyes.

O'er all the earth, sweet Flowers,
With unread love in all your thousand leaves,
Ye bud and bloom, — as well in palace bowers
As under cottage eaves.

V. S. W

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER XI.

### *The Honey-Moon.*

When a thing is done, we resign ourselves to it; which is philosophical and right. Papa O'Connor felt out of spirits for a little while after his dear child had left him, thinking she had gone away with a man who, as he seemed not in the slightest degree aware that he had any soul himself, so it was not to be expected that he would be very zealous for the welfare of his wife's soul, supposing her to have one. But Mr. O'Connor, though he had his faults, though he was weak perhaps, and over-indulgent, was a Catholic Christian. He reflected that though his daughter was removed in a great degree from his guardianship and care, that she was a child of the Church, and that Heaven would surely watch over her: she had not done the very best thing she could have done, to be sure; she had, contrary to advice, and out of her own self-will, put herself in a position of great disadvantage; but then he reflected that her fault in this particular was chargeable in a great degree upon her father, who had not restrained her when she was little, who had not made her "bear the yoke from her youth," who had not accustomed her from her earliest years to the safe and wise habit of submitting her own will to that of others; and that though she had done wrong perhaps, still she had not meant to be really wicked and rebellious: and as it is a fact that compunction for our past faults no way hinders our resigning ourselves cheerfully to the punishment and to the consequences of them, so Mr. O'Connor consoled himself by committing his dear absent child to the care of that God who unseen was always with her, now as ever before, resolving at the same time that he would be more assiduous and earnest than ever in begging for her the watch and guard of holy angels, and the intercession and protection of the Blessed Virgin and of all the saints. Nor did he forget to implore the Almighty and Merciful Lord who knoweth to bring good out of evil and *maketh men of one manner to dwell in a house,* that he would turn Haraden's heart and make him willing to see the truth: and certainly in this instance the stereotyped prayer for a new heart was a most suitable and appropriate one.

---

*Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

Having thus recovered his wonted cheerfulness, Mr. O'Connor returned to his ordinary duties. The business of the firm in Haraden's absence devolved mainly upon him; he made a daily visit to Kate's house (as he took great pleasure in calling it), to see that all was right there; Uncle Mike and Margaret took care not to neglect him; in fact Kate's parting injunction to her cousin had been not to "let Pa mope himself" in her absence; and then it was Lent, and the days in Lent seem always short and few. Margaret and Uncle Mike began to speak consolingly, and to hope that this marriage which they had greatly disliked, would after all be overruled for good, and would perhaps be the means of bringing Haraden into the Church.

Meanwhile, Haraden and his bride having proceeded south on their marriage, passed their honey-moon in pleasant occupations and pleasant places; enjoying— and for Kate it was the first time—the peculiar beauties of a southern spring, the imperceptible clothing of woods and fields in their garb of soft-green; enjoying the present as much as possible and casting dull care behind them: at least Kate did, who feared that there might be care in store for her; as for Haraden, he never had any care: he was rich and not so self-indulgent as to risk his health, his good looks and his fine constitution; he always made it a rule to do what he liked best, and if vexations came he got round them the easiest way he could: he was exactly the kind of man the world admires and pronounces truly wise.

They had been very good about writing home, and finally, but a little before Easter, a letter arrived, announcing that the bridal party might be expected the following day. Accordingly papa O'Connor was on the alert: a porter was sent up from the store to remove to the house in Broadway the great arm-chair, the mantel clock, and some few articles which had been left till the last moment; the servants went over also and established things on a comfortable footing; that is to say, they made fire burn and water boil, and got things ready for tea. Mr. O'Connor abandoned to the recent purchasers, not without a sigh and a sharp pang at his heart, the house where he had passed pleasant years with the wife who had gone before him, where he had first taken to his arms the child whom he was now expecting home, and where he had thought to end his days. "But to a man who expects shortly to leave the world altogether," said papa O'Connor as he laid himself to rest that night, "it is a small matter to leave an old house;" and the next day before dinner he had the happiness of embracing again his darling Kate, and things began to go on after the old way. The new house was not quite so near the church as the old one, but it was vastly better and more convenient: Mr. O'Connor had never dreamed of desiring a fine, fashionable, stylish house for himself, but he was delighted to see his child presiding in such a one, and presiding too with that dignity and grace which were always Kate O'Connor's peculiar charm.

On Easter Sunday, of course, Mrs. White was in her father's pew at St. Peter's, and Haraden was there also. He made this sacrifice to appearances and to his young wife's feelings, on this first Sunday after their arrival home; but his good temper was not proof against the pushing and elbowing necessary to effect an entrance at St. Peter's on this the Church's crowning festival, and he internally resolved never again to be caught in the like predicament. He afterwards told Mrs. Weld that he had gone to this place, and swore that he would never go again: for Haraden did swear sometimes, when nobody was by who would think the worse of him for it; not before Kate, no indeed, for Kate had a great horror of swearing and constantly maintained that it was not only very wicked but most excessively vulgar; Mrs. Weld, on the contrary, was not so prudish: she did not in the least mind a gentlemanly oath when it was uttered by a well dressed, elegant, fashionable man like Haraden White.

We have heard people say that Father Haly always knew who was at church and who was not; we do not know any thing about that, as indeed it is no business of ours; but on this particular day it is certain that Father Haly did see Kate at church, and finding that she had returned to New York, he resolved to call upon her during the following week. He had known her from a child, he felt a great interest in her, he admired, as did every body else, her simplicity and candor, and he felt much anxiety respecting her future, married as she was to a man without faith or religion. Accordingly, a day or two after, the door having been opened to admit a visitor, rather earlier than one ordinarily expects lady visitors, Bridget came up stairs, her face radiant with satisfaction, to inform "Miss Kate" as she persisted in calling her, that Father Haly was below. The fair bride, equally pleased, for Father Haly's visits were two few and far between not be greatly valued, went down forthwith. The good priest was of a cheerful, social temper and it was his habit to leave preaching and advising to the pulpit and the confessional; but he had not come to see Kate without the desire at least of doing some good beyond making a morning call, or complimenting a young bride on taking possession of her own house: in fact, the very sight of a priest is a good thing, even if he does not speak; it is a good thing to pass in the street a person whom we never saw in our lives before, and may never see in this world again, and say internally, "that was a Catholic priest;" it reminds one of the sacraments which they administer, of the altars at which they serve, and of the holy life which every Catholic is bound to live; and who shall say that such a reminder is without a blessing!

Though Kate did not always follow Father Haly's good advice, she was very much attached to him notwithstanding, and very glad always to see him; but this time she had the opportunity to converse with him a few minutes only before a ring of the front door bell announced another visitor, and presently Mrs. Elford was ushered in to the parlor. She was, as usual, in deep mourning, and accompanied by Henry. She was looking exquisitely lovely; calm and passionless, like a Minerva in marble; she recognized, of course, the clergyman who married Mrs. White,—for Father Haly always wore, (as is the rule of the clergy at present,) a surtout so much longer than an ordinary frock-coat that any Catholic would have known him immediately for a priest, and even any one not a Catholic would have discovered a nameless something in this garb which distinguished the wearer from the masses who crowd our streets and thoroughfares — and her fine features readily expressed any slight displeasure which she might feel at meeting him again and in this quiet way. Kate however, who was proud of Father Haly, though by some singular inconsistency, she did not always feel a like pride in the religion of which he was a minister, introduced Mrs. Elford to him. If the fair widow was cold in her manners ordinarily, she was not less so on this occasion, and presently the good priest, conceiving probably that he had fulfilled his duty in this quarter, and remembering that he had pressing avocations elsewhere, rose to go. The dignified stateliness of the mother, however, was amply compensated by the respectful demeanor of the child, who sprang to his feet the moment the "gentleman in black" rose, and gave him his hand with his own peculiar smile. Father Haly took the proffered hand, and as he passed on, could not resist laying his own gently on the little boy's head. The manners of the little southerner had been carefully attended to, no doubt, and then he had that child-like heart which is the source and best guarantee of true politeness.

After Father Haly was gone, Mrs. Elford apologized for her early call, saying that as she was to leave town early in the following week, she was much pressed for time, having many more to make. She was going back to Buffalo for the present; her residence during the summer would depend mainly upon Henry's health, but she certainly should not go to the south; the estate being now placed in the hands of trustees until Henry should come of age. She expected her father on Friday or Saturday on his way home, from the south, where he had been settling this affair, and she should accompany him from New York as soon after Sunday as it was possible to get away. She begged Kate to give her regards to Mr. White, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing them both at Aunt Margaret's before she left town.

When Haraden came home he was informed of Mrs. Elford's call, and approaching departure, and in the course of the week he went to see her. Mr. Prentiss arrived as expected and took his fair daughter home with him. And thus terminated for the present an acquaintance which seemed, so far as Kate was concerned, without consequences as it had been without antecedents.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The secret and the outward grief.

No doubt Kate O'Connor flattered herself that when she had once secured the dear idol which she had suffered to come between her soul and God, between her soul and her religion, between her and the performance of those obligations upon which after all her real peace and safety depended, far more than upon father or husband, lover or friend — she flattered herself that when she had once secured this beloved object she would feel much more free to follow her conscience and do simply what she thought right. She found it far otherwise. When she was only engaged to Haraden, there was always the question, "Would she go on a certain errand against his will?" — but now that question remained as ever, and there had arisen this other — "*Ought* she to go that same errand against his will?" Evidently the difficulty was augmented. Some people might think this last question easily enough answered in the affirmative, but to Kate who had begun by being, as she herself expressed it, afraid of her religion, it was not easy to begin now to be courageous; it was not easy for her now to convince herself that she ought to brave the displeasure of the husband, to whose will as a lover she had against her conscience yielded.

And Haraden's will at present was clearly enough expressed. Returning to town just at the season she did, it was reasonable that Kate should desire immediately to make her "Easter," and with this intent she went to Father Haly; and though naturally she considered herself free to do so if she wished, yet remembering Haraden's expressions only on the eve of her marriage, in regard to precisely this point, and vaguely fearing opposition, she went as quietly as she could, hoping that it might escape attention. By a trifling accident, however, Haraden became aware that she had been to confession, and, more than realizing Kate's fears, in spite of his engagements entered into at the time of her marriage, he blamed her for going and pretended to restrain her for the future; protesting that no priest should come between him and his wife, and intimating too plainly to be misunderstood, that if she went counter to his wishes in this respect, he should consider it a sufficient cause for leaving her. He had none of the ordinary prejudices against the Catholic religion. By no means: if Mohammedanism or Buddhism had been the fashionable religion of New York, he would have tolerated with exceeding good temper either the one or the other. He did not object to the Catholic religion that it was idolatrous or superstitious: he was not so stupid: but it was vulgar, and therefore it galled his pride that it should be the religion of his wife. No doubt he would have prevented her from going to church even, if he had been able to devise any way, but of course this was not possible with her father always at hand. He said it was one thing for Miss O'Connor to go to the Catholic church, and quite another for Mrs. Haraden White; and he plumed himself greatly upon his indulgence in permitting a thing of this sort, which he found it impossible to prevent. But that Mrs. Haraden White should go on her knees before a Catholic priest and confess her sins in his ear, was a thing absolutely intolerable, and one which no reasonable person could expect him to allow.

"But Haraden," said Kate, "you promised to allow it."

"By no manner of means," replied Haraden.

"Oh Haraden, how can you say so? you know you promised not to hinder me in the performance of my religious duties."

"But I don't consider that a religious duty," returned Haraden, coolly.

"But you know that *I* do."

"And there's where we differ, Katy."

"Yes, but when you promised to leave me free to practise my religion, you knew perfectly well that that was the very thing referred to."

"Very well, Katy," returned Haraden, with consummate coolness, "and I don't bind you in any way; I leave you free; you can go and come as you like; only I tell you what my will is about these things; I tell you frankly what I can tolerate, and what I can't allow; and unless I am very much mistaken, I was not the only person who made promises on the occasion to which you refer. Very much against my will and against my judgment, I allow my wife to go to the Catholic church"—

"Because you can't help it!" cried Kate indignantly, the passionate tears gushing from her eyes.

—"I allow my wife to go to the Catholic church which I don't approve," pursued Haraden, with admirable temper, "and I expect her in turn to refrain from going to confession, which I can't allow. And I leave you quite free to choose," said he, quietly smoothing the glossy nap of his fashionable hat with the fine Paris cloth of his coat-sleeve, "I tell you what I wish and what I expect, and you are at liberty to go your way and I can go mine, or you can give up your wishes to mine in a trifling matter of this sort and we can live together in peace. I think you understand me now perfectly, Katy," said he, as he stood before the toilet-glass, adjusting his hat, and after drawing on and carefully buttoning his fresh kid gloves, softly tapping his pants with his walking-stick, he quietly left the room, went down stairs, and into the street, walking with his usual measured grace, and closing the door gently after him as he went, without the smallest sign or trace of temper or excitement.

Kate sate motionless till she heard him descend the front steps and walk down the street, then burying her face in her hands, she uttered a long, low cry of pain. And had it come to this? How long had she been married? She could count the weeks on those fair fingers of hers — poor, poor fingers which Haraden had kissed so often, and now he was wringing her very heart, and already he was speaking of the possibility of leaving her. Of leaving her who loved him so dearly, who had loved him too well, loved him better than God. "Oh Haraden, was it for this that I have loved you and married you, — to suffer so and so soon!" — For a moment she thought herself more wretched than any woman had ever been before, whereas her lot was only a common one. She had made an idol and had found it clay, and very poor, mean clay too.

She thought of that day when they had stood together and Father Haly with them, and of her truthful, earnest, loving promises, and of the promises which Father Haly had received of Haraden, and then she thought of his miserable subterfuge of a moment since, and for an instant, indignation and contempt ruled it over every other sentiment and all her tenderness seemed turned to gall. She almost hated him and fancied that she must hate him always, and that the link which bound together their two hearts was broken forever. But tender, loving, warm-hearted woman, she never was more mistaken in her life. Women are like dogs in this one respect: the more they are wronged the more they forgive; the more they are abused the more they love. There are exceptions, certainly, but this is true of women as a class, and as for Kate, the moment that Haraden wound his arms around her and gave her one look of love, every thing else was forgotten.

Still it was not so forgotten but that every little while it recurred again to her mind, and always the recollection tore open a half-healed wound, and made it fresh again; but that was not so bad as the consciousness which always accompanied it, that her husband had deliberately lowered himself in her eyes; the renewal of the pain was not much, but the renewal of the scorn and contempt was a real evil, and one which time seemed unlikely to cure. Haraden White, Esq., who would not for the world have had a note protested, or have failed to pay a debt of honor, could nevertheless stoop to quibble and lie, and live in a constant violation of promises which he had voluntarily made at the time of his marriage in order to secure his bride. "I wonder," cried Kate, internally, in one of these moments of indignant recollection, "I wonder what would be the penalty, if the world could know it, for obtaining a wife under false pretences!"

But she was his wife. He might be dishonored, perjured even, not only in her eyes but in the eyes of all the world, but still she was his wife; that relation had been entered into under the sanction of the Church, and nothing in heaven or earth could annul it: he might leave her, as he threatened, or be unfaithful to her, and she might end her life in a convent, but she would be always his wife. They were one then; his honor was her honor and his fame hers. And not only was she his wife, but she loved him: notwithstanding the false and dishonorable part which she felt that he was acting towards her, she still loved him passionately;

she thought only with agony of the possibility of being separated from him, she could not endure that any one should speak or think the slightest thing in disparagement of him. And again, Mrs. Weld had said that Haraden would never be able to live with her, and that they would be separated in the course of a year; and should that proud and prejudiced woman have occasion to exult over the verification of her own ill-natured prophecy? "No, indeed," cried Kate, "no living being shall know or suspect that I am thwarted or restrained in any way: if I can't go to confession, I can't; and if Pa or any body else thinks me negligent or irreligious, they may think so; I can't help it: if Haraden does not keep his promises, I will keep mine; and no body shall suspect that I have any difference with him; nor will I have any: I can stay away from confession, if I must; but I cannot live unhappily with Haraden."

This was the conclusion to which Kate arrived, — when, after having once ventured to disregard Haraden's threats, his sudden and unexplained absence for several days forced her to fabricate such excuses for him to her father as she was able — the conclusion to which, after a great deal of suffering, she was impelled both by pride and by affection. Whether this resolution was a wise or safe or happy one for her, we cannot pretend to judge, as indeed, we are clearly under no obligation to have any opinion about such delicate matters; nor do we even know what Father Haly thought about it: but it is easy to see that this young Catholic girl who wished to be a Christian and to act like one, had unhappily placed herself in an unnatural and most difficult position. She might even now have eased her own shoulders of her burden by taking the advice of one whose sagacity and wisdom she could trust, and to whose spiritual authority she could implicitly submit, and resolving to follow that advice blindly whatever it might be: but poor Kate had not courage equal to that just now, and unhappily by going against her conscience from time to time in little things, she had so imperceptibly weakened her faith that she would not have trusted blindly the best confessor in the world. And so it came to pass that duties which she at first desired to fulfil, were through weakness postponed from day to day: time, or opportunity, or courage, one of the three, was always wanting, until from repeated postponements, the desire to perform the duty became at last weakened also.

Meanwhile the world smiled upon Mrs. Haraden White, and every thing seemed to go on as it should do. Her husband was generous and indulgent, and save upon the one vital subject, amiable. Her father, after the first few days, accustomed himself to the new house, and declared that it was a great idea, this, of moving into Broadway. The new house became gayer than the old one, Kate was more beautiful and more admired than ever, Haraden was more fond and more proud of her than ever, while his own popularity had suffered not one whit by his marriage. The days and weeks flew by in a whirl of pleasure and excitement, and except the one little canker spot which nobody saw, all was really as bright and happy as it seemed. The days and weeks flew by, so happily, so brightly, that Kate was in great danger of learning to love this world supremely and to forget entirely the heavenly glory for which she was destined, when all this joy and gayety received a sudden check in the death of Mr. O'Connor.

In the middle of July he appeared to have taken a slight cold, which at first he thought very little of, but it grew rapidly worse, became alarming, and in only one week he had gone to his account. It was one of the first cases of what proved afterwards to be a malignant and fatal influenza which during that summer carried off hundreds of all ages and conditions. He was very sensible, the last two days of his illness, that he should never recover, and he died strengthened and consoled by the Sacraments of the Church. He was attended in his last hours by the good bishop of New York and also by Father Haly, and his end was, as the end of a Christian should be, full of peace and hope.

Poor Kate was in an agony of grief and surprise. She thought that if he had quietly sunk during the spring and summer, so that she could have known that he was going, and could have had the comfort of caring for him all along, and smoothing all along imperceptibly his descent into the grave, she would not have suffered so. But to have him snatched away at a moment's warning, her dear, dear old father, on whose knee she had sate only one week before, trying to coax him to shut up the house and go to Saratoga with her. Her dear, kind, loving father! how could she bear to go to church on Sunday and not see him in his place? how could she bear to pass his chamber and think that he was gone from it forever? His arm-chair in the parlor, his pipe, his cane, his large old-fashioned hat, almost every thing she looked at, made her heart bleed and bleed again. She loved her husband as much as ever; but her dear father — she could not remember the time when she had not loved him, and when his kind eyes had not looked fondly upon her from his corner by the hearth and from his seat at table.

In her agony of grief and bereavement, she flew to the place where comfort is to be found. She flew to the Church and to the Sacraments. She did not stop to consider whether Haraden would know or care, but she went to Father Haly and prepared herself to receive that heavenly food which is life and strength for all emergencies; and Haraden went with her to church again on the Sunday after her father's funeral, and her husband sate in his father-in-law's place and Kate began to be comforted.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *Sunshine breaking through clouds.*

When Mr. O'Connor was first seized with the influenza which terminated his life, Kate was contemplating a trip to Saratoga: she was almost ready, even partially packed; her head was full of the pleasure which she anticipated during her stay at the Springs with her husband, and she had been for several days, as we have intimated, trying to coax her father to go with them for a week at least, leaving the affairs of the firm to the head clerk, who was entirely trustworthy: but the old gentleman steadily refused: he did not care to leave New York at all, he said; he would stay and take care of the house for Kate; and whether or not it was that he had a foreboding his days might be very few, he was averse particularly to visiting Saratoga, where there was no church and no priest within a number of miles. And then the slight cold grew worse — and then it was all over, and while poor Kate's heart cried out for help and strength, every thing else was forgotten, and the name of Saratoga was never once spoken or even alluded to; but Haraden, with a delicacy in which on such occasions he was not wanting, quietly despatched a letter to the landlord of the Pavilion, relinquishing the rooms which had been engaged, and Margaret came in and packed away in a clothes-press above stairs the finery that had been just prepared for the pleasure excursion which nobody now could bear to think of, and for a brief space our young Catholic friend was left in peace to avail herself of whatever comfort she might be able to derive from her religion. The second Sunday after Mr. O'Connor's funeral, Haraden did not want to go to church, but he engaged Margaret to come round and go with Kate; that she might not be obliged to go alone, who had always been accustomed to walk thither by her father's side. The poor child's grief broke out afresh when she thus perceived that her husband had only accompanied her before out of pity, and that he had no design of going any more; and old Mr. McGrorty, who felt his heart swell painfully as she brushed by him with her black dress and sad flowing veil, was not the only person at St. Peter's who noticed that she had thus early again begun to find her way thither without Haraden's help, and who predicted for her trouble in this world if she were obedient to her religion, and trouble in the next if she were obedient to her husband.

But Haraden White was not a man to let things go on after this fashion. He saw that his young wife was quietly settling back into her old ways again, and that if he did not take care he should have her regularly going to confession as a matter of course, and softly creeping away from his side at sunrise every now and then to go to early mass; at the same time he had not the heart to torment her while her tears were yet flowing over her father's grave, and he cast about for some mode unperceived by her of weaning her from the arms of Holy Mother Church. He explained to Margaret that though under existing circumstances he could neither expect nor wish Kate to go to such a place as Saratoga, nevertheless he could not suffer her to mope about in New York all summer, and it was soon settled that Kate, who yielded quietly to anything that was proposed, should accompany Margaret and the children to a certain little village in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, the chief attractions of which were plenty of sea-food, extreme retirement, and a fine beach for bathing, walking and driving; and where Haraden knew that he should be under no necessity of restraining his wife in regard to attending the nearest Catholic church, which was distant at least a hundred miles.

In this retired little place, which hardly deserved to be called a village, where they knew nobody and where there was nothing stirring, Kate and Margaret passed the summer in that half indolent apathy which seems the peculiar element of a quiet country town. Haraden came once and passed a fortnight with them, and after he returned to town, Uncle Mike came up and passed a few days, James Curran paid them a visit, accompanied by William, still on the look out for some pretty girl to bear him company, and still apparently unsuccessful in his search. Relieved from the burden of dressing and visiting, and without any church, our New York friends had more time than they wanted for every thing, and naturally they grew lazy: when it was not too hot and sunny they drove or rode upon the beach, or strolled about picking up shells and pebbles, or watching the white sails which now and then were seen spread in the blue distance. In the house they lounged languidly from room to room, from window to window with a stray novel or some idle bit of work; and when exhausted with these mighty avocations they recreated themselves with draughts, backgammon or cards. The arrival of the mail twice in the week produced an evident throb in the heart of this little town, and except on this important occasion, Margaret's children were the only people who seemed to be alive.

When Mrs. Haraden White returned to New York in October, her great irregularity in attending upon the usual Sunday services of the Church was remarked by all her friends. Some hoped that she was not going to become a Protestant; others said that there was no danger of her husband trying to make her go to a Protestant church, since he had not himself been inside of one in many years, and many thought it a great misfortune that her good father had been taken away just when she so greatly needed his countenance and support. But if Uncle Mike or Margaret spoke to Kate of her frequent absences, though she took it not unkindly, she had always some excellent excuse ready. Sometimes she had not been in town — Haraden had taken her to Bloomingdale to spend the Sunday with some friends of his; sometimes she was not well, and once she told Uncle Mike with a burst of grief that she never felt the loss of her father so much as she did when she went to church, and that it made her sick to go there. Every body said that Kate O'Connor was not so merry since her marriage, which certainly was not very singular, since marriage will almost always sober any girl, and moreover, it was since her marriage that Kate had known her first great grief. After the first few weeks Margaret said nothing. She did not tell her father that she had several times surprised her young cousin, of a morning, her face all marred with weeping; and if Kate breathed into her ear confidences in which others had no share, Margaret could be discreet in her cousin's behalf, and the whispered secret went no further.

Outside all was calm. Mrs. Haraden White was as beautiful, as much admired as ever, though since her father's death as much as possible she shunned society. Haraden, obliged to restrain his ancient desire of bringing her all the most beautiful dresses which New York could furnish, satisfied his affection and his pride by filling her house with costly pictures; he presented her with a span of spirited horses and an elegant light carriage, in which, on fine afternoons, he was accustomed to drive her out on the Bloomingdale road or elsewhere: the beautiful autumn days reminded her sadly of him who was with her last autumn, sympathizing in all her pleasures, and ready to indulge all her fancies; but the autumn passed away and the winter crept on, and time itself is a healer, and when Kate considered that if she were so happy as to live a few months longer she would be a mother, the light came back to her heart and the sunshine to her face, and she could not help putting away the old grief for the new joy.

Our heroine, like most young people, was not particularly fond of the needle; but the young girl never grudges sewing for her wedding, nor the young mother for her child, and beneath Kate's busy fingers the little wardrobe grew apace. Every day did she pursue her pleasant task with a patience that never flagged, every day was added some new article, tiny and delicate, and every day was examined and arranged once and again that drawer of suggestive little treasures, her "household gods," until the drawer ran over and another began to be required, and still the work advanced, and to Kate the past and the present were absorbed into the future, and expectation made up her life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# What the Heathen thought of Poverty.

*Inscription by* SAPPHO, *on the tomb of a poor fisherman.*

UNTO the fisher Pelagon, his father Meniscus devoted
Basket of Wicker and Oar; —
Monument of a cursed life.

# LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—IV.

(NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES).

IN tracing the religious movement, which has characterized French society, especially in Paris, during the last semi-century, who has not heard of Notre Dame des Victoires and its venerable pastor the Abbé Desgenettes? His parish occupies the intermediate space from the Post Office to the Exchange; one of the most dissolute and disreputable quarters of the Metropolis. The scandals, impiety and misery of the population entrusted to his ministry, afflicted exceedingly the heart of the good priest. Of twenty thousand souls, only about five hundred attended Mass. What measures was he to adopt, in order to effect a reformation? Assured by the experience of past ages, of the efficacy of united prayer, and especially of the puissant intercession of Mary, whom "all nations have called blessed," he recurred to her in his distress; and in 1836, under the patronage of the Mother of Christ, projected the establishment of a Sodality for the Conversion of Sinners. On the 11th of December, five or six hundred persons were kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The Abbé Desgenettes was deeply moved by the cries of repentance and the protestations of love, which those words of the Litany elicited, "Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis." .... "Parce nobis, Domine." He raised his eyes, bathed in tears, to the image of the "Help of Christians," and exclaimed: "O my good Mother! you hear these voices of love and confidence. Will you not save these poor sinners, who call you their *refuge?* O Mary! adopt this Association, and as a sign of your approbation, I implore the conversion of one of my parishioners." *

On this day was founded the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. What were the perceptible effects? The spirit of Christianity was renewed, piety flourished, the number of communions increased yearly to a singular extent. In 1835 *seven hundred and twenty* persons had approached the Holy Eucharist: in 1837, *ten thousand* communicated. Their fervent and humble prayers, offered with one voice at the altar of the Virgin, every Sunday after vespers, on the feasts of our Blessed Lady, and on all the Saturdays of the year, when Mass is celebrated for the members and for some specified good work, obtained through her interposition, unnumbered favors from the mercy of God. Her influence was felt in all classes of society, The sick were cured, the vicious reclaimed, the incredulous brought to religious faith. The young struggled against their passions; philosophers renounced their errors; soldiers forsook their licentious habits; abandoned, reckless, hoary sinners, overpowered by the appeal made to heaven in their behalf, prostrated themselves in the sanctuary and were converted, with every sign of sincere repentance. Thus the Almighty marvelously blessed the labors of a septuagenarian priest, who, in the centre of the French capital, in the vortex of secular interests and commercial agitations, in the midst of places of diversion and haunts of iniquity, succeeded in instituting a society, whose members leagued in prayer and marching under the banner of the Mother of Jesus Christ, proposed and accomplished a noble end, the glory of God, and through the mediation of Mary, the conversion of sinners and the perseverance of the just.

At the beginning two hundred and forty members of his congregation were enrolled. The inhabitants of other parts of Paris, amazed and edified at the wonderful change which had been wrought in this parish, hastened to register their names. In rapid succession, most of the dioceses of France established the society and participated in the blessing which it had invoked on the capital. Well might the eloquent Lacordaire say, in view of these blessings, when he preached in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires in 1841; "we must not despair of France. A kingdom which possesses the arch-confraternity of the holy and immaculate heart of Mary, whose members number one hundred thousand, is saved." His prediction is verified.

---

* The individual for whom he asked this special favor, was miraculously converted and died a holy death.

But the grace of this salutary institution is no longer confined to France. The association has extended itself over Europe and the Western hemisphere. Nearly eleven thousand communities are affiliated and millions of members proclaim their trust in Mary, the refuge of sinners. If St. Francis de Sales had reason to say, "I enter into all the confraternities which I meet; because there is nothing to lose and much to gain in the communication of prayer and good works," we surely ought to cherish this pious and excellent Sodality, which, as we ourselves can attest, has worked, in many instances, miracles of grace, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; we ought by earnest and sedulous efforts to extend its powerful influence on every side, in order to defend and sanctify our country, when "the mother of holy hope shall open her mouth in the churches of the most high and in the midst of her own people, shall be exalted." (Eccl. xxiv).

Before we quit this section of Paris, probably you would like to see for a moment the interior of the church, whence so many signal graces have flowed over France. There is little artistic merit in the edifice to gratify the hunter after material beauties. Compared with many other churches of the Metropolis, it is less attractive in decoration, less imposing in architectural grandeur. Its unpretending façade is scarcely distinguishable in the masses of buildings which cluster around the "Place des petits Péres." But the crowds which assemble before the altars every hour of the day, the unfeigned piety which the congregation evinces in the public exercises or in private intercourse with God, the amiable zeal of the aged, white-haired pastor, even apart from some pleasing ornaments and arrangements in the choir and chapels, especially the image, which is a copy of the celebrated Madonna of Savona, introduced by the saintly brother Fíacre in 1664 and recently crowned magnificently by the chapter of St. John Lateran, impress its titles to love and reverence on the heart of the sincere Catholic. How touching too the records of Mary's patronage, which, affixed to the walls, testify at the same time to the gratitude of her votaries! Read some of the inscriptions. Small tablets of marble, generally square, contain these votive offerings, the effusions of filial love. They are unsigned by the names of the donors: occasionally they show merely the initials and the dates. "J'ai invoquè Marie pour la conversion de mon pére et j'ai été exaucée. 1850." The grateful child was a daughter . . . "J'ai invoqué ma bonne mère dans mes souffrances, elle m'a exaucée. 1852." Again the petitioner is a female . . . "Ex voto. Mère affligèe j'ai prié N. D. des Victoires: elle m'a rendu ma fille." Happy mother who rejoices in the conversion of her child, and thanks her divine patroness with gushing tenderness! But the sterner sex, has likewise its representatives; and the manly heart which has shared in the bounties of the immaculate Queen was not ashomed to chronicle its acknowledgement. "Ex voto. Infirmus Mariam precatus sum et fortissimus surrexi. 1845." . . . . "Gloire à Marie! J'ai prié et jai été exaucé. 1852. J. M." . . . "J'ai addressé une demande à la sainte Vierge et j'ai été manifestement exaucè. 1852." . . The church is filled with these testimonials, conceived and expressed in similar terms of joy and gratitude.

(Priests and People).

It is not only the parish of Notre Dame des Victoires, which exhibits these "wonderful works of God." The clergy of Paris are untiring in zeal and eminently successful in their apostolic labors. There is a generous rivalry, whether they minister in churches, seminaries, colleges or private tuition, to rescue France from the enemies of Christianity. The people honor their character and appreciate their virtues. The cassock, *bonnet carrè* and broad leafed hat, as well as the wearers, are no longer objects of undisguised hatred and ribald jests. Religion claims and receives a public homage. Avowed infidelity is not now a passport to favor or evidence of *bon ton*. Men of education and high position are not ashamed of God, averse to pronounce his name, or tardy to reverence the emblems of salvation. We were delighted to see in the courts of the "Palais," to remind Judge and Criminal of the sweet union of justice and mercy,

> "The blessed Cross,
> High o'er the banners and the crests of Earth,
> Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!"

And we cannot express the sense of delight and admiration, with which we beheld the lofty and fearless mien of a young Professor at the Sorbonne, when he administered a stern rebuke to some of his audience, who with an incredulous sneer, greeted his eloquent eulogium on the excellence of Christian virginity. It was a grateful demonstration that the system of Voltairian educators is broken up, that infidel professors no longer enjoy the privilege of profaning the halls of the University by their impious lectures, of ravishing the faith and corrupting the morals of the youth of France.

As it was in the hearts of the rising generation that "the enemy had sowed cockle;" with prepense and ingenious malice, so it is among the young that God, by an amiable providence, procures for Religion, at the present day, opportune and faithful auxiliaries. Take, as an example, "the Association of St. Vincent de Paul," formed by a number of law students, somewhat on the plan of "the young Catholics' Friend Society;" but with a wider scope of duties in relieving the necessities, physical and spiritual, of the humbler classes. These young laymen with a sublime devotedness, went about, like their Saviour, doing good, among the poor, the operatives, the outcasts. They penetrated into the lowly habitation, studied the condition of the family, counseled, consoled and assisted the sufferers. They held meetings of the workmen, who beginning their sessions with prayer, employed their leisure moments profitably, in readings, discourses, and other exercises conducive to their mental and moral improvement. Branches of the association exist in almost all the cities of France, numbering five hundred conferences; whilst others, to nearly the same amount, carry on the good work beyond its confines.

(Religious Orders).

But it is especially in the Religious Orders, co-operating with the secular clergy in the renovation of France, that we must needs extol the surpassing goodness of God and the abundant fruits of Catholic charity. The monastic institutions were swallowed up in the whirlpool of the Revolution. Monks were banished or guillotined: and fifty years ago not a nun was to be found on the soil of France. Now the change is singular and refreshing. The simple enumeration of the names of the Religious congregations, of the scenes of their labors, of the multiplied duties which they perform in the cause of suffering humanity, would occupy pages. What a history of beneficence in the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," whom Guizot heartily eulogises, and Dickens, ever prompt to fling flippant sarcasm at Catholic institutions, unreservedly admires! What an illustration of divine charity in the "Little Sisters of the Poor," the living and unwearied providence of the indigent, homeless, infirm and aged! What a lesson for the cavilers at a life of celibacy and scoffers at unbought mercy, in the schools, industrial establishments, orphan asylums, homes of unprotected girls, infirmaries, hospitals, Magdalene and Foundling institutions, numberless repositories of human wretchedness, where with the happiest organization and with all the virtues that grace and exalt the gentler sex, the daughter of St. Augustine, St. Martha, St. Vincent, employs the ceaseless bounties of Catholic benefactors, placed at her disposal, to alleviate the sorrows and ameliorate the conditions of the stricken and unhappy; verifying, in her ministrations, the words of Alfred de Vigny:

> "Quand elle aura passé parmi les malheureux,
> L'esprit consolateur se répandra sur eux."

Where but in France and in other countries which profess the same ancestral faith, will you discover this beautiful characteristic? England indeed has her large charitable endowments, her philanthropic associations; but the good intentions of the founders of these institutions are paralyzed by the absence of religious communities which impart virtue and vitality, and by lay administrations of their revenues, often enormously expensive and void of that disinterested charity which says with St. Paul, "I seek not the things that are yours, but *you*."

(Sisters of Charity).

As we cannot venture to discuss even cursorily the character and merits of all these societies, we may be pardoned for speaking of one "whose charity never faileth," whose name awakens the endearing memories of early days. It was our happy fortune to spend many college years almost within the shadows of that dwelling sanctified by the presence of Mother Seton; and to watch with affectionate interest the pure and unobtrusive virtues which there shed a living lustre on the earth. There are no mists before the eye of childhood; no false pretensions to cheat the boyish heart. The image of those days is distinct and bright, as we travel back in the vista of the past; dimmed only by tears of regret that those beautiful days have fled to return no more. The Sisters of Charity were our mothers, in lieu of those whom we had left in our pleasant homes. They ministered to our wants, studied our comforts; checked gently our fretful humors. And oh! how sweet and touching were the words that lifted our thoughts to a better land, like whisperings of angels who invite the exile to his home! . . . Vividly all this was recalled, as we stood within the House of the Sisters of Charity, in the "Rue du Bac," and saw that pious and united family, numbering some six hundred inmates, devoted to the offices of their self-denying life! And again when we met them in the discharge of those duties which invoke on them, not only the smiles of God, but the reverence and benediction of the entire French population; now in the midst of their pupils, now in the churches with their orphans, now in the wards of hospitals or in the chambers of the sick and dying: nay when, extending our mental horizon, we discerned, beyond the seas, far from kindred and home, these daughters of St. Vincent and benefactresses of their race, who, on their mission of love, "had left all things to follow Jesus

Christ," we might justly ask, in contemplating that spirit of religion, divine in its impulses, influence and rewards, which fits the Sister of Charity for the consoling and benignant functions of her state, who better than she can cherish the young orphan, bereft of its natural guardians; bid it cling to her bosom in filial confidence and pour its little sorrows in her maternal ear? Who better than she can open to the young girl the treasures of useful knowledge, whilst she instills the sentiments of piety, displays the moral loveliness of modesty and truth, and with instinctive delicacy, refines and dignifies the manners? Who better than she can watch over the prostrate and helpless sick — moisten their feverish lips — mitigate their poignant agonies — soothe their troubled spirits, under the charms of her gentle and compassionate nursing? Who better than she, with unwearied skill, and love and patience, can minister to the mind diseased; chase away the clouds of insanity from the soul, and give back the brightened intellect to the unhappy sufferer and his sorrowing family? In fine, who better than the Sister of Charity can wrestle with the fierce maladies that devour the human race, when she is seen amid the ravages of pestilence, in the very charnel houses where every cheek is blanched and every heart is throbbing under the pressure of horrors — pursuing, undeterred by contagion, her humane and blessed office, in humble garb, with noiseless step, with subdued and placid look, with air of meek and unpretending good, and all the testimonies of a charity whose origin is God? Have we not seen them, like soldiers of the forlorn hope, sent to die at their post with a mine beneath their feet, — have we not seen these heroic women — rushing intrepidly into the presence of death, with the conviction that they were doomed, amid the noisome vapors which they inhaled? True to their sublime vocation,

> "They had put on
> Courage and faith and generous constancy
> Even as a breast-plate."

They die in the midst of their toils, sacrifices and dangers. What then? The Sister of Charity lies in an obscure grave. She escapes in the humble shroud the applauses of mankind, the honors which she never coveted. Who were Mary, Frances, and Agnes, and Scholastica? We cannot tell. By these simple religious names which they assume, they are veiled to our eyes; they are confounded in the throng of the dead. They can say with St. Paul, "We are 'unknown, yet known:' — known as daughters of St. Vincent; yet personally unknown among our sisters; known 'in much patience, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in long suffering, in sweetness, in charity unfeigned;' yet unknown as members of society from which we have fled: whose assemblies we have abandoned; whose gauds we have relinquished; whose fame and modes and pleasures we have renounced forever."

Other topics to be embraced in this inspection of the religious state of Paris, present themselves to the mind. The educational system, under the revision of iniquitous laws, and the freedom of instruction accorded to the clergy by the withdrawal of the University monopoly, is a subject of great interest to the Catholic inquirer, connected too with the history of the mediæval institutions of learning and the magnificent libraries, whose treasures it is delightful to expose, as we saunter through their time-honored halls. But we have touched the term of our jottings in the capital; and our face is turned to the "barriere d'Italie," which with open gates, invites us to the sunny South and more classic lands. Adieu.

TO BE CONTINUED. H.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. Ceremonial Romain: Cours abregé de Liturgie Pratique. Comprenant l'explication du Missel, du Breviarie et du Rituel a l'usage des Eglise qui suivent le Rit Romain. Par M. C. l'Abbé *Falise*. Paris: Leroux et Jouby. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 499.

If we ask what is the obligation on the part of the clergy to observe the rubrics of the Missal, Breviary and Ritual, and to conform to the decrees of the Congregation of Sacred Rites in those points which the rubrics do not clearly settle, those who are entitled to pronounce on that question will tell us that the obligation is strict, so strict that it cannot (the recognized privileges of particular churches or religious orders excepted) be defeated by a contrary corrupt custom. And hence flows the obligation for the clergy of rubrical and ceremonial studies, for he who is bound to perform a certain act in a certain way is bound to make himself acquainted with that way, under pain of sinning even where he violates the rule from ignorance. Such violations, although not voluntary in the effect, are voluntary in their cause, (we are informed), and he who commits them is therefore fully responsible (say our teachers) as well for the disobedience, as for the scandal, disedification and other accidental evils that may follow. These are points evident, indeed, to common sense, but which we give merely on authority, repeating what is laid down by those who alone are entitled to judge in matters of conscience.

But of the æsthetical and moral effect of a strict adherence to the Ritual we are competent to speak. What can be more beautiful than that unity imposed upon tens of thousands of wills, of persons clothed with power and jurisdiction, a unity which gives expression in the official acts of each one, and even in the minutest circumstances of the mode in which they are performed, to a profound thought or an ardent aspiration of the whole Catholic Church, weighing times, reasons, and expediency in the balance of the sanctuary! Apart from this general consideration, by which the rubrical exactitude of the Church is vindicated from every charge of superstition or formality, there is not a rule of that wise principal Church from which these rules proceed, that is not justified by some excellent reason of symbolical propriety or practical utility. In this country the exigencies of the mission have caused ritual studies to fall into a neglect which the bishops and clergy have regretted, but to which it was practically impossible to apply a sufficient remedy. Even the requisite books were often wanting, and if not, the requisite time to study them. The work in our heading is well calculated to remove the first difficulty, by the completeness and accuracy of its matter, which has evidently been collected by long and laborious studies; and it goes very far to remove the last, by the admirable clearness of its arrangement and the concise form to which every thing is reduced.

There is one point of ceremony which is universally (we think) observed in Rome, that we have never seen attended to in this country, nor have we been able to find it in the liturgical books we have consulted here, although we are sure we have read it in some of those which are in use in Rome. In lighting the altar candles for mass or any other solemnity, the acolyte is directed by this rule to begin with the taper most remote from the cross on the Gospel side, and to proceed in regular order to the most remote on the epistle side; and the same order is to be observed in *extinguishing* them. We should be glad if some of our learned ritualists would hunt up the authority on this point, and send it to us for publication, as it is a rule (if it exists, of which we entertain no doubt) perfectly easy to be observed, and the reasons for which are obvious.

2. An American Dictionary of the English Language, &c. By Noah Webster, LL. D. &c. &c. Revised and Enlarged by *Chauncey A. Goodrich*, Professor in Yale College. Springfield, Mass.: George & Charles Merriam. 4to. pp. 1452.

We have long been an uncompromising foe to Webster's orthography. We considered him as a learned but presumptuous man, who with genuine Yankee self-reliance, had undertaken to innovate upon the established spelling of the English language, introducing such disgusting forms as "miter" for *mitre*, "luster" for *lustre*, "mold" for *mould*, "favor" for *favour*, "honor" for *honour*, and so on; changes which outraged our habits and offended our high-toned conservatism. We have for a long time entertained a deep grudge against the Messrs. Harper, for having stereotyped, without our knowledge or consent, the first book by which we became known to our countrymen, not so much because their doing so led to a diminution of the profits which we afterwards drew from the same, as because it caused our cherished offspring to appear before the world in an orthographical costume so odious to us. Many and many a time have we energetically denounced the same enterprising firm for their audacity and tyranny in lending the whole weight of their immense business as publishers to the propagation of these dangerous and fatal corruptions of our written language. Consequently when the very publishers of Webster's Dictionary forwarded us the other day a handsomely bound copy of the same, with our name in gilt letters on the cover, in place of being mollified by the compliment we felt much like an incorruptible judge and proud of his integrity, when offered a bribe, disposed to punish the offenders with a double sentence. But it is our principle (it costs us a deal of trouble) to examine before we condemn: we had never really looked into the Websterian system; and, very much grudging the time, we sat down to make ourselves masters of it, and of the reasons with which the old Yankee philologist defended it. We shall certainly be obliged to eat humble pie this time, and own (as we do frankly) that we have hitherto done our illustrious countryman great injustice.

In the first place, Webster was *not* an innovator, but a man of vast and comprehensive genius, inspired by a noble zeal for the purity and even the antiquarian propriety of the English language, a firm opponent of innovation, and a restorer of pure, elegant, analogous and regular forms, which had been violated by a corrupt and comparatively modern usage. He saw the immense national importance of a fixed standard in the orthography and in the pronunciation of our language, and of forming that standard, not by a mere weighing of authorities, generally inconsistent with themselves, and none of them confirmed by universal usage, but by analogy, so far as it could be traced, by utility, so far as it could be shown, and by etymology, where it could be established. It is true that in applying these principles with an industry and a talent that no lexicographer has ever surpassed, Dr. Webster went into ludicrous extremes, adopting some spellings that he was obliged afterwards to relinquish, either because they were really misapplications of his own rule, or because the public would not abandon anomalies to which it had become accustomed. Thus he could not succeed in substituting "tung" for *tongue*, or "pontif" for *pontiff*. And the whole class of words in *re* are, we perceive, given with both endings: this is as it should be.

But it is in the excellence of its definitions that Webster's Dictionary shines, and that we discover all the subtilty and power of his analytic mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. After all, the principal manner in which a language becomes corrupted is by altering the *sense* of words, not by changing their spelling. That Webster's great Dictionary has conferred and is conferring an incalculable benefit upon us by arresting the course of this corruption in a country so vast as ours, preserving the unity of our language as it diffuses itself over our Continent, admits not of a doubt. We would merely mention, for the information of our respected friend the editor, as a thing which, to render the work perfect, ought to be attended to in the future editions, that definitions of words relating to Catholic doctrines and usages are frequently (of course unintentionally) inexact. If it is considered desirable that the Dictionary should contain the real meaning of such terms, some Catholic scholar should be consulted, and one, who besides some knowledge of theology, possessed at least an idea of lexicography. Considering how very near Springfield is to Worcester, such an application would not cost a great deal of trouble.

3. THE POETICAL WORKS of *Wm. H. C. Hosmer* (Redfield) are a perfect ocean of flowing rhyme. 'Tis hard to distinguish one wave from its fellow in that heaving deep. We incline to like the metrical romances *a la Scott* best: 'tis an idea that has occurred to many a deft versifier, to repeat Scott's experiment on American ground. No one could do it better than Hosmer, if fluent versification were all that is requisite, or even a taste for the beauties of nature and a faculty to mirror them in metrical language.

"Hemmed in by trees of Titan height,
In waveless rest Antaugua lay,
While wavering gleams of rosy light
Announced the dawn of day:
Dawn flushed the mist that overspread
The waters in their reedy bed,
Giving each cloud-fold, thin and gray,
A radiant wing to flee away.
*Along the low and marshy edge,*
*His neck outstretched above the sedge,*
*Wandered the shy and lonely crane,*
*Lord of a sombre, wet domain.*

* * * * *

"Gaunt red men, in light hunting shirts,
Stained like the grass and leaves around them,
Crouched in the brambly forest-skirts,
As if a spell of witchcraft bound them.
Ungalled, by shaft from toughened bow,
Coursed on their run-way buck and doe;
And, by Antaugua's reedy shores,
A brotherhood of beavers wise
Protruded, from their hovel-doors,
Brown furry heads with staring eyes."

This is all very well indeed, and so let us go on to the next page: —

"There his swart tribe the Saukie led,
Proud of the hawk-plumes on his head;
There stalked the Huron armed to slay,
And cross upon his bosom bore,
*Taught by the Jesuit to pray*
*With hand imbrued in human gore.*"

This Jesuit figures largely in *Yonnondio*, the longest poem in these two closely printed volumes — one of that "strange order,"

"Whose members, by ambition fired,
Forged fetters of religious thrall,
And tyranny o'er minds acquired
In savage hut and lordly hall.
Braved to extend their mystic league,
Dark peril, hunger and fatigue,
Upraised the rod of mystic sway
In distant Ind and Paraguay,
Sought with the vesper hymn and psalm
Saint Lawrence and his isles of balm —
Made voluble the wooing air,
Round holy Horicon with prayer,

> *Nor scrupled with the cross and sword,*
> To head a wild, barbaric horde."

Sainted spirits of Brēbeuf, Jogues and Lalemant! How long shall men, who *think* they are scholars, pour forth such absurd, unhistorical nonsense on the very fields where you shed your blood for Christ and for souls?

4. THE SUNSHINE OF GREYSTONE: A story for girls. By *E. J. May.* Author of "Louis' School-boy Days." New York: Appleton & Co.

THE Sunshine of Greystone as we suppose, is Miss Flora Grey, the second daughter in a large family of children. The Greys are worldly Church of England people, who trouble themselves about religion just so much as is implied in going to church once on Sunday to save appearances: they are, however, a very affectionate and happy family, except Kitty, the oldest daughter, who is as disagreeable a specimen as one can find any where.

Mr. Grey is rich and lives near Swansea, and when Flora is about twelve, she is sent to Mrs. Porter's boarding school in Bath. Mrs. Porter is in her way an excellent woman, has a firm faith in her own religion, and looks conscientiously after the moral and spiritual welfare of her young ladies. She is a true character to our certain knowledge, as we have known well at least two such teachers in the old Bay State. An atmosphere of would-be saintship pervades the school, and also the true English over-particularity about Sunday; and Flora is looked upon quite as a heathen. Mrs. Porter, however, very gently and kindly tries to bring her into train and make her like the rest, and Flora, being of a most affectionate, sympathetic temper, is smitten with the religious aspect of the place, and tries in the most docile way to make herself what Mrs. Porter wishes. Among the scholars she makes the acquaintance of one Lizzie Bligh, a real no-mistake *saint*, by the token that she refuses to join in a country dance on a Saturday afternoon, on the plea that it is against her principles. She also quotes Scripture largely and takes Flora to task the day after her arrival, it being Sunday, for reading a book which is not a "Sunday book," at which Flora is at first angry, but afterwards makes amends by forming a particular friendship for the saintly Lizzie. Flora, in short, sincerely tries to be good in the Mrs. Porter way, which is the best way the poor child knows of, and proves her sincerity in her first vacation by teaching her little brothers and sisters to say their prayers, by persuading the older ones to go to church, and by being herself really patient and obliging, particularly with ugly Kitty, whom nobody likes. She spends the next vacation with Lizzie Bligh, and now it appears that that saintly girl is excessively unkind and disobliging to her brother, and somewhat rude to her mother, while she devoutly exercises herself in "Dorcas societies," "sewing circles," and "city missions" without end; to say nothing of chapel "lectures" and "prayer-meetings," and every kind of out-door work that she can lay her hands upon. She has also an inordinate fondness for dress, and an amusing propensity to curry favor with great folks. Thus she puts herself to vast inconvenience and discomfort to attend a fashionable *déjeuner* at Lady Caroline Brandon's, but refuses at home to help her brothers and their friends act charades, on the plea that it is against her principles, and by way of discountenancing this enormous sin, sulks a whole evening. Flora Grey, who is very fond of her own eight brothers, is puzzled, and unwilling to think ill of her friend, but after finishing at Mrs. Porter's goes home to spend some years in trying to convert her brothers and sisters; and profiting by Lizzie's bad example, begins by being as gentle and kind as she can. Flora was a very good girl, and far be it from us to suppose that there are not many Floras who try to do their best with such religious teaching as they have received. If there were not some Floras among Protestants, there would not be so many young female converts from Protestantism to the Catholic Church. Thanks to the ingenuity of the author, and the pliability of imaginary boys and girls, Flora succeeds in making her family as pious as herself; and as a winding-up she accompanies her favorite brother Allan on a mission to the heathen. Lizzie Bligh perseveres in her old path of virtuous mortification, marries Mr. Lyell, a clergyman, of course, — whose saintliness consists mainly in a holy and conscientious renunciation of blue, pink and yellow, — and is always one of the most exquisitely dressed ladies in the world. Her brothers, naturally, from first to last detest "Lizzie's religion" and turn out wild uncontrollable scape-graces.

Here is the gist of the book, and a good lesson it is for Catholic or Protestant. If you want your brothers and sisters to love your religion, begin by being kind, self-denying and patient in your intercourse with them. We can't deny that there is a vast deal of cant in the book, but it is entertaining. It is well got up, nicely illustrated and contains many touching, life-like pictures and traits of character.

5. VATHEK: An Arabian Tale. By *William Beckford, Esq.* With a memoir of the author, and Notes critical and explanatory. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird. 16mo. pp. 180.

THIS is one of the most celebrated books of the last century. Originally written by a young Englishman of enormous wealth and surprising genius, in the purest French, it has become a classic in both languages, if not by the beauty of the style in the English translation, which is not due to the author, at least by the extraordinary exuberance of imagination which it displays, and, amid all the grotesque Orientalism which characterizes it, by its severe artistic unity. It is not wanting, indeed, in those voluptuous scenes which fire the Eastern fancy, although they are veiled with a decorum that Moore in his Lalla Rookh did not always preserve. At the same time the moral of the whole is sound and terribly impressive. Few tales produce a livelier sense of the certainty and justice of eternal punishment. The volume, composed by the author in three days and two nights, at the age of twenty, derives not a little of the interest it has always excited in the literary world, from the wealth and the eccentric habits of the writer, who lived all his life in a Sybarite seclusion, and died about ten years ago, at the age of eighty-four, having asserted some years previous that he had never known "a moment's ennui in his life." The style reminds us of Irving, principally by the humor which pervades it, but it far excels that writer in vigor. We have said enough to point out by whom it may safely, and by whom it could not without some danger, be perused.

6. CORINNE: or, ITALY. By *Madame de Stael*, Translated by Isabel Hill, with metrical versions of the odes by L. E. Landon. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird. 12mo. pp. 397.

THE reprinting of the English and French classics, with new translations of the latter, in an elegant style, is an indication of a growing taste for the amenities of literature. Corinne is a book too well known to need that we should do more than notice its appearance in an English dress which seems to do every justice to the original. The celebrated work of Mme. de Stael is not without its grave faults, yet, historically, it is one of those which drew the attention of the transalpine world to the peculiar civilization of Italy, and began that reaction which will yet lead back the northern nations to the maternal source whence all their greatness derives, even in the arts which are the glory *hujus seculi*.

7. MERRIMACK OR LIFE AT THE LOOM: A Tale, by *Day Kellogg Lee*, author of "Summerfield, or Life on a Farm;" and "The Master-Builder, or Life at a Trade." New York: Redfield.

A CERTAIN minute painting of common scenes and characters is now a fashion in literature. Hawthorne has daguerreotyped the New England village, but then the resulting image is a perfect piece of poetical art. There is a story, with unity, strict sequence, rapid progress, definite moral: from the beginning the catastrophe is shadowed forth, and every scene, every personage introduced helps it forward. This is not the case with "Merrimack or Life at the Loom." The book has particular merits of description, and presents many interesting sketches of character, but no dramatic unity. We are no favorers of the style of book, now so popular, in which so much capital is made of the slang and vulgar idioms of country places and low, or (if you please) uncultivated life. The thing is getting to be overdone, and it is ruining our language. It is the more pity to find it in a writer like Mr. Lee, who can write so purely, so forcibly, and with so much picturesque simplicity. Not but here also are some faults of taste. We are weary of hearing in this class of writers so much about "the great warm sun," and "the great warm smiling moon," and so on; all implying that the sun and moon are very particular acquaintances of the writer, of whom he speaks more confidentially than we common folks dare. "Life at the Loom," is an autobiography of a factory-girl; but the female character is not thoroughly sustained by the writer: he struts in his petticoats; female autobiography can mostly be written well only by women; as it stands to reason. The power of projecting womanhood on the canvas of fiction belongs to a rare order of genius—to the Shakespeares, the Scotts, and—we can't recall another name of the successful, unless it be that of Philip Sidney. Most subtle, most profound, most delicately organized, and yet most masculine in its creative energy, must that mind be, which can really bridge over the chasm which divides the sexes even in the domain of literature, and any one who has not "the vision and the faculty divine" had better not attempt it.

8. RUSSIAN SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA in the autumn of 1852, &c. By *Lawrence Oliphant*, with maps and illustrations. Redfield. 12mo.

WE advise any body who wishes well to Russia in the present conflict, to read this timely volume. He will not have gone far before he loses some of his sympathy for a miserable anti-Christian barbarism, where white Christian women, of the same blood and the same religion as their masters, are leased as wives at so much for five years, with privilege of renewal at the expiration of the period. If these and similar traits of Muscovite Christianity and civilization disgust him somewhat, he will be consoled to learn that the inherent corruption of despotism destroys the military force of the empire; that the peculations of the officers in the commissariat of their own regiments, consequent on their miserable pay and total absence of military honor or common honesty, cause the ranks to be decimated and debilitated by starvation and want of necessaries; and when he further considers that in consequence of all this, a gallant handful of mountaineers in the Caucasus have resisted and defeated the whole force of the Czar for nearly twenty-five years, he will readily conclude against the possibility of that monarch's armies reaching Constantinople, or even holding the Danubian Principalities against the fanaticism and determined courage of the Turk, the steady bravery of England and her Irish soldiers, and the scientific generalship of France with her African veterans. The fact is that, leaving out of view the difference between schismatical Christianity and the Moslem faith, and confining ourselves to the temporal order, it would clearly appear from our author, that "even a low state of Eastern civilization is preferable to the savage rudeness of Northern barbarism;" while the truth, the justice, the comparative decorum and vastly superior honesty of the Musselmen, shine out in contrast with the lying, the cheating, the uncleanliness, indecency, and unchastity, which, by Mr. Oliphant's evidence, distinguish the Russians. Making every allowance for this picture being somewhat high-colored, owing to the national predilections of the writer, enough remains to prompt the fervent prayer that it may please the Almighty to restore the Christian rule in the East rather by the conversion of the Turk than by the conquering sword of the Muscovite.

9. MELLICHAMPE. A Legend of the Santee. By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.* (Redfield).

MR. SIMMS (whose entire prose and poetical works Mr. Redfield is publishing), is the G. P. R. James of America, and something more than that as a poet. He is one of the illustrations of our country, beyond a doubt, and especially of the South, where his genius is highly prized. Mellichampe, a tale of the Revolution, in which the heroic Marion, the idol of American boyhood, is introduced, is full of stirring incidents told in an effective manner, as it seems to us.

10. CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS. By *James Bruce*. New York: Redfield.

Is a volume of which we cannot speak favorably. It is very sketchy and not a little flippant. The account of the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, of which Benedict XIV said that *it seemed to want nothing that is necessary to constitute a martyrdom*, is offensively impertinent, and the very unedifying characters selected for the volume are a plain caveat to its introduction into families.

11. GENERAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE, from the beginning of the XVIth century to the Restoration of the Empire in France. Second edition: corrected and continued by *John G. Shea*. Dunigan & Bro. 12mo. pp. 485.

THIS book (by the Ladies of New-Hall Convent, England, we suppose) is well known in its former editions; and the labors of MR. SHEA in correcting it, and bringing it down from 1840 to the present time, will have materially added to its value, both as a school-book and a book of reference.

12. LARDNER'S HAND-BOOK OF ASTRONOMY, with thirty-seven plates and upwards of two hnndred wood cuts. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 12mo. pp. 768.

Is a very well arranged and complete manual and guide-book to the present state of meteorological and astronomical science, the value of which is much enhanced by a full table of contents.

13. CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, with a Chronological Table of American History, from its discovery in 1492 to the year 1854. Illustrated with engravings. Designed to accompany Irving's Series of Catechisms. By *M. J. Kerney, Esq.*, author of Compendium of Ancient and Modern History, &c., &c. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 24mo. pp. 125.

THE form of question and answer being the best calculated for the communication of knowledge (all experience being witness), so as to imprint it permanently on the memory, and the amount of knowledge remembered being the essential thing, or at least of more consequence than that which is merely communicated, and that makes no more lasting impression than a stone cast into the water does upon its surface, the real utility of these Catechisms of Mr. Kerney's may perhaps be justly reckoned greater than that of many more ambitious performances. They were in fact one of the first and most practical steps taken in this country toward the reformation of our school-books and fitting them for Catholic (and if truth be of any consequence to others than Catholics, for universal) use. This is the third edition, we learn, and the eleventh thousand, of the little work, and we heartily wish it as great a success in the future as it has had in the past.

14. THE TRIALS OF A MIND IN ITS PROGRESS TO CATHOLICISM: A letter to his old friends. By *L. Silliman Ives*, LL. D., Late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina. London: Thomas Richardson & Son. Post 8vo. pp. 219.

BY the politeness of Messrs. Murphy & Co., who have received the sheets of the above long-expected work from their London correspondents, in advance of publication, we have been able to peruse it in its English dress. To give an opinion of it would perhaps be premature, but we may say that it will not disappoint the eager curiosity with which it has been looked for, at least in those points of view where the curiosity was legitimate. It says little of the vacillating course which the author pursued previous to his conversion, except to decline either vindicating or apologizing for the wavering of a mind not yet fully enlightened and a will not yet fully resolved to obey the light it had. But the delineation of the mental process by which the writer, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, was led to abandon that communion and enter the Catholic fold as a layman, is clear and argumentatively most convincing. The untenableness of the position of the English Protestant Church is exhibited in the clearest light, and any one who has a grain of logic in his composition sees at once that Dr. Ives (so far from being insane, as his former friends have wickedly pretended) had, as a rational being, no other choice but "to go to Rome," if he desired to save his soul. The excellent author informs us that all the numerous authorities to which he appeals to substantiate the positions which he successively occupied in this "progress," were collected by him while *bonâ fide* engaged in it, and of this, indeed, the volume bears an internal witness, impossible to mistake, and which is one of its most interesting features.

15. BROWNSON'S REVIEW *for April*, comes to us able and interesting from the first page to the last, and if not quite so good as usual, this relative inferiority is but a proof how much we have learned to expect in this quarter, and is far from being an argument of any real falling off. Perhaps we ought to remark that the introductory paragraphs of the article on "The Temporal Power of the Popes," referring to the editor of the Metropolitan personally, are somewhat unfair, and certainly do great injustice to our friendly dispositions. But we are not disposed to extend our protest beyond this simple statement, as we are convinced that our remarks last month on the same subject, in *Maga's Own*, must have satisfied Mr. Brownson that our feelings toward him are those not only of amity but of warm admiration, and that we are as far as possible from any intention of encroaching upon his peculiar domain. We certainly feel ourselves at liberty to discuss any subject in regard to which we are informed, and even to express an opinion adverse to his own, if we honestly entertain it. On that point we cannot do better than adopt the language of the *Propagateur Catholique*, conceived as it is with that precision and force for which French thought is remarkable. It is just to observe that the remarks we quote were not called forth by the Review, although they seem to anticipate the apparent (but we are sure not intended) bearing of the paragraphs to which we allude.

> "We admire," says the Propagateur, "as sincerely as any one the talent of Mr. Brownson, but to wish to interdict in regard to him even the exercise of the rights of criticism, appears to us not only ridiculous but wrong. The Protestants who should judge us on that basis, would conclude that they are right to assert that freedom of opinion does not exist among us; but to refuse that freedom of opinion would be to go further than the Church, who, in matters that do not pertain to faith, leaves her children a liberty of which Mr. Brownson makes too ample use, to condemn the moderate use of it in others.
>
> "For ourselves, we admit infallibility only where God has placed it. While we recognize Mr. Brownson's superiority, we see in his opinions only individual opinions, which must be taken for what they are worth, and the worth of which, consequently, one has the right to examine and to appreciate. For the very reason that we are disposed to submit with the docility of a child to every decision of the Church, and to let ourselves be led by her blindfold, we have too much pride to subscribe blindly to any individual opinion, too strong a sense of our dignity as a man and a Catholic, to admit the intellectual dictatorship of any body. The writings of Mr. Brownson express the opinions of Mr. Brownson, and nothing more. It is a great deal, no doubt; but it is not enough to give the right to impose silence upon criticism.
>
> "We have not to examine if Mr. Huntington has refuted the opinions of Mr. Brownson which he has attacked; that is a question of fact which we take good care not to approach; we have only to establish the question of right, namely, that Mr. Huntington, in combatting with moderation, as he has done, some opinions of Mr. Brownson, has remained within the limits of his right, and that that right ought to be respected."

We have only to add to these judicious and candid remarks of our cotemporary, that the only opinions of Mr. Brownson which we personally have ever controverted (for "attacked" is almost too strong a word to express our *animus*), are his doctrine of ontology and what we regard as its corollary, the denial of proper though imperfect human right, in regard to both which points our position is the same which is clearly proposed and energetically vindicated by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the celebrated journal published at Rome under the eye and by the request of the Holy Father. When Mr. Brownson contested (as he had a perfect right to do) the opinions of a Catholic periodical so justly eminent, it would be strange indeed to maintain that an American Catholic writer, an attentive reader and cordial admirer of the *Civiltà*, and who happens to edit the only Catholic Monthly in this country, has not the right to take with courtesy the side of the absent and to cause the *alteram partem* to be heard.

# Maga's Own.

It is unnecessary to say that Maga is a genuine American; you may read it in her very glance, and recognize it in every word she utters. Though she looks down with an unmistakeable air of pride, or rather, say, of *fierté*, at the ancient harp embroidered on her robe, the *patria* to which she professes devotion is Columbia, no doubt. Nobody, then, will be surprised at her taking us to task with an almost offended air for saying, or letting one of her contributors say, in the present number, that the Declaration of Independence has inscribed on it the Revolutionary Principle of the Rights of Man — a principle at war with Authority.

"That is a treasonable — an un-American — sentiment!" cries Maga. "Nay, it is an unfilial one, sir. Did not one of your own family sign the Declaration? Will you abjure his patriotic act? Is it not the glory of the American Catholics that the last surviving signer, the illustrious Charles Carroll, was one of them? Fie, Fie!"

"Not so fast, good Maga, I pray! All that you observe is very just, and yet I am a very good patriot, and an admirer of the Declaration of Independence, coming from the men it did, although I own, if I had been alive then, and entertained the same views I do now, I could not conscientiously have signed it, without one little amendment. But, pray, Maga," I retort, (carrying the war into the enemy's country) "do you regard the Continental Congress as *infallible?* Is the Declaration of Independence an *inspired* document? I have heard it called the "Bible of democracy," — it was Fanny Wright d'Arusmont gave it the name — but do you, a Catholic Maga, adopt that profane expression? I trust not."

Maga (rather mollified). — "Oh, certainly not.'

Editor (with an air of triumph). — "Well, then, if the old signers were not infallible, we may differ with them — mayn't we? If the Declaration is not inspired, it may contain some error, mayn't it? And if there is error, it is possible by the light of faith to discover it — isn't it? And if it is discovered, it is a duty to point it out — ayn't it? Answer me that."

Maga — "Point out the error in the Declaration."

Editor (takes down a copy of *Kerney's Catechism of the History of the United States*). — "Here it is — page 112. And this is the passage — 'Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, *it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to* THEM SHALL SEEM *most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*' This, Maga, is the principle of revolution, and though plausible, nay, to a hasty glance self-evident, it appears to me false. We are misled in our judgment of this clause, because the principles on which our noble ancestors actually proceeded to found their government — that admirable system which they have transmitted to us, — were wise principles, sound principles, principles of justice and of religion; but if it had been otherwise, had their principles been foolish, unjust and irreligious, like those in the French Convention, their system would have been illegitimate by a higher law than that of 'seeming most likely to *them* to effect their safety and happiness.'"

Maga. — "Then all that you mean is that nations, like individuals, are subject to the law of God?"

Editor. — "Precisely, and in that I am a true American — a true New Englander — and a true Catholic! Suppose Congress had seen fit — suppose the majority of the American people had seen fit — to abolish the Sabbath, and give us every *tenth* day for rest? Would they have had a right to do it, because it seemed to them most likely (as it did to the French at one time) 'to promote their safety and happiness?' I trow not."

"Oh!" cries Maga, "you are perfectly right after all!"

"We believe the glorious old colonies were right in what they did," pursue we, "and if we had lived then, we would have been ready to shed every drop of blood in defence of our country's independence — we are no tories — not we — but we like to take our *principles* out of the BIBLE, and from the CHURCH, not as Thomas Jefferson did, out of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, or Paine's *Age of Reason*."

That is the simple truth, and it ought to be inscribed in letters of gold on every state and every national capitol, that the law of God is the basis of human right, and that conformity to it is the condition *sine quâ non* of what is lawful in human government.

HERE IS somebody who *en veut* with Maga herself, in an apparent heat: it is a private letter, and we own that we are guilty of a signal breach of confidence in printing it: but we cannot resist the temptation.

"Maga is a heretic; Maga is a schismatic; Maga is an anti-Pope; Maga belongs to the *Petite Eglise;* Maga is a Utrecht Jansenist. . . . Eh! what do you say?—She is NOT! . . . What right has she to *ordain?* How can she transform laymen into priests? But she hasn't! . . . . Yes, she has. Old blind Judge MARTIN, that a black boy used to lead through the streets of New Orleans to take his seat on the bench, a bench which he honored by his profound legal knowledge and splendid talents, was a jurist, but Maga made him a priest, although *il n'etait pas fameux Chrétien, va.*"

So on recurring to Mr. Shea's MS., there we find it writ that Martin was a famous good historian, "while as a *jurist* he was without a rival." 'Tis plain enough, and yet to eyes unaided by a previous knowledge of Judge Martin's profession, like those of the editor, compositor and proof-reader of the Metropolitan, the word (which is interlined in the manuscript), looks as much like priest as it is possible to imagine. But the error which would be a grave historical one, ought to be corrected, — on the first page of the April number, line 16th, for "priest" read "jurist" — and Maga to stand for ever free from the charges of our lively correspondent, whose name it will not be difficult to guess. With a good humor that it is to be wished all would show under criticism, and that does honor to his Irish blood and American birth, he goes on to allude to the general remarks that his article has provoked.

"Father M. tells me that the Shepherd has had its cut at me, and while *you* say my style is like a corduroy road, which must be something fine *(corps du roy, i. e.* like a king's body), he tells me that it is *âpre, rocailleux, i. e.* gritty, gravelly, which is by odds a better kind of road still for a good trot. So, hurrah, and away!"

There is nothing to which we ourselves are so indifferent as to style, and when we were first told that our own was good, it took us by surprise; for having always had something to say when we took pen in hand, our only struggle was to say it completely, the result of which effort filled us with despair, as we have always considered that our real thought was but half born into the world. And that this is really the case is proved to us by the frequency with which we are misunderstood even yet. It strikes us, therefore, that we are a far more proper subject for criticism than our friend Shea, and we wish our keen brother in the far Western metropolis would reserve his fire for *us* — we are used to it, and to say truth, with the great objects we have in view, don't mind it much, come from what quarter it may.

THERE CANNOT be a graver question for us all than the mutual relation of the native American and Irish element in this country. It cannot be denied that the feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race towards the Celts has been one of contempt. In England the feeling is stronger by far than on this side of the water, where the genius of Curran, Grattan, Burke, Sheridan, and Moore, the patriotism and the fate of Emmet and Fitzgerald, and the experience of a similar contempt from the same quarter directed against ourselves, have created a degree of fellow-feeling for the Irish and have communicated to many an American breast as keen a sense of Irish wrongs and as deep a pride in Irish great men, as it is possible to feel in regard to a nation from which we are not descended. Not an American lad of our day (at least) who has not declaimed the last speech of Emmet, or the fiery denunciation of Grattan: not one who has not thrilled at the heroic death of Montgomery: not an American girl who had not in her Album "O breathe not his name!" Is not the snowy obelisk of St. Paul's church-yard one of the inspiring associations of every New York boy? or could such, or any true American forget that his fathers (not without Irish aid and Irish blood) successfully resisted the same parliamentary tyranny of England to which Erin, in the mysterious Providence of God, was forced to succumb? When to all this is added a participation in the faith to which Ireland has been a nation of martyrs, the bond becomes very close. The attachment of the Irish to their native land is sometimes spoken of as rendering them foreigners in heart wherever they colonize, but it seems to be forgotton how long our own colonial ancestors retained a like feeling in regard to England, which, even as late as the period of the Revolution, it was customary to call "home." Nay, how many retain that feeling still, and if they share the spirit of rivalry towards England, cling, notwithstanding, to her soil, her history, her poets, her institutions, as the home of their enthusiasm. For ourselves we have a profound conviction that the foundations of American nationality are destined to be cast deeper than in mere race, in a unity that will not sacrifice hereditary sympathies, but consecrate and preserve them — a unity of religious and political faith. We do not desire to see Irishmen, or their descendants, forget their native or ancestral land: we do not believe that they will be better American patriots for any such unfilial and unnatural forgetfulness. We expect that the descendants of the New England Pilgrims, whether they change their faith, or only their locality, or rather improve both, will ever retain, as we do, a proud love for the rock-bound coast and stern hills, and the high natural virtues of their progenitors. Claiming this privilege for ourselves, and *determined* never to relinquish it, we concede to others the same.

De Mortuis nihil nisi bonum is a maxim that cannot be too faithfully adhered to: we cull an instance.

> "The *National Democrat* says the late Mr. Yellow Cover (we purposely change the name to an ideal one) has left, in money and effects, a sufficient amount to have kept him from 'want' for many years. And instead of living in a garret, as represented by the romancer who wrote the article in the *Boston Post*, he resided *in a very genteel house, handsomely furnished, and replete with every comfort.* It is just to the memory of Mr. Yellow Cover that these facts shall be known." — *Wash. E. Star.*

What diabolical malice must have actuated the writer in the *Post*, to have put forth such a stigma upon the memory of Mr. Yellow Cover, as that he suffered from "want" and lived in a "garret" — he a respectable man, who died possessed of money and effects to keep him from "want" for many years! and who, *pour dementir* this calumniator, "resided in a very genteel house, handsomely furnished, and replete with every comfort!" As the *National Democrat*, or perhaps the *Star*, observes, "it is but just" to the memory of Mr. Yellow Cover, that these facts "shall be known." He was not guilty of the mortal sin of poverty; the shameful crime of indigence (whatever else he may have been guilty of) cannot be laid to his charge. Let us repeat it — "he resided in a *very genteel house*," &c. The fact should always be mentioned when persons speak of the departed; it should not be forgotten in the category of their virtues. A genteel house, replete with every comfort! Consolatory thought for his surviving friends! Set-off against many a trifling peccadillo, which we may trust is not remembered against so respectable an individual, either in this world or the next. It would be too hard, for example, that a gentleman who had been so comfortable here, should, for any minor defects of character or conduct, be provided with less satisfactory lodgings in the world to come. Or, again, how unreasonable to suppose that a virtuous and honest writer, who never prostituted his pen to falsehood or immorality; and in consequence, lived and died in poverty and want, in a "garret" if you please, or a cellar, or some other un-genteel situation, is worthy of being more honored on that account, when it is plain to all that he has missed of the main object of life, and failed to fulfil the first commandment of the new decalogue — "*Put* money *in thy purse!*"

The fair author of "Gentle Words" again appeals to us, and could we spare room for even a true swan to try her unfledged wing, we would insert the whole of her piece on "The Church," but we must content ourselves with extracting the following fine verse on the effect of persecution:

"Earth's power cannot destroy thy reign
So ancient and divine,
*For like a polished golden chain*
Still brighter dost thou shine."

When she sends us something that is *all* as good as that, it shall go in. Poetry is a mighty art and excellence in it supposes two things — genius and studies.

The New York Recorder, a remarkably attractive looking paper (the principal organ of the Baptists in this country), from the weekly perusal of which we derive a good deal of entertainment and information, gives an abstract in its own sense, of the letter of the Nuncio, and having alluded to what Mgr. Bedini says at the close, respecting the miraculous picture of our Lady of Rimini, thus concludes —

"And yet the Metropolitan, in which this nonsense is recorded, is edited by a descendant of the Puritans, in the line of one of the most honored New England families."

As the notice contains several slight and unconscious indications of that good faith which we are always eager to detect in our Protestant friends, and delighted (when we do detect) to give them credit for, we shall not be severe upon a wholly unwarranted expression which the Recorder applies to the noble and devoted prelate by whom that touching letter was written; of whose beauties he seems not insensible by the felicitous quotation he makes from it. We admire the simplicity of the *Recorder* in seeming to expect, with many others, that the Envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff, the most dignified and spotless Court in Christendom, would undertake to clear himself from the ridiculous charges of the mountebank Gavazzi; charges the falsehood of which requires no proof, being self-evident on the face of them, at least to those whom Mgr. Bedini was addressing. It is the credulity of the respectable *Recorder* (supposing it, as we are bound to suppose, sincere) which is a just cause of astonishment. Mgr. Bedini is accused of having skinned Ugo Bassi, or caused him to be skinned, before his death. It is pretty much the same as if some renegade Baptist, having left their communion for that of the Presbyterians, should accuse one of his former brethren of drowning the child of an enemy in the baptismal font, under pretence of immersing it. Would the *Recorder* think it necessary to bring evidence to refute such a charge? Would he not answer *tout simplement;* "the charge is ridiculously false on the face of it — for we do not baptize children at all!" Just so, it is sufficient for Mgr. Bedini to observe that skinning is not a part of the ceremony of degrading a priest; and that if it were, he was not a bishop at the time alleged, and therefore could neither perform nor authorize the act. Why, ask your Episcopalian neighbors, if you wont believe a Papist, friend *Recorder:* they will tell you that only a "Bishop" can degrade a "presbyter;" and it is just as absurd to accuse Mgr. Bedini, who was then a simple priest, of having skinned Bassi, or ordered, or caused him to be skinned, by way of "dis-consecrating him," (as Gavazzi calls it in his pure English), as it would be to charge a Baptist minister with drowning a certain *infant* in the font. Again, allow the skinning possible, allow it to be a part of the ceremony of degradation, and that it is done for the reason alleged, *i. e* to remove the sacred chrism received in ordination; still there remains in the story the evident falsehood that the *head* of Bassi was skinned. This point is expressly *asserted* by Gavazzi. Now every one acquainted with the Catholic ritual knows that the thumb and fore-finger alone are scraped in the degradation of a *priest*, as they alone are anointed with the chrism in his ordination. To have skinned Bassi's *head* would have been to treat him as a bishop, for a bishop's head is anointed with the sacred chrism at his consecration; and so we have the double absurdity in this monstrous and wholesale fabrication, of Mgr. Bedini, a priest, *dis*-consecrating and skinning the *bishop* Ugo Bassi.

But perhaps the *Recorder* will say, this particular charge of skinning Bassi may be a fabrication, or, gross exaggeration of a misunderstood ceremony, which, morover, (if you please) was never performed on Bassi; but the other charge against Bedini of sanctioning, as Governor of Bologna, the execution of Bassi and some hundred and fifty more "patriots," is not disproved. The Austrians shot these men, it is conceded (the fact being publicly notorious), but Bedini countenanced and approved it in his character of Apostolic Commissary. Well, suppose he did (which is denied), how do you know that the men did not deserve death? We do not mean as patriots, whom the law might term rebels, but as robbers, assassins, violators and armed banditti. The Governor of Bologna, however merciful, was not bound to interpose his authority, to prevent the Austrian general from inflicting deserved punishment on a band of desperate malefactors, the terror of the country. By all the laws of civilized countries, a body of individuals, uncommissioned by any legal government, or by any government *de facto* (for the Roman Republic no longer existed), and roving in arms, levying contributions and committing slaughters (as Garibaldi's band did, when they dragged the venerable bishop of Frascinone from his palace and shot him), are outlaws, and subject to military execution. The reason is obvious: such men, in making war upon society, renounce its protection, and the law of self-preservation does not permit society to respect their lives. If therefore Mgr. Bedini, as Governor of Bologna, had sanctioned or approved, directly or indirectly, the execution of those "patriots," the presumption would be that the act was a melancholy duty—a stern political necessity—and an act, in fine, of *haute justice*. The actions of men clothed with the power of their sovereign, and never disavowed, are always to be presumed right, until they are proved to have been wrong. Authority, being the ordinance of God (which *they that resist*, says the Apostle, *receive to themselves damnation*—in other words, are condemned by the very fact)—Authority, being the ordinance of God, is always to be presumed in the right, till it has been shown that it is in the wrong. The burden of proof, therefore, admitting the alleged facts in their full extent, rests still upon the enemies of Mgr. Bedini, to show that the "patriots" were *unjustly* executed, *i. e.* contrary to the law of nature and of nations.

But the facts themselves are denied, so far as Mgr. Bedini's responsibility for them is concerned. It is notorious that the *Legge Stataria*, under which the Austrians then governed Bologna, was an invasion of the sovereignty of the Pope. The Austrian forces entered the Legations, partly to counterpoise the French occupation of Rome, and with orders to tread out the revolution at all hazards; as a man rushes into his neighbor's house to put out a fire that threatens his own dwelling. The extraordinary clemency of the Pontifical government, and of Pius IX above all, would, doubtless, have spared the unhappy followers of Garibaldi, or most of them; and Mgr. Bedini, as the Pope's representative, is understood to have protested against the Austrian proceedings: but perhaps for the peace of Italy, and of other countries too, where they might have found an asylum, and for the wretched criminals themselves, if, like poor Bassi, they were Catholics at heart in the midst of their errors, it was better as it was. At all events, there is not the shadow of proof, or even of a rational presumption, that Mgr. Bedini was guilty even of approving internally, the Austrian severities, which were in derogation of his authority: but if he *had* approved them, it would have been his right (as we have said), being the representative of the Sovereign Authority.

And now one word, good *Recorder*, about "the descendant of the Puritans," &c., who believes, or records in his magazine, the story of the miraculous picture of Rimini. It is a sad thing, certainly, and a surprising,—scarcely less than that a picture should move its eyes—that one who is "in the line of one of the most honored New England families" should admit a fact supported by the testimony of thousands of eye-witnesses. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact that while yet a Protestant we made a pilgrimage to those regions so favored, where the Holy House of Nazareth is sheltered from the profanation of the infidel, and having bowed within the lowly walls where the Eternal became FLESH, received a secret seed of future faith in those lesser prodigies that depend on that greater one, and illustrate the meaning of that pregnant EGO VOBISCUM with which the Immanuel sprang from Olivet to the Throne of God.

THE CHURCHMAN is a paper which from old associations we regard with a considerable degree of involuntary habitual interest, as do a good many Catholics who remember the time when the career of its then able editor, Dr. SEABURY, attracted their attention and inspired them with a benevolent hope. Our own interest in it is somewhat stimulated by the cherished remembrance of a strong personal friendship for Seabury himself, and by the fact that besides frequently contributing to its columns, we at one time for a few weeks held the editorial chair in his absence. It is not for us to say what causes withdrew a mind so logical and so penetrating from the path in which it was apparently advancing, toward the ancient truth, which he seems at last to have appreciated without loving; but the paper which he so long and ably edited, has since fallen into hands that avenge the cause of that truth so well by the absurdity they indite, that we have only to let them alone. Witness the following, which is the leading editorial of the number now under our eye. It is headed "THE PRESENT POSITION OF OUR CHURCH."

"Our Church stands at the present day in an utterly abnormal position. While her standards set forth the necessary Faith expressed in the Catholic Creeds, and also a body of other matters to be received as of Doctrine, there is no unity in the Living Voice of the Church, that is to say, in the teaching of her ministers. The proper idea of the Church supposes indeed the freest allowance for diversities of individual utterance on matters of opinion, on things not ruled, yet uniformity of teaching on all that is ruled. It supposes, too, some tribunal for the practical determination of disputed questions of doctrine, and of the interpretation of her standards. Yet our Church presents the spectacle of bishop against bishop, and doctor against doctor, with no voice to compose the strife; and that on points not lying outside the ruling of her standards, and so open to debate, but on points on which the Prayer Book must be assumed to have a determinate meaning one way or the other.

"This is a case which calls for some judicial determination. It is a case in which the conflicting parties cannot both stand on the same Prayer Book. It is a question of ruled doctrine. It is theoretically possible that both parties may misunderstand the meaning of the Prayer Book. But if the teaching of one party be conformed to it, that of the other must be repugnant to it. There is no escape from this alternative.

"This is a bad spectacle, that of a Church thus divided against itself, with no lawful voice to compose the discord and secure unity of teaching on the fundamental doctrine. It is a position full of evils."

We are altogether of the opinion of the *Churchman*, that "it is a position full of evils." In fact, the evils are so great that we could not possibly endure them. *A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand; a house divided against itself falleth.* Aware of that divinely-announced principle, we made haste to escape from those premises before the catastrophe. We really cannot add any thing to enforce the fatal statements of the *Churchman*, which say all that we could say. We can only reiterate that it "is a bad spectacle, that of a Church thus divided against itself, *with no lawful voice to compose the discord and secure unity of teaching on the* FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINE." The *Churchman*, indeed, proposes a remedy, and we looked for it with eagerness, hoping that some panacea might be found; but alas! it is only "a judicial determination of the questions at issue, by a true synodal voice of our Church and of the Church of England." Is the *Churchman* so forgetful of the issue, as not to observe that the validity of such a decision (could it be obtained) is precisely one of the points in regard to which this discord exists? Does he not know that the effect of such "a true synodal voice" to still such a controversy, would be like blowing with a bellows upon a raging fire, or like that decision recorded by Milton in the abyss —

"Old CHAOS umpire sits,
And by deciding more embroils the fray!"

No, no! Let the *Churchman* turn his glance where there is a Unity — an actual Unity — in the Living Voice of the Church, "that is to say, in the teaching of her ministers" — where there *is* "a lawful voice to compose the discord (should any arise) and secure unity of teaching on the fundamental doctrine." What he sighs for, and sighs for so vainly (where he is), is our ordinary and tranquil possession in the Holy Catholic Church.

And by the way, what demon possesses him so to revile the Archbishop of Thebes, on his own theory a Christian bishop, and on any theory, a great dignitary of State? Does he forget the language of his own Bible, which his Church obliges him to read four times a year? — "They are not afraid *to speak evil of dignities.* Whereas angels which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord." The remainder of the passage we leave to his own reflections.

# Record of Events.

*From March 18, to April 15, 1854.*

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

The most interesting feature, perhaps, of the Catholic foreign intelligence, is the position of the English government towards its Catholic subjects in this crisis; and of the domestic, the sensation caused by the letter of the Nuncio.

Rome: 1. *Earthquakes in Umbria.*—2. *Administrative measures.*—3. *Assassinations.*—4. *Congregation concerning the state of the Regular Clergy.*—5. *Letter from the Sultan to the Pope.*

1. We have never mentioned the earthquakes which occurred in Umbria on the 11th and 12th February, and by which a number of churches and convents were ruined. In the city of Perugia many buildings were injured; especially the Convent and the barracks of St. Dominick. The campanile shook so that the bell was rung. In Assisi, many houses were destroyed; the great convent of St. Francis was injured, but happily the noble and interesting church escaped. The church and convent (about one mile distant) on the road to Perugia, did not escape so happily. Of the convent one side only of the walls remains standing; of the church the only part saved was that which shelters the little chapel consecrated to St. Francis, and where our Lord appeared to him. The Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, just raised, as it were, in new grandeur, from the earthquake of 1832, also suffered. In the neighboring country many houses were in ruins, and the miserable inhabitants were forced to lie in the fields, then covered with snow. The Pope had sent them relief from his private purse, an example eagerly followed by the charitable. In Perugia the Swiss garrison deprived itself of 200 rations of bread to be sent to the sufferers in Bastia, a village which suffered peculiarly.

2. The lighting of Rome by gas proceeds and produces an admirable effect upon the noble forms of the architecture; by a particular contrivance (a new sort of chimney) the jets are fed with air from above, which adds to the economy and brilliancy, burning the gas more perfectly. Other enterprises advance, particularly that of the railways. And it has been ordered that no changes or restorations be made henceforth in the churches, internally or externally, until they have been approved by the commission of sacred archæology; a measure which will doubtless be the means of preserving many monuments.

3. The dagger is the only arm that the agents of Mazzini can employ. Whether this source of murder is to be suspected or not, several worthy persons have lately fallen victims to it: among others, a canon of the cathedral of Perugia. The most recent advices announce the assassination of the Duke of Parma, without stating its authors. This prince was, of right, a feudatory of the Holy See.

4. But the most important news from Rome is the action of the Special Congregation instituted by the Holy Father soon after his accession to the Pontificate, to consider the ameliorations proper to be introduced into the discipline of the Religious Orders. This congregation is composed of Cardinals Lambruschini, Mattei, Patrizi, Ferretti, Bianchi, Della Genga-Sermattai, Altieri, Caterini and Santucci. It has prepared measures intended to remove from the religious state all those who have not been conducted thither by a true vocation, and to preclude the admission of such in future to the religious vows. At a meeting of all the Chiefs of Orders at the Vatican the Holy Father acquainted them with the spirit in which the new arrangements have been formed, and the object they are designed to accomplish. The Ecclesiastical world is occupied with rumors about this meeting. The fundamental point appears to be the prohibition to admit to the religious profession before a much longer period of trial than has been the case up to this time [*Univers*].

5. The Holy Father has received a letter from the Sultan, in which the latter assures the Pope that the Catholic subjects of Turkey shall enjoy liberty and protection in the exercise of their religion. The letter was brought to the Holy Father by the *Chargé d'affaires* of Turkey in Belgium, and is said to have augmented (as may be supposed) the very favorable dispositions which already existed in the Court of Rome towards Turkey. Of the reality of this favorable disposition there appears to be no doubt, and judging from the cautious language of the Civiltà Cattolica in its *Cronaca*, or Record of Events, rests mainly on two considerations, the immorality of the course pursued by Russia and the dread of her anti-Catholic supremacy in the East.

NAPLES: *Return of the Royal Family.*

The return of the Royal Family to the capital from Caserta where since the last revolutionary troubles they have resided, was quite a *coup de théatre.* On an evening the king suddenly made his appearance in the royal box at the theatre of San Carlo. The audience (which was not a very numerous one) broke out in loud and long applause. The news spread outside; in a short time the theatre was filled so that those who sought to enter could not obtain admittance, and the applauses were vehemently renewed. His Majesty has taken up his residence once more in Naples, and has given a new activity to the public works, in order to meet the distress of the laboring and commercial classes. The king of Naples is considered the ablest prince of the House of Bourbon now living, and his reign has been remarkable for the internal improvements carried on chiefly by his own energy. The great road to Salerno, and the magnificent bridge by which it is carried over the deep valley of Cava, were executed by his order, and the latter, in particular, is not surpassed by the finest Roman works.

SARDINIA: — *New Laws.*

One of the laws recently passed by the Parliament of this "constitutional" state regulates the proportion of citizens to be exempted each year from military duty, fixing it at one in twenty of the male population liable to be called out (as we understand it). This provision is intended to allow room for the clergy, regular and secular; that being supposed as their ratio. This law, therefore, fixes such a proportion as that beyond which it shall not be lawful for Almighty God to grant the religious vocation in Sardinia; "as if the number of ecclesiastical vocations could be established by the rule of proportion, like an income tax or a tariff." The Brothers of Christian Schools are not to be exempted at all, although bound by solemn vows.

FRANCE: 1. *Re-opening of the College of St. Michel.* — 2. *Chaplains of the Army of the East.* — 3. *Difficulty of Montalembert.*

1. The re-opening of the College at St. Etienne, the suppression of which was mentioned in our last number, is a gratifying proof that while the government of the Emperor is unflinching in the policy of repressing every hostile and disloyal manifestation, it is not above retracing a wrong or misinformed step in the face of the just remonstrances of the Church.

2. The appointment of chaplains to the army of the East is another indication of the excellent spirit of the imperial government.

3. It is a matter of Catholic interest that the estimable M. de Montalembert is in difficulty with the government and with his colleagues of the legislative body, in consequence of the publication in Belgium of an imprudent letter which he wrote to M. Dupin, the president of that body. The chief point which gives offence in the letter (which in other respects hardly goes beyond Montalembert's previously published sentiments respecting the alleged destruction of liberty by the imperial *régime*), is the intemperate manner in which he permits himself to speak of the spoliation of the Orleans family. To appreciate the position of Montalembert, it must be remembered that he is an ardent admirer of the English system of government, and a resolute advocate of the nearest approximation to it which the parliamentary system can give in France; but that after the *coup d'état* he gave at first a frank adherence to Louis Napo-

leon, nor does he yet withdraw his adhesion from the empire. The seizure of the Orleans domains in France was the original cause of his secession from the councils of the Prince-President, but he is also a resolute opponent of the absolute system of the Emperor, of the gagging of the press, and the paralyzing of political resistance. It seems a pity for the sake of the cause he espouses, that he should compromise a position so moderate, and which if held with constant dignity might be made the nucleus of an effective opposition to arbitrary measures, by an irritating, if not (in the present circumstances) disloyal, and certainly impotent, overt act. It must be said that Montalembert disavows all responsibility for the publication of his letter.

ENGLAND: 1. *Anglican fears.* — 2. *Catholic Army Chaplains.* — 3. *Nunneries' Committee.* — 4. *Oratory at Brompton.* — 5. *Meeting of Catholics.*

1. Proceedings were commenced some time since against Archdeacon Denison (Church of England) in consequence of his published teaching on the Holy Eucharist, in which he goes the full length (it is considered) of the Catholic, or as they say, Popish, doctrine; but they have been stopped on the remonstrance of several dignitaries of the Establishment, the Bishop of Oxford among others, motived by the fact that the discussion of such a doctrine at the present time would be dangerous. In other words, they fear that owing to the number of English Protestant clergymen who believe the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist to be true, a decision against it or a censure of a high dignitary for publicly teaching it, would inevitably precipitate another frightful stampede to Rome.

2. Two chaplains from England, the Rev. D. Sheehan, of Clapham, and the Rev. John Wheble, of Chelsea, (their names deserve to be recorded), have volunteered to accompany the British forces to the East. It is thought that the Catholic soldiers alone will be 8,000 or 10,000. Sir James Graham (Lord of the Admiralty) refuses the consent of the Government to the appointment of Catholic chaplains for the navy, on the ground that "the religion of this country was the Protestant religion; and, that inasmuch as on board ship it was not possible to make provision for more than one form of religious worship, the provision made in all her Majesty's ships was for the established religion of the country, being Protestant." Two chaplains on board ship, of two different religions, could not, said Sir James, be allowed: ergo, Catholic sailors going into battle must be left without any spiritual succor at the moment, of all others, when it ought to be at hand, although to them it is of consequence, while to Protestants the presence or absence of a minister in such a case makes little difference, each man being able (according to their religious belief) to reconcile himself to God, and the mediation of any other man being useless. As the *Tablet* justly remarks, the Catholic sailors on a Russian man-of-war would be far better off, since they would enjoy the services of the Greek schismatical priest in the hour of danger and of death, the latter being a real priest and believing in the sacrament of penance, so that if he would administer it to the dying Catholic, it would be efficacious; while from the Protestant minister, who regards the sacrament as superstitious, and is furthermore devoid of the sacerdotal character, they could derive no benefit. Mr. Lucas brought the whole subject of the religious wants of Catholic soldiers and sailors before the House of Commons (Mar. 3), in an effective speech. He showed that while Catholics composed *one-third* of the British army, only one-seventh of the appropriation for chaplains and religious services was devoted to them, *i. e.* out of £18,500 only £2,700; nay, that the half-pay chaplains and chaplains' widows on the Protestant list, (*i. e.* non-effectives) receiued £2,911, or more than the whole Catholic service of the army. It was true (Mr. Lucas allowed) that a Catholic chaplain did not require so large a salary as a Protestant chaplain, and he would not ask it for them, but on the other hand, a Catholic chaplain could not attend to as many souls as a Protestant one, and for the same number of men, a far greater number of Catholic than of Protestant chaplains would be requisite. As for the navy, it appeared that £22,000 was applied to the Protestant chaplain service, while four stipends of £20 for as many station chaplains were the whole allowance for the spiritual wants of Catholic sailors; no provision whatever being made for them afloat and in actual service; in the hour, *i. e.* of danger, and in the place (at sea) where no other spiritual aid is accessible!

Sir James Graham said (in words that ought to be put on record) that "THE ROOT OF THE EVIL, with respect to the naval service, was, THAT THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION OF THIS COUNTRY WAS THE PROTESTANT RELIGION." That is, that in a country once Catholic, and in which millions of property and hundreds of thousands of religious establishments of various sorts have been taken from the Catholics and appropriated to the new religion of the state, that religion is the ROOT of the further EVIL, that those citizens who adhere to the ancient faith of the land, when they loyally enter the service of the state and peril their lives in its defence, *must* be denied the aids and consolations of that faith in the hour of peril and of death. What a cruel and soul-devouring Moloch is Protestant state-consistency! But a firm yet loyal course — the policy which O'Connell inaugurated and gained thereby an immortal fame as the first pacific liberator of a nation — will yet wring from the British government, as it has already wrung so many reluctant concessions, complete justice on this point, which includes many more, and gaining which strikes a fatal blow at the ROOT OF THE EVIL.

3. An excellent letter of Aubrey de Vere on the Nunneries' Inspection Committee deserves to be reprinted.

4. We noticed in our February number the opening of the Oratory at Brompton (London) and the proximate completion of the temporary church. The latter was hallowed for the first time by the offering of the Holy Sacrifice on Wednesday, March 22. The Very Rev. Canon Maguire was the celebrant; the Very Rev. Father Faber preached. In the afternoon compline was sung in choir, the entire community assisting; Father Faber preached again, and the Very Rev. Dr. Newman gave the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung after the *O Salutaris*. The altar was decorated with a profusion of real flowers and was brilliantly lighted during benediction. The large and deep sanctuary, the numerous fathers all in copes, and the rich vestments of cloth of gold used on the occasion, must have rendered the function quite magnificent.

5. The largest meeting of the British Catholic body which has taken place since the Emancipation, assembled at St. Martin's Hall (London), on Tuesday, March 21. The Catholic nobility and gentry and every sort of personal distinction in the Catholic body were either present or sent their adhesion to this meeting, the object of which was to elicit the Catholic feeling of the empire in regard to the menaced attack on the religious houses, especially of nuns. A series of vigorous resolutions, condemnatory of the proposed inquisitorial measure of Mr. Chambers, were put, supported by high-toned and telling speeches, and unanimously carried. A spirited petition and remonstrance to the House of Commons was then adopted.

IRELAND: 1. *Archbishop Cullen's Letter.* — 2. *Irish Art.* — 3. *Benefaction to the University.* — 4. *Religious Reception.* — 5. *Confirmation of Soldiers in Dublin.*

1. His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, has sent £80 to the *Univers* for the Archbishop of Freiburg (half of it from the Bishop of Ferns) accompanied by a letter in which Dr. Cullen appeals to the Catholic opinion of France against the proposed measure for the inspection of nunneries, and protests against the neglect of the British government to make adequate provision for the spiritual wants of its Catholic soldiers and sailors.

2. The Freeman's Journal (Dublin) notices the singular beauty of two new altars of white Carrara marble executed in Dublin for the Church of St. Paul, Arran-quay, and which rival the best Italian works.

3. An "Anonymous" benefactor has sent £800 ($4,000) through the Archbishop of Dublin for the Catholic University of Ireland.

4. Sunday, 26th Feb. At the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Tullamore, Miss Flood, daughter of Thomas Flood, Esq. of Oristown, Kells, made her solemn profession. The same day, at the parish church, Miss Mangan, of Marlow, Miss Dunne, daughter of Daniel Dunne, Esq. the Curragh, and Miss Jane Cantwell, daughter of Edward Cantwell, Esq. of Tullamore, and neice of Rt. Rev. Dr. CANTWELL, received the habit from that Bishop.

5. In the beautiful church of St. Paul, Arran-quay, one hundred and fifty soldiers were confirmed by Archbishop CULLEN. Mass had been previously said by the pastor, and the whole body of postulants, consisting chiefly of new recruits, but comprising some veterans, went to communion. A vast congregation assisted with great edification.

THE EAST:

The Catholics in Turkey take side with the Sultan with as much enthusiasm as the Turks themselves. At Routschuk they went, headed by the crucifix, to the ramparts and served the guns with zeal. In one of the actions a body of Catholics led by their priest distinguished itself greatly. Of the Catholic Albanians there are 8,000 or 10,000 volunteers in Omer Pasha's army, and an additional reinforcement of about 2,000 or 3,000 Catholic Maronites from the Libanus is announced. We mentioned in our last number the assault of the Greeks upon the Catholic Patriarch of Jerusalem. The more recent advices state that the new Pacha of Jerusalem, who arrived there on the 21st February, had been ordered to give the Patriarch the most ample satisfaction. A letter from Smyrna also states that the revolted Greeks at Samos, finding no Turks to massacre, there being few in town, had killed about twenty Catholics.

NOVA SCOTIA: 1. *Archbishop's Pastoral.* — 2. *New Journal.*

1. His Grace, the Archbishop of Halifax (the Most Rev. Dr. WALSH) issued on Quinquagesima Sunday a Pastoral for Lent, a copy of which, in pamphlet form, with an appendix consisting of learned and interesting notes, has reached us. It is beautifully written: the passage enumerating the effects of the Separation from the unity of the Church, is one of the finest in our literature.

2. The *Halifax Catholic* is the self-explanatory name of a new weekly paper, very handsomely got up, and conducted with marked spirit, which must be added to the Catholic periodicals of North America.

CANADA:

The Montreal "True Witness" repudiates the idea that the Catholics of Canada are disposed to favor annexation to the United States, or in any way disloyal to the existing government, in which they enjoy a full share of influence and authority. "Amongst the Orangemen," it says, "there may be dissatisfaction; because they can no longer lord it over their Popish brethren — for these 'Annexation' may have its charms; but every Catholic, who, appreciating the blessings he enjoys, wishes to perpetuate them, will deprecate it, as the greatest curse and disgrace that could possibly befall his native or adopted country." — The same paper further observes on this point, as conclusive: "Besides, there is such a thing as duty, as well as interest; and our duties as Catholics are incompatible with the line of conduct advocated by Mr. Mitchell: for revolt against lawful authority is condemned by God. It is not permitted to the subject — says the Church — to take up arms against his *lawful* sovereign. Now certainly the authority of the British Crown in Canada is lawful authority."

UNITED STATES: 1. *New Journal.* — 2. *New Provincial of the Redemptorists.* — 3. *Opinions on the Eastern War.* — 4. *Letter of Mgr. Bedini.* — 5. *New Orleans Correspondence.* 6. *Religious Professions.* — 7. *Charities.* — 8. *Churches.* — 8. *Ordinations.* — 10. *Obituary.*

1. The *Southern Journal* is the name of a new Catholic weekly paper published in the English language at NEW ORLEANS, and edited by Edward F. Morehead, Esq. It is not exclusively religious, but will embrace not only foreign and domestic intelligence, but general politics, literature and science. In short, it comprehends the mission of the Catholic press, to which no topic is alien, and no human interest indifferent. There is every reason to believe that it will take a high rank among our periodicals.

2. The Very Rev. George Ruland, C. SS. R., heretofore Rector of the Redemptorist Convent of St. Alphonsus in this city (Baltimore), has been chosen Provincial of the Redemptorists in the United States. The Rev. Father Bernard, the former Provincial, is appointed Superior of the Convent in Limerick, the fine new buildings of which were spoken of in our last number.

3. A considerable difference of opinion continues to be manifested among the Catholic Journals respecting the side to which they should wish success in the war of the East. The New York Freeman's Journal exhibits a remarkable and highly honorable fairness, in opening its columns to the defence of the side which it does not favor.

4. The letter of Monsignor Bedini has excited a good deal of attention and drawn forth many remarks from the Protestant religious and secular press. Even some Catholics are startled, it seems, by its frank avowal of belief in regard to the miraculous picture of Rimini, and some, it is even said, regret its publication on the score of prudence. But the sounder portion, who are the infinite majority, are greatly edified by the candor and piety of so distinguished a man as the Nuncio, while they see that no prejudice is offended but one which is against faith in the supernatural character of the Church itself, which cannot be granted without allowing that such occurrences are possible and so admissible upon good evidence. Some of the Protestant press affect astonishment that the Nuncio's letter contains no self-exculpation from the senseless and malicious charges, with so much and so persevering an effrontery brought against him. H. D. C., the well known correspondent and contributor of the Freeman's Journal, publishes in that paper the following extract of a letter received by him from a Judge of the Tribunal of Appeal at Bologna on the subject:

"Bologna, March 4th, 1854. — * * I see no better way of answering the calumniators of Monsignor Bedini than to send to America an authentic copy of the military ordinances of 1849–1850, by which martial law was proclaimed, and the military tribunal established; and I might join to this a copy word for word of the different condemnations which were successively pronounced. All these sentences are without one exception pronounced by a judgment civil *and* military, ('*Guidizio Statario e militario*,') and signed by the General in command who was at once Civil *and* Military Governor. The fifty individuals cited by the American papers as having been put to death and skinned by Monsignor while he was Pontifical Commissioner Extraordinary, I find recorded in the Gazette of Bologna between the months of May, 1849, and September, 1850, and I read there that they were all arrested, condemned and shot by the Austrian Military Commandant, and not by the Pontifical Commissioner; and their condemnations, as well as the consequent executions, are published by notifications signed by the Military Governor himself. On collecting these various items, with their respective dates, and sending them to America for publication, it seems to me that Monsignor will be made to triumph over his calumniators, and that they will be forced to blush for their wickedness. I have commenced the examination of these documents, and if you wish I will continue the labor.

"Yesterday I went from house to house, from office to office, to announce to his friends the good news of Monsignor's arrival at Rome, and to all it was a joy, a comfort, an agreeable surprise. The happy return of his Excellency seemed to every one as a cause of thankfulness to God, and as glad tidings, and a reason for hope. In one word, the people here regard him as a messenger of God and of peace, — the sympathising, active protector of every one that has need of help."

To this interesting document (to which others are to be added) we may well subjoin the following extract from the Pittsburg Catholic on the subject of the Picture of Rimini:

"God performs miracles not only to prove the truth of revelation, but often to awaken piety, and to give evidence of His Mercy and His Love. He does this, frequently, in a manner which may seem childish to those who will make their notions of what is becoming the standard of His actions. He may at one time raise a dead man to life, or cause the lame to walk, that men may know that He was sent by the Father. At another time He will cause water to flow from a rock, that the thirst of His people may be slaked; or make a gourd to grow up, though it be only to cover His servant and make a shadow over him. All things tend to His honor, though they may be immediately directed to what we would call trifling objects. It is, in reality, a low idea of God that makes us expect from Him only things that have a certain magnitude in our eyes; for all things are equally low before Him, and become equally high when He deigns to exalt them. The image of the Virgin moving its eyes at Rimini, melted the hearts of many beholders. In this result we recognise the very effect which God sought in His most undeniable wonders. Many more remarkable, and what we might think more noble miracles, often failed to do as much.

"Every attempt to explain the phenomenon on natural principles has proved a complete failure. The only way to avoid its influence is to ignore the facts of the case, or pass them over with some mocking word. It is called 'A winking picture,' as the history of Jonas has been disposed of by calling it a 'fish story,' or that of Eve deceived by the serpent by calling it a 'snake story.' The miracles of our Lord were denied and derided in their day, and they who believed them were accused of not knowing the Scriptures. It is not wonderful, if the same things happen to His followers."

5. We have received from a New Orleans correspondent a spirited letter, motived by our insertion in the March number of the Red-Republican placard posted on the walls of that city, and calling upon us to do justice to the feelings of indignation with which it was seen the next morning ("for none could have been found bold enough to have done it during the day-light") by an "order-loving and law-abiding community."

"And although few or none thought for a moment that it was anything but an idle threat, emanating from a weak brain and a cowardly heart, still, our worthy Mayor Crossman (a Protestant,) took prompt steps for the protection of Monsignor Bedini, should he arrive, in which he was warmly seconded by our citizens of all denominations; and the only regret felt was, that we had not an opportunity of manifesting to his Excellency the genuine hospitality of New Orleans, which is always accorded to genius and virtue."

We readily credit "An Orleanian," whose generous sentiments no doubt are shared by his fellow-citizens, and we only regret that want of space prevents our publishing his whole letter.

6. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. Thursday, Feb. 16. In the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., Miss Kate Douglas (Sister Mary Borgia), Miss Ellen Phelan (Sister Mary Patricia), and Miss Elizabeth Davis (Sister Mary Rose), received the black veil. Wednesday, Jan. 8, same convent, Miss Mary Richie (Sister Mary Winifred), and Miss Ann McGinley (Sister Mary Genevieve), received the habit and white veil from the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'REILLY. Saturday, April 1. Convent Chapel of Sisters of Mercy, New Haven, Miss Dorothy Brennan (Sister Mary Bridget) made her solemn vows. Monday, April 3, at the Cathedral, Hartford, Miss Mary Hendricken (Sister Mary de Pazzi) and Miss Eleanor Coleman (Sister Mary Ann) received the habit of the same holy Sisterhood from the hands of the Bishop. — DIOCESE OF DETROIT. Purification of B. V. M., Convent of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe City, Michigan. Miss Mary Laffartee (Sister Philomena) of Detroit, and Miss Mary Ann Martin (Sister Magdeleine) of Queen's Co., Ireland, received the white veil; and Miss Ann Walker (Sister Ignatia), of Montreal, Miss Mary Ann Walker (Sister Aloysia) of Rochester, and Miss Isabella Renauld (Sister Frances) of St. Paul, Michigan, made their solemn vows.

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE. Feb. 22. At the Convent of the Visitation, Mt. de Sales, near Baltimore, Miss Eliza McCan (Sister Margaret Mary Alicoque) and Miss Margaret Robertson (Sister Mary Claud Simplicia) received the habit — the latter in quality of Domestic Sister. — Feb. 28. Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Md , Miss Maria F. Bohrer, of Georgetown, D. C., and Miss Susan Welch, of Phila., received the habit, and the names of Sister Mary Aimeé and Sister Mary Celestine.

7. The receipts for the building fund of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Cumminsville, near CINCINNATI, during the year ending Feb. 8, 1854, were $8,228 54; the expenditure $18,124 78. The receipts for Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary, CINCINNATI, from 1st Jan., 1853, to the above date, were $7,193 39; the expenditure $7,603 80. Besides the donations in money, a gold chalice, valued at $100, was presented to the Seminary by MM. H. & F. Witte, and a valuable collection of books by Rev. L. Navarron. In the diocese of PHILADELPHIA, the last year, $19,709 07½ were collected for the Cathedral, and $25,638 68 expended; deficit $5,929 61. At RICHMOND, the fair held in February for the enlargement of the Cathedral netted $2,500. In the U. S. in 1852, the contributions to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith amounted to $16,031: in Canada, the same year, to $22,377. The Canadian missions *received* from the Society, the same year, $47,723; and those of the U. S. $118,590. The whole receipts of the Society for 1852, were $958,000.

8. The consecration of the new Cathedral of St. Finbar, CHARLESTON, S. C., took place on Thursday, April 6. The Rt. Rev. Bp. GARTLAND (Bishop of Savannah) was the consecrator, and the sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. HUGHES, Archbishop

of New York. The new Cathedral is partly on the site of the old one, which we remember as a low building erected by Bp. England, and never (we believe) intended to be permanent. The present structure is a noble church of the early decorated, or Middle-pointed style, 194 feet long, 73 wide, 77 high to the nave-roof, and 218½ feet to the top of the cross that surmounts its spire. The material is brown free-stone. The interior is said to be highly imposing and beautiful, from the space, the fine proportions, and the rich stained glass windows, which transmit a fine flood of softened light — a requisite often sacrificed in our Gothic churches. The Rt. Rev. Bp. Portier (Mobile), the Rt. Rev. Bp. McGill (Richmond), the Rt. Rev. Bp. Reynolds (Charleston), and a great number of clergy from different dioceses were present. — St. Mary's, Lancaster, Va., a new and beautiful Gothic church (120 feet by 60) was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Neumann, on Sunday, March 19. The Very Rev. S. J. Sourin preached the sermon. — In the diocese of Covington, on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, the corner-stone of a new church was laid by the Rt. Rev. George Aloysius Carrell, Bishop of the diocese. The site of the new edifice is on the spur of a hill in the suburb, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the cities of Covington and Cincinnati. — Diocese of Louisville. On the Annunciation the corner-stone of the new church of the Trappists at Gethsemani, was laid by the Rt. Rev. Father Eutropius, Mitred Abbot, according to the Cistercian ritual. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness the ceremony. The Rev. F. de Blick, S. J., from St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, preached the sermon. The new church is to form one side of a quadrangle, about 200 feet square, which is to form the enclosure of the new monastery of Gethsemani. It will be in the Gothic style, and by its division into choir and chapels, will be adapted to the singing of the divine office (for which alone the Trappists use the gift of speech) and to the exercises of the monks. There is also an extensive exterior chapel for the public. When the church and monastery are completed (for which the Rt. Rev. Abbot is making collections) "the West will be blessed with an institution similar to those of Europe; a house where the wearied soul may find rest — an oasis of spiritual abundance, amidst the dreary wilderness of spiritual desolation and mammonism." [Cath. Tel.] — On Palm Sunday, a new church in Steubenville, Ohio, erected by the Rev. Em. Thienpont, was dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati. It is 94 feet by 46. A bell, weighing 2,700 pounds, and described as having "a fine, clear and mellow sound, which floats like music over the Ohio, and is heard for miles around," was blessed in the afternoon. On the same occasion 350 persons (many of them "the faithful rail roaders,") went to their Easter communion, and 102 were *confirmed*, of whom at least sixty were over sixteen years of age. — Sunday, April 9, the church of St. Malachy, East New York, was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn.

9. Diocese of Newark. Friday, Feb. 24, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Bayley. Minors and Subdeaconship — Mr. James Moran, (nephew of the venerable Father Moran, V. G). Sat. Feb. 25. Deaconship — Rev. James Moran. Quinquagesima Sunday, Feb. 26. Priesthood — the same Rev. gentleman.

Archdiocese of St. Louis. Feb. 22, at the Cathedral, by the Most Rev. Abp. Kenrick. Deaconship — Rev. MM. B. P. McMenomy and Daniel Healey. Feb. 24. Priesthood — the same.

Archdiocese of Cincinnati. Saturday, March 11, by the most Rev. Abp. Purcell. · Priests — Rev. John Bernard Hemsteger, and the Rev. MM. Peter Michael Doyle and Peter Malachias Garvey, the last two of the Diocese of Pittsburg.

10. At New York, Sunday, March 5, Gregory Dillon, Esq., in the 72d year of his age — a venerable and patriotic Catholic Irishman and American citizen. He was a Commissioner of Emigration, President of the Irish Emigrant Society, and Founder of the "Labor Exchange" and Emigrants' Saving Bank. "He was," says the Celt, "at once the legislator, defender and financier of the many thousands arriving in this city from his native land." Born at Jamestown, Roscommon, he had resided in New York for upwards of half a century, having emigrated in 1800. He broke up the proselytism begun at Ward's Island, and his last public act was a protest against the new "Dissecting Bill," which proposed to deliver the bodies of the emigrant poor who might die in the public hospitals to the Surgeons. *Requiescat in pace.*

At New York, Thursday, March 16, the Rev. Benedict Bayer, C. SS. R., Superior of the Redemptorists in Philadelphia, in the 51st year of his age.

At Brooklyn, March 31st, at the parochial residence of St. Paul's church, the Rev. John Curoe, in the 33d year of his age. He was a student in the seminary of Mt. St. Mary's.

## THE LATE FIELDING LUCAS.

On Tuesday, 14th March, a funeral procession composed of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore, followed to the Cathedral and the grave the mortal remains of Fielding Lucas, Esq. Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, and the Rev. Mr. Dolan, in a very appropriate address, portrayed the character of the deceased, and requested the prayers of the faithful.

Some brief notice of this estimable citizen is due to the many friends who mourn him, and is claimed by his useful and exemplary life, which was identified with the history of Baltimore for nearly fifty years.

Fielding Lucas was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1781, whence he removed to Philadelphia, where he commenced his business life at the age of 14. He came to reside in Baltimore in the year 1806, as a partner in the firm of Conrad, Lucas & Co., booksellers and publishers, of which, in a few years, he became the sole proprietor, and subsequently added to its business the type and stereotype founding, in their most improved style — which he conducted to the time of his death.

He rendered important services to the Catholic religion by his numerous publications of standard Catholic books, of which, for many years, he was the most extensive publisher in this country: and which, owing to his enterprise, skill and attention, were issued in a style far superior to any previous publications of Catholic literature in the United States.

When he commenced these publications, very few Catholic books had issued from the American press. The amount of capital required in the business, and the slow and limited demand for such books, made the enterprise a hazardous one, and the remuneration very moderate. But, by his perseverance in this laudable undertaking, Catholic publications were multiplied, and the community supplied with an extensive collection of valuable works. His octavo edition of the Roman Missal, in Latin — said to be the first edition of that size ever published — was produced in a style of great elegance and of unsurpassed accuracy.

Mr. Lucas was a most useful and public spirited citizen. He was frequently chosen by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the City Council, of the second branch of which he was the President for many years. He was placed on the most important committees for the improvement of the City, the developement of its resources, and the administration of its finances. One of the first representatives of the City in the Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, after his withdrawal from the City government, he was continued by the stockholders, as director, until a few months before his death, when he resigned. His practical knowledge and excellent judgment were highly prized in this important body. One of the board of managers of the Washington Monument, from the commencement of that splendid work, he was almost the only survivor of the original board, and continued his care and superintendence until his death; he also superintended the completion of the Baltimore Monument. He was one of the commissioners for building the Record Office; for dividing the City and County property; for laying off the avenue around the City, &c. &c. The fine Map of Maryland, and the admirable Chart of the Chesapeake Bay, were the work of his own hands; for which he collected the materials from various sources, with great labor and industry, without public aid; and published them by his own individual enterprise.

Mr. Lucas was possessed of good taste in the fine arts, and considerable skill in drawing and music; to which latter enjoyment he devoted one evening in the week, at home, with a few amateur friends, for many years.

Domestic in his habits, he exercised a generous hospitality without ostentation or extravagance. Free from professions or display, but sincere in his attachments, he was a warm, kind, and true friend.

Although strictly moral in his habits, and until bodily infirmity overtook him, a general attendant on the worship of the Catholic Church — of the truths of whose doctrines he had long been convinced — he had not united himself to the society of the faithful until his last illness; when, having arranged all his temporal business with care and judgment, he devoted his entire attention to spiritual affairs, and after the best preparation in his power, received the Sacraments, a few days before his death.

Mr. Lucas left a handsome property, which he had the satisfaction to know, was acquired by his own exertions. He left to the Orphans' Home, to St. Vincent's School for poor boys, to St. Mary's Orphan School for poor girls, and to the House of Refuge, each a legacy ($3,500 in all), in aid of those interesting charities.

May his soul rest in peace. *Amen.*

## II. Literary Intelligence.

1. The "Freeman's Journal" has commenced a *Feuilleton*, or Literary Department, to be conducted entirely by Donald McLeod, Esq., the brilliant and popular author of "Pynnshurst," "The Life of Scott," "The Bloodstone," &c.

2. J. S. Redfield of New York has announced "Franchere's Voyage, or the First American Settlement on the Pacific. Edited by J. V. Huntington. With illustrations. This is a translation of a book published at Montreal in 1820, in the French language, and which is of great interest and value as an original document, affecting a most important passage in the history of the United States.

3. Mr. Richard Grant White, one of the editors of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, and known as an accomplished *belles-lettres* scholar, has discovered in an old copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1679, a great number of manuscript emendations, which are said to be quite as important to the correct understanding of those dramatists, as Mr. Collins' folio is to Shakespeare. We trust that, as in the latter case, the emendations may tend to purify the *sense*, as well as the text, of the poets.

4. *Hector Bossange* at Paris, announces as in press "The Works of the Emperor Napoleon III," in four large 8vo. volumes: subscription price 40 francs; and adds that a *list of the subscribers will be published with the work.* It is needless to observe what a list this will procure, as every body in France who cares for the favor of its imperial master will of course subscribe. The same house announces "*Le* Vaste *Monde*, par *Elizabeth Wetherell!*"

5. The high value set upon the curiosities of devotional literature, as well as the wealth of France, may be estimated by the prices recently paid at a Paris sale. A folio Missal, of the 15th century, adorned with miniatures, brought $700; The Hours of the Duc de St. Aignan, $750; and a MS. Office of the Blessed Virgin, 15th century, with miniatures and borders of gold and silver binding, $1,500.

## III. Political and Secular Intelligence.

The most important event of the month is, of course, the declaration of war by England and France against Russia. The Emperor of France sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Nicholas, as a last effort to effect a peaceful solution of the difficulties, proposing that the Russian forces should evacuate the Principalities and the allied fleets withdraw from the Black Sea, as a preliminary to a treaty of peace, in which the honor of the Czar might be reconciled with the rights of the Sultan, and the safety of Europe. An answer was soon returned, marked by no little disingenuousness, and conceived in a tone of irritation and defiance. The Allies then sent to St. Petersburg their ultimatum, requiring the Emperor of Russia to engage to evacuate the Principalities by a certain date, the refusal or neglect to answer to be regarded as a declaration of war. Meanwhile the forces of France and England destined for the East continued to be dispatched as rapidly as possible, and a most powerful English fleet of steam and screw ships, carrying an unparalleled weight of metal and twelve thousand men, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, sailed for the Baltic. The French Emperor made a speech in opening the legislature, in the Hall of the Marshals, which was universally approved and admired, for its precision, its force, and its moderation. The legislative body unanimously voted a loan of 250,000,000 francs, (£10,000,000), for carrying on the war, and to show their firm adherence carried the act in a body to the Emperor. The latter decided to raise it by a subscription among all classes, for which sums of ten francs of *rente* would be received. This measure proved highly popular, so that it was called the financial *coup d'état*, and the subscription for the loan amounted to nearly 500,000,000 francs, or double the sum required. In England, Mr. Gladstone proposed an increase of the income tax, which was by no means so popular as the plan of the French government; and Lord John Russell, without causing any objection or outcry, withdrew his plan of Parliamentary reform for the present.

The English ministry, then, provoked by an article in the Journal de St. Petersburg, in which the Czar claimed that his plans in regard to Turkey had long before been communicated to, and as good as approved by them, published an interesting diplomatic correspondence and official record of interviews between the Emperor and Sir G. H. Seymour in the spring of 1853, showing the ambition of Russia, her views upon Turkey, and putting in evidence the fact, that, if she could secure the adhesion of England, she was prepared to defy France, and ignored the interests and rights of Austria and

Prussia. The French government thereupon announced that, upon the rejection of the Russian proposals by England, similar advances were made to France. The principal feature of these negotiations was the determination of the Emperor of Russia to regard Turkey as a power approaching its dissolution, as *a dying man*, upon whose effects, to avoid future quarrels, it was necessary to administer at once. The Czar's programme for the eventuality of Turkey expiring, went simply to exclude any plan that would (like the formation of a new and powerful Christian State out of Turkey in Europe) offer a solid obstacle to his seizing upon Constantinople whenever a good opportunity occurred. The publication of this attempted negotiation caused great indignation against Russia both in England and France. When the news was received that the Emperor Nicholas had declined to answer the ultimatum of the two Powers, war was immediately declared, by Queen Victoria on the 28th of March, and by the Emperor Napoleon, in a message to the French Legislature on the 27th of that month. Austria and Prussia, though strongly urged to join the coalition, maintain their neutrality. Immediately that it was known the ultimatum was rejected, the Russian forces crossed the Danube, with the obvious intention of crushing the Turks, if possible, before the French and English army should arrive. It is said that 50,000 Russians were on the right bank of the Danube on the 23d March. As regards American interests in the present state of hostilities, it is understood that they have been provided for by a treaty negotiated with the British government through our Minister, Mr. Buchanan, and which will secure our trade from molestation by the British cruisers.

The unanimity with which the war has been accepted in England by all parties is remarkable; the enthusiasm is greater than in France, where, however, the declaration of war was received in the Legislative Body with excited cheering and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* The debates in the House of Lords and House of Commons on the address to the Queen, in acknowledgement of her Majesty's message, showed that the entire moral force of the empire goes with the war, as a measure necessary to the safety and independence of Europe, and to the defence of civilization against barbarism.

There are two points in regard to which a difference of opinion may exist: to which side should a wise and just man, and a good Christian wish success, and of which side is the success probable. In other words, what result should be desired in this contest, and what result is reasonably to be looked for?

It may be assumed that Catholic sentiment in Europe either is, or is becoming, practically unanimous against Russia. Russia is a semi-barbarous empire, a military despotism, the enemy of every amelioration that is or can be proposed in the political condition of Europe, the enemy of light and of progress, of liberty and of civilization; she is a schismatical power, the bitterest, most unrelenting persecutor of the Catholic Church in the whole universe, and her Emperor is the rival of the Pope:—he is the military pope of the East, and it is in that capacity—as the head of the Greek schismatical Church — that he has begun this war. It seems useless to reason upon contingencies which are without apparent probability to support them, and we may therefore assume, that were Russia mistress of Constantinople, as she will be, if not resisted by England and France, not only the East but Europe would be at the feet of a despotic monarch, the sworn enemy of the Church of God, and the rival of the Vicar of Christ. It would appear that not a single power on the continent of Europe could maintain an effective independence when once these vast and fertile countries, this controlling and master position, and these immense and warlike populations, were added to the dominion of the Czar.

That in the presence of this terror to the cause of civilization, the Catholics of the British empire, and especially the Irish people, should avail themselves of the crisis to extort from the dominant party the concession of entire equality and justice, is conceivable, and to this motive we chiefly ascribe the position which some highly respected organs of opinion have taken. It is a just demand, and a necessary consequence, that with the predominance of the Muscovite military pope before them, England should re-enter, politically, the family of Western Christendom, by renouncing the last vestige of her persecution of the Catholic faith and its professors. How this contest affects us as Americans is another question. The success of Russia would leave but two great secular powers in the world: the one a pure despotism, the other an unmixed democracy; the autocracy of one, and the autocracy of the many: the Church would be obliged to re-enter the catacombs.

Of the other question, — the probable *issue* of the conflict — it is safe to say that it is beyond the calculation of man. Every one will naturally interpret it according to his wishes. A true prophecy, if we were wise enough to frame one, would be listened to with incredulity, and the event would too tardily vindicate the sagacity of the prophet. One thing alone we know, that the affairs of this world are in the hands of the Almighty, and that hitherto the cause of the Church is the pivot on which events turn; history, through one of the great crises of which we are now passing, being not an accident, but an orderly and a predetermined march to a goal foreseen from eternity.

THE

# Metropolitan.

Vol. II. JUNE, 1854. No. 5.

## THE SAINTS AND BEATIFIED SERVANTS OF GOD,

### WHO HAVE FLOURISHED IN AMERICA.

Sanctity is not confined to any clime or country. America, too, has had her saints, but of all that are inscribed on the dyptics of the Church, the least known, perhaps, are those who have flourished in the Western continent. The Spanish colonies being the first settled, it was in them that exalted sanctity first appeared, and that quite naturally, because Spain, untainted by the novelties of the sixteenth century, still maintained all her fervor, and, in the re-awakening of the religious spirit which followed the great innovation, sent forth a host of eminent saints. Ignatius, Xavier, Teresa, John of the Cross, Thomas of Villanova, Francis, Borgia, Paschal Baylon, all illustrated by their lives the kingdom of the peninsula, and rekindled, abroad, the flame of Catholic devotion.

Towards the middle of the century, Louis Bertrand, subsequently canonized, passed to America, and labored for Spaniard and native; while at its close, St. Philip of Jesus, a native of Mexico, died for the faith in Japan; the Blessed Sebastian de la Aparicion sanctified the city of Puebla; Lima beheld at once within her walls St. Turibius, her archbishop; St. Francis Solano, her evangelical preacher; St. Rose, her glorious virgin; the Blessed John Massias and the Blessed Martin Porras, who, in the degree of laybrothers, obtained the reward which Christ promised to the humble; and almost at the same time the blessed Maria de Paredes, the Lily of Quito, blossomed in her virgin purity, and the blessed Peter Claver devoted himself to the social and moral improvement of the poor negro slaves at Carthagena. Besides these, all beatified by the Holy See, many others of exalted sanctity flourished in the Spanish provinces, and at a later period, in those of Portugal and France; but of these last we shall not speak; the former give abundant and more than abundant matter for the limits which we have set to ourselves.

Louis Bertrand was born at Valencia on the 1st of January, 1526. His parents were persons of exemplary piety, and their son soon showed a more than ordinary desire of serving God with perfection: so that, when he asked leave to enter the order of St. Dominic, they presently yielded to his pressing entreaties. Here, under the care of the sage and holy Mico, Bertrand became a model of piety.

Being raised to the priesthood, he was soon acknowledged to be a consummate director, and so overcame natural defects as to become a preacher of no ordinary power. After devoting himself to the care of the sick during a pestilence which ravaged Valencia, in 1557 he solicited an American mission, and was sent to New Grenada in 1562. Here he was chosen to labor among the Indians, and without relaxing any of his austerities, commenced his work in the Isthmus of Panama, the island of Tobago, and the adjacent country. Attempts were made upon his life, but his courage, his zeal, his sanctity, his miracles, soon overcame even the malice of his enemies, whom the powers of darkness were goading on. Idolatry was abolished at Tubara; ten thousand natives embraced the faith of Christ. At Cepacoa and Paluato they came down from the mountains to listen to his words: he converted all but one stubborn tribe, whom he left, and hastened on to the fierce Caribs, among whom he labored for a time almost in vain, and narrowly escaped death by poison, administered to him in revenge for his destruction of the objects of their idolatrous worship. After this he returned to the West and announced the Gospel to the Indians in the mountains of Santa Martha, at Mompox, and in the island of St. Thomas. Here his zeal was rewarded: a new people was gained to Christ. With the zeal of an apostle he overthrew idols, and when the infuriated heathen rushed on to slay him, they found themselves arrested, they faltered and were converted. Amid all these labors the life of St. Louis was most mortified, his food scanty, his only shelter a rude hut or the trees of the forest. This was not all he suffered, however: on behalf of his dear Indians, he raised his voice against the cupidity of his own countrymen, and the guilty assailed him with the most odious calumnies. Carthagena became the next theatre of his mission, but seeing the deleterious influence exercised here by the Spaniards, he resolved to return to Europe, in the hopes of inducing the government to adopt a better regulation of the Indian department. In 1569 he was again in Valencia: and after several years of most holy toil, expired on the 9th of October, 1581, was canonized by Pope Clement X, in 1671, and subsequently declared protector and chief patron of New Grenada.

A saint had thus visited the American shores and spread abroad the odor of sanctity, converting the heathen, reforming the corrupt, astonishing all by the wondrous gifts bestowed upon him by the Almighty. Soon after, opened the saintly career of Gregory Lopez, whom the Church will no doubt propose to our veneration, when peace shall enable the examinations to be made in Mexico.

About the same time the capital of that province beheld the birth of St. Philip of Jesus. His early life was one of disorder and sin. Vain were the remonstrances of his parents and of those who had trained him up in the path of virtue: his heart seemed hardened to every influence of grace. At last, however, he was touched. He suddenly abandoned his vicious career, and returning to God in the sacrament of penance, began a new and virtuous life. Anxious even to edify as much as he had hitherto scandalized, he yielded to an inward voice which bade him consecrate himself to God in the religious life. He applied to the children of St. Francis and was soon enrolled in their number. For a time he was faithful to the inspirations of grace, but the tempter was loth to see a soul thus wrested from him: he again assailed the young man, and Philip, yielding in an evil hour, flung off his habit, returned to the world, and again plunged into every excess. More grieved than ever at the scandal committed by their son, his parents resolved to send him abroad, and having furnished him with capital, beheld him at last depart for China. Here he traded for a time, but troubles and misfortunes overtook him, and like the prodigal son, he longed to return to his father's house. Business called him to Manilla. There he asked to be received in a fervent convent of St. Francis, of the Reform of St. Peter of Alcantara. His conversion was now sincere: his edifying life excited general admiration: and men wondered to see one whose conduct had been so irregular, become a fervent, humble religious. The tidings reached his parents in Mexico, and anxious to have the consolation of witnessing this work of the hand of the Most High, they applied to the commissary of the order, then in Mexico, and obtained an order for their son's return to America. He set sail from Manilla, with five other friars of his order, but after three months of storms was driven in at Urando, a Japanese port. A cross of light, which had been seen hovering over the vessel, warned them of the close of their career. F. Philip and another who remained, became missionaries in Japan, but the jealousy of Taycosama was aroused: the rash, boasting words of a Spanish mariner induced him to renew the persecution: six Franciscan Fathers, three Japanese Jesuits, and seventeen Japanese Christians, were arrested at Nangasacki and other places. Father Philip of Jesus was one of this happy band of martyrs. He was taken, with the rest, to Meaco, where they were all condemned by the emperor to be carted through the streets of the ecclesiastical capital, to have their noses and ears cut off, then to be sent to Ozaca, to be carried through the streets of that city, and then through those of Sacai, with a placard before them declaring the cause of their condemnation, and finally to be crucified at Nangasacki.

The martyrdom of these heroes began on the 3d of January, 1597. On that day they were led to the place of execution in Meaco, and a piece of the ear of each was cut off; then, three by three, in carts, they were conveyed through the streets. Now, however, the usual shouts and hootings gave place to silence and tears, at the sight of these innocent men and children. In a similar way they passed through the other cities on their way to Nangasacki, but from city to city were driven on foot like cattle, to their own great joy and consolation, for at Facata they were met by some Fathers who confessed them and prepared them to die. They reached Nangasacki on the 4th of February: twenty-five crosses had been erected on a hill overlooking the bay, and to this spot, on the following day, they were conveyed. Surrounded by Christians who had flocked together from all the country around, the martyrs, full of joy, prepared for their last triumph. In a short time they were all bound to the crosses by the iron collars and fetters used in Japan, and a lancer stood by each, ready at the word of command to pierce him to the heart. Father Baptist, superior of the Franciscans, intoned the canticle of Zachary, in which all joined, and while the boys were singing the *Laudate pueri Dominum*, the word was given, and the lancers gave the fatal blow. Father Philip of Jesus died first, and thus gave Mexico the honor of having one of her children, as protomartyr of Japan, begin that long line of heroes which have made that country a wonder in Christian annals.

Miracles attested the will of Heaven, and Urban VIII at last formally declared St. Philip of Jesus and his companions to be martyrs, appointing the 5th of February for their commemoration.

While a native of Mexico was thus shedding his blood in the isles of far Japan, atoning for the disorders of earlier years, that province witnessed the close of a holy life, prolonged beyond the usual span. The Blessed Sebastian de Aparicion was born at Gudina in Galicia, of poor, but pious parents. While he was yet a child, a contagious disorder desolated the place, and little Sebastian, being seized with it, was exposed in a ruined cabin, near which food was placed for him. Abandoned by men, he was cured by a wolf, which, entering the hut, opened the tumor, and thus saved his life. Born to a life of toil, he took service at an early age, but, after a few years, found this station full of danger to his purity — for he was modest, handsome, and correct in his deportment. He next took a little cottage near San Lucar, and became a small farmer, but meeting temptations again, he sailed to America and landed at Vera Cruz in 1533. Puebla was the city which he chose, and there he spent most of his life. He turned his attention to the breaking and training of horses and cattle, and, in a short time, acquired considerable wealth, although the poor were always certain of abundant alms at his hands. Perceiving the difficulty of transportation in that country, he opened a new road from Zàcatecas to Mexico, and ran a line of express wagons from the mines to the capital, and thence to Puebla. Wealth now flowed in upon him, and many parents sought to gain him as a son-in-law, but he had chosen a life of chastity and austerity: in a state of affluence, his manner of life was hard — a life of toil and self-denial, less comfortable than that of many who relied on his alms for support. While residing at Chapultepec, where he had taken a farm, he fell dangerously ill, and preparing to die, bequeathed all he had to a neighboring convent of Dominicans.

But his career was not yet ended. He recovered his health, and resumed his former way of life: but believing it prudent, at his advanced age, to have some one near him, he married a poor, but virtuous girl, proposing, with her consent, to lead a life of perfect continency, as many holy couples have done. In this state he lived in great peace for about a year, when the early death of his wife left him again alone in the world. At the age of sixty-three he again married, but his second wife, who was greatly attached to him, being troubled one day at his prolonged absence, climbed a tree that stood by their door, to look down the road, when by some accident she fell, receiving injuries which caused her death.

Soon after this, Sebastian felt himself called to enter the religious state, and obedient to his vocation, proceeded to Mexico, to consult his director, an Observantine Friar. By the advice of the latter, he gave all his property to a convent of Poor Clares, and assuming the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, entered the service of the convent. This state did not, however, realize his desires: he wished to be a religious bound by vows, and renewing his solicitations, he was at last received by Father John de Bastidas, warden at Mexico, into the novitiate of the Observantine Franciscans, on the 9th of June, 1573, in the 71st year of his age.

His fervor and assiduity in performing the duties imposed upon him, soon won the esteem of his superiors, and after his profession in the following year, he was sent to Puebla, and made alms-questor for the convent. In this post he continued to the close of his life, except during a short period, when, on a charge of being a stupid, slovenly old man, he was deprived of it and sent back to the novitiate. His sanctity was, however, too clear not to triumph over persecution. His life as a monk was a series of miracles and prophecies; the very animals obeyed him, as they did Adam before the fall, and he had but to assign his cattle limits in their pasture to be sure that not a blade of grass beyond would be taken.

After having spent many years in this laborious career, obsessed by devils, worn by disease, he was seized with a fatal malady, and, for the first time almost in his life, placed in a comfortable bed. He sank gradually, edifying all by his sanctity and desire to be with God, and expired on the 25th of February, 1600, at the age of 98. He was at once invoked as a saint; miracles attested the approval of

Heaven; his body remained incorrupt, and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities called for his canonization. The process began, was again and again delayed, but he was at last beatified, on the 23d of February, 1789.

While Mexico was thus illustrious in her children by birth or adoption, Peru, the other great province of the Western dominions of Spain, was similarly honored. Lima, the capital, was governed by a saintly bishop. Toribio Alphonso Mogrobejo was born in the kingdom of Leon, on the 16th of November, 1538. After a boyhood of great piety and austerity, a youth of study and diligence, he became, in manhood, chief judge at Granada, and was so esteemed for his virtue that he was employed in many offices more generally filled by ecclesiastics. When the see of Lima fell vacant, Philip II, than whom no king ever knew better the capacity of all in his employ, nominated him archbishop of Lima, justly deeming him well fitted to restore and extend religion in the colony of Peru. In vain did Toribio plead his unworthiness, the fact of his being a layman, and other impediments. Overcome by the royal command, he yielded at last, received minor orders, the diaconates and priesthood, with the episcopal consecration, in 1580. Without delay he set out for his diocese, and reached it in the ensuing year. The times needed a saint, one full of piety, self-devotion and zeal, and one firm in the cause of the Church, and ready to maintain her rights at the peril of his life. Such was St. Toribio. His first care was to visit his diocese, a work of incredible danger and hardship, yet one which he several times performed in person. His visitations were not sterile; he everywhere corrected abuses, reformed the clergy, and aided, by abundant alms, the charitable institutions and the suffering poor. His days were spent in toil, his nights in prayer, or in composing works for the use of his flock. He founded fervent convents, colleges and seminaries in his episcopal city, to perpetuate a succession of zealous clergy and religious. To remedy many general evils, he convoked a provincial council, the first held in the colony, and by a series of decrees, which were approved after long examination by the Holy See, established the rights of the Indians, and raised a barrier to avarice in the clergy. Besides the provincial councils, he convoked, at different times, twelve diocesan synods, and from his endeavors to carry out the directions of the council of Trent, was deservedly ranked with St. Charles Borromeo.

In his private life he was no less an imitation of the holy bishop of Milan. Even in his journeys he daily said Mass, after a long meditation : the leisure hours of the day he spent as a missionary, in catechizing the Indians and the ignorant, in visiting the wretched and those confined in prison. After sanctifying Peru for a quarter of a century, he at last, in the midst of his labors, fell sick at Santa, during a visitation of his diocese, and died a most holy death on the 23d of March, 1606, full of desire to see and enjoy the Lord whom he had so faithfully served. In life he had been regarded as a saint; miracles had justified the popular opinion. The cause of his canonization was undertaken, and having resulted in his beatification in 1679, terminated by his solemn canonization in 1726.*

Thus a saint presided over the metropolitan church of Peru. A saint also honored its priesthood. Francis Solano was born at Montilla in Andalusia in 1549, of a family in which piety was hereditary. Educated by the Jesuits, his fervor, his love of God and spirit of prayer increased with his years. Having completed his studies, he took the habit of St. Francis in 1569, and was soon so eminent as a model of religious perfection that he was made novice-master and superior. His sermons, unadorned by human eloquence, but replete with the fragrance of virtue, gained the most obdurate sinners and drew them from vice. In 1583 he was chosen for the American missions of his order, but the plague having broken out in Spain, Francis implored his superiors to allow him to go to Montoro, a little place near Cordova, fairly desolated by the fearful scourge. The warden of his convent opposed his desire, but at last himself accompanied Solano to the post of danger: there, in the hospitals, they both lavished every care on the sick, nursing them with the most tender care, and inviting all to return sincerely to God. In a short time both were seized with the fatal malady; the warden died a victim of his charity; Francis recovered to renew his care of the sick. At last, in 1589, he sailed to America and landed at Portobello, whence he proceeded on foot to Panama, and there embarked for Peru, but was shipwrecked on the coast, narrowly escaping with his life. Reaching Lima on foot, he proceeded to the distant mission of Tucuman, and began his missionary labors among the Indians on the La Plata. Wonderful was his success: so rapid was his career of conquest, that the pagan priests or medicine men aroused the neighboring tribes to make war upon his neophytes. On Maunday Thursday they burst on his mission, but when the man of God went forth to meet them, overcome by the awe with which the Almighty surrounded him, they listened to his words, and to the number of nine thousand implored baptism. His virtues and abilities however, now led to his elevation to the rank of superior in several places, and finally at Lima. Restored to his duties as a missionary, he spent the last five years of his life in that city, and effected a vast amount of good. So great was the idea of his sanctity and prophetic power, that an expression of his being misunderstood, spread terror through the city; for supposing him to have predicted an earthquake, none doubted that it would really happen. After a lingering illness, borne as he had borne all the hardships of his long apostleship, he expired on the 14th of June, 1610, in the 62d year of his age. Beatified by Clement X, he was canonized, together with St. Toribio, by Benedict XIII, in 1726.*

---

* Touron Hist. de l'Amerique, x, 245, xi, 1. Butler, March 23.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MORIGEAU, OR THE KING OF THE DESERT.

*From the "Souvenirs Curieux des Missions Etrangers."*

At length, after a weary travel of a month, I reached the head waters of the Columbia. I had little thought of finding any one there desirous of being benefitted by the functions of the holy ministry.

But what region of the desert has not been penetrated by the Canadians? The king who is enthroned in this lonely region is a sturdy settler from St. Martin's (Canada), who twenty-six years ago left his native home. His palace is constructed of thirteen elk-skins, and to use his own expressions, he owns horses enough to maintain there his little tribe, that is, his wife and some children, with all their modest wealth; he is free to hold his court, or pitch his tent, wherever he pleases, without let or hindrance from any quarter. A beaver trap is his sceptre;

---

*Touron xi, 54. Butler, July 24.

his rifle is the law; with the one on his back, the other on his arm, he visits his numerous subjects, the beaver, the otter, the musk-rat, the martin, the bear, the carriboo, the elk, the wild sheep, the mountain goat, the roebuck with the black tail and his cousin with the red; all of whom, when the law reaches them, pay tribute in provisions and skins. Surrounded by the grandest scenery on earth, peaceful possessor of all the granite castles with which nature has adorned his dominions, solitary lord of majestic mountains which rear above the clouds their ice-crowned heads, Morigeau never forgets his duty as a Christian. Every day of his life he may be seen morning and evening devoutly engaged in prayer in the midst of his kneeling family. For many years he has ardently desired to meet a priest; and as soon as he heard of my arrival he hastened to procure for his wife and children the blessed sacrament of baptism.

This favor was granted them on the Nativity of our ever Blessed Lady, as well as to the children of the three Indian families, who follow his various migrations. At this place the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time. Morigeau received the holy communion. In commemoration of so many benefits, a huge cross was planted upon the plain, to which he gave the name of the Plain of the Nativity.

I cannot leave our good Canadian without making honorable mention of his table. The first dish he offered me was a stew of bears' paws; a whole porcupine, roasted on a spit, or barbecued, appeared next; then an immense stew-pan was placed in the midst of the company, and each one took from it the morsel he fancied. Certainly, there was a goodly variety from which to choose; there were buffalo tongues, elk's meat, beaver tails, partridges, turtle doves, hares, and other luxuries, rivaling each other in daintiness, and capable of satisfying the various tastes of the assembled company.

## PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

### BEATRICE.

Meek child of God! I bless thee—*He* will bless thee!—Mrs. Hemans.

I.

Fair as the evening star, serenely gliding
O'er the dim earth, when fades the summer day,
And whose soft radiance in the heart abiding,
Each thought of care hath power to melt away;
Or vision sent (if earth's unrest might cease),
Whose lights are joys, whose very shadows—peace.

II.

Such was her presence, beautiful and lowly;
The look of meekness and the cloudless brow
Beseemed the spirit crowned with lustre holy,
To which mine own, in reverent love could bow,
Nor did I worship at an empty shrine,
For that which lit the temple was Divine.

III.

Though warfare lingers in this vale of sadness,
  Where but the valiant gain the deathless prize,
No fear could dwell with those free tones of gladness,
  For joy's pure fountain sparkled in her eyes;
It was the rose that waved above the thorn,—
The smile, of conflict and of victory born.

IV.

How did she walk the sin-dimmed earth so purely,
  Her white robes gathered from its tarnish free?
How did she guide her fragile bark securely
  O'er the wild waves of life's tempestuous sea?
Ah! 'twas her ceaseless care to "*watch and pray*,"—
To call on Him, whom winds and waves obey.

V.

Her life-task is, to wreathe the cross with roses,
  For one dear soul, an alien to its light,
While through her deeds, a pitying Love discloses
  The *source* of all that keeps her life so bright:
He slumbers long, but Mercy's voice will wake,
And bless the sleeper, for the watcher's sake!

VI.

When Death with stealthy step — the king of reapers! —
  In that loved home a shining mark laid low,
She, she alone, stood calm amidst the weepers,
  With healing balm for every heart of woe:
'Twas but a treasure wafted to that shore,
Where long her heart's best gifts had gone before.

VII.

Faith looked aloft, and deeper grew the feeling
  Of virtue's power, when kneeling by her side;
And while to heaven our wants went up appealing,
  The voiceless air to me was sanctified:
Ah! those swift hours a sacred beauty wore,
To live in thought, when we should meet no more.

VIII.

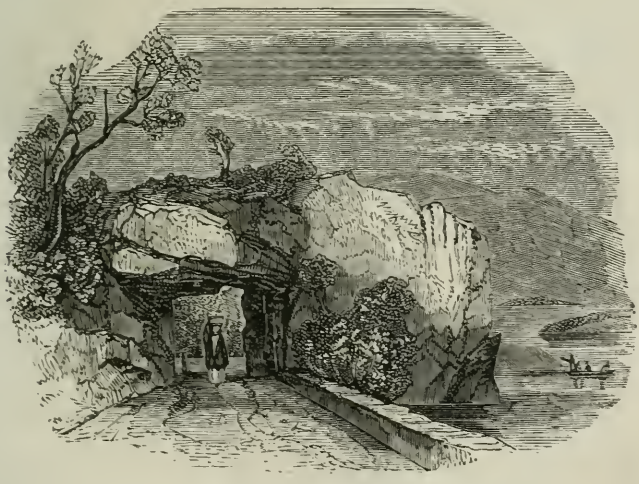
We meet no more: it is enough to gather
  From such a flower the fragrance it imparts;—
To have one Ark of faith — one living Father —
  One source of Love to fill our thirsting hearts.
Enough the hope, when cloud and storm are past,
To reach one home of endless joy at last!

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. IV.

*The "Kingdom of Kerry."—Peculiar Wildness of its Scenery.—A Week at Killarney.—Torc Waterfall, the Arbutus, and the "Bristle Fern."—Ross Castle.—Innisfallen.—The Echoes.—The Cathedral of Ardfert.—Legend of St. Brendan having discovered America.*

The route from Cork into the next southern county, Kerry, leads through a wild and romantic district, over spurs of stony mountains, across deep and surging estuaries, along glens of all but Alpine steepness, and in several places through tunnels hewn in the solid upright rock. In this wild region, almost until yesterday, the outlaw defied the king's writ, and the smugglers of the channel islands drove a profitable trade. Improved roads and an increased police force have ruthlessly destroyed that element of romance, but the native grandeur of the scenery may defy even the steam engine and the fashionable invalid, to make it commonplace. From Gougane Barra to Kenmare, and from thence to Killarney, the chief attraction of Kerry, we were constantly laboring with impressions of the wonderful. For a week before there had been heavy rains, and the streams which so abound in this region, were swollen and angry, the mountains were capped with clouds, and the very sun of June looked down, as if in awe of Glengariff and Keim-in-eigh ("the path of the deer"), on both of which we bestowed a hurried glance, by the way.

Kerry is a double-tongued peninsula, of which Kenmare Bay on the East, and the entrance of the Shannon on the West, are the boundaries, and the Dingle Bay, running inland from the Atlantic as far as the mountains will let it, is the dividing flood. Fish and flocks, boatmen, goatherds, and graziers, called this region their own from time immemorial, until the patrician families, McCarthy and Fitzgerald, instituted some sort of feudalism among them. But now the



THE TUNNEL.

great houses are gone; the titles of Muskerry and Lixenaw are extinct; the race of Eugene and of Gerald have no representatives in the districts for which they so fiercely struggled; only the fishermen and the herdsmen, enfeoffed by letters patent from Dame Nature, prosecute their ancient interests on the mountains and friths of this rocky and romantic region.

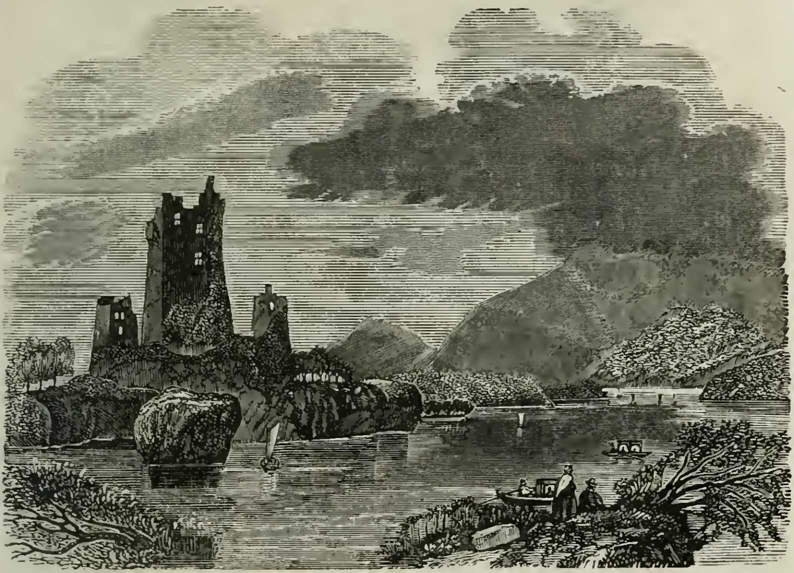
From Gougane Barra to Glengariff, one stage; from Glengariff to Kenmare, another; from Kenmare to Killarney, a long, glorious summer's day, we traversed the very realm of Gloriana, along fearful hills, looking down on lovely valleys, until towards evening through the Tunnel we were ushered into the presence of the "Upper Lake" of Killarney.

It strikes the present writer as being almost presumptuous to speak of Killarney upon a week's acquaintance. Certain it is, that a whole summer could be delightfully and profitably spent there; but such notes and fragments of information as we had time to make or to collect, the indulgent reader shall have, with a very good will, but without any confidence in our powers to do justice to the subject.

The Killarney Lakes are three in number: the Upper, the Middle or "Torc Lake," and the lower, which is much the largest of the three. The lakes are connected together by a river full of cascades, which issues out of the first, runs through the second and empties into the third; on all sides are ranges of mountains meeting, but on the South and West the ranges recede furthest from the

BRISTLE FERN, FOUND AT TORC WATERFALL.

Lake shore, thus giving space for the demesnes and mansions of the Kenmares, Herberts, Lalors, O'Donaghoes, O'Connells, and other local proprietors. Each lake is fed besides by its own special tributaries; the upper, by Carrigaline and Derricurmik "cascades"; the lower, by O'Sullivan's cascade, the Laune and Deenagh and other streams; while the middle lake rejoices in Torc Cascade. This latter pursues its way from its mountain tarn, called oddly enough, "the Devil's Punch-bowl," through groves of arbutus — a bright green-leaved tree (of the wood of which beads and bracelets are made), almost peculiar to this region. At its outlet, it forms a beautiful cascade, much visited by tourists: here grows also the exquisite "Bristle Fern," *(Trichomanes speciosum)* only to be found in Europe at this spot, and near Youghal. If designers of patterns for ladies' dresses were to look more narrowly after nature, might they not greatly improve in their own art? Could there be a more elegant muslin pattern than this of "the Bristle Fern," found at Killarney?



ROSS CASTLE.

On the Lower Lake, from the Victoria Hotel, a house quite equal to any at Newport or Saratoga, daily excursions may be made to several points. Two objects within view are Ross Castle and Innisfallen. Ross Castle, situated on an island containing some four score acres, is celebrated as the home of the O'Donoghoes, of whom a thousand legends are afloat all round it. It was also the last in Munster to hold out against the Puritan arms under General Ludlow. It was taken in 1652, by a stratagem supposed to be the fulfillment of a prophecy, which had ensured Ross against all enemies until "ships should sail on land." Ireton — according to Sir James War — having caused boats to be built at Kinsale, and carried overland to Killarney, the garrison, partly through superstition, surrendered. The ancient hold is still in good preservation, and will probably remain for years a principal feature in the landscape.

RUINS OF INNISFALLEN ABBEY.

The second island in size, and the first in beauty, in the Lower Lake, is monastic Innisfallen. This abbey, even more delightfully situated than its more famous neighbor, Mucruss, was founded by St. Finian, the Leper, one of those holy men who adorned Ireland soon after its first conversion. In the old Danish invasions, it was not only the sanctuary but the treasury of all the region round. Here also chiefs and bishops, weary of care and crown, mitre and sceptre, came to ease their heads in the monk's comb, and quiet their hearts under russet robes. A record of its "events," extending from the landing of St. Patrick till A. D. 1320, exists under the title of "Annals of Innisfallen," and as such, is included in Dr. O'Connor's "Irish Writings." It was continued by successive monks, each of whom brought down the record till his own time, and so bequeathed the task to the next.*

Whoever desires sublimity rather than the chastened and historic beauty of the lake, shore and islands, will need to climb the mountains which rise between two and three thousand feet above the scenes we have been describing. From Mangerton, or Torc, or the Reeks, he can see the distant Atlantic with a stately American ship here and there, steering for Liverpool, or homeward bound. Up in this high region haunt the fine-eared echoes, which can mimic the softest bugle note, or prolong like distant thunder the braying of dogs, or the discharge of a fowling-piece. The human voice divine hath chiefest charms for these echoes, and marvellous are the tales told of their powers of mimicry. *Videlicet* the well-known answer to the boatman, Paddy Blake. When Paddy hailed "the son of the rock," with — "How are you this morning?" the echo is "*reported to have said,*" — "Pretty well, I thank you, Paddy Blake; how are *you*?"

But we must hurry on. We are not writing a guide-book; only endeavoring to recall faithfully but not tediously, the points of chief attraction in that most delightful garden of beauty and wonder, where we spent time enough to feel what we lost, when we turned our backs upon it forever.

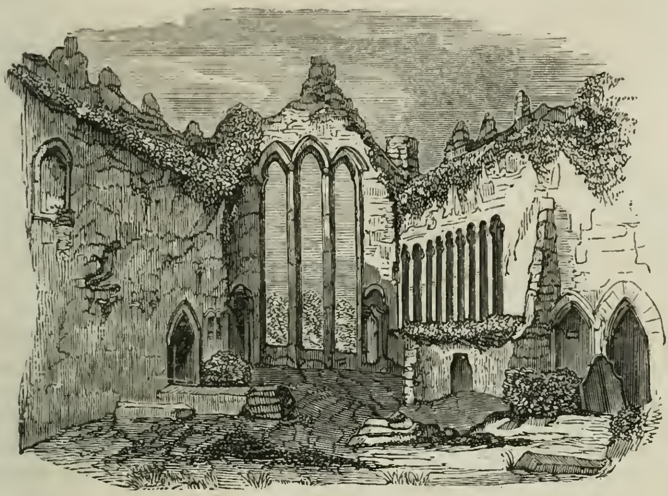
---

* Of Innisfallen, it is said, Mr. G. P. R. James wrote the fine verses beginning —

"I envy them, those monks of old,"

the best thing in that way he ever did write.

The second tongue of the peninsula of which we spoke, can best be visited from Tralee, the county town, and on one account deserves the attention of the American tourist: it was the home of that Saint Brandon or Brendan, who figures so largely in the legends of the Middle Ages, and at Ardfert, about six miles from Tralee, are the remains of his cathedral. St. Brandon, or Brendan, patron of this diocese, whose feast is celebrated on the 16th of May, flourished towards the end of the 6th century. In Usher's "Epistles of the Irish Saints," and in all Irish hagiological works, his name and the few facts known of his life, are given. Jacobus Voragnius, Bishop of Genoa, who died A. D. 1298, in his Golden Legend narrates, and various French, Flemish, and Spanish writers of the same and the next century, also make mention of these facts. They are, in brief, that Brendan made a first and second voyage into the great sea; that he sailed due west from the foot of Brandon mountain, so called from him; that after many days and marvels, he came to a part of the ocean where his barque went on without sails or oars; that he reached "the Promised Land" covered with woods, abounding in birds; that from his second voyage, neither he nor his monks ever returned. With this agrees, in effect, the Scandinavian chronicle of the sea adventures of Ari, Marson, Biorn, and Gudlief, son of Gudlang, who came to *Irland it Mikla, "which lies in the western ocean, near to Vinland the Good, west from Ireland."* So deeply did this legend enter into the Italian mind that the geographers of that nation always set down "St. Brandon's or Borondon's land," as lying in the Atlantic, "opposite Europe and Africa, or from the south of Ireland to the end of Guinea." Lastly, on the conjectural chart, which Paolo Toscanelli made for Columbus before his first voyage, this land occupied its usual place — from about the latitude of Carolina to that of New York. The whole story is a very strange one, and we have the high authority of Humboldt for not entirely



RUINS OF ARDFERT.

discrediting it. As we stood among the remains of Ardfert, these relics of former reading flitted into our minds, like the rooks into the ruins around. We imagined for a while that we saw the venerable voyager, bending before the place where the altar *was;* we followed him in fancy to the beach whence he departed; we caught the last sounds of his psalm, as his sail blended away into the blue distance, and sighed that we could not follow further this shadowy precursor of Columbus. That such a saint existed; that he adventured far into the Atlantic; seems certain. As yet, unless of his antecedents, of which this ruin is one witness, nothing more precise is known.[*]

---

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.[†]

### CHAPTER XIV.

### *The cradle and the grave.*

And at length her expectations were realized, and never upon a similar occasion were circumstances altogether more smilingly auspicious: the short sorrow and the deep joy, the lovely, healthy little infant, welcomed by a father almost beside himself with delight; for Haraden could not contain his satisfaction, and did not grumble as many men under the like circumstances would have done, because his little girl was not a boy, and Kate thought that she had never known before what happiness was and that her cup was full.

Margaret had fairly taken up her quarters at Mr. White's. James and her father were both at home, and she had servants upon whom she could depend; so, sisterlike, she had her own baby and nurse come over also and stay, that she might not be under any necessity to leave Mrs. White at all. Kate had never had any sister, and Margaret was only too happy to have her cousin occupy as far as possible the place of the two whom she herself had lost.

Margaret walked softly up stairs, and entered the first door which stood slightly ajar. It was a large, lofty, cheerful-looking apartment, lighted by two large windows. A pale, quiet, oldish-looking woman, in a cap, was moving noiselessly around, setting things to rights: she had a keen blue eye, and a cheerful, pleasant face. In the further window sate a rosy Irish girl tending a fine, hearty-looking boy. Upon the bed at the other side of the room lay Mrs. White, looking very bright and very happy. One of her beautiful hands, — how beautiful they were! — lay extended outside of the bed-clothes, the other clasped lovingly a tiny, unconscious creature, which lay slumbering in her bosom. Margaret thought she had hardly ever seen her young cousin look so lovely: she approached the bed-side.

---

[*] Among the poetical and mythological works on St. Brendan's Voyage, we may enumerate—the *Aura Legenda* of Voragnius before mentioned; the *Life of Saynt Brandon, published by Wynkeyn de Worde,* A. D. 1483. Fol. 357 pages; Capgrave's version of the voyage in his *Nova Legenda,* A. D. 1516; *La Legende Latine de S. Brandaines' avec une traductione en prose et en poesie Romanes. Publiée par Achille Jubinal, Paris,* 1836; *Reis van Sainte Brandaen,* of which a specimen is given in Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe," p. 372, where the learned editor attributes the original to the 12th century; and last, not least, "*the Voyage of St. Brendan,*" by Dennis Florence McCarthy, Dublin, 1850. This latter exquisite poem it would give us great pleasure to quote from, did Maga's space permit. Its author is a true poet, a most accomplished translator of other poets, and a man of fine Catholic tastes and sensibilities. His name ought to be more familiar among us.

[†] Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

"Oh, Katy," said she, "how thankful you ought to be! such a lovely baby, and you so well!"

"I *am* thankful," said Kate, looking up with a beaming smile, and her large blue eyes full of an exquisite delight. Margaret also looked very glad. Mrs. Moran, the nurse, thought the room was too light, but Kate persisted in having the shutters open.

"The light does not hurt my eyes, and I want to see the baby. It is *so* pretty," and she turned her eyes tenderly upon the little one.

Margaret went to the window where the nurse sate with her own little boy, and took the child in her arms. He was about six months old. She called him by name in a cheerful whisper: "Frank!" The child crowed loudly and sprang in her arms: she kissed and fondled him one moment, and then gave him back to the girl.

"You had better take him down stairs now, Ann, I want to have the room quiet. If you want me for any thing, just speak to one of the girls and I'll come down, but don't bring him up. I want Mrs. White to get a little sleep, if possible." The girl left the room.

A little after noonday, Margaret had been below to attend to her own baby, and as she came softly up stairs, approaching the door of her cousin's room, she heard a low moan. She had noticed before that Kate moaned; it was nothing extraordinary, and yet somehow it left a weight at her heart, and she felt her cheeks grow red and pale by turns. "Nonsense," said she to herself, "it is only nervousness from want of sleep, because I was up all night with Kate." She entered softly; the room had been darkened, but the young mother did not sleep. A few minutes after, the doctor came in. He remarked that Mrs. White seemed a little restless: he felt her pulse, and for an instant laid the back of his hand softly upon her cheek and forehead. He charged Margaret to keep her quiet, laid the same injunction upon the nurse, left three small powders upon the bureau, and went away.

The next day the house which had been quiet, began to be unquiet. Not that it was noisy — quite the reverse. But there seemed a silent trouble, an indescribable soft stir all over the dwelling. The physician passed in and out frequently and noiselessly — then there were two of them: in Mrs. White's room, or talking with Margaret, they wore faces of cheerful confidence, but afterwards in the front parlor they conversed together for fifteen minutes in low whispers. The servants passed and repassed silently over the stairs, and hung about the halls and passages as if they had nothing to do, or as if every heart and every thought hovered about that single room. After the physicians, Margaret went down with a still face and two bright lines of pink over her eyelids: she presently returned, taking no notice of the servants, who gazed at her as she passed. She entered her cousin's room; it was darkened and very quiet; in the further window sat Mrs. Moran with the unconscious little infant on her lap. Kate flung her arms restlessly about the bed; her hair was disordered, her eye bright, her lips and cheek flushed. Margaret went to the bed-side and vainly attempted by beating the pillows and smoothing the counterpane to bring some comfort to the uneasy patient. Haraden had remarked before he went out that morning that Kate's cheek was flushed and that she looked tired: the nurse said yes; that Mrs. White had not slept very well; but she would have a nap this forenoon, and then she would get over that. So Haraden went pacified to the store: he now returned — it was about four o'clock — letting himself in with his key and whistling in a low, cheerful tone as he opened and shut the front door. Though a tall and athletic man, he was light and agile; he sprang swiftly and noiselessly up stairs and tapped softly at his wife's door, which stood always a little open. "Come in," said Margaret in a low tone from within. As he entered cheerfully, Kate, who heard his step, turned her head heavily upon the pillow and fixed upon him her large bright eyes with a faint effort at a smile. His face darkened; he strode across the room — "Margaret, what is this?" he asked in a brief, stern whisper; Margaret replied in the same tone, struggling hard to force back the tears which filled her eyes. From that time Haraden never spoke one word. He went daily to his business — he was obliged to go — and came again, and never opened his lips; he went down to his meals, and ate and returned and spoke not; he never looked at his child or asked if it was well; he looked at Kate's face, changed, and still changing while he looked, and never spoke.

The next day just after breakfast Haraden had gone to the store, and the physicians came in. They noticed Margaret's bloodshot eyes, and pale, excited face, and tried to persuade her that her cousin was better. Again they left some slight medicine, and again followed the whispered consultation in the drawing-room. Margaret felt chilled by their quiet, cheerful faces, and was glad when they were gone. She wanted no doctor to tell her things that she did not believe; she looked at her young cousin's face, lately so beautiful, and she knew well what she saw there. She went to the bed-side, and arranged the pillows and pushed aside the fair tresses which in her helpless tossing had fallen over Kate's face.

"Maggie, dear, don't you think there is *any* hope for me?"

"I am afraid not, my dear Kate," said Margaret, pressing her lips upon that fair forehead.

Kate's eyes filled with tears. "I would have liked to stay a *little* while with my baby," said she.

Margaret silently bent down and kissed her again and again.

"Has Haraden gone?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, dear Margaret," said Kate, looking up earnestly, "you must send for Father Haly. And right away, Margaret, as soon as you can," her lip quivering — "I have not been to confession for — oh, how many months!" and Kate looked up with an expression of great suffering.

"I have sent for him already, dearest Kate; I knew that you would wish it." Kate closed her eyes, turned away her face and lay without speaking, though she continued to toss restlessly.

An hour passed away and there was a low, distinct knock at the chamber door. Margaret went to the door and admitted Father Haly. Mrs. Moran rose immediately, and throwing a light blanket over the infant which slumbered in her arms, left the room. Father Haly was a small, slight man, with a dark, pale, earnest face, and a clear, tranquil, black eye. Margaret spoke with him one moment and then also left the room, setting the door slightly open, in case she were needed. Father Haly taking a chair, seated himself at the bed-side. Kate extended towards him one feeble hand, while with the other she vainly strove to hide the tears which streamed through her delicate fingers.

What was it now to her that she had been admired in every society — the belle of every ball; that she had been more graceful than any body, more beautifully dressed than any body; that she had been favored by fortune, had made what the world calls a capital match, and had been the mistress of an elegant establishment? All these things were nothing to her now; — her husband, for whose love she had many times stifled the voice of conscience, and turned a deaf ear to the soft whisper which would have called her back to her true peace — her infant, upon which her mother's heart was already beginning so fondly to doat — even these were nothing to her now compared to the simple fact that Father Haly sate by her side, ready to receive the burden which she longed to cast away, and laden with that pledge of peace and safety which alone was sufficient to fortify her shrinking soul.

When Margaret left the room, she sate down in the bay-window of the hall, shaded by the curtains, where she could hear if she were called, and where she could weep in peace without being observed. Her thoughts ran back to the time when she had first seen that little cousin — how many times had she held her in her arms; how often had she led her by the hand to school, and shielded her from the careless roughness of her own wild brothers! She thought of her as she last came from the convent, fair and innocent, without one thought of grief or care; her merry laugh, her joyous face, her buoyant step: — she thought of all that had happened since — how she had dressed her for her bridal — and "ah," said Margaret with a low cry of pain, "and must I dress her for her grave?" — and while at this thought her tears gushed forth afresh, the chamber door opened and Father Haly descended the stair. He stopped and spoke to Margaret, gently soothed her grief, told her that he had administered the Sacraments, and that Catharine, as he always called her, was more tranquil. He should certainly come again tomorrow, but if her cousin should grow suddenly worse, Margaret must send for him. He promised to pray for Kate and then he went away.

When Margaret returned to the room, she found her cousin, as Father Haly had said, more quiet. She called for her babe, and as Mrs. Moran placed it in her arms, she solemnly charged Margaret to see that it was baptized. Father Haly, she said, had assured her that God would take care of her child, — "but I shall expect you, Maggie dear, to see that it is baptized:" — and she kissed the unconscious little creature in her arms, while her tears flowed softly over its face, and Margaret promised all that she required, and begged her not to make herself unhappy about that now.

The day passed away, and the night, and early in the forenoon there was again a low knock at that chamber door, and Father Haly again entered. He approached the bed-side: — was it indeed Kate O'Connor? Death had set his stamp on every feature, on every line of that face, lately so radiant with youth and hope.

"Do you know me, Catharine?"

She turned upon him her large glittering eyes, and with a convulsive effort extended her white hand, and gave a strange, fearful smile — such a smile, as who saw it will never forget. Haraden sate at the other side of the bed, his right hand clasped in Kate's, and his face buried in the pillow. He never spoke or stirred. Father Haly knelt down at the bed's foot and read in a low, clear voice the Litany for the dying and some other prayers, and then finding that Kate's mind and heart were tranquil, he took his leave. On the front steps he encountered Uncle Mike, who after a brief salutation entered the house and went up stairs. He, too, tapped softly at Kate's door and entered. She had expressed a wish to see him. Exactly eight days before, she had spent the evening at his house with Margaret; now he would hardly have known her. She knew him, however, and gave him her hand with that same smile, which seemed to freeze his very soul. Margaret was in the room, and Mrs. Moran, and Haraden still sate motionless, his hand clasped in Kate's.

Kate said with much difficulty, but so that every one could hear, that she had sent for her Uncle to tell him how much she regretted that she had loved her husband better than God, that she had neglected her religion to please him. She saw now how wicked she had been, how foolishly she had acted; she had been willing to offend God from the fear of offending her husband, and now God was taking her away to save her soul: she hoped that if she could live her life over again she would choose to please God and observe her religion before every thing, and she begged them all to pray for her now and when she was gone.

Again the sun went down, and towards midnight Father Haly came again. Haraden still sate at the bed's head, motionless; his face covered. Kate was conscious but gave no sign. Again the untiring priest knelt at the bed-side, and read those sweet and awful prayers which begin "Depart, Christian soul:" except his voice, the room was hushed; the watch ticked audibly on the bureau; more than an hour Father Haly knelt there and prayed — prayed for that parting soul.

The next morning at seven o'clock Father Haly said mass. After mass he attended to a few poor women who were waiting for him in the sacristy, and then, as usual, he began his round of sick-calls. He turned his steps first towards Mr. White's. There was not in all Broadway a more cheerful-looking dwelling. At that early hour the whole house stood in the broad, bright sun-light: an organ-grinder under the windows had gathered a little knot of school-boys to listen to some cheerful, popular melody. As the good priest approached the door, Bridget came out with her pail; she was just about to scour off the white marble steps, but seeing him, she waited with a quiet, serious face, till he should come up. When Father Haly learned from her that He had been there whose coming is unbidden and unseen, he declined going in, and with a silent uplifting of the heart for her who was gone, he directed his steps elsewhere, to succor the living.

And once again Father Haly was there within that sad and solemn week; when the fair form of Kate O'Connor, which lately bounded through those halls, so full of life and grace, so full of the poetry of motion, now without grace and without motion, was born upon men's shoulders through those same halls and passages, confined in that little house, that little room, that little bed, which alone sufficed for all its future necessities on earth. Dust to dust — "a few calm words of faith and prayer," as some one has said who ought to be a Catholic but who is not, and all was over.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *The orphan finds a home.*

Though Kate O'Connor be no more, the reader must not be surprised to have a story continue, which is still hers although she does not personally appear in it, while it traces the effects of her actions after her death. Margaret Curran was not unfaithful to the charge which she had received from her dying cousin. No sooner was the mother removed from her care than her tender thoughts began to busy themselves about the child. What would become of the poor little motherless creature? Not that there was any difficulty about its support; there was money enough and to spare for a dozen such; but what is money to a helpless innocent that wants a mother's bosom to lie in and a mother's love to depend upon? The first time that Haraden opened his lips to any one, after following his young wife to the grave, he had said to Margaret briefly and sternly, that New York was no longer any place for him. Would he then go away? and if so, where would he go? and what would he do with the child? would he leave it behind? it was his child and it was Kate's, and of course he must love it; but what could he do with a tiny baby like that? and would he have the heart, said Margaret, clasping the infant closer to her bosom, to take it away from the people in the whole world who after him must love it the best? "Oh, if he would only leave it and let me keep it," she added, softly smoothing the little brown hair which lay upon its head. Margaret had already four children of her own, Johnny was not quite three years old, and yet it seemed to her a matter of course that she should wish to charge herself with this helpless thing which her young cousin had left behind. She remembered the tears which fell from Kate's dying eyes over its little mottled face, and she could not bear the thought of having it taken away among strangers to be tended by careless hands and looked after by careless and unloving eyes.

When Haraden had spoken of leaving New York, there was such an iron sternness in his face that Margaret did not dare ask any questions. She knew that he would tell her his plans as soon as he was decided about them himself: he had been much in the habit, since his marriage, of confiding in her; she was Kate's confident, and therefore she had been his, and he would be certain to tell her in time where he was going and what he intended to do. And meanwhile she must have the child baptized; she had promised Kate that, and at all events that promise must be kept: and it must be done immediately lest the little creature should be removed from under her eye and it should become impossible. But by what name to have it baptized was the difficulty. She did not like to ask Haraden that question frankly, lest he should refuse to have it baptized at all; perhaps he would not object, but she could not count upon him with any certainty. She asked him casually what he meant to call the child, but his thoughts seemed occupied with other things; he said something indistinctly about its being called after its mother, but Margaret had often heard him say that he admired the name of Mary, and that he much preferred it to Catharine, and moreover, it seemed to Margaret that this lonely, bereaved infant, this child of an unbelieving father, ought to be placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and after all it did not matter what name might be given it in baptism; the point was to have the sacrament administered; Haraden could call it afterwards any thing that he pleased. So on the day after the funeral, while Haraden was at the store, Mrs. Moran wrapped the baby in its blankets, and, accompanied by Margaret, carried it down to St. Peter's where Father Haly was awaiting its arrival. It was baptized by the name of Mary Catharine, and Margaret, now cheerful and almost light-hearted, accompanied her little treasure home. The infant had been placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin; Father Haly assured her that the Church was the mother of all such, and God, who had promised to be a Father of the fatherless, would surely not be unmindful of His promise in regard to this child, whose only surviving parent was likely to be but a hindrance to its training in the narrow and straight paths of the Catholic faith.

That evening when Haraden came home he seemed more inclined to be communicative. He told Margaret frankly that he could not possibly think of remaining longer in New York; "I would not keep house here alone for the world; and in this house, of all places," said he, casting his gloomy eyes around the room.

"And what will you do with the baby, Haraden, if you go away?" asked Margaret.

"Well, you see, Maggie, I don't know where I shall go, or where I shall be, and I don't see how I can take the child with me."

"I don't see how you can," she replied.

"And if I were even to stay at home with it all the time," he pursued, "I should not know whether it was properly cared for: such a child ought to be with some woman who could really love it, and take an interest in it."

"Of course," said Margaret, her heart beating more quickly. She waited a minute for Haraden to go on, but he only relapsed into a gloomy silence. Presently she asked him if he meant to retain the servants, and keep the house open during his absence, and then he roused up and said that he did not know where he should go, or what he should do, but he should remain in New York only long enough to arrange a few business matters which required his personal attention, and to write a few letters, and then he should go, and leave Simondson, the head clerk, to conclude every thing. Simondson, he said, knew all about the affairs of the late firm of O'Connor, White & Co., as well as he did himself, and if things had gone on as they were, without any interruption, said he in a husky voice, Simondson would in the course of the summer have become a partner in the concern; "but now," he added, with a positiveness of manner which was unusual with him, "I shall never do business in New York again; I shall leave Simondson to wind up every thing just as if I were here; and if it were not for this infant," said he, looking earnestly and sadly at Margaret, "I should just dismiss the servants, and shut up the house and go off. It is impossible for me to stay here." And his eyes filled with tears.

"Then Haraden," said Margaret, after a minute's pause, "what can you do better with the child than to leave it with me? If you were to remain, as you say, you could not take care of it, and no woman in the world could love it as well as I do," and now the tears sprang to Margaret's eyes.

"You have already four of your own, Maggie, and I have no right to burden you so."

"Oh, if that is all," cried Margaret eagerly, "that is nothing!" and then she went on to say that nothing would delight her so much as to have the infant with her. Her father would be delighted, and so would James. Five were no more trouble than four, and it would be a daily cross to her to know that Kate's child was away where she could not look after it, and perhaps suffering and neglected. Mrs. Moran was anxious to go, it would be necessary to engage a nurse for the child, and after that it would be no trouble at all. Haraden could shut up the house if he wished, and go where he liked, without anxiety on the child's account. It is a trite remark that a woman can be eloquent enough when she is pleading on the side of her own heart, and Margaret was eloquent now, and Haraden gave her her way, since her way, indeed, was his own, and just as they had settled the matter, James came in to accompany Margaret home; and his wife appealed to James, who entered cordially into the arrangement, and Margaret's rather plain face had gained already a bloom of happiness from the mere anticipation of this act of sisterly charity.

"Then, Haraden," said she, cheerfully, as she threw on her hat and shawl, "I shall come in early to-morrow and speak to Mrs. Moran, and then I shall make it my first business to see about getting a nurse, and after that we can talk about other things at our leisure." Haraden accompanied them to the door, and after watching a moment their receding steps, returned to his desolate drawing-room. He gazed gloomily around; how cheerful Kate's presence had formerly made that room! it would never again be cheerful to him; from every corner and from every picture the ghost of his lost happiness seemed to start out and stare at him. In his lonely and uncomforted grief, he could not bear to be looked at, even by the invisible beings in whose existence he pretended not to believe, and putting out the light he retreated to his room above.

The two days which followed, afforded ample time for making such arrangements as were satisfactory to all parties. Mrs. Moran was released; in her place an excellent nurse was procured for the infant, which was forthwith established at Uncle Mike's as one of Margaret's family; Mr. Simondson was invested with ample powers for acting as Haraden's proxy in winding up the affairs of the concern; the servants were dismissed with full wages in advance; the house was shut up, and the keys deposited with Margaret, and Haraden, kissing his unconscious child and taking farewell of his wife's family, departed from the scene of his greatest happiness and his greatest sorrow. He took the night-boat for Providence, still uncertain when and where his wanderings would terminate, but leaving directions with Margaret to address him at Boston until further notice.

The entrance of Kate O'Connor's child into Uncle Mike's family was matter of satisfaction to all the household, and to the little Currans a source of infinite delight. The two girls had some idea what they meant when they said that cousin Kate was dead; they had seen her lie still and cold in the coffin; they had seen her mother and cousin Haraden weep as they kissed, on the day of the funeral, her pale motionless features; and they had themselves wept also when their grand-pa lifted them up and they kissed her white lips; but to such children death is rather a subject of astonishment than of grief, and a lurking smile might even be detected on Bridget's queer little face when she spoke of it; and at any rate she could not consider it a great calamity which had given them such a dear little baby to play with: Frank was getting so big and so fat that she could hardly lift him, while with cousin Kate's baby she could do any thing she pleased, only to be sure, the nurse was so afraid they would drop it that she would not let them touch it. "As if I could not hold it, that little bit of a thing," added Bridget, with a most disdainful expression.

If these were the sentiments of Miss Bridget Curran, Clara and Johnny, who always made it a rule to "follow suit" unless they had some special motive of self-interest to the contrary, were very much of the same mind; while Frank was evidently puzzled to know the meaning of these new arrangements; he opened his eyes as wide as he could, and seemed at first somewhat inclined to be jealous as his sisters quarrelled for the possession of this strange baby; but probably supposing that that was the way in which things are ordinarily managed in this world, he speedily reconciled himself to the inevitable, and in time grew also very fond of his adopted sister. Margaret was very happy: she was performing at once an act of charity, and satisfying the requirements of her own affectionate heart. James was well pleased since Margaret was satisfied, and Uncle Mike, always kind and sympathetic, was very well pleased with the arrangement on his own account, and also because it gratified him to see Margaret "coming up to the mark," as he called it, and doing just what it seemed to him a generous, warm-hearted woman would wish to do. The motherless child was soon at home in its new quarters, it received its fair share of attention and affection, made its own little nestling place in every heart, and was an orphan no longer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—I.

*Translated by E. P.*

ONE day, oppressed by the din of certain secular affairs, (to which kind of business we are often compelled to bestow more attention than we feel certain we owe), I sought a retired place, friendly to grief, where every thing about my occupation which displeased me might already present itself, and all those things which were wont to give pain, should be freely set forth and reviewed. When therefore I had thus sat deeply afflicted, and for a long time silent, my beloved son PETER, the deacon, who from his earliest youth was united to me in close friendship, and was my companion in the study of the Sacred Scriptures, coming near observed my heaviness of heart and said: "Has any thing new happened to thee that more than usual thou art sad?" To whom I answered: "The sadness, Peter, which I daily suffer, is both ever old by custom, and always new by increase. My unhappy mind, weary and bruised by its occupation, looks back to what it once was in the monastery; how all transitory things were beneath it; how it stood superior to every change of affairs; that it was wont to meditate none but heavenly things; that though held in the body, it even went forth by contemplation from its prison of flesh; that even death, moreover, which to almost every one is a punishment, it loved as if the entrance to life and the reward of its labor. But now by reason of the pastoral care, it groans under the business of secular men; and after so fine a scene of quiet, is defiled with the dust of earthly transactions. And if through condescension for many it should give itself to outward things, even when it desires to retire within, it comes back doubtless much enfeebled. I consider therefore what I endure, what I have lost. And while I ponder what I have lost, the heavier becomes the load to bear. Behold, indeed, my mind is tossed as by the waves of a great sea, and my bark is beaten by the blasts of a mighty tempest. And when I recollect my former life, as if looking back, I sigh for the so distant shore. But what is yet more grievous, while I am borne on, harassed by the huge billows, I am now scarcely able to see the post I left: for such are the accidents of the mind, that at first indeed it may lose the good it held, yet not without remembrance of its loss; but when it has receded still further, it forgets the good itself which it lost, and comes at last not even to behold in memory, what it once held in fact. Whence it happens, as I observed, that as we keep on our course, we at length no longer discern the port of rest we have left. Again, at times a fresh source of grief to me is, that the life of certain persons who wholly abandoned the world, is recalled to my memory. While I view the height of their sanctity, I perceive in what depths I myself lie. Many of them pleased their Maker in a more retired life; whom, lest by human conversation they should be despoiled of their newness of mind, Almighty God permitted not to be occupied with the labors of this world. But now what has been advanced, I could better urge, were I only to give names for the facts to which our conversation has led us."

PETER. "I have not known any in Italy whose lives were so distinguished by extraordinary virtues; by whose example, therefore, you are thus moved, I am at a loss to know. That there have been good men in this country, I do not doubt, but signs and wonders I imagine either by no means to have been wrought by them, or to have been hitherto so held in silence, that we have no information with regard to them,"

GREGORY. "Were I only to relate, Peter, of these perfect and tried souls, either what I alone, unworthy man, have known on the testimony of good and faithful witnesses, or by myself have discovered, the day, as I think, would be at at an end, sooner than my discourse."

PETER. "I pray thee tell me something concerning them. Nor for this, let it seem hard to interrupt the study of sacred doctrine. For as doctrine, so in like manner is the memory of good works edifying. By instruction forsooth is learned how virtue may be found and kept, while in the relation of miracles, we know, how, being found and kept, it may be made manifest. And there are some whom example, more than preaching, arouses to the love of the heavenly home. Indeed there is often a double advantage to the mind of the hearer in the examples of the Fathers; because, if he is moved to the love of the life to come by studying their lives, if he think himself perhaps to be something, when he shall have learned better things of others, he will be humbled."

GREGORY. "Those things which have been told me by venerable men, I unhesitatingly relate; authorized by the example of the sacred writers; since it is evident that Mark and Luke learned the Gospel which they wrote, not as eyewitnesses, but by hearing it from others. But that I may remove all doubt from the minds of my readers, for whatever I relate I give the authorities by whom it has become known to me. But I would have thee to understand this, that in some things the signification only I adhered to; in others, the letter as well as the spirit; because should I in all cases use their exact words, these having been delivered in familiar conversation, would not suit the style of the historian. The following I learned from the account of venerable and ancient men."

## CHAPTER I.

### HONORATUS, ABBOT OF THE MONASTERY OF FUNDI.

THERE was formerly in Sammium a villa of Venantius, the patrician, in which a tenant of his had a son, Honoratus by name, who from his boyhood was inspired by abstinence, with the love of heavenly things. And whereas he was distinguished by his virtuous conversation, and now accustomed to refrain from all idle words, and greatly to mortify his flesh, as I have before said, by abstinence; on a certain day his parents gave an entertainment to their neighbors, in which flesh was prepared for food. Which, while he through love of mortification, refused to touch, his parents began to laugh at him and to say: "Eat; are we to get fish for you in these mountains?" In that place, it seems, fish was a thing unheard of. But while Honoratus was ridiculed by these speeches, it happened water was needed for the entertainment, and the servant proceeded to the spring, as is the custom there, with a wooden pitcher. While drawing the water a fish entered the vessel, and the servant returning, poured forth with the water before the whole company, the fish, which was sufficient to Honoratus for the provision of a whole day. All wondered, and the jesting of the parents wholly ceased. For they began to reverence in Honoratus the abstinence they had derided; and thus the fish from the mountain turned away from the man of God the mark of ridicule. When he had increased in manifold virtues, his freedom was given him by his lord, before mentioned; and in the place called Fundi, he erected a monastery in which he presided as superior over nearly two hundred monks; and there his life furnished every way admirable examples of holiness. For on a certain day, a huge mass of rock parted from the mountain which overhung his monastery, and sliding along the declivity of the mountain, threatened the ruin of his whole house and the destruction of all the brothers. Which, when the holy man beheld coming upon him, repeatedly invoking the name of Christ, with his right hand extended, he opposed to it the sign of the cross, and fixed it as it fell, upon the very side of the steep mountain; as the worthy religious, Lawrence, alleges. And because there was no place on which it could rest, it appears as yet, to those visiting the mountain, as if suspended and ready to fall."

PETER. "Is it supposed that this so extraordinary man, as he became a master of his brethren, was first himself a subject?"

GREGORY. "I have never heard that he was the disciple of any other; but the gifts of the Holy Ghost are constrained by no law. The rule of conduct is indeed correct, that no one should presume to go before, who has not learned to follow; nor should one impose on subjects the obedience which he had not known how to exhibit to superiors. Yet there are some who are interiorly so guided by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that though outwardly the discipline of human teaching may be wanting to them, the correction of the inward teacher is not wanting. Whose liberty of life nevertheless is not to be taken by the weak for an example, lest, while one presumes himself to be in like manner filled with the Holy Spirit, he at the same time disdain to be the disciple of man and become a master of error. The mind which is filled with the divine Spirit has its own most evident signs, to wit, virtue and humility; and if both of them perfectly agree in one mind, they clearly bear testimony of the presence of the Holy Spirit. So for instance, John the Baptist is not found to have had a master, nor did the Truth Himself, who in bodily presence taught the Apostles, number him among his disciples; but him whom He taught interiorly, exteriorly he left, as it were, to his own liberty. So Moses in the desert, taught by the angel, learned the commandment which he did not know through man. But these things, as we have remarked, are for the veneration, not for the imitation of the weak."

PETER. "What you say much pleases me; but I pray thee tell me if this great Father left among his disciples any who were like him?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.*

The island of Corsica in the ancient world was noted for the independent spirit of its inhabitants, which belonged to them both as islanders and as mountaineers. In spite of it, however, they were generally under some foreign yoke; the Carthaginians were first their masters, and afterwards the Romans. In more modern times their history is chiefly connected with the dominion of the Pisans and Genoese, the latter of whom exercised over the island a very tyrannical sway, not dissimilar in spirit to that which England has so long extended over Ireland; and the Corsicans at last rose in repeated rebellions, which ultimately proved so far successful that the Genoese were forced to make a sale of the island to France. At that juncture Corsica was in fact independent. We have not here to trace the history of its fortunes under the adventurer Theodore, king of Corsica, a most remarkable man, but utterly unprincipled, whose plan for the liberation of the island and the acquisition of its crown for himself, included an invasion of Italy by the Turks, and whose strange vicissitudes of fortune would afford matter for a romance. Neither shall we trace the career of the patriot Paoli, who played so heroic a part in defending his native country against the French, to whom the Genoese, unable to hold it themselves, had (as we have observed) sold it by a transaction which was highly discreditable to both parties. It was impossible for the Corsicans, however brave, to maintain themselves against the overwhelming force and discipline of the French invaders; Paoli was forced to flee and the island (the sovereignty of which was claimed by the Holy See) fell under the sceptre of Louis XV, in 1768. In less than a year after, (viz: two months only after the complete subjugation of the island) on the 15th of August, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, the capital of the island thus unjustly and tyrannically acquired. We say unjustly and tyrannically, for it was in contempt of the rights and wishes of the natives, who had fairly liberated themselves by their valor from the odious yoke of the Genoese, and who could not be subjected without their consent to any other foreign dominion, still less be sold by their ancient masters to a foreign prince, so as to convey to the latter a lawful title. Without doubt it was an advantage to Corsica to be thus annexed to France, even against her will, and she was destined in compensation for her ravished independence, to give birth to the fourth line of French monarchs. Louis XV little thought when his troops were yet combating the Corsicans and driving the patriots into the sea, that the unborn child of one of the officers and associates of Paoli — the Wallace of Corsica — was designed by Providence to encircle his brows with the crown torn from those of his own descendants, and to become the second Charlemagne of France. Napoleon was the second son of his parents, and was only in his ninth year when he was entered as a pupil in the military school of Brienne, and in his fourteenth when he was transferred to that of Paris, in both of which he was distinguished for his application and success, above all in the mathematics. At seventeen he was made lieutenant of artillery, and captain at twenty-three. Just before his twenty-third birth-day, on the celebrated 10th of August, 1792, he was witness of that terrible and disgraceful disorder which sealed the victory of the revolution over the ancient monarchy, and expressed his contempt for that rabble by which

---

* Continued from page 207.

Louis XVI was made the unresisting victim of their insolent triumph. It might well have inspired a generous mind with indignation to see this innocent and amiable prince thus dishonored and to all intents discrowned, especially when a single man of vigor, armed with needful authority, might have reversed the situation. Being, however, only a subaltern, and looking, no doubt, principally to his own interest, Napoleon embraced the revolutionary side without taking part in any of the violent and bloody acts by which the revolution was stained. It is hard to blame young Bonaparte for this. The existing system of government was one that could hardly be expected or wished to stand, and if any French subject was free from the obligation of identifying France with the House of Bourbon, it was surely a Corsican, born but two months after the arms of that house had extinguished the liberties of his native island. With France, however, the Bonapartes (who were not originally a Corsican family — they derived their ancestry from Florence and Genoa) had cast in their own fortunes, so that when, in 1793, Paoli raised his standard again in Corsica, after the lapse of twenty-four years, to recover the independence of the island, Napoleon and his family took the side of the French, and losing their property in consequence, were compelled to take refuge in France. The mother and sisters of Napoleon shared this exile, and thus, in the year after the downfall of the Bourbons, the future imperial family of France were assembled, as if by Providence, on the French soil, in consequence of their voluntary adherence to the French allegiance, originally imposed upon them and their compatriots by force. The first employment which rewarded the fidelity of the young officer was the command of the artillery at Toulon, then in possession of the English and beseiged by the French. His talent was immediately displayed by seizing the true point of attack, a fort commanding the road, the capture of which by assault, forced the English fleet to withdraw and the city to surrender. The chief in command took, as is customary, all the credit of this success to himself, but Bonaparte was made a brigadier-general, and received a further employment, namely, that of examining the fortresses and military positions of the Genoese, with a view to that Italian campaign in which he afterwards won his distinction.

The fall of Robespierre, which occurred about this time, threw Bonaparte under a cloud, and even caused his temporary arrest as an adherent of the Jacobin party and as one of their generals. But his adhesion to this faction had always been, if not insincere, yet strictly professional — the adhesion of a soldier to the government *de facto:* at least, if we may make abstraction of the juvenile democratic essays which he had put forth under the signature of "Brutus," such is the interpretation which must be placed upon his political conduct. And out of the confusion of the political relations and theories of the time, we may see Bonaparte at this juncture, if not before, certainly adopting in practice, and probably adopting in principle, the maxim of military subordination, the only one on which it was possible to reconstruct the edifice of government in France, a maxim (it must be allowed) but too favorable to the ambition of a man conscious of the highest military genius. Accordingly, on the 6th of October, 1795, when Barras, one of the new Directory appointed by the Convention upon the fall of Robespierre, gave General Bonaparte the command of the military force of Paris, against the insurrection of the national guard, he accepted it with alacrity, and by his skill and determination decided the victory for the government. He was made general of division and commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, as a reward. It is well worth noticing that the rise of Napoleon to power was connected with the repression of the bourgeoisie, the great middle class of France, and that this antagonism is in some sort a feature, not only of his dynasty, but of the new political order introduced with it into Europe. The elder branch of the Bourbons inherits the allegiance of the higher classes — of the nobles; the family of Orleans has known how to conciliate the *bourgeoisie;* but the Bonapartes alone have been able to conciliate and to attach the mass of the people and the army; and it may be observed, that since the destruction of feudality, it is upon these bases that social authority must repose, so far as it is a solid and permanent fact; that is, upon the numerical majority and the armed force. What are the conditions, or rather, what is the condition, of unity and steadiness in that majority, which shall prevent its predominance from giving birth to anarchy instead of authority; what is the element of right and law on the part of authority itself, by the recognition of which it is separated from despotism, we shall hereafter see. Suffice it to remark, in passing, that apart from the unity of faith, the unity of society cannot permanently exist; and that France is not the only country to which this principle is applicable.

There are few men who have risen to high station in the world, in Christendom at all events, who have not owed their elevation in part to the influence of a woman. Or if this be too violent a generalization, it may at least be contended that there was something especially fitting in the participation of this gentle power in the rise of the Bonapartes. As their accession to power was to be the providential rebuke of the pride, sensuality and secularity of the most Christian kings whom they succeeded; it was suitable that the founder of their line should owe something to his wife, to a wife taken from the rank of subjects like himself, and to a wife (we may add) who could not gratify the most darling dream of worldly ambition. Assuredly it was not to his own military talents alone, but in a great measure, to the social influence of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow de Beauharnais, that Bonaparte, become her husband, owed his appointment to the command of the army of Italy, the critical event of his career. It is understood that this command was her dowry, and that, while Napoleon was ardently attached to her, his union with her was founded also on political interests, and looked especially to the opening of that great opportunity which he so well knew how to use. A week after his marriage with Josephine, he received the command of the army of Italy, and in two months from that date, he was recognised as the first captain of the age, and the most important personage of Europe.

If we acknowledge that there is a vast distance between the position of a Corsican subaltern and the first throne of Europe, we must also confess that the astonishing campaigns of Italy, in which a general under thirty, at a distance from his supplies and re-inforcements, with a constant inferiority of force, beat army after army of the finest troops, commanded by experienced veterans, and not only displayed the genius of a conqueror, but that of a politician and diplomatist of the highest rank, organizing new states, pacifying countries, and establishing peace with old empires on the most advantageous terms (which was a consequence, indeed, of his military triumphs), but also at the most opportune moment, (which was an argument of his political sagacity and moderation), — we must confess that these campaigns placed Napoleon Bonaparte in a position altogether exceptional in a country stripped of its hereditary grandeurs, and where no distinction was left but that which was personal. Most fortunately also for him, his family were removed by their birth from those common associations which would have counteracted, if not destroyed, the isolation in which he stood by his genius and his achievements. The otherwise fruitless expedition to Egypt, planned by himself to augment that peculiar and inscrutable renown, did no doubt tend greatly to isolate the name of Napoleon in the eyes of the French. The rude military usurpation by which, after the fashion almost precisely of Cromwell, but with less coolness and presence of mind on the part of the principal actor, he upset the Directory and the constitution which four years previous he had saved by his cannon in the streets of Paris, was regarded rather as the act of a *prince* — a *princeps populi* — removing incapable inferiors from the administration, than as that of a rebel general violently overturning the constituted authority. The republicans, certainly, resented the 18th Brumaire, but the people at large saw the result of it with pleasure: there was nothing dear or venerable in the government then established in France, which had been planned without consulting the people, which had been instated against popular resistance, which had been weakly and corruptly administered, and which contained in itself the seeds of anarchy and dissolution. Besides, the intrinsic sacredness of power depends, in some degree, on its religious basis, and the existing government of France did not recognise religion. The Catholic religion was the religion of the majority of Frenchmen, and yet the existing government proscribed its worship and its morals. The truth is, therefore, that supposing Napoleon to have had in view, as he undoubtedly had, to restore the public exercise and freedom of the Catholic religion in France, he might be considered, as a public person, as the virtual representative of the people, justifiable in overthrowing the revolutionary government established within a few years by force, in order to allow the nation an opportunity of erecting one more in accordance with its faith. Certainly it is only on such extraordinary and exceptional grounds that his course could be justified, and on those grounds, if it were allowed that the existing government was radically vicious, at war with the best interests of society, destructive of morals and incompatible with religion — the principal ends of society — and that Bonaparte *was in a situation* from his popularity and his influence with the army, to give a reasonable probability of his being able to establish a better government, a moral and a Christian one, upon its ruins, it would be extravagant to say that he had not the right to do it.

In saying this we give no countenance to the pretended right of insurrection, nor to the principle of private resistance against a legitimate government, which have been so unequivocally condemned by the Scriptures and by the Church, and which were so decisively reprobated by the Holy See, in respect to this very republican government of France, when Pius VI issued his brief exhorting the faithful in that country to evince their piety by submission to the very powers that oppressed them. Between insurrection and rebellion, and a step like that of Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire, there is an obvious difference — for he had become by his genius and victories, and by the weakness and divisions of the Directory, more powerful than the government; he did not so much overthrow the government, as he seized the reins from hands incapable of holding them; he rescued the nation from a chronic anarchy, the state from proximate dissolution; he saved France from evident disorganization, from fresh and imminent disorders, and from certain barbarism. How many hundreds, indeed, of holy martyrs, — priests, nuns, sacrificed by the demon of the Revolution, and whose blood was scarcely dry upon the scaffolds of France, nay, why shall we not say, a martyred king and princes, many a one, expiating with their costly blood the crimes of the monarchy, and purchasing with it the restoration of order and religion — promoted by their intercessions the triumph of the ambitious Napoleon, which was destined, in the providence of God, to restore that lost country to Christ! This, we are persuaded, is the true light in which to view the transactions of the epoch. The infamies of the regency and of the reign of Louis XV had brought down the Divine vengeance upon the land, but the All-merciful had heard the cries, He had witnessed with a pitying eye the sufferings, of His people, and He was about to turn their captivity "as a stream in the South."

The manner in which revolutions are brought about is very curious to the philosophical observer of events, or student of history. As you read the detailed accounts of each one, all seems a matter of accident, of coincidence, of surprise, or else of ingenious scheming or successful audacity. A fortuitous combination of circumstances, or the craft, or the boldness joined with accurate calculation, of some individual, appears to have accomplished a result in itself improbable. But on a closer examination, while all these elements are still perceived to exist, and to enter effectively into the revolutionary process, a certain law becomes evident, overriding the schemes of the individual actors, and making their talent, their genius, their very faults, and the course of events no less, its instruments. There is a fixed and predetermined progression in the march of revolutions, which, while it does not interfere with the free will of the human agents, or dispense with their most passionate interest and most energetic activity, secures nevertheless the result with perfect certainty according to the will of Providence. Had Napoleon been a general officer in the confidence of Louis XVI in August, 1792, the course of the Revolution might have been, and (humanly speaking) would have been stayed. A single man, that is, of the right temper, in the right place, at the right juncture, could have rolled back the revolutionary torrent. But in fact, there was no such man ready, nor, according to the natural working of systems, could there have been. Instead of a Napoleon, Louis XVI had a Lafayette. The grandson and successor of the prince who had a Duc de Choiseul for his minister, and a Duc de Richelieu for his favorite, could not in the nature of things, be provided, just when he needed it, with a weapon of defence of that keen edge, that rude strength, that reliable temper, which Barras afterwards had put into his hands, at the right moment, in the person of Bonaparte. Yet Barras was at least as weak as ever Louis XVI was pretended to be, and not fit to be mentioned in the same breath for goodness. But Louis XVI, individually good and honest, represented the ancient monarchy, tottering under the weight of its crimes, and debilitated by its vices; Barras, corrupt and bad, represented the revolution, weary of its first excesses, but still victorious and determined, still full of energy and confidence, like a tyrant in the first hours of his short-lived triumph, rushing from the wine-cup and the voluptuous revel to quell in blood the first premature insurrection against his usurped authority. The Directory found a weapon, for its time had not yet come; but when its time came, as come of course it would some day, that weapon was surely and fatally turned upon itself.

In the same way it is easy to account for the system of government now introduced by Napoleon, by ascribing its characteristic features to his arbitrary disposition, his military notions, his despotic will. When you have united to these qualities of the chief agent of this change, the love of theory and the fanciful speculations of the pedantic Sieyès, you have explained, according to these reasoners, the formation of the constitution of the year VIII. That the natural disposition and the military ideas of Napoleon really controlled the organic dispositions of that constitution, and that the fanciful theory of Sieyès contributed the outline of its forms, is undeniable: but what cause or causes gave these individuals at this juncture so decisive an influence? A certain tendency to speculate and theorize upon governments, to form governments *a priori*, philosophically and rationally constituted, was a characteristic of the French revolution. That revolution was indeed a violent attempt to reconstruct political society upon a rationalistic basis—"upon reason," as the phrase of time was—and chief among all the political rationalists was Sieyès. It is true that this political rationalism never did succeed in constructing any thing; it was only efficient, terribly so, in destroying the time-honored forms which had grown up out of the wants of society, and which rested not on theory but proscription and usage; and Sieyès, by his famous measure of dividing France into departments, was precisely the agent of the most successful blow that the revolution ever struck at the old system, carrying away all the provincial tribunals, states, jurisdictions, laws, codes, rights and customs, at one fell swoop, and substituting the simplicity of bureaucratic centralization for all the cumbrous guarantees which the ancient organization had afforded to liberty. But such being one of the principal motive forces of thè revolution, we naturally expect to see it manifested when the revolution takes its final form; the expectations of men, the force of prevalent ideas, render it inevitable that this theoretical side shall be represented at this time; and it is so, consequently, by the intervention of Sieyès, who contributes to the new constitution its highly artificial forms of procedure. At the same time, as the rationalistic triumph of Sieyès and his party had destroyed all the real counterpoises of the central power, as no real institution remained standing in revolutionized France but the army, it was evident that the able and energetic and far-sighted chief of that army, in actual possession of the central power of the state, would not suffer the forms of the new constitution to embody a real opposition element. The revolution had another side besides its theoretical one; it really involved the political predominance of the masses; but as the masses can never predominate except by a leader who wields their power, because he knows how to organise it for victory, the political predominance of the masses contained the political omnipotence of that leader; this was the substance of the revolution, whose destiny was accomplished when, under the forms of a very artificial paper constitution, the leader of the revolutionary armies, the representative of the force of the organized masses, became *absolute*.

The language of a historian who will not be suspected of favoring our view, may be quoted in support of it.

"With him (Bonaparte)," says M. Thiers,* "had been associated two colleagues, Roger Ducos and Sieyès, both of whom had belonged to the Directory, and both been busily engaged in destroying that government which they despised. Sieyès, in particular, had been placed beside General Bonaparte, because *he was the second personage of the Republic.* Author of the grandest and best conceptions of the French revolution, such as the union of the three orders, the division of France into departments, the institution of the national guard, Sieyès, destitute of eloquence, had rivalled Mirabeau in the early days of the revolution, when oratory conferred more power than all the other qualifications; and now that universal war assigned the first place to military genius, Sieyès, who had never worn a sword, was almost the equal of General Bonaparte; so great is power of mind, even unaccompanied by the talents which render it useful or applicable. But now that it was necessary to lend a hand to business, Sieyès, who was indolent, peevish, obstinate in his ideas, irritated or upset by the slightest contradiction, could not long vie in influence with his young colleague, who was capable of working night and day, whom no contradiction ruffled, who was abrupt but not testy, who could win the good will of men when he pleased, and who, at any rate, when he neglected to do so, *had always the alternative of carrying his point by force.*

---

* Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire, Liv. I.

"There was, however, a task which was generally assigned to Sieyès — that of preparing the new constitution, which the provisional consuls were charged to digest, and to propose to France, without much delay. At this period people were still somewhat imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth century; *it was less generally, but yet too much believed, that human institutions might be purely a work of mind, and that the constitution of a nation might spring ready-made from the brain of a legislator.* Assuredly, if the French revolution must have had a Solon or a Lycurgus, M. Sieyès was worthy of being so; but there is only one real legislator in modern times — that is, experience. This idea was not so common then as it is now-a-days, and it was universally agreed that M. Sieyès should be the author of the new constitution; this was hoped, this was said; it was asserted that he possessed one, which was the result of long meditation; that it was a profound, an admirable production, and that, being now rid of the obstacles which the revolutionary passions threw in his way, he could bring it forward; *that he would be the legislator,* and *General Bonaparte the administrator* of the new government, and that between them they would render France powerful and happy. * * * * *It was, therefore, agreed by common consent that Sieyès should prepare the constitution, and that General Bonaparte should govern. It was urgent, in fact, that some one should govern; for the state of the country, in all respects, was deplorable; the disorder, moral and material, was at its height.*"

It is evident, we think, from this passage, that the two factors which combined in the result of the Consular government, were such as we have stated, viz: the theoretical or rationalistic idea of a government according to abstract conceptions, which had taken possession of the minds of men, which gave birth to the revolution, which dictated its "grandest and best"—say, its most effective — measures, and which, in the permanent organization now to be adopted, must of necessity be satisfied; and the necessity of a strong governing hand and brain to substitute unity for anarchy in the unlimited action of the popular power. These two necessities were satisfied by the new constitution. It provided an elaborate clock-work of agencies, elective, legislative and administrative — a perfect and admirable piece of political mechanism; and like a mechanism it was moved wholly by one force, and did but transmit and register the power of that supreme will which was its mainspring. In short, in settling all practical questions there are two things necessary to be attended to: one is to satisfy the prevailing ideas, which may often, if not always, be done, by adopting forms in unison with them; the other is to satisfy real necessities, for which not forms, but realities are requisite. The ideas of that period required an ingenious political theory: its necessities demanded the substitution of unity for division; of power, for weakness in the state; of order, for anarchy; of credit, for bankruptcy; of peace, for war; of reorganization, for dilapidation; in a word, they demanded the man, who, by the force of his character, the resources of his genius, and the prestige of his name, could, in the seat of supreme and nearly unchecked authority, confer all these benefits.

There was one thing more that was required, and which was more necessary than any of these things, except as it included them. During the preceding ten years France had expended a prodigious amount of blood and treasure, had suffered incredible calamities, had perpetrated dreadful crimes for the sake of the revolution. Now the voice and heart of the nation did certainly require that all those sacrifices should not have been undergone in vain; that the real benefits of the revolution should be conserved, and that the real conquests it had made should not be abandoned. It was impossible to return to the old illusion of the Bourbons, that France was the patrimony of a family; the odious privileges of the nobility, the closing of careers to talent by unjust discriminations, could never be restored. The great principle of the national sovereignty, vindicated by so many glorious achievements on the field of battle, against the universal coalition of sovereigns, certainly could not be ceded. That hereditary descent might be the best rule for the transmission of the supreme power in the state, was admissible; it might be alleged that experience proved it in regard to great nations; but that it should be deemed an indefeasible title to the government of France, which must be held valid in spite of the morally unanimous determination of the French people to set it aside, the pride of France could not bear. It was necessary that even the government which should repair the faults and ravages of the revolution, and which should destroy its excesses, should still represent it; that the man who should close its career should be its child, and, as it were, its legitimate heir. All these considerations, which were of the most practical character, pointed to Bonaparte, whose unrivalled glory was identified with that of the revolutionary armies, and all whose astonishing victories had been gained in the name and for the flag of the Republic.

In order, however, fully to understand the necessity of Bonaparte to France at that time, it would be requisite to go into the details of her situation, and to enumerate the beneficial changes which he introduced into her affairs. Although our space does not allow us to do this fully, yet a rapid resumé will be almost indispensable to appreciate his claims upon the French nation, to justify his course, (in its main outlines), and to make it evident, as it were, to sense, that no other regime at that time was possible.

The military situation of the Republic is the first point that claims our attention. The power of defence, and the attitude of resistance towards external destructive agents, are the primary elements for estimating the life of any organic body; as to provide for them effectually is its primary necessity. This is a principle to which all nature and all history bear witness. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and the first maxim of government. If men were obedient to the law of God, simple justice would suffice without the state; but as they are not, God has instituted government, which is society organized and armed for the preservation of justice, and government is at an end from the moment that it is unable, either by its own force or by combination with the force of its allies, to defend itself from aggression. France, at the fall of the Directory, was engaged in a war for her independent existence and right of self-government, with what was called the second coalition. England, Austria, Portugal, Sardinia and the two Sicilies, with the lesser states of the Empire, were actively pressing her frontiers. Russia had withdrawn her forces from the coalition, but had not made peace with France or recognized the French Republic. She was at peace with Spain and Prussia, but they rendered her no assistance, and probably would rejoice in her downfall. Her armies had been driven out of Italy, whither Bonaparte had formerly transferred the seat of war, and compelled to retire behind the Rhine on the German frontier, by a victory of the Archduke Charles over their left wing. The commanders of these armies were great generals, but their ability only extended to the maintenance of the war, which was exhausting the resources of the country; it did not suffice to conquer a glorious and necessary peace. The army was neither paid, clothed nor fed; its sufferings from want of food and clothing caused it more losses, through sickness, death and desertion, than the sword of the enemy. In the army of Italy, (so called, although it occupied the territory of France), the men disbanded and took to brigandage for support; if the army of the Rhine was not reduced to such straits, it still inflicted on French territory all the evils of a country in possession of the enemy; and a soldiery in rags and without shoes thought itself happy to defeat starvation by levying systematic contributions on their own countrymen. What supplies were gained from the government, were raised by forced purchases, for which worthless and utterly depreciated paper was given in payment. At the same time a civil war, which the government could not quell, was raging like an obstinate local conflagration, in La Vendée and Brittany, in favor of the Catholic religion proscribed by the state, and of the exiled Bourbons.

For, partly in consequence of the disorders of the revolution, partly of its bad maxims of taxation, partly from the destruction of credit and all foreign commerce, the neglect of agriculture, and the violent revolution in property — partly in consequence of the war itself, but chiefly from the inefficiency, corruption and insecurity of the government, and the general practice of jobbing, carried to the most ruinous excess, the *finances* were in hopeless disorder; the vast resource of the national domains had been recklessly and unproductively squandered; and the nation was in a state of permanent bankruptcy, paying the interest of its debts only by certificates of arrearage; it had even been obliged to refuse its own *bons* in payment of taxes, which carried them, of course, to the lowest point of depreciation. The government had ceased, for ten months, to pay its civil servants any thing: the pay of some divisions of the army had been withheld for a year and a half. This destitution was the real cause of the reverses of the French armies, and if it had continued must ultimately have destroyed them, as it was impossible, in the existing system of warfare, for armies without horses for the cavalry, without artillery, without ammunition, without supplies of any kind, to make head against troops backed by the immense resources of the coalition, and supplied with all these things. France, therefore, was on the eve of being conquered, of losing territory at any rate, unless her financial situation were retrieved, or at least of relapsing into barbarism, under the exhausting effects of an interminable war and her convulsive efforts to maintain it.

It is needless to say that every sort of public improvement was at a stand-still, and every department of the administration in ruins. The canals, begun under the monarchy, were left to fill up; the roads became impassable, and were infested with banditti, whose outrageous robberies were perpetrated with perfect impunity on those whom necessity forced to travel: the lower population of the large towns, and especially of Paris, was only kept from rising in insurrection by the presence of a large armed force. There were scarcely any schools; no colleges. The whole domain of civil rights was in utter confusion from the annihilation of the Provincial courts and laws, and the non-introduction of any new code or adequate judicial establishments in their place. All these ills were rendered incurable by a circumstance that often obtains in republics, when no one dares to point out the true remedy of so many evils, in reconstituting that unity and independence of the public authority, without which it is not possible to consult comprehensively for the public good, or to execute what has been determined.

The crowning evil of the state, indeed, was its constitution. The French republicans had not, like the wise founders of our own government, drawn their political principles from the great store-house of practical experience. The constitution of France, at the accession of Napoleon to power, was an improvement on that which preceded it, and which the Reign of Terror had rendered odious, but it was essentially defective. It was not, and never could be, a working constitution. It had two legislative bodies, the council of Ancients and that of Five Hundred, but their elements were too nearly the same. They differed in little else but the age of eligibility; forty being required for the Ancients, and thirty for the lower house; of which it may be said that the first was too low, and the second too high, a qualification to create a real difference; if it were ever good policy to collect all the "old fogies" into one assembly, and all the young progressives into another. But the great and radical vice of the scheme was its placing the executive power in the hands of five equal chiefs, called Directors, who partly divided between them the functions, and partly discharged them in alternate succession. There was no practical means of obtaining unity between the executive and legislative powers, and the executive itself was not a unit. Responsibility was divided, which might easily have led to tyranny. A supreme council of Five (had they a mutual understanding) might be no less formidable than a supreme council of Ten. The directorial government was, in fact, both tyrannical and weak. It was violent, but not vigorous; and at the last, the hatred of the people, the contempt of the army, and the corruption and peculation of its own members, had entirely demoralized it.

The first step of the Consular government was the resumption of power in one hand. There were three nominal Consuls, indeed, but from the very first, Bonaparte assumed and maintained the dictatorship, and when the constitution was promulgated, the executive power was by it formally concentrated in his hands. The First Consul had the command of the army and navy; he could declare war and make peace; he appointed all the officers of the executive branch of the government throughout the country, as well as the judges, who, like ours, were irremoveable. By the aid of a Council of State, appointed by him, he devised and proposed all laws, which, being discussed by a body called the Tribunate, and argued before a Legislative Body, who voted in silence, upon the approval of the last became law. A higher body, called the Senate, possessed the power of pronouncing the laws so passed, unconstitutional. This scheme had its defects, springing from its theoretical character, but those defects were neutralized by the predominance of the First Consul, which, while it did not prevent every project being discussed, and its wisdom as well as popularity being tested by several votes, secured, nevertheless, unity and vigor. The term of office for the First Consul was ten years, which was afterwards extended, for General Bonaparte, to his natural life, with the power of naming his successor. It is evident that here we have restored at once to France all the essential characteristics of a strong monarchy. The power of the First Consul was, indeed, excessive, but it was so, because the Revolution had destroyed every counterpoise to the physical force of the nation, whence he who wielded that force for the common safety, must needs be absolute. The problem of liberty is to discover how the majority may be peacefully and effectually resisted, when it is unwise or unjust.

This, then, was the first benefit which the genius and force of character of Napoleon conferred upon France — a benefit which rendered all others possible.

Accordingly, he immediately took measures to restore the finances to a healthy state. Without laying any new taxes, merely by securing regularity of payment, by checking the abominable jobbing and peculation of the agents, and by the confidence he inspired, which enabled him to effect a moderate loan to meet the most urgent necessities, he so far improved the fiscal affairs that, in the first year, the state paid its creditors their dividends in *cash*. Two-thirds of the debt, repudiated by the Directory, was inscribed on the Great Book at an advance on its real value, which was almost nothing; the Bank of France was erected, and, by the wise self-denial of the government, was placed immediately in high credit, which enabled it to render, as it has done ever since, the most important services, in the collection and disbursement of the revenue. The military chests were filled again; the payment of the civil and military services was resumed; clothing, accoutrements, ammunition, horses, arms and every thing necessary to replace them in an effective condition, were forwarded to the armies.

Such was the confidence inspired by General Bonaparte, and such the salutary terror of his name in checking disorder, that he was able to withdraw nearly all the forces which the Directory had kept about Paris, to keep it in subjection, and leaving only about 2,500 men in that city, he concentred upon the insurgent provinces of La Vendée and Brittany, about 60,000 troops, which, added to the hopelessness of contending with the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, and the promise of a toleration and restoration of religion, compelled or induced the royalist chiefs to lay down their arms, and freed France from the drain and the disgrace of the civil war. The pacification of Vendée and Brittany effected, the *élite* of the same troops were immediately marched across the whole breadth of France to form the army of reserve, by which Bonaparte meant to restore the fortunes of the war. Concealing his movements and his designs with unequalled skill, he assembled 60,000 men in the heart of Switzerland, and, with a daring and a courage that threw the achievements of Hannibal into the shade, transferred an effective two-thirds of this force, with all its cavalry, artillery and baggage, across the Alps, threw himself in the rear of an Austrian army of 120,000 men, and gained, on the 14th of June, the famous battle of Marengo, which put the French in possession of Piedmont and Lombardy, gained a suspension of hostilities, and ultimately the surrender of Mantua. The campaign of the next winter, not so brilliant, because carried on by generals inferior to Napoleon, but in which Moreau gained the important battle of Hohenlinden, obliged Austria to sue for peace, dissolved the coalition, and obtained for France the boundary of the Rhine, with a virtual supremacy in Italy, in the treaty of Lunéville. France, which we have contemplated but fifteen months previous, on the verge of dissolution, is raised to the first position in Europe.

In the meantime the efforts of this organizing genius have begun to restore the roads of France, to open its canals, to render travel and commerce secure by the suppression of brigandage. Bridges are built over the Seine to unite the different quarters of the capital; a great military road is constructing over the Simplon to facilitate the communication with Italy. To a commission of eminent lawyers was confided the task of digesting and compiling that celebrated code, which first under the name of the *Code Française,* and then under that of the *Code Napoleon,* was to guard the rights of a third of Europe; and the result of their labors was already submitted to the council of State. Three months later, in the language of M. Thiers, "France, at peace with the continent, engaged in a frank and sincere negotiation with England, was about to obtain, for the first time in ten years, a general peace on land, and at sea. The condition of this general peace, admitted by all the contracting parties, was the preservation of our brilliant conquests." Moreover, these results were due as much to the wisdom and moderation of the First Consul, as to his genius for war and empire. He had never missed a point in negotiation; he had conciliated the esteem and respect of the world. And to crown all, as a pledge of the blessing of Heaven, to show for what cause he had been raised up by Providence, he was about to effect the restoration of religion in France by a concordat with the Holy See.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## RESOURCES OF IRELAND.*

We confess to a great prejudice in favor of any course which we find in conformity with the ancient or Brehon laws; for on the coolest and most impartial consideration of our history, we feel perfectly satisfied that under them our lands were cultivated to the highest hill-tops—our mines worked to an extent of which, those, who have not carefully looked into the question, have no conception—our fisheries were followed as a source of national wealth and power, next only in importance to our agriculture, our imports (free imports) of all the conveniences and luxuries of life were in full proportion to the market prepared for them by this development of our natural resources, and that there is no exaggeration in the description of the country by the Italian poet of the tenth century, quoted by O'Halloran.

> "Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
> By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name
> Enrolled in books. Exhaustless is her store
> Of veiny silver and of golden ore:
> Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
> With gems her waters and her air with health,
> Her waving furrows yield with bending corn,
> And arts and arms her envied sons adorn."

It is quite clear that under them we had no periodical famines. It will be seen from what Adam Smith says, that we can have no manufactures till our farmers have a surplus produce beyond what is necessary for their maintenance and employment, and they cannot have that surplus except by accident, and for a short time, so long as they are the tenants at will of other people, who, when they find them in possession of the surplus, can appropriate it to themselves, and make them work for their bare maintenance, or in their caprice clear them off altogether. It is plain as any proposition in mathematics that we cannot succeed in manufactures, or even maintain ourselves in our present numbers and position, but must gradually disappear by emigration and decay, till not one of us remains unless we can get some employment, the surplus produce of which we may certainly call our own, and which no man or body of men can take from us. The absolute necessity of such a surplus to national prosperity, is demonstrated by Adam Smith in this fashion:

"The demand for those who live by wages cannot increase but in proportion to the increase of funds which are destined to the payment of wages. These funds are of two kinds: first, the revenue which is over and above what is necessary for the maintenance, and secondly, the stock which is over and above what is necessary for the employment of their masters. When the landlord accumulant, or monied man, has a greater revenue than what he judges sufficient to maintain his own family, he employs either the whole or a part of the surplus in maintaining one or more menial servants. Increase this surplus and he will naturally increase the number of those servants. When an independent workman, such as a weaver, or shoemaker, has got more stock than what is sufficient to purchase the materials of his own work, and to maintain himself till he can dispose of it, he naturally employs one or more journeymen with the surplus, in order to make a

---

* We extract this article from a much more lengthy one in the April number of the Dublin Review, which those interested in the subject would do well to consult.

> profit by their work. Increase this surplus, and he will naturally increase the number of his journeymen.
>
> "The demand for those who live by wages, necessarily increases with the increase of the revenue and stock of every country, and cannot possibly increase without it. The increase of revenue and stock is the increase of national wealth. The demand for those who live by wages, therefore, naturally increases with the increase of national wealth, and cannot possibly without. It is not the actual greatness of national wealth, but its continual increase, which occasions a rise in the wages of labor. It is not, accordingly, in the richest countries, but in the most thriving, or in those which are growing rich the fastest, that the wages of labor are highest. England is certainly in the present times a much richer country than any part of North America. The wages of labor, however, are much higher in North America than in any part of England. . . . . . . . But though North America is not yet so rich as England, it is much more thriving, and advancing with much greater rapidity to the further acquisition of riches. *The most decisive mark of the prosperity of any country is the increase of the number of its inhabitants.*" — B. i. c. 8.

From all this it is clear that without a surplus produce we cannot maintain laborers, and without laborers we cannot have manufacturers. Next, therefore, in importance to the food question, and inseparably connected with it, comes the labor question.

Ours is an odd and sad lot. Land and labor are the two great elements of national wealth. The land we keep waste, and the labor we not only give away for nothing, but go to expense in sending it as far as possible from us to the most distant parts of the earth. Has it ever occurred to you, gentle reader, to consider as a cold blooded political economist the value in ready money of our losses in this way?

Man is the most costly and valuable article that can be *raised*, and the increase or decrease of the numbers *raised and kept*, is the most certain mark of national prosperity or decay. No state can be more wretched than that of a country which has its supply of food so nicely adjusted to it, that it must raise a certain amount of inhabitants up to the stage of adults or laborers, and then must part with or give them away for nothing, or send them away at great expense for fear of their starving. Every *adult* whom we send or force away, or starve to death, represents a loss to society compounded of the value of the amount of "surplus produce," clothes, food, fire, &c., and time and labor expended in rearing and educating him, and of the value his labor would prove to society, were it so constituted, as to be able to maintain and employ him profitably. An author skilled in these matters says: —

> "The necessary maintenance of four children, it is supposed, may be nearly equal to that of one man. The labor of an able bodied slave, the same author adds, is computed to be worth double his maintenance; and that of the meanest laborer, he thinks, cannot be worth less than that of an able bodied slave." — *Wealth of Nations*, B. i. c. 8.

The Anglo-Saxons, when they sold each other, seemed to have thought a slave equal in value to four oxen, for the tolls in Lewes market were in this proportion. The Americans, who are now in the habit of dealing in human flesh, estimate every adult arriving on their shores as worth 1,000 dollars, or £208 6s. 8d. in the current coin of the realm of England. Our adults must be more valuable than those of most other countries, for it has been found, Sir Robert Kane tells us, by actual experiments at the Universities of Edinburgh and Brussels, weighing them, measuring them, and making them pull at a spring dynamometer, or "strength measure," that of the four races, English, Scotch, Belgians, and Irish, the last are the tallest, strongest and heaviest.*

It is not more than two centuries since the garrisons and select parties of the inhabitants of Wexford and Drogheda, were sold to the West Indian Planters, and English cavaliers were sold in market overt in London to the Guinea merchants. Until after the American war, kidnapping for the plantations was a profitable and respectable branch of commerce even in England, and more especially in Bristol — just as till more recently the slave trade itself was. What are the great conquerors of the world but wholesale kidnappers? They put themselves to very great expense, risk, and trouble, in order, as Nimrods, to hunt down men and make a profit out of them by means of conscriptions, forced labor, customs, excise, tithes, taxes, rent, &c., not as squatters, to claim uninhabited wastes. Russia would not now be involving Europe in a war for Wallachia and Moldavia, if those countries were wild wastes. It is the human animals upon them that have given them such value in her eyes, and yet these do not exceed in number the crowds we have forced into exile or starved to death within the last ten years.

If we had been able to sell our "surplus" population for our own profit, they would have fetched their value like any other commodity upon some such estimate as we have suggested. Indeed, if the system of buying and selling *white* men had continued, we should be scarcely in the condition we are in, for the value of the article would be then a known and plainly appreciable quantity, and if we were obliged to rear and give *gratis* to England and her colonies men and women, the exaction would soon produce between the two islands the same sort of feeling which the Lagenian tribute of well-fed oxen, formerly produced between Leinster and Munster. There are two or three of the United States that produce nothing for export but laborers, and if those States had been by some violent or subtle process forced to give them away for nothing, they would have been long since ruined. They are not in this condition; they get in exchange for the human cattle they send away their value in money, or money's worth, which serves to replenish the land with the conveniences and luxuries it requires, to work the mines, make roads, canals, and harbors, promote manufactures, and otherwise supply the wants of the society, and not permit it to be exhausted by the continual giving away of its most valuable and costly products without obtaining an equivalent. Ireland is "the breeding state" of the British Union, but does not get the money price of its exported laborers.

You were shocked, no doubt, at Swift's proposition, that our poor should fatten and sell their "surplus children" at a year old as food for the landlords and "better classes," on the ground that it would not pay to rear them to the age of fourteen or fifteen, and *sell* them to the Plantations, as their food and "*rags*" in the meantime would cost more than they would sell for. The folly of rearing them and giving them away, never occurred to him. As an *Economist,* he was quite right. It would be better for the people, *so far as national economical interests are concerned,* not to have any children, or to pay their rent with them as the Dean suggests, than to rear them and give them away to England or America.

It is so long since we have had any dealings as buyers of human flesh, that this view is apt to shock and startle us. While we are managing our own affairs, we were importing laborers from England; since England has had the trouble of managing our affairs for us, we have been exporting laborers to England: in short, the balance of trade has turned against us. Ours was the dearest labor market in western Europe; it is the cheapest.

---

* Industrial Resources, p. 401.

Adam Smith shows that the colonies of Greece prospered in Italy, France, Sicily, Asia Minor, merely by having plenty of good land, and liberty to cultivate it for their own benefit. The colonies of Carthage were also very prosperous, and for the same reason. No dispassionate man, on calmly weighing the evidence, can have a doubt that the Milesian colony here was of Carthaginian origin. That the Carthaginians were pre-eminent in agriculture, is proved by the fact of the Roman Senate translating and publishing, for the use of the people, twenty-eight books presented by them on that subject. Their great attention to mines and fisheries is matter of historical notoriety. From the earliest period of our annals, since the landing of the Milesians, we appear to have paid great attention to the cultivation of our lands, working of our mines and fisheries, our rivers and seas, and to have had a large foreign trade, and from the beginning of the Christian era to have had a large importation of slaves, which last circumstance shows that this was then the most thriving state on the western coast of Europe, inasmuch as it was the *dearest market for labor;* for slaves, like other articles of commerce, were then, as now, " bought in the *cheapest,* and sold in the *dearest market.*"

Historians differ as to whether it was from Scotland or France St. Patrick was first brought to us as a slave, so that from the frequency of this traffic from those two countries, it is plain that labor was more valuable here than there at least, and that consequently we were in a more thriving condition. Our importation of slaves from England is a matter of historical notoriety. We shall content ourselves with two authorities,—Dr. Lingard, the advocate of the Anglo-Saxons, and Gerald, the Welshman, the court scribe of the Normans, and reviler of all our institutions. Dr. Lingard says:

> " Before I conclude this subject, it is proper to add that the sale and purchase of slaves publicly prevailed during the whole of the Anglo Saxon period. These unhappy men are sold like cattle in the market, and there is reason to believe that a slave was usually estimated at four times the price of an ox.* To the importation of foreign slaves no impediment had ever been opposed: the export of native slaves was forbidden under severe penalties. But habit and the pursuit of gain had taught the Northumbrians to bid defiance to all the efforts of the legislature. Like the savages of Africa they are said to have carried off not only their own countrymen, but even their friends and relatives, and to have sold them as slaves in the ports of the continent. The men of Bristol were the last to abandon this nefarious traffic. *Their agents travelled into every part of the country: they were instructed to give the highest price for females in a state of pregnancy, and the slave-ships regularly sailed from that port to Ireland, where they were sure of a ready and a profitable market.*"—History of England, Vol. i. p. 351.

This traffic did not cease with the Norman conquest; it continued till the Normans came here. Strongbow landed in 1170, and in 1171, the council of Armagh, regarding our buying and keeping English slaves as a national sin, decreed, amongst other things, that all the English slaves in the island should be at once manumitted. Giraldus Cambrensis thus narrates the circumstance, and we translate the passage as literally, baldly, and plainly as we possibly can:

> "These things being completed, the clergy of all Ireland being convoked at Armagh, and having treated and deliberated a long time about the arrival of the strangers in the Island; at length, the common opinion of all settled into this, to wit: that for the sins of their people, and especially because they had been long

---

* The toll in market of Lewes was one penny for the sale of an ox: four pennies for that of a slave."—Domesday.

accustomed to buy the English everywhere, as well from merchants as from robbers and pirates, and to reduce them to slavery, this disadvantage happened to them by the censure of the Divine vengeance, that they themselves should now be in turn reduced to slavery by the same nation. For the people of the English, while their kingdom was yet independent, by the common voice of the nation, had been accustomed to expose to sale their children, and before they would suffer any want or hunger, to sell into Ireland their own very sons and relations; whence it can be probably believed that as the sellers formerly, so now the buyers deserved the yoke of slavery by so enormous a crime. It was decreed," &c.

Since that time the balance of trade in this respect has been against us. Our Norman masters at once very naturally, and properly, set about making us *produce* for their *consumption.* Of course they would not have come here except to make a profit by us. It is quite ludicrous for us to be angry about it. If they acted otherwise, they would have been violating all the laws of trade and nature. The effect of their little arrangements was simply this:—We were before producing for our own benefit — and we were now made to produce for their benefit. We were to go on producing, but the "surplus" we were not to keep ourselves as before, but to hand over to them, to consume for us. We were to be the producers, and they the consumers. We were to be the laborers, and they the overseers of the estate; or if the reader does not like that phraseology, we were to work on, and they were to rule us, guide us, teach us their theology, (it was they introduced Tithes here), &c., and in exchange for these mental superfluities, were to take out of the bulk of our material superfluities what *they* considered a fair equivalent. The immediate effect was that we had no longer a surplus of food or a surplus of stock, and consequently the demand for labor ceased, and with it the import of laborers — and as we were obliged to send to England that surplus portion of food and of stock which would have fed and employed an increasing population at home, we were obliged to send this "surplus" population after the "surplus" food and stock. And thus you will find, from the arrival of the Normans, a continual drain of population from this island to England. As, until the reign of James I, these admirable arrangements were confined to a small portion of the island, so this drain was proportionately inconsiderable. In that reign it became so great as to attract the attention of contemporary writers, and especially of his attorney-general here, Sir J. Davis, who says that one particular portion of the system up to that time pursued would have destroyed the very kingdom of Beelzebub if it had been practised there as long as it had been here. Since that period, and more especially since the Revolution, when the jealousy of English traders forbid us to manufacture our raw materials, this exhaustive process has been actively at work, and we have been sending to England the surplus produce which should feed and employ at home an increasing population, and promote manufactures and commerce, and of necessity sending after it the surplus laborers whom it would have so fed and employed. Just fancy for a moment to what a height of power, prosperity, and greatness this island might have been brought if the millions thus driven out in sorrow and suffering had been detained at home to "increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and to develope its resources for their own good and that of the empire. Or rather lay aside all fancies, and "calculate" like a Yankee:—We have lost since the famine upwards of 3,000,000 of people by emigration or premature death through want of food or the other necessaries of life. Take 2,000,000 as adults, throwing in the other million to make certain of having your calculation within the mark, and you have, on the American estimate of 1,000 dollars per head, a clear loss to society in this island of £400,000,000 sterling, — just as much as would buy up the whole land of the country at forty years' purchase, — the annual rental, which was some years ago £12,000,000, being now, it is computed, only £10,000,000.

Our people have been led into their odd notions about population by the writers of the country, in whose favour the balance of the trade is running. But these will soon confess its silliness. So long as the drain from this country was just sufficient to fill up the voids in the labor markets of England or her colonies, the system was all right — the very perfection of political devices; but when it goes beyond that extent, and adds to the strength, and wealth, and power of rival states, such as America, it becomes a loss to the empire, and requires to be repressed, and we now and hereby undertake to foretell that before two years more shall have passed over us, the country will be filled with Jeremiads on the subject.

If we want to succeed in manufactures, we must check this drain. Otherwise, we cannot have a cheaper supply of labor than England; for, strange as it may appear, Sir Robert Kane, who has thoroughly investigated the subject, says: "Whether for manufacturing industry in general, labor (skilled and unskilled) is cheaper here, is not capable of receiving a decided answer." — p. 402.

This system we cannot check till we secure to the people an employment, in which some part of their earnings shall be *certainly* and *permanently* their own — until they have *sure standing-room* on the soil, and until they are so comfortable, that they shall have good houses over them, and plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and a "surplus," or something to spare, until, in fact, the farmer can be described again as one

> "Who eats his own ham, his own chicken, and lamb,
> Who shears his own fleece and who wears it."

For this is the natural origin of "the greatest and most profitable commodity of this kingdom," as the woollen trade is described in the memorable 10 W. 3, c. 10. It is ludicrous to think of setting up manufactures for a home market of beggars.

A full development of all the natural resources of the land is essential to *cheapness*. All the statutes restricting its alienation should be therefore abolished. It should be made easily saleable as in the United States, for public taxes or private debts. The Crown lands should be sold or let in perpetuity on corn rents. The perpetuity of tenure conceded to the immediate tenants of church and college lands should be conceded also to the occupying tenants. Other Corporation lands should be dealt with in like manner. All the statutes imposing duties on Beet-root sugar — on the conversion of corn, or fruit, or vegetables into spirit, malt, or anything else, which chemical ingenuity may devise, or prohibiting the growth of tobacco, or otherwise howsoever restricting the industry of the agriculturist, should be abolished, and in lieu of these a uniform land tax should be imposed on all lands, with a summary power of sale for non-payment, so as to force our wastes into profitable cultivation. The protective duties on manufactures should be abolished, so that the farmer may be as free as the manufacturer to buy in the cheapest market. As production is at least as important to society as barter, tillage should be as free as trade, and the tiller as secure of enjoying the fruits of his industry as any other producer. In short, if you can, abolish Excise and Customs and all the special contrivances devised since 1172 for depriving industry of its freedom of production and exchange, and the fruit of its labor. By reverting, as far as we conveniently can, to the policy pursued up to that period, we may so alter the relative condition of the two countries that Englishmen may again send their children to labor here, "*before they should suffer any want or hunger at home;* at the least we shall be able to secure that *plenty and cheapness of all necessaries of life and materials of manufacture*, which so alarmed our English rivals in 1698, and thus supply the only certain element of commercial success — and raise this island from being the Pariah of the nations to the condition in which it was for ages, the most thriving state in Western Europe, and keep our people happy, comfortable, and independent at home, instead of sending them to wander over the earth, pennyless, homeless, friendless, beggars, and outcasts, the scoff and scorn of the world.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. Trials of a Mind in its progress to Catholicism. By *Levi Silliman Ives*, D. D. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Although we have not received from the publisher a copy of the American edition of this book, the interest we take in its circulation induces us to depart from our rule of noticing only books so sent. Quite apart from the personal regard we feel for the author, and the sympathy excited by his generous sacrifices, the "Trials of a Mind" is deeply interesting to us as containing the only delineation we have seen of the *mental* process of conversion in the American off-shoot of the Puseyite movement. The literature of these changes ought to be collected, collated, and reviewed: we believe it would reflect great honor on the patience, the diligent and learned research, the close reasoning, the moral fairness, the sincerity and love of truth, the humility and self-denial of the parties converted. It would abundantly illustrate the saying that "God is a rewarder to them that seek him." Father Hewitt's eloquent tract, "Reasons for submitting to the Holy See," and Mr. Major's "Reasons for acknowledging the Authority of the Holy See of Rome," would belong to the list, to which the work of Dr. Ives is the last, most widely read, and every way most important contribution. We are opposed to "making capital," as it is called, of conversions to the faith, but, in a higher point of view, the triumphs of divine grace over the deep blindness of the intellect and the rooted obstinacy of the will, implied in these cases, merit to be studied and exposed for the edification of the faithful and the guidance as well as stimulus of those yet in the bondage of error.

The book of Dr. Ives shows how irrefragable is the chain of argument by which an intelligent Anglican is led to embrace the Catholic faith. As the Catholic Miscellany observes, with striking truth, the Episcopal church, "in her contests with her sister denominations, follows a line of argument which commends itself to the good sense of mankind by its simplicity, its clearness and its conclusiveness." Trained in that argument, when the honest Episcopalian minister begins to apply it to the controversy with what at first he calls "Romanism," the result is certain.

2. The Clifton Tracts, by the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. 1854. 4 vols. 18mo.

There are thirty-seven in all of these well-known tracts. If we were to define them, we should say that they were the application of common sense, and a little historical knowledge, to the more vulgar prejudices and traditions of Protestantism: — common sense to its prejudices; historical knowledge to its traditions; showing that its prejudices are unreasonable, and its traditions false. The style is excellent, though it is that of a peculiar English school. The Clifton Tracts are the children of the Oxford Tracts, in that respect, and perhaps also in their general plan and conception; but they are vastly more cheerful, more natural, more unconstrained; their thought and their sentiment have come out into open daylight — have quitted leading-strings and go-carts — gaining the free-born, generous, liberal *allure* of Catholic faith and love. If the Protestants had such a series of tracts, all the pious and well-to-do of them would keep packets to distribute; societies would be formed, to supply every family in the land with one, monthly; their colporteurs would bear them to the remotest districts; the bound volumes would be in every library; for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

3. SHORT AND FAMILIAR ANSWERS TO THE OBJECTIONS MOST COMMONLY RAISED AGAINST RELIGION. From the French of the Abbe *de Ségur*. London: Richardson and Son. 1854. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

TRANSLATIONS from this work appeared in last year's Metropolitan, so that it is known to many of our readers. Our publishers inform us that they have it in press and that it will appear before our next issue. "There reigns in all the book," says the Bibliographie Catholique, "a delicious simplicity and unction; whoever opens it, wishes to continue its perusal, and its charming pages shed a soft light which scatters shadows, causes difficulties to vanish, destroys prejudices, restores rectitude to the judgment, to truth its place, to religion its benefits and its splendor. Nothing can be more simply written, to be sure, but also nothing can be more touching, more natural, more loyal, more straight-forward, more persuasive. It is a discourse without pompous preparation, but full of fascination." The book has had an immense success in France: one hundred thousand copies are said to have been sold. The English translation in our heading, hardly, we think, does justice to the original, in some points at least, and we learn that the publishers will have it retouched.

4. SCHMIDT'S TALES. Illustrated. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 24mo. 5 vols.

THE reputation of these tales dispenses us from saying much about them. Every one knows, too, that Dunigan & Brother gave us, in their edition, the prettiest, and most elegantly illustrated children's books which the whole book-market offers. What had been said in praise of these volumes in this respect, is less than they deserve; and the enterprize is the more creditable to us all, because the so graceful designs are by an American artist. Chapman has not the high artistic power of Darley, doubtless, but he is always graceful, always appropriate. That Schmidt's Tales leave something to be desired by the Catholic is undeniable, but there are respects in which they are models.

5. ETUDES sur de nouveaux documents historiques empruntées a l'ouvrage récemment dècouvert des PHILOSOPHUMENA, et relatifs aux commencements du Christianisme et en particulier de l'Eglise de ROME. Par M. l'Abbè *Cruice*. Chanoine honoraire de Paris, Supérieur de l'ecole des hautes études ecclesiastiques des Carmes, Docteur ès lettres. Librairie Catholique de Perisse Frères. Paris. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is well known that M. Mynoides Mynas discovered, in a Greek convent, among other MSS., that of the so-called *Philosophumena*, which had been buried there for centuries, and that this learned hellenist, who was employed by the government of Louis Philippe, brought it to Paris, where it was deposited in the Royal (now Imperial) Library. By the care of the learned *Miller*, and in consequence of his happy mistake in attributing it to Origen, the work was printed at Oxford in 1851, to the astonishment and delight of the learned, who, however, soon proved that it was erroneously attributed to the great catechist of Alexandria. But presently the discovery in it of passages reflecting severely upon a sainted Pope, Callistus, made the work the starting point of a keen controversy. In giving up the theory which attributed the authorship to Origen, it was desired, particularly to render the censure of St. Callistus effective, to assign it a respectable source. Saint Hippolytus was designated. Jacobi (in Germany) advanced this opinion, which the Chevalier Bunsen, anxious to make capital for that "church of the future" to be identified (according to the wish of the Arnoldites in England) with the all-controlling State, maintained in a formal treatise that made a great deal of noise. Dr. Wordsworth, a learned Anglican of another school, author of an exposition of the Apocalypse, in the sense of his sect, very "damaging" to the church of Rome, took the same view in an octavo volume, published in 1853, and which also made a considerable sensation. The thesis of these authors was received with triumph by their co-religionists, as furnishing a clear argument against the pretensions of the Church of Rome, and the reverberation of these pæans reached even across the Atlantic. What a consolation, indeed, (as our author observes), for their souls, to hear a martyr, a bishop and a doctor of the primitive church, protest against the authority of the Holy See, despise its infallibility, and thus justify the mental independence and the revolt of the Reformers of the XVIth century, and their numerous disciples!

These claims, and the treatise itself, were learnedly examined in the Dublin Review, and various other periodicals, Protestant as well as Catholic, but perhaps not quite satisfactorily. The present work discusses both at great length, and certainly appears to determine as well the authenticity as the value of the Philosophumena. It is divided into two parts. In the first, the author analyzes the ***Philosophumena***, examines and refutes the opinion which ascribes it to Origen, or to Saint Hippolytus; refutes Jacobi, Bunsen and Wordsworth; proves that Theodoret was acquainted with the work, but probably was ignorant of the author, and discusses the opinions which attribute it to Tertullian, and to a heretic named Caius. The conclusions at which he arrives are, that against the opinions which assign the work to Origen, or to Hippolytus, there are numerous and sure reasons, but strong conjectures in favor of those which ascribe it either to Tertullian or the heresiarch Caius. M. Cruice considers that the work is a clear compilation, not worthy of being assigned to an original mind, not even to that of Tertullian, but that this want of originality renders it more interesting and valuable. "It is not," he says, "a single theologian, a single philosopher, that here captivates our attention; the poets, the philosophers, all the heretics, of the first ages pass before us, and make us acquainted, by long extracts, with works of which we possessed only the names." If neither Tertullian nor Caius was the author, (both heretics), it would appear to have been composed at all events by some one who "had adopted the religious opinions, the philosophical method and the private hatreds" of the former. It is needless to observe that its testimony against St. Callistus, so much vaunted, is worthless. Every now and then, in fact, is made some wonderful discovery that annihilates at one blow all the arrogant pretensions of the Roman Pontiffs, but it is safe to wait, in most cases, for confirmation of the news: hitherto time has refuted these discoveries, and that which is at length to prove fatal to our cause, like the quadrature of the circle, or the perpetual motion, is yet future.

The second part of M. Cruice's work is even more interesting and valuable than the first; in it he enters upon the documents presented by the Philosophumena, with a view to elicit their real value. The relations of the Greek philosophy with the Christian religion in the first ages, those of Judaism with Christianity, and the doctrinal intolerance of the Primitive Church, treated in successive chapters by our author, receive a brilliant light. The error of the present age, which treats Christianity as a stage of human progress, and as legitimately affiliated on previous systems of human origin, gets a death-blow from the unknown author of the Philosophumena, who sustains the opposite, triumphantly. He shows, in fact, that the Greek philosophy was the parent of the heresies, and was always in a position of antagonism to the orthodox faith.

The accusations against St. Callistus occupy the concluding chapters, and are refuted with masterly ease, and great erudition. They are shown to be impossible, to be self-convicted of falsehood, to proceed from heretical malice, and, on close examination, to prove the orthodoxy of the sainted Pope — if, indeed, he was the Callistus intended. In the clearness of this demonstration, which leaves scarce a doubt that the writer of the Philosophumena was at least a Montanist (if he was not Tertullian), we are forced to smile at the characteristic gratulations of Dr. Canon Wordsworth: "Great reason have all persons of whatever nation, for gratitude to Almighty God, that he has thus watched over the work (the Philosophumena) of His faithful soldier and servant, the blessed martyr *Hippolytus*. We of the Church of England may recognise in this treatise a Catholic and Apostolic, yea, a Roman vindication of our own Reformation. Here a Roman bishop, saint and martyr, supplies us with a vindication of our own *religious position* in regard to Rome. In this refutation of all heresies, we see a practical refutation of that great heresy of our own day, the heresy, which either directly or indirectly, is at the root of many prevalent heresies, a refutation of the heresy of Papal supremacy and of Papal infallibility!"* Unfortunately, as we have seen, for the learned Doctor, the Philosophumena, subjected to a more rigid scrutiny than his, turns out a further evidence, if such were needed, of the very reverse — an evidence that in the age of Callistus, as in every other, the Bishop of Rome unveiled, anathematized, and expelled from the society of the faithful, every false doctrine, however specious, and though espoused by men, like Tertullian, in other respects worthy of our admiration.

6. Franchere's Narrative of a Voyage to the North-West Coast of America: or the First American Settlement on the Pacific. Edited by *J. V. Huntington.* New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 376.

This is a book which we can conscientiously and very heartily recommend. It is more than forty years ago that the author, a young French Canadian, familiar doubtless with the stories of the North-west Company, joined, as a clerk, the first expedition sent out by Mr. Astor, to form a trading establishment at the mouth of the Columbia. He had a good education and the tastes which it inspires; he kept a journal of his voyage, and of the three years he passed at the mouth of the Oregon, and of his overland journey home. After his return to Montreal, he was induced to publish it, in the year 1819. Of course it was in the French language, and has been for a quarter of a century out of print. The present volume is a translation of it.

It is a very interesting and important document of our history, supplying several chasms, and being the only account by an eye-witness of some passages of national moment. Mr. Irving's Astoria, a book of great merit in a literary point of view, does not give so lively a picture, nor so true a one, of the great American enterprize which it records, as does Mr. Franchere's narrative. The transaction by which Astoria was passed over to the British in the last war, is here alone clearly set forth. Apart from these merits, the narrative, considered as one of voyage and adventure, is one of rare simplicity and grace: — from the departure of the Canadian boatmen from Montreal, their passage in a bark canoe to New York, the description of that city as it was in 1810, the long voyage in the pent-up vessel, the visit to the Sandwich Islands before the missionaries had revolutionized them, the dangers of the mouth of the Columbia, the adventures and vicissitudes of the trading colony, the long journey homeward, till the author passes again the rapids of St. Ann, and lands at his native Montreal, all is graceful, picturesque, and to us was deeply interesting. The style of the original is extremely good; the descriptions are often quite beautiful. "It recalls," says a critic in the Truth Teller, "by its unaffected simplicity, the tales of Defoe and Goldsmith;" and premising that the share of the editor in this merit of the book is confined to his having had the good taste to adhere to the original with fidelity, we must say that, in our opinion, that praise, though high, is not exaggerated. But as a specimen of the author's style, which will dispense us from the awkward task of seeming to puff a work which we have had the merit, perhaps, of preserving in its original elegance through the perils of translation, we will give an extract, — the arrival of Mr. F. and his party, after crossing the continent, at a frontier post.

> "After surmounting a considerable hill, we reached an open, level, and dry prairie, which conducted us in about two hours to an ancient trading-post on the banks of the *Saskatchawine*. Knowing that we were near a factory, we made our toilets as well as we could, before arriving. Toward sundown, we reached Fort Vermilion, which is situated on the bank of a river, at the foot of a superb hill.

---

* Hippolytus and the Church of Rome. pp. 219-20. apud auct.

"We found at this post some ninety persons, men, women, and children; these people depend for subsistence on the chase, and fishing with hooks and lines, which is very precarious. Mr. Hallet, the clerk in charge was absent, and we were dismayed to hear that there were no provisions on the place: a very disagreeable piece of news for people famished as we were. We had been led to suppose that if we could only reach the plains of the Saskatchawine, we should be in the land of plenty. Mr. Hallet, however, was not long in arriving: he had two quarters of buffalo meat brought out, which had been laid in ice, and prepared us supper. Mr. Hallet was a polite sociable man, loving his ease passably well, and desirous of living, in these wild countries, as people do in civilized lands. Having testified to him our surprise at seeing in one of the buildings a large *cariole*, like those of Canada, he informed us that having horses, he had had this carriage made in order to enjoy a sleighride; but that the workmen having forgot to take the measure of the doors of the building before constructing it, it was found when finished, much too large for them, and could never be got out of the room where it was; and it was like to remain there a long time, as he was not disposed to demolish the house for the pleasure of using the cariole.

"By the side of the factory of the Northwest Company, is another belonging to the Company of Hudson's Bay. In general these trading-houses are constructed thus, one close to the other, and surrounded with a common palisade, with a door of communication in the interior for mutual succor, in case of attack on the part of the Indians. The latter, in this region, particularly the Black-feet, *Gros-ventres*, and those of the Yellow river, are very ferocious: they live by the chase, but bring few furs to the traders; and the latter maintain these posts principally to procure themselves provisions.

"On the 11th, after breakfasting at Fort Vermilion, we resumed our journey, with six or seven pounds of tallow for our whole stock of food. This slender supply brought us through to the evening of the third day; when we had for supper two ounces of tallow each.

"On the 14th, in the morning, we killed a wild goose, and toward midday, collected some flag-root and *choux-gras*, a wild herb, which we boiled with the small game: we did not forget to throw into the pot the little tallow we had left, and made a delicious repast. Toward the decline of day, we had the good luck to kill a buffalo.

"On the 15th, MM. Clarke and Decoigne having landed during our course, to hunt, returned presently with the agreeable intelligence that they had killed three buffaloes. We immediately encamped, and sent the greater part of the men to cut up the meat and jerk it. This operation lasted till the next evening, and we set forward again in the canoes on the 17th, with about six hundred pounds of meat half cured. The same evening we perceived from our camp several herds of buffaloes, but did not give chase, thinking we had enough meat to take us to the next post.

"The river *Saskatchawine* flows over a bed composed of sand and marl, which contributes not a little to diminish the purity and transparency of its waters, which, like those of the Missouri, are turbid and whitish. Except for that it is one of the prettiest rivers in the world. The banks are perfectly charming, and offer in many places a scene the fairest, the most smiling, and the best diversified that can be seen or imagined: hills in varied forms, crowned with superb groves; valleys agreeably embrowned, at evening and morning, by the prolonged shadow of the hills, and of the woods which adorn them; herds of light-limbed antelopes, and heavy colossal buffalo — the former bounding along the slopes of the hills, the latter trampling under their heavy feet the verdure of the plains; all these champaign beauties reflected and doubled as it were, by the waters of the river; the melodious and varied song of a thousand birds, perched on the tree-tops; the refreshing breath of the zephyrs; the serenity of the sky; the purity and salubrity of the air; all, in a word, pours contentment and joy into the soul of the enchanted spectator. It is above all in the morning, when the sun is rising, and in the evening when he is setting, that the spectacle is really ravishing. I could not detach my regards from that superb picture, till the nascent obscurity had obliterated its perfection. Then to the sweet pleasure that I had tasted, succeeded a *triste*, not to say, a sombre, melancholy. How comes it to pass, I said to myself, that so beautiful a country is not inhabited by human creatures? The songs, the hymns, the prayers, of the laborer and the artisan, shall they never be heard in these fine plains? Wherefore, while in Europe, and above all in England, so many thousands of men do not possess as their own an inch of ground, and cultivate the soil of their country for proprietors who scarcely leave them whereon to support existence; — wherefore — do so many millions of acres of apparently fat and fertile land, remain uncultivated and absolutely useless? Or, at least, why do they support only herds of wild animals? Will men always love better to vegetate all their lives on an ungrateful soil, than to seek afar fertile regions, in order to pass in peace and plenty, at least the last portion of their days? But I deceive myself; it is not so easy as one thinks, for the poor man to better his condition: he has not the means of transporting himself to distant countries, or he has not those of acquiring a property there; for these untilled lands, deserted, abandoned, do not appertain to whoever wishes to establish himself upon them and reduce them to culture: they have owners, and from these must be purchased the right of rendering them productive! Besides one ought not to give way to illusions: these countries, at times so delightful, do not enjoy a perpetual spring; they have their winter, and a rigorous one; a piercing cold is then spread through the atmosphere; deep snows cover the surface; the frozen rivers flow only for the fish; the trees are stripped of their leaves and hung with icicles; the verdure of the plains has disappeared; the hills and valleys offer but a uniform whiteness; Nature has lost all her beauty; and man has enough to do, to shelter himself from the injuries of the inclement season."

7. Lectures on the History of the Turks. By the author of Loss and Gain. Dublin: James Duffy. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is a misfortune for Protestants that their prejudices against the author and publishers of such a book as this, will probably prevent their reading an essay so learned, subtle, suggestive, opening such striking views of history and civilization, and presenting a tableau so grand, of the great Eastern drama, of which the last scene in the last act seems performing before the eyes of this generation. These lectures of Dr. Newman's have all the characteristics of his style and thought. The ethnological picture of the rise of the Turks, of their march, of their distribution and fortunes, is worthy of any historian, however eminent; while in the deep views which the author puts forth and defends, respecting the difference between civilization and barbarism, we recognize the same genius for analysis, and at the same time for boundless illustration, which has cleared up so many difficult and obscure questions, and discovered so many new lines of defence for assailed truth. The questions discussed are, — Is the Turk fit, and is he likely to survive as a political power? Both these questions Dr. Newman answers in the negative. "Many things are possible," is his conclusion ; "one thing is inconceivable ; — that they should, as a nation, accept civilization; and in default of it, that they should be able to stand their ground." The argument of Dr. Newman, which is drawn out with great ingenuity and learning, and the most delightful affluence of historical illustration, is the following: — all barbarous nations perish finally by external violence: the Turks are essentially a barbarous nation; therefore the Turks will so perish. As it naturally occurs to him, in supporting his thesis, to define barbarism and civilization, he defines the first as society united by *imagination*, and operating by impulse; the second as society united by *sense* and working by reason. We may remark on the definition, that it would make some Catholic nations (Ireland for example) essentially barbarous. There is an element of truth in the definition, but it wants correction, we apprehend. The crusades would have been a barbarian movement, if it were to hold in its rigor; for in them Europe lived in a common object of imagination, and pursued it by a devout impulse. It appears to us that barbarism and civilization are comparative, not separated by such sharp lines as the illustrious author would fain have us suppose. The Turks are imperfectly civilized; but their civilization is decaying ; it is yielding to the pressure of a better and stronger civilization, by a law which is everywhere observed; and unfortunately for them, the Mahometan religion, on which their civilization rests (as every civilization reposes on one religion or other) has no recuperative power — no power of darting from a conquered to a conquering tribe or race, as Christianity has done so often, and moulding both into one. When the Franks subdued Gaul, they presently were subdued by the faith of the Gauls. When our armies had lately dictated peace to Mexico, within her capital, many of our best and bravest officers came back converts to the religion of Mexico. The imaginative and impulsive Celt will, beyond a question, end by converting, and so spiritually conquering, the native American race that "lives in an object of sense," as Dr. Newman says, and is guided by reason; that is, is eminently civilized. Our own view is, if we may venture to state it, that except "in a common object of imagination," true or false, no society can live long: and that to "live in a common object of sense" exclusively, is the beginning of social dissolution : we think Father Newman's own instances go to prove it. We say this, allowing, or rather warmly insisting, that all the observations of this fine genius and profound scholar are fruitful, and worthy of the gravest attention from those who would solve the problems he discusses.

8. LOSS AND GAIN: Or the Story of a Convert. Third Edition, Dublin: James Duffy. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

WE were in England when this work first appeared, and well remember the sensation it caused. The former friends of Mr. Newman were greatly scandalized as well as offended by it. It proved, they said, such a *deterioration* on his part. That he should absolutely jest at the ecclesiological and liturgical fopperies of their party astounded them. They could never believe Newman would sink so low. We knew one young man, who had been a great admirer of Mr. Newman, who wrote an answer to the twenty-seven questions which Willis sent Reding. He was going to publish the answer in the English Churchman (we believe), but somehow one or two points were not quite clear to him, and he reserved the paper till he had examined them a little further; he pursued the examination till he became a Catholic. There never was a livelier or truer picture of any state of society than Loss and Gain gives of the university class in England. Dealing largely in satire, it has the great merit of absolute freedom from exaggeration, and is at the same time one of the wittiest stories, and the most devoid of malice that ever was penned. It is addressed to a very high order of mind — too high for mere popularity, but it will gain admirers for ever, we should think, yes even when it is itself the only relic (like Fielding's novels in profane literature) of the social state it describes.

9. THE GLORIES OF JESUS contemplated in the mirror of Divine Love. Philadelphia: H. & C. McGrath.

10. THE MONTH OF MARY. By a member of the Ursuline Community, Blackrock, Cork. Philadelphia: H. & C. McGrath.

THE first of these books is one of those which abound in all Catholic countries, and evince, by their popularity, the fervor with which Catholic hearts ever turn to the Sun of Justice. The meditations of the second we are at this time listening to every morning from the lips of our Pastor, with great edification. The mechanical execution of both volumes should have been better in these times.

11. A YEAR WITH THE TURKS. By *Warrington W. Smith:* Redfield; and RUSSIA AS IT IS. By Count *Gurowski:* Appleton & Co.; are books called out by the present crisis. The former has a nice colored map of Turkey in Europe and Asia, showing the geographical distribution of races, and is not without its value, but instead of showing the "sunny" side of the Turks (as the author thinks), unveils their hopeless barbarism, if his evidence is to be taken, that they will never be civilized till they take to drinking (p. 108).

"The taste for drams," says the author, "is spreading among the Turks and even the Arabs, and, when satisfied that one fence of their religion may pleasantly be broken down, they begin to fancy others not so solemn and important as they once appeared; and thus a good deal of prejudice is gradually dissipated."

This is rather too Protestant a method of solving "the knotty question of the regeneration of Turkey," to suit our taste. The book is naturalistic and heathenish from beginning to end, like the travels of too many Englishmen now-a-days, but it has good points — candor and kind feeling among them; and it has, we confess, imparted, with us, a new interest to the problem offered by the Turkish reforms, whether civilization alone can really civilize a people.

RUSSIA AS IT IS, undertakes something of the same task with respect to the Muscovite that Mr. Smith took in hand in regard to the Osmanli. "Over-arched by despotism and caste," says Count de Gurowski, "this people (the Russians) has still its *sunny* aspects." Count Gurowski is a Pole by birth, and took a share in the attempted Revolution of 1830, was obliged to fly for his life, came to Paris, became a St. Simonian and a Fourierite, then an ardent Panslavist, in which character he went to Russia, and there getting over the Czarism in which his Panslavism had culminated, retired again to France, whence he took refuge at last in America. His book is such as might be expected from these antecedents; he anticipates great things for Russia, and hates the despotism of the Czar. The volume does not contain much information that may not be found elsewhere, but contains it in a compact form. It confirms the opinion that the existing Russian government is one of the worst in the world.

12. THE RELIGION OF THE NORTHMEN. By *Rudolph Keyser*, Professor of History in the University of Norway. Translated by Barclay Pennock. New York: Charles B. Norton.

Is an interesting treatise on those dark beliefs and that sanguinary ritual from which the martyred missionaries sent forth by the Holy See delivered the Northern kingdoms, since and now so ungrateful.

13. LES RELIGIONS ET LEUR INTERPRETATION CHRETIENNE. *Par Th. Prosper Le Blanc.* Paris: Leroux et Jouby. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 3 vols.

THIS work is an introduction to the study of Myths, and would be usefully read in connection with such special treatises as the preceding. The object is to ascend through the dogmas and rites of the corrupt religions of heathendom to that primordial system which gave them birth, to detect the truths of revelation transmitted along with them, and to discover, if possible, in what manner they have been thus corrupted.

14. ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH. VOL. XV, March, 1854.—No. LXXXIX. *Published for the Institution.* J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE Annals are now printed and published in this country, by Messrs. Murphy & Co., and sold for the benefit of the institution. This institution has for its *sole* object to assist, by prayers and alms, the Catholic missionaries, who are charged to preach the gospel to foreign nations. The prayers are but a *Pater* and *Ave* daily, with the invocation, *Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us.* The alms are one cent a week, collected by circles of ten, &c. Every subscriber has a right to the *reading* of the annals; but the price of each bi-monthly number is only 12½ cents. Altogether apart from its being purely a work of charity, and one of the highest merit in the sight of God, the Annals themselves are the most interesting and instructive reading that any body can possibly enjoy. *Qui inebriat, ipse quoque inebriabitur.* The universal diffusion of this charity would do more for the intellectual cultivation of Catholics, and would be a better antidote against the intellectual poisons of the press, than all our literary talents and efforts, if we were to write our fingers off. Let us quote a passage from this March number, taken at hap-hazard, as an illustration of the interest of the Annals.

"I have so frequently, in this narrative, had occasion to mention the Brahmapootra,[*] the course of which was my only guide in crossing the Himalayas, that a brief description of this river may not be uninteresting. It holds the second rank among the rivers of India, the Ganges being considered the first. Having had no opportunity of examining the legitimacy of its canonization, I refrain from giving any decision as to the sanctity of this son of Brahma; but what I can attest with certainty, having witnessed it, is the rapidity of its waters, the romantic beauty of its banks, and its far-sounding cataracts, which shake the surrounding solitude. It rises in a mountain situated on the north-east of the province of Assam. The stream which receives it at its rise, is like a narrow canal cut between two pointed rocks. Closely ensconced between two granite walls, it washes and whitens with its foam the obstacles which come in its way. Its breadth, from the Brahmacoundo[†] to Thibet, is from 160 to 220 yards. The bed of the river, too narrow for its volume, the declivity of the soil covered with rocks, gives to its course such an impetuosity, that I do not know of a single place where the strongest elephant could keep its footing for a single moment. It does not flow, it rushes along with fury; its sound may be heard in the distance like the thunder's roar. Its surface, from Sommeu to the plains of Assam, is one volume of white foam, so that I could scarcely ever see the colour of its waters, even in its calmest moments; but when calm,

---

[*] *Brahmapootra*, means *the Son of Brahma.* The Indians imagine that this god first caused the river to flow, and that a stroke of his axe cut for it a passage through the rocks.

[†] *Brahmakoundo* means the *Reservoir of Brahma.*

> it appeared of a beautiful blue color, reposing beneath the shade whose verdure was reflected on its bright surface. The Brahmapootra receives a great number of rivers of considerable magnitude; and what proves its rapidity, these tributaries do not produce any visible effect on its motion. No boat could live upon its waters; the bridges suspended over it are the only means of communication between the two banks of this rapid torrent.
>
> "This mode of crossing rivers and torrents is in itself sufficient to enable us to form some idea of the disposition of the people who have invented it. Nothing more perilous can be imagined, nothing more romantic. Imagine three or four ratten canes, from three to four inches in thickness, and long enough to reach from one bank to the other. * The extremities are fastened to a rock or tree; and around this chain a moveable ring, also made of the rattan cane, is wound. The person passing over the river places his body in the ring, and, if necessary, his head also in a small cavity formed for the purpose, and thus prepared, throws himself forward with his face turned upwards. Although the bridge is bent as little as possible, the weight of the body causes it to describe a curve, so that the passenger slides rapidly as far as the middle, whilst the other portion of the distance is accomplished by grappling with the hands and feet. The point selected for the construction of these aërial bridges is always that where the river is most narrowly confined; it is of course the most favorable, but at the same time the most dangerous. Beneath the traveller, thus suspended over the abyss, at a height of two hundred feet, the gulf is deeper, the water roars, foams, and rolls headlong: the mere sight of these places is terrific. The first time that I ventured upon this mode of transit, I confess that, when placing myself in the ring, I felt as if I had been placing a rope round my neck; but on arriving safe and sound at the opposite side, without perceiving even the possibility of a fall, I reproached myself with my timidity in dreading the Michemis bridges, and would now recommend them to the notice of the Society of Progress."

While the enemies of our faith are (very sincerely, let us hope) straining every nerve to diffuse their false views to every corner of the world, it is a delight to us, and to every Catholic heart, to be able to forward a better cause, simply by co-operating in the diffusion of the Annals, as a charity recommended to us by the Holy Father, by our bishops, by our very faith and by a sacred principle of gratitude, to a society to which we owe so largely the support of our own missions, the building of our churches, and a thousand benefits, so well known to those who are acquainted with the history of Catholicity in America.

15. THE TWO ROADS, or the Right and Wrong. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.; a Total Abstinence Miscellany, as far as we can judge; — THE LAMPLIGHTER: Jewett & Co., Boston; a novel of the "Wide Wide World" and "Queechy" school, very moral, very natural and very prosy; — LINNY LOCKWOOD, by Mrs. *Crowe*, author of the "Night Side of Nature:" Appleton & Co. New York; very clever, very exciting, and not moral at all; and JOHN, by ***Emilie Carlen***, a Swedish novel, published by the last-named house; a clever story again, we dare say, but dealing too much in "warm milk and biscuit" for our taste (we prefer a draught of *qualified* spring-water and a venison steak cooked by a camp fire), — have all been received. Besides these literary productions, LIVINGSTON'S LAW REGISTER, by ***John Livingston***, New York: published at the office of the Monthly Law Magazine; contains a list of all the lawyers and sheriffs in the United States, with their residence, and such information repecting the laws of every State, touching debts, suits, execution, rights of married women, legal interests, &c., as every man in business wants to have.

16. THE CATHOLIC REGISTRY for 1854. William J. Battersby: Dublin; Dunigan & Brother: New York; contains a vast amount of Catholic statistics, and so far as we know, is the most complete English Directory to the Catholic world. Dunigan & Brother have sent No. 30 of HAYDOCK'S BIBLE, which commences the New Testament, adorned with a vignette Record Table for deaths, of an elegant and appropriate design. Every American Catholic must be proud to see this magnificent enterprize approaching its successful completion.

---

* The rattan cane is in general from two to three hundred feet in length.

# Maga's Own.

We have received a letter from one who describes himself as "a boy" who has "not had the advantage of an education," but who embraces "every opportunity of improvement," and "with this view has subscribed to the Metropolitan." The flattering expressions which he quotes respecting ourselves, and those of which he himself makes use, console us in our labors. He proposes, however, a question, which, like many other questions, would require a volume to answer, as, indeed, many, many volumes have already been written about it, on both sides.—"If the Jesuits are not crafty, ambitious (recall to your mind the many stereotyped epithets applied to them), why were they banished from Catholic countries? Mexico and France, for example? And if they *are* so wicked and corrupt (but I don't believe it), why does the Church countenance them?" Such are nearly the words of our correspondent. He adds that "he heard a gentleman say" that "if proof was given him that the Jesuits were holy, pious men, and not such as represented, he would become a Catholic."

This is a fair offer, and the gentleman might possibly be as good as his word, for many have been converted by merely learning the falsehood of those calumnies of which the Catholic Church is the object. But why the Jesuits were expelled from certain Catholic countries, the reason is obvious: it is because the kings and ruling statesmen of those countries were determined to bring the Church under their power, and the Jesuits were the most formidable, as well as the most devoted, defenders of the independence of the Church. Those kings and statesmen wished to tyrannize over the people also; and the great Jesuit writers and doctors, such as Bellarmine, de Lugo, and Suarez, taught that kingly tyranny might be resisted, and that kingly power was derived from God through the PEOPLE. As the Jesuits had at one time almost the entire Catholic education of Europe (that is, of the higher classes) in their hands, these wicked monarchs, and their more wicked courtiers, and infamous favorites, were afraid that they would instill their principles into the youth: hence their enmity to this noble order. We do not defend the policy of the Jesuits in all respects, nor the acts and writings of every Jesuit; they were men and not angels; but all candid writers now, even among Protestants, are agreed, that as a body, they were pious, saintly, devoted men, who lived and died for the glory of God, and whose labors, especially among the heathen, sealed by glorious martyrdoms, are without parallel for their self-denying zeal and patience, their intelligence, and the success with which it pleased God to crown them. They have converted millions of idolaters to the faith. The Blessed Peter Claver, who died in Carthagena, South America, and was a thorough, complete Jesuit as ever lived, gave himself, soul and body, to the service of the lowest class of black slaves. He did and suffered more for the poor negroes in one day, than all the Abolitionist ministers in the United States, who abuse the Jesuits, in all their lives. It is recorded of him, that his sense of smell was at length entirely lost from the effect of the poisoned, fetid atmosphere he constantly breathed, in attendance on these poor creatures, after their discharge from the slave-ships. The Jesuits were the founders of Catholicity in this country, all the first missionaries in Maryland having been of that order; and they have sanctified our fields and rivers by the blood of numerous martyrs, some of them men of high talent and education, who willingly buried themselves in our forests, endured all the hardships of savage life, and finally laid down their lives, to impart to the Indians the knowledge of redemption. The real reason, to tell the truth, why the Jesuits are so hated and persecuted, and so reviled, is because they are, so truly, what their name implies, the Company of JESUS. The devil is too cunning now to attack that holy name openly and directly; for all the people are persuaded that it is at least the name of a prophet; but he attacks and vilifies those who bear it, those who love it, and those who effectually make others love it. Thus he gains his object all the same. We ought not to be surprized or scandalized, my dear B. H. C., when the servants of God, whether they are Jesuits or of any *other* order, or secular priests (to whom the world generally gives the same name of reproach), are spoken of as the worst of men; for this is just what our Lord predicted should happen: "*If they have called the good-man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?*"

The Protestant Churchman praises the April number of the Metropolitan above its predecessors and seems (if we do not too hastily interpret his expressions in our favor) to recommend us as a model to "our New Episcopal Quarterly." The editor adds —

> "We are sorry to see that the editor cannot distinguish, as a matter of organization, between the numerous individualities and independencies of Congregationalism, and the *compact unity of the Episcopal Church.* This is a question of *polity*, and not of Church *authority*, — not as to what is the test of truth, but what form of organization affords the best means of preserving the truth. Surely there is a wide difference between the thing itself — the test of it — and the best means of preserving it!"

"The compact unity of the Episcopal Church" is, of course, a piece of wicked satire; we will simply refer the editor to the quotation from his brother, "The Churchman," in our May number, for a striking commentary on the text (furnished, as we have since discovered, by our learned and talented friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry). But just for information, we would like to know of the "P. C.," (not of *the* "C."), how a Church "polity" without "Church *authority*" affords any particularly efficacious means for preserving the truth? The best means of preserving the truth must be to possess and apply the true test of it. If that test be not the decision of the Church, then it may happen that adhering to "what Episcopalians call the unity of the Church" may lead the individual organism (see *Maga's Own* for April) into error; but adhering to the unity of the Church, says the P. C., is "the *best* means of preserving the truth;" that is, using the *best* means of preserving the truth, may lead individual organisms into error; which is absurd: therefore, &c., Q. E. D. It is clear as a pike-staff, then, that the converse of our proposition above is also true, to wit, that the best means of preserving the truth must involve the application of the test of truth: if Church unity (in other words) is the means, Church authority must be the test. We return, therefore, to our original position, which is that the observations of the P. C., just, profound, irrefragable in themselves, are the entering wedge to Popery. Between the unrestricted application of the rule of private judgment contended for by our Congregationalist friends, and the absolute claim of infallible Church authority, there is no logically tenable middle ground. The time is past for these half positions, which are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. "Churchianity" must be all or nothing!

From the *Protestant Churchman*, whose spirit of conservatism merits to be encouraged, and whose candid course, especially in regard to Dr. Ives, deserves all praise, we turn to our courteous Baptist, the *New York Recorder*. We thank him for the compliments to Maga and ourself, although they somewhat resemble those which the English pay to Americans — "You speak our language really very well — very well indeed!" says John Bull, "and are very well bred. I should have taken you for an *Englishman!*" — The *Recorder* finds us singularly well bred for a Catholic; he is even driven to account for it by our having been a Protestant once; and we will return the compliment, in kind, by expressing our own unaffected surprise at meeting with so much talent and so good a style in the respectable denomination to which he belongs. When we say "respectable," we mean worthy of respect. There are points which command ours in the position of the Baptists. They stand towards our New England Congregationalists of the old and new school alike, in the attitude of true Protestants against the blinded followers of tradition and Church authority. They plant themselves on the letter of Scripture. Infant Baptism and the indifference of immersion are traditions, and our true blue orthodox Puritan churches, in maintaining it, are Papists in disguise. Whether the Baptists do not, in their turn, hold positions and cling to doctrines and practices, which can only be defended on popish principles — whether a consistent man can rest on their platform or abide under their tent — we are not disposed just at this moment to discuss.

The Recorder gives a high character of Bassi. We are willing to credit it entirely. He might be all the Recorder says, and more, and yet be misguided. Major Andre was a very amiable, loyal, brave, high-minded young man, the idol of his friends and the stay of his mother and sisters. Yet George Washington gave him to the gallows. The years '48–9 were a time when many a noble head was turned. Many an amiable, accomplished, gifted man, seized with a passion for liberty, or a zeal for sovereigns, in the fever of a revolution or a civil war, has rushed upon a course that his conscience disapproved:— happy, if, like Bassi, they recognize at last their fault, and submit with resignation and penitence to the fate incurred by their rashness!

Our readers must bear in mind that the Metropolitan is perused by a great variety of persons, and that in order to keep or win their attention, it must contain something to interest each sort. What one disregards is often highly appreciated by another. If there were a large class of literary Catholics, we might write for them alone (if we cared to do it): if the pious people who will take and pay for a Catholic magazine were sufficiently numerous to support it, we might be free to consult their tastes exclusively; and so on; — if Catholics alone were our readers, we might think of them only; but the truth is, we have of every kind among our subscribers and readers, and to a certain extent we *must* (in a limited space) give something to each, without destroying our own peculiarity among the Magas. "The New French Dynasty" for example, — an essay on the philosophy of politics, somewhat dry and abstract, somewhat severe and formal, leaving many a chasm to be filled up by the reader accustomed to such discussions, and supposing a certain familiarity with the details of the history — does not, it is probable, interest one class of our friends at all, while another looks for it eagerly, and finds it the most "suggestive" and the most "satisfactory" of Maga's works. So clever and vigorous a cotemporary as the *Pastor Vallensis*, (who seems to take for his model the valiant youthful "shepherd" David slaying the lion and the bear), pooh-poohed the story "Is Dod a Tatholit?" as babyish, classing it with the twin infantilities of Harper and the Knickerbocker. A Protestant jurist, with a literary and legal reputation of the highest in the country, discovered that the same story enveloped a profound argument, and what another learned and friendly critic of Maga calls the real *state of the question*. The minor of that hypothetical syllogism is, according to him, the only proposition in the Catholic controversy that merits discussion. In short, it is necessary (as we observed) for Maga to apprehend the stand-point of many a one, and not only the stand-point but the temper — we see, sometimes, a very great writer who seizes the former with miraculous sagacity, but fails in adapting himself to the latter; to do which successfully, indeed, requires a difficult, almost miraculous self-control: for in this warfare "the patient man is better than the valiant, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities" or wins controversies.

The abbreviations of names in all languages and countries give rise, sometimes, to funny mistakes. It is well known how in Spain the whole female population nearly are named after the Blessed Virgin, under this or that title, which they take as their common appellation — as *Dolores*, *Consuelo*, *Concepcion* (Concha), &c. The same thing occurs in Italy, and to a certain extent in France. In Canada there is a great devotion to St. Rose of Lima, and a friend, *à propos*, relates to us the following incident. As the name Rose de Lima is rather long, they omit the Rose and christen, as well as call girls *Delima*. A French clergyman —*français de France* — not aware of this Canadian idiosyncrasy, was asked to baptize a child Delima, and was mightily puzzled to know what saint that might be. The catechism being quite clear that children should be christened after some saint of the New Law, he made the *parrain* and *marraine* write down the name, and looked in the martyrology, of which happily he had a copy, but all in vain.—"Eh! I find not a saint of this name."—"*Mais, Monsieur, le Curé*, there is such a one."—"I do not find her!" with a shrug, and the index finger in the Martyrology.—Matters seemed come to a perplexing stand; till at last some one said with astonishment, "But, *M. le Curé*, do you not know *Ste. Rose de Lima!*"—"Ah! *Ste.* Rose de Lima!"—all was clear; but the good curé could not persuade the gossips to restore the *Rose*, though he christened the child in full *Rose de Lima.*

The Pope may err as a private doctor, we all know, and if there is any side on which a Pope is likely to err, it is that of believing too little. A certain disposition to incredulity in regard to alleged supernatural facts, is a real and very natural characteristic of the Court of Rome. A person who never said or heard of any thing out of the common way, is overwhelmed by the apparent evidence in favor of some wonderful occurrence, and concludes it to be a miracle at once; but he who has seen and examined hundreds such, receives all that very coolly, and has a solution ready for most cases. An instance in point is the celebrated Prince Hohenlohe. This reverend and illustrious gentleman, whose miracles made so much noise twenty years ago, had nothing striking in his character or exceptional in his mode of life, to account for the powers which he displayed. We generally associate miracles with sanctity, although it is admitted, of course, that the connection is not essential. But Prince Hohenlohe was not remarkable for his austerities, nor did he impress those around him and the people at large (as the saints generally have done), with the opinion of his extraordinary virtue: he was merely a very good man, an exemplary priest, who was slightly (to all appearance) over confident, but from very pious motives, in the power of prayer to obtain favors infallibly from God. In the height of his reputation as a thaumaturgus, he went to Rome, sent for, we believe, by the Holy Father, as the Holy See did not hear without uneasiness the report of the miracles which the prince was said to work, unconnected as they were with a reputation for that eminent sanctity which miracles are understood more usually to seal. The princes of the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff himself found Hohenlohe such as we have described him, and it is said that Pius VII expressed himself as entirely sceptical on the subject of his miracles. "Io non credo che questi faccia miracoli." ("I do not believe that this gentleman works miracles!") are the words attributed to the Pope. Now it can scarcely be doubted that most marvellous cures were granted to the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, even across the Atlantic. Mrs. Mattingly, of Washington, is the best known and a quite incontestible witness of the fact. The late Bishop England was at the pains to collect and organize the evidence in this case, which has all the marks of credibility insisted on by the most learned writers on miracles and testimony. On a day, at an hour, at the moment (that of her receiving the Blessed Sacrament), previously designated by the Prince, (then four thousand miles distant in Europe), Mrs. M. was raised from the bed where she had been confined for years, was restored to the use of her limbs, relieved of a hideously offensive internal ulcer, and of an external painful cancerous tumor; cured of the sloughs and sores on her back, caused by long lying upon it; her breath, from disgustingly foul, rendered pure and sweet; her voice, nearly extinct with approaching dissolution, rendered strong and clear; her tongue, black and swollen, restored to a healthy appearance; all in an instant of time, so that she, who, as the sequel of an incurable disease of many years standing, was reduced the day before to the point of death, was able to receive the hundreds of visitors of the upper classes of the National capital, (her brother being Mayor of Washington), who crowded to see in her the living evidence of so extraordinary a change; and this change was permanent, so that the subject of it still survives and has ever since enjoyed good health, without any symptom of her former notorious, and, by its nature, fatal disorder. These facts were attested under oath, at the time, before the highest magistrates of the U. S., by a crowd of witnesses, many of whom are still living, of different professions, of both sexes, of discordant religious faiths; and in short, the essential facts — the state before and the state after the sudden cure — being of universal and public notoriety. This case was not an isolated one; a multitude of others, equally remarkable, took place, through the same instrumentality, in various parts of the world, and all perfectly well attested. Yet the Pope did not believe that Prince Hohenlohe wrought miracles; from which it is clear at all events that credulity in such matters is not a trait of the Court of Rome. If evidence so strong, and to common minds so irresistible, did not force the conviction of the Pontiff, even in his private capacity, what must be the luminous cogency of that which succeeds in obtaining his solemn and irreformable decision in its favor, as the supreme judge of Christendom?

# Record of Events.

*From April* 15, *to May* 20, 1854.

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

Abroad, the prospect of a reconciliation of Piedmont; the flourishing again of religion in France, and the piety of the Emperor; the encouraging aspect of England and Ireland; attract attention: at home, we have some anti-catholic riots of slight importance, and some serious casualties.

Rome: 1. *Lucien Bonaparte.* — 2. *Affairs of Sardinia.* — 3. *The views of Rome on the Eastern question.* — 4. *Encyclical to the Armenians.* — 5. *Beatification of the Shepherdess, Germaine Cousin.* — 6. *Assassin of Rossi.* — 7. *Conversion of Mrs. Ives.*

1. The papers mention the attendance of Prince Lucien Bonaparte at the religious solemnities of Easter, and that before his departure he had an audience of the Pope, at the gracious instance of His Holiness. The commander-in-chief of the French army gave the Prince a military representation of the taking of Isly, and the Count de Rayneval, the Ambassador of France, made him a grand dinner, at which the general-in-chief and other generals of the French army were present. At Canino, on the 20th, the Prince with his sister, attended a solemn mass, on occasion of the remains of their father, Prince Lucien, being transferred to a monument erected, it is said, "for the uncle of Napoleon III." At Florence the Prince received the same attentions from the French Minister, and the high functionaries of state. It is said that the remains of Lucien will be transferred to Paris, to be laid in the vaults of St. Denis, designated by Napoleon I, as the burial place of his family. All this, it is needless to say, proves the disengagement of the Lucien family from its republican connections, and its adhesion to the policy of Napoleon III.

2. A letter in the Univers says, that it is certain *England* and France have joined in giving Piedmont some wholesome advice, tending to extricate that country from the revolutionary career in which it is engaged, pressing the cabinet of Turin to become reconciled to the Holy See, and to remove the revolutionary leaders from the country or from power. It is said that the King has written to the Holy Father, and that his letter affords some ground for hope.

3. It is added (in the same paper) that His Holiness has expressed to a member of the diplomatic corps, how happy it would render him if Austria joined the Western Powers. At least public opinion in Rome assigns this as the expression of the policy of the Holy See, "a policy which, besides, various acts have sufficiently manifested."

It ought to be added that this policy seems to be founded on the desire of the Pontiff, by the adhesion of Austria to the Western Alliance, to prevent the outbreak of a general war, and the disorders to which it would probably lead.

4. The Holy Father has addressed an encyclical letter to the faithful Armenians, which has appeared in most of the Catholic journals. It exhorts them to sweetness and gentleness towards the schismatical part of the nation, and imposes "a perpetual and absolute silence on the past questions and controversies, severely forbidding every reclamation, every discussion calculated to disturb peace among the faithful of Armenia."

5. The beatification of the servant of God, Germaine Cousin, shepherdess of Pibrac, in the diocese of Toulouse, was to be celebrated in the Vatican Basilica, on Sunday the 7th of May. The cause of the Algerine Martyr, now the Venerable Geronimo, has been introduced, by a special order of the Holy Father.

6. It is said that the assassin of Count *Rossi* had been discovered, through a woman with whom he lived in concubinage at the period of his crime, and who has returned to God in the House of the Good Shepherd. It is also said that the assassin of *Evangelisti* had been arrested, and that this crime was found to have been "ordered and paid for" by the wretched sect of Mazzinians at the price of fifty scudi ($50). These and like discoveries have greatly disorganized the secret societies in Rome. There can be no doubt that the Power which is from God, which is open, uniform and enduring, will triumph at last over these diabolical under-ground combinations.

7. Mrs. Ives, the wife of Dr. Ives the convert, and daughter of the late Bishop Hobart, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, was received into the Catholic Church at Rome on Good Friday.

FRANCE: 1. *Religion in France.*—2. *Pious gift of the Emperor to the Baltic fleet.*—3. *Mandement of Mgr. Sibour.*—4. *The Curate of Ars, and the Apparition of our Lady at Salette.*

1. On Easter Sunday about four thousand men were gathered in the nave of Notre Dame at Paris. Mass was said by Father Felix; an address was made by the Archbishop; and the communion was given by the Father and the Archbishop to this whole body. The duration of the whole was about two hours, and the most perfect order prevailed. The churches were every where crowded, and the communions were most numerous. It would take up all our space if we were to give only half the facts bearing on the revival of religion in France, with which our foreign papers teem. We will confine ourselves to the significant gift of the Emperor to the Baltic fleet; to the pastoral or mandement of the Archbishop of Paris respecting the war; and lastly, to a very interesting account, taken from the Tablet, of the curate of Ars and the apparition of our Lady at Salette, which is said to be entirely worthy of credit, and shows the deep concern of the celestial inhabitants in what is going on here below; a concern in regard to which even some Catholics in America seem incredulous.

2. The Emperor has presented to the sailors of the French fleet in the Black Sea, a picture of the Holy Virgin. It was inaugurated on Sunday, March 19, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, on the flag ship *Ville de Paris*, under the command of Admiral Hamelin, by M. Creps, chaplain of the same, assisted by the other chaplains of the fleet. After the customary prayers, and an address full of piety, from the Rev. Chaplain, the Holy Sacrifice was offered, and at its conclusion, the *Domine salvum fac imperatorem* sung. This mark of confidence and devotion towards the Mother of God, on the part of the great and powerful Emperor of the French, manifesting that he trusts not in his power, but in the God of armies, Who is the son of Mary, has deeply affected the sailors of the French fleet, and is an example to the world. A correspondent of the London Standard, says:

"The Emperor is always striving to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders. Hitherto the dead poor have been carted away, without even maimed rites or the bringing home of bell and burial. However, last year, the Emperor caused two chaplains to be attached to each of the three cemeteries, for the express purpose of reciting the prayers of the Church over the bodies of the poor; and instead of having the bodies placed one on the other, his Majesty directed that they should be placed side by side, and separated by earth. In addition to this, the Municipal Council of Paris has just decided that the bodies of persons not claimed by their families, of soldiers of the garrison, and of those taken to the Morgue, which have heretofore only been placed in packing cloth, shall henceforth be put in coffins, and that the chaplains shall be charged once a day to recite prayers over them also, though they are buried in an entirely separate part of the cemeteries."

It is worthy of observation that the ability and the profound as well as popular and beneficent system of the Emperor are at length reaping their reward in a popularity, which, the slower has been its growth, the more genuine and durable is it likely to prove. It was thought that the prosecution of Montalembert would injure the government, but on the contrary it has only served to show the isolation of the eloquent Catholic tribune, towards whom Napoleon III entertains no malice; àpropos of which it is related that the Emperor encountering him on a promenade, saluted the Count very courteously and pointed him out to the curiosity of the Empress. This little incident is one of those which show the tact and self-mastery of the remarkable man, who happily at this juncture disposes of the power of France.

3. Mgr. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris, on occasion of the state of war, has issued a mandement, in which, after recapitulating in forcible terms the causes which have led to the present hostilities, and the motives which should enlist every Catholic heart on the side of the Western powers, he calls upon the people to pray for the success of the French arms, in this just and "holy war," and orders the usual prayers to be said at mass every day for nine days, and on Sundays at all masses during the war. His Grace's view is essentially the same that has been taken by the Catholic prelacy as well as by the Catholic statesmen and publicists of Europe, namely, that Catholicism as well as civilization is threatened by the Russian aggression, which, nominally aiming at Turkey, is, in fact, an advance of the Greek schism towards the military subjugation of both East and West. Even Eugene Veuillot hardly uses stronger language in regard to the Eastern as a religious question, than does Mgr. Sibour. "To arrest the march of the giant," says Monseigneur, "is a question of life and death for the Church of Christ and the true orthodoxy."

4. There were a good many persons in England a few years ago, and there are still some, we believe, in America, who wished and wish for a modified, moderate, Anglo-Saxon Catholicity for these countries, to be ever free from the superstitions and the devotional excesses of France and Italy. These persons remind us always of a Puseyite gentleman, who, being shown the prayer "Anima Christi, sanctifica me" (Soul of Christ, sanctify me), remarked that it was not "Saxon." Those who consider that the ἦθος of Catholicism must be every where the same, and that it is the inseparable blooming and flower of its dogma, will read with interest the following letter which the Tablet significantly assures us "is from a source on which full confidence may be placed:"

> "The first wonder our travellers had to recount was their visit to a living saint, known all over France as M. le Curé d'Ars. He lives at a few miles from Lyons in a village possessed of no attraction save that of his being its curé. This village is composed of mud hovels, one being a sort of cabaret, which can be called neither an inn nor an hotel, being destitute of accommodation for travellers. Still to this wretched place must all crowd who want something to eat, and as those who come for confession to the curé, are sometimes kept waiting for forty-eight hours till it is their turn to see him, they are glad enough to obtain even this poor shelter. The saint's manner of life is this: he rises throughout the year at midnight, after having slept for two hours. Then he goes into the confessional, where crowds are waiting for him. An omnibus has been established at Lyons for the express purpose of conveying the pilgrims to him. At six o'clock, he offers the holy Sacrifice, then goes to the sacristy to speak with any that may require it — and there are always crowds — to bless rosaries, medals, &c. At twelve o'clock he takes his single meal, a small portion of bread and milk, never breaking his fast till the same hour of the day following. Dinner over, he

preaches, and then returns to the confessional. His preaching is absolutely nothing but a repetition of those famous words so familiar to St. John, the Evangelist, 'My children, love one another.' He chiefly insists on the happiness of loving God, often repeating the words, 'Oh qu'il est doux d'aimer le bon Dieu!' and at each repetition shedding torrents of tears The same occurs whenever he mentions the sufferings of our Blessed Lord and our obligation to love Him in return. When he preached on this subject before our travellers, he was obliged to stop from the profusion of his tears, and such was the effect on his congregation, that there was not one dry eye in the whole church. His manner, though so simple, was impressive and moving to an extraordinary degree. Nothing could be more striking than his personal appearance. He was the image of death, very old, had lost his teeth, and his cheeks had fallen in. He looked like a person dreaming, or rather walking in his sleep. He never seemed to look at, or to see any one. There was something altogether unearthly in the expression of his eye.

"The church itself is in character with its curé, being poor, small, and hung round with trophies of the miracles his prayers have obtained. He takes the sick to the altar of St. Philomena, and there prays with them, the result being an abundance of miracles. Very simple in his habits and unpretending, he never refuses to see or speak with any one that desires it. Yet he always seems absorbed, and as though not living in this world. 'His conversation appears truly to be in Heaven;' one of our party stopped him as he was passing through the church in his old, poor, mean surplice to preach. She asked him to bless her rosary. He stopped immediately, took it into both his hands, bent reverently over it for a moment, blessed and returned it, evidently without having seen, heard, or at least noticed her. This rosary she afterwards dipped in the fountain of La Salette. After confession she told him whither she intended going, and he replied, 'Vous pouvez y aller avec confiance.' When the Apparition of La Salette was first spoken of, those who disbelieved in its reality alleged, in support of their opinion, that the curé did not believe in it, and, till contradicted, this told very much against the belief in the Apparition. On our travellers asking people at Grenoble and elsewhere, if they knew the curé, the invariable answer was—'Of course, we know him; and who is there in France possessed of any piety that does not know the curé of Ars?' Several priests think it a sort of obligation to confess to him once or twice a year.

"From every corner of France pilgrims flock to him. Our whole travelling party succeeded in getting to confession to him, but, contrary to their expectations, he hurried them all. On inquiring afterwards, they found that he does this with many persons, while others are obliged to return two or three times, as he puts to them most searching questions, and sifts their consciences to the very bottom.

"As to La Salette, this party give many fresh particulars of great interest, having received them from Melanie's own lips. Melanie is altogether an altered being since the Apparition. The Rev. Mother of her convent says nothing can be more striking than this change. She has now actually become a refined spiritual person, a gentle, Madonna-like religious, engaging in her appearance, with rather shy, retiring manners. She can describe the Blessed Virgin's appearance, with the exception of her eyes. She says she could never meet them, they were so intensely bright. The whole face was luminous, and what has been called 'yellow,'—merely the two children's description of sunlight—golden colored. The wreath of roses round the Blessed Virgin's head was blue, red, and white. One of the party observed to Melanie—'Blue roses are never seen.' 'No matter,' replied Melanie, 'the Blessed Virgin had blue roses, and from each rose a ray of light proceeded, having something like a star in the middle.'

"The high headdress was made of light; it quivered all the time; and what was most striking, the figure of our Lord on the crucifix was as if alive! Melanie saw the blood most distinctly, and it was certainly alive, she says. When the Blessed Virgin left them, after crossing the brook, and walked up the mountain, she stopped at one spot, and turning her head over her shoulder, looked as if at some remote object. When this was described to some priests, they ascertained that she threw this lingering look in the direction of Rome.

"Melanie is frequently found in tears. She instructs a class of children, and the first prayer she teaches them to say is, 'Misericorde pour la France!' Though she keeps her secret inviolably, yet this much she had said in answer to the many questions put, that no prayers can avail to avert the predictions of the Blessed Virgin, and that what is to happen will happen in her (Melanie's) own life-time!

"She and the boy (Maximin) have an ardent desire for the conversion of England, and this conversion is supposed to be in some way part of their secret, so confidently do they speak of it. When one of the party explained to Maximin how obstinate the English were, and how far from a knowledge of the truth, he observed with great emphasis, 'Yes, England shall be converted.' Nay, Melanie, before making her profession, stipulated that if any Religious of her Order went to England, she would be of the number. This was one of the conditions of her vows, and the promise has been made her. One of the party advised her to commence learning the language at once, and offered her the English prayer-books she held in her hand, and Melanie accepted them with great pleasure. Melanie asked another lady of the party to teach her the 'Hail Mary!' in English. On Melanie's being told that, seeing so many persons, she would forget to pray for some at least whom she promised, and for the travellers among the rest, 'No, no,' she replied, 'the English I will never forget.' They are to send her English books to learn the language, and she intends entering into correspondence with them.

"Among other things, she said the Blessed Virgin was taller than Mrs. ———, whose stature is remarkable. No words can describe the beauty of the Blessed Virgin, and though many artists have endeavored to paint something like her from Melanie's account, and under her superintendence, she says they produce nothing in the least like her — that no picture or drawing gives the slightest idea of her. Tears were flowing fast from the Blessed Virgin's eyes, and Melanie saw them fall upon the ground. She looked very sorrowful; the tone of her voice was unlike anything ever before heard by Melanie — tender, languishing, and expressing the deepest affliction. When asked if, after a lapse of seven years, she might not have forgotten something of the Apparition, 'Oh, no,' answered Melanie, with great feeling, 'that never can be forgotten.'

"Maximin does not seem at all so interesting as Melanie. He is a great lad of seventeen. Still, when asked if the Apparition had not made him feel very happy, his reply was, 'Is it not since then I made my first communion?' He does not pretend to more piety than he possesses; he prefers play to study, and when asked if he were to be a priest, he replied, 'If I am good enough.' At the time of the Apparition he knew nothing of religion, but one of the ladies thought that since that event his ideas must have undergone a great alteration, and would expect replies from him expressive of interest and admiration for the wonders of our faith. But Maximin would say that all learning tired him, and that it was dull work.

"The church on the top of La Salette is a fine building, and nearly completed. They are also erecting two hospitals, one for men, under an order of La Salette Monks, the other for women, managed by La Salette Nuns. Many postulants are already on the mountain. One of these is said to have been raised from death to life! Her history is this: — long afflicted with internal cancer, she was also covered all over with large boils of twelve months' standing. In consequence she was bed-ridden, and so weakened that her recovery was wholly despaired of. Convulsive fits and paralysis followed. The last sacraments were administered, and prayers for the agonising said. Before dying she made two requests of her mother — one was to have a mass said for her the morning of her death; the other, to place in her hand, after her being laid out, a small image of our Lady of La Salette, which she had devotion to, and that it might be buried with her. These were her last words. She grew worse, and died that night. Her mother sent word to the parish church to have the mass said, and sat up with others to wake the corpse. In the course of the night she recollected her promise, and taking the image out of a press in the same room, she had no sooner laid it on her daughter's bosom than, to the astonishment of all present, the corpse gave a deep sigh, and was heard to articulate, 'O Divine Mère, si je dois vivre, c'est pour vous server toute ma vie sur votre sainte montagne!' Great was the terror of all present at this, but greater still did it become when the corpse gave signs of life by turning on one side. Sleep for three hours followed; and she who had been dead awoke in perfect health! — she who could not move herself in bed sat up, asked for her clothes, walked to church, and heard the very mass which was to have been said for the repose of her own soul. One of our travellers, Mr. ———, talked long with this person, who seemed to enjoy robust health. She has entered the Order of La Salette, though she does not remember the words uttered by her as above."

AUSTRIA: *Marriage of the Emperor.*

We give the ceremonies of this marriage from the Catholic Standard, as interesting in a more than ordinary sense, from the position in which the young Emperor stands to the Church:

"VIENNA, April 25th. — Yesterday evening, exactly as the clock of the Augustins struck the half-hour after 7, the Archbishop of Vienna concluded the marriage ceremony, and Austria had a third and reigning Empress. At 6, the above mentioned church, which is that containing the celebrated monument by Canova, was already occupied by those persons who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets at the Lord Steward's office. On each side of the high altar were the clerical dignitaries, among whom were three cardinals and eleven archbishops. In front of the altar was a platform some three feet higher than the floor, on which the Imperial pair knelt while the marriage ceremony was being performed, and immediately behind this were the seats occupied by the members of the Imperial family. The centre of the nave was occupied by the high dignitaries of the realm, the ladies of the palace, the diplomatic corps, and the foreign visitors of distinction, among whom were the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Coburg Gotha, and the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein Glucksburg. At a quarter past 6, the Imperial bride and bridegroom, accompanied by a numerous suite, proceeded along the so-called Corridor of the Augustins to the church, which was ornamented with crimson silk velvet hangings, and lighted up by about 10,000 candles. The youthful bride had on a white dress, richly embroidered with silver and gold, and wore a superb diadem of brilliants, to which was attached a rich lace veil, which fell over her shoulders. Her train was carried by the first lady of the bedchamber. On the arrival of the *cortege* in the church, the Archbishop and his assistants advanced to meet the Emperor and his bride, and after offering them the *aspersorium* (brush with holy water), retired to the altar. The Princess was then conducted by the Archduchess Sophia and the Duchess Louisa in Bavaria, (the mother of the bride) to her seat on the above mentioned platform, and His Majesty took his place on her right hand. As soon as the whole suite had got to their seats, the ceremony began with an address on the part of the Archbishop, which lasted more than half an hour, and was evidently too long for at least one of the parties present. The marriage service was then read, the rings exchanged, the blessing given; and at half-past 7, the thunder of cannon announced to the inhabitants of the capital that Elizabeth, Duchess in Bavaria, had become Empress of Austria. *Gloria in Excelsis* was then sung, and soon after the Emperor passed round to the left of his consort, gave her his right hand, and led her from the church to a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums. Soon after arrival of their Majesties at the palace, the foreign ministers were separately introduced to the Empress, and in the course of the evening the customary presentations and kissing of hands took place. The fair hand of the new Sovereign rested on an embroidered cushion, and the ladies, advancing according to their order of precedence, kissed it. The Imperial bride, in her way through the various galleries connecting the palace with the church, is said to have looked neither to the right nor to the left, but on her way back she could not refrain from casting a look of intelligence at the group of ladies of her own age, who were assembled to see her pass. It is universally admitted that the Empress of sixteen got through the severe ordeal of the court and marriage ceremonies wonderfully well; for, although somewhat flushed and excited, she was neither flurried nor embarrassed. For the edification of the lady world at home, a short description of the crown and other jewels, which have been placed at the disposal of the Empress, must be given. The Archduchess Sophia has presented her daughter-in-law with a diadem, necklace, and earrings of opals and diamonds, which she herself had received on her wedding day from the late Emperor Francis. The *façon* of these, as well as of the crown jewels, was somewhat antiquated, and the court jeweller, Biedermann, received instruction to reset them. What the value of the precious stones may be it is quite out of my power to say, but it is probable that some of the largest and finest rubies in the world are to be found there. The crown jewels now consist of a tiara, necklace, 'corsage,' and girdle of rubies and diamonds. The diadem worn at the marriage was of diamonds alone. When told that several of the rubies have an upper surface much larger than a half-crown piece, and that they are set with exquisite taste, you will be able to form some idea of the effect they are likely to produce in a brilliantly illuminated room. The complete set — tiara, necklace, corsage, and girdle — will be worn for the first time at a grand ball, which is to be given at court next week. Each reigning Empress has a right to wear the crown jewels, but when she sends for them to the *Schatzkammer*, (treasury), she must deposit a receipt until they are returned.

"In the long list of persons whom the Emperor has just distinguished by his favors, we find Count Radetzky, who has received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen in brilliants. The veteran soldier is the only man in the empire who has this distinction, and it is said that, according to the statutes of the order, he can apply to the Sovereign to confer on him the rank and title of a Prince. Ban Jellachich has been raised from the rank of a Baron to that of a Count, and the Minister of the Home Department will henceforth figure in Austrian history as Baron Bach. Count Buol has received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Leopold."

**England**: Offers little except general signs of Catholic confidence and activity. The work of organizing the dioceses proceeds steadily, and various new enterprises indicate the altered spirit of Catholics, who, at the same time that they are taking a higher social, political and literary position, are rapidly assimilating in what respects religion to the customs and feelings of the continental churches. It is felt that if a moderate, decorous, common-sense religion, free from all suspicion, (just or unjust) of extravagance, and not taxing the credulity of the Anglo-Saxon mind by any supernatural facts of a more recent date than the times of the Apostles, were required, it would be vain for any other communion to compete with the Anglican "High and Dry" in the realization of such an ideal; and it is certainly not in search of such a communion that so many Anglican clergymen have abandoned their livings and fellowships, and so many laymen their *status* and prospects. So the English Catholics are saying their beads honestly, like the Irish peasants, are crediting miracles and making pilgrimages, like the Germans and Italians!

IRELAND: 1. *Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty.* — 2. *Mr. Lucas in Parliament.* — 3. *The fund for John O'Connell, M. P.* — 4. *The inauguration of the Catholic University.*

1. On the Feast of St. Mark, (April 25) at the Metropolitan Cathedral, Dublin, the Rt. Rev. Dr. MORIARTY, late President of All-Hallows College, was consecrated as Bishop of Antigona, and coadjutor of the diocese of Kerry, by His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. CULLEN, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Limerick, and the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. The Rt. Rev. Bishops of Killaloe, Saldes and Bombay; the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, President of the Irish University; the Rev. Dr. Renehan, President of Maynooth College; the Very Rev. Dr. Yore; many other dignitaries, some two hundred of the parochial and regular clergy, and a numerous body of missionary students from the college of All-Hallows, were present. The music of the mass was the pure Gregorian Chant, intoned by the full body of priests, and the choral part led by the students of All-Hallows. The ministers were signs of the vast diffusion of Catholicism by the agency of the Irish race. They were, the Rev. Mr. Hasson, Savannah, — Deacon, and the Rev. Eugene McCarthy, Melbourne, — Subdeacon, of the High Mass; the Rev. Dr. Flannery, Secretary of the Propagation, assistant Priest; the Rev. L. Smith, Little Rock, Arkansas, and the Rev. M. O'Hara, New Zealand, — Deacons; and the Rev. P. Madden, Melbourne, cross-bearer. The Rev. Dr. B. Russell, of the order of Preachers, "wearing the white woollen robe, cincture and hood of the illustrious order of St. Dominick," preached the sermon. The ceremony is described as the most solemn and splendid that has been witnessed for a long time in the Irish Metropolis.

2. Mr. Lucas is become one of the most marked and influential personages of the House of Commons. He is always listened to, and never speaks without producing an impression. His sincerity, straight-forwardness, thorough information, practical tact in debate, and sustained oratorical ability, have acquired for him this position. There is perhaps no man in Parliament who holds one upon the whole more enviable, particularly as he is the uncompromising representative of a principle which in the end must prove victorious.

3. On Monday, April 24, a public meeting of "the friends and admirers of the late lamented Daniel O'Connell" was held in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, for the purpose of considering the best means of "sustaining the well tried and honest son of the 'Liberator,' John O'Connell, M. P., in his re-entry into Parliament, and save him from making those pecuniary sacrifices dependent upon his present position." There were more than 3,000 persons present, and among others Dr. Cahill, who made one of his effective speeches. A resolution was passed to initiate a subscription, in order that Mr. O'Connell might be completely independent of the Government in his parliamentary career, and experience no temptation to barter the rights and interests of his country for the emoluments of office.

4. A Rescript had been received from Rome, directing the archbishops and bishops of Ireland to assemble for the inauguration of the Catholic University. The 18th of May was the day said to be fixed upon.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE:

The Right Rev. Dr. Aiden Devereux, Bishop of Paneas, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape, died at Graham's Town, on Saturday, February 11, after a week's illness. His lordship was born at Wexford, in 1805, and was educated partly at Wexford and partly at the Royal College of Maynooth. He was afterwards curate at Wexford, where his health broke down in attendance upon the sick in the cholera: then Rector of the Irish College at Rome. He subsequently became an humble missionary in Africa, and in 1847 was made Vicar-Apostolic. It may show the respect in which he was held, that even the Anglican chaplain at Graham's Town followed the body to the grave.

CANADA:

His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec, has issued (May 11th) a pastoral, prescribing public prayers for the purpose of drawing down the blessings of Heaven on the allied armies of France and England. The most Rev. prelate says: "And truly, the Czar, when once master of Constantinople, and settled in the heart of the Turkish Empire, would then see the whole world prostrate at his feet; he would then be enabled to carry out his long cherished project of uprooting the Catholic religion in that part of the world, and of setting up in its stead the miserable schism of the Greek Church. He would then meet with no obstacle in the way of shutting up to Catholics all access to those time-honored and hallowed spots, which, above all others, they revere — the sacred grotto of Bethlehem and the holy sepulchre." "It is as Catholics especially," adds His Grace, "that we are to desire, for the combined armies, victory over a monarch, who, in his State, has oppressed Catholicism, has exiled and persecuted the ministers of the Lord, has scourged and starved[*] humble Nuns, for no other alleged crime than their fidelity to the see of the Prince of the Apostles. It is, then, the cause of the Church which has been confided to the armies of France and England." Thus from the heights of Abraham, as it were, stained with the blood of France and England, contending in deadly conflict, for a supremacy in the new world which *neither* was destined to maintain, a prelate who is French by descent and English by allegiance, invokes the help of the Almighty upon the armies of both nations, united for the first time since the crusades, and united, he tells his flock, in the same essential cause as then. The N. Y. Herald, which is thoroughly enlisted on the side of Russia, speaks of the Archbishop's Pastoral with great respect, but cannot forbear adding a characteristic opinion "that 'villanous salt-petre' will prove a more potent agent in conquering a peace than paters and aves on either side." We shall see!

UNITED STATES: 1. *Return of Archbishop Hughes — Gen. Cass's Speech. — 2. Shepherd of the Valley quoted in the Senate. — 3. Consecration of the Bishop of Erie. — 4. Accident at his installation. — 5. Consecration of Bishop of Monterey. — 6. Administration of Chicago. — 7. Bishop Bayley's purchase of a college-site. — Riots, Ordinations, Obituary, &c.*

1. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York arrived at his residence in that city, in good health, on Tuesday, May 16; and preached the following Sunday "to a large congregation full of joy and thankfulness at again seeing him."

In the Senate of the U. S. the Hon. Gen. Cass delivered on Monday, May 15, a speech on religious liberty, in which he reviewed at great length a letter of the Archbishop of New York on that subject, which appeared in the Freeman's Journal more than a year previous, in connection with the case of the Madiai. His Grace has published a card, in which he announces that he will reply to the Honorable Senator in about a fortnight — a delay rendered necessary by the pressure of his high duties.

2. At the conclusion of Gen. Cass's speech the following curious conversation occurred in the Senate:

Mr. BADGER (whig), of N. Carolina, asked if the Senator had seen a paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers, purporting to have been taken from the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a Catholic magazine (sic) in St. Louis, published under the authority and supervision of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, in which it was stated that as soon as the Catholic population of any State in this Union should get the supremacy, religious toleration would be at an end in that State.

---

[*] Scourged naked, in the presence of men, and caused to be violated by his brutal Cossacks, according to accounts which have never been disproved.

Mr. Cass said he had seen such a paragraph, imputed to that paper, but had not seen the paper itself.

Mr. Badger suggested to the Senator the propriety of amending his resolution so as to direct the committee to enquire and report such measures as would secure American citizens religious toleration at home.

Mr. Cass — *I think the Government has nothing to do with religious toleration at home.* That belongs to the States.

Mr. Badger asked the Senator to suppose a case — that one or more States should happen to fall within the case put by this paper, an event which he feared was not an improbable one — would not this Government occupy rather an awkward position in asking foreign Governments to grant to American citizens A RIGHT WHICH CONFESSEDLY THIS GOVERNMENT CANNOT SECURE TO THEM AT HOME?

Mr. Cass — The Senator supposes an improbable case.

And that is all the answer which Mr. Badger got, which was no answer certainly, as, according to the Senator's definition of liberty of conscience (to which the illustrious Archbishop of New York will, no doubt, do justice), this right is actually not granted at present in the State of New Hampshire, where Catholics are yet excluded from office. What is to prevent any of the States, according to the Senator's theory, forbidding the public exercise of the Catholic worship? It is clear that the Government of the United States is not sufficiently sovereign within its own territories, to be able, in negotiating this point, to offer foreign Governments A JUST RECIPROCAL GUARANTEE.

The next day the subject of the *Shepherd of the Valley* was called up by Mr. Mallory, of Florida, a Catholic, who said in effect that the article in the *Shepherd* had been disavowed, and the "dangerous ultraism" of the paper condemned, by the Archbishop of St. Louis, in a circular to the Catholics of his diocese. The Senator proceeded to vindicate, in eloquent language, the spirit of toleration which the Catholic Church in this country had ever exhibited, and to point out a flagrant instance of inequality, at least, operating against them, in the fact that while the majority of the seamen in our navy are Catholics, we have no Catholic navy chaplains. It is rather curious, if the fact be as Mr. Mallory stated, and no doubt believed, that the *Shepherd of the Valley*, one of the most esteemed of our journals, and deservedly so, is the actual official organ of the Archbishop of St. Louis at this time. We refrain from anticipating in any way the observations of our valued cotemporary on this passage of Congressional debate.

3. The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Josue M. Young, D. D., Bishop of Erie, took place on Sunday, April 23, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati was the consecrator; the assistant Bishops were the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rappe, Bishop of Cleveland. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg. The Catholic Telegraph remarks that it was the seventh consecration of a Bishop in the Cathedral of Cincinnati.

4. On Sunday, May 7, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Young was installed as Bishop of Erie, in St. Patrick's church, Erie. This interesting ceremony was interrupted by a tragical accident, resulting in loss of life. At the instant that the Bishop was about to give his solemn benediction, the gallery of the church, which was overcrowded, gave way and fell with a tremendous crash. Many persons were injured by the accident itself, and in the rush of terror which followed. Three have died; all the rest are said to be in a fair way of recovery.

5. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Amat, Bishop of Monterey, in California, was consecrated on the 12th of March, in the church of the College of Propaganda, at Rome, by His Eminence, Cardinal Fransoni.

6. Diocese of Chicago. Invention of the Holy Cross, 1854. The Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis has appointed the Very Rev. James Duggan, of the diocese of St. Louis, administrator of the diocese of Chicago, until a bishop shall be given to that see.

7. Diocese of New Jersey. The Rt. Rev. Bp. Bayley has purchased Chégaray Place, near Madison, N. J., in a beautiful and healthy country, with the intention of opening it as a college and seminary.

8. On Sunday, May 7, there occurred a series of riotous proceedings in Boston, caused by a pretended lunatic, named Orr, calling himself the "Angel Gabriel," who undertakes to preach in the streets on the evils of Popery and invites the people thereto by the blowing of a horn. The mob thus collected attacked the "Irish Settlement" (so called) at Chelsea, and afterwards Bellingham Church, from which they threw down the Cross into the street, trampled on it and broke it into pieces. The mob consisted of several thousands: the police was out, the bells were rung, and the Chelsea light infantry were under arms. In East Boston the same evening, about five hundred persons assembled, threatening to tear down the Catholic church, but were dispersed by the watch. Attempts at riot were made subsequently in other places. We record this violence and sacrilege as incidents keeping up the tradition of the popular persecution of Catholics in the Bay State.

9. On the 8th of May, the Convent and Chapel of the Sisters of the Visitation at Mobile were destroyed by fire. The loss, estimated at from 15 to 20 thousand dollars, sweeps away all the economies and fruits of the labor of the Sisters for twenty years. There was, unfortunately, no insurance.

10. The Rt. Rev. Bp. FITZPATRICK arrived in Rome on the 22d March, in excellent health.

11. The *Detroit Catholic Vindicator* appears in a new type, on a larger sheet, and extremely well printed. It is edited with an unusual degree of literary ability, as well as spirit, by GARDNER JONES, Esq., a convert.

12. *Ordinations.*

DIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS. Wednesday, April 5. By the Most Rev. Abp. BLANC. Priesthood — the Rev. J. Poyet, formerly of the diocese of Lyons.

DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA. April 15, By the Rt. Rev. Bp. NEUMANN. Priesthood — Revs. Chas. McEnroe and Patrick Fitzmaurice. Deaconship — Revs. —— McArdle and John Davis. Subdeaconship — MM. James Barrett and Thomas Keirans.

DIOCESE OF GALVESTON. March 18. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. ODIN. Subdeaconship — M. George A. Speth. Priesthood — M. Antoine Borias.

13. *Religious Professions.*

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE. May 1. Convent of Visitation, Frederick, Md. Sisters Mary Benedicta (Boone) and Mary Simplicia (Yost) took the vows; and Miss Honora Brennan (Sister Mary Barbara) the habit. — May 13. Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore. Miss Sarah Fortune took the habit and the name of Sister Mary Sulpice.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. April 27. Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence. Sisters Mary Agnes Francis (Miss Jane Agnes Major), and Mary Liguori (Miss Mary P. Major), took the vows. The Bishop of Hartford received them. April 19. The Bishop gave the habit and white veil to Miss Maria Edwards (Sister Mary Philomena) and Miss Sarah O'Brien (Sister Mary Gonzaga).

14. *Obituary.*

In Fulton Co., N. Y,. JOHN HOLLAND, Esq., a native of Newry, County Down, Ireland, and a refugee of '98, in the 82nd year of his age.

At N. York, Tuesday, April 18th, the Rev. John Carroll, in the 27th year of his age.

At Washington, D. C., April 30, the Very Rev. William Matthews, Pastor of St. Patrick's church, in the 84th year of his age. Father Matthews was born in Charles county, Maryland, Dec. 16, 1770, and was the fifth priest, the first American-born, that was ordained in the United States. He studied at St. Omer's, and on his return home entered the theological Seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, on the 3d of Sept., 1797. He received Tonsure and Minors, Dec. 23, 1798, was made subdeacon on the 22d August, 1799, deacon on the 26th March, 1800, and priest on the 29th March, being the Saturday before Passion Sunday. He had, consequently, been fifty-four years in the priesthood, and more than fifty pastor at Washington, where he was justly and universally revered as a patriarch. His funeral was attended by crowds of all religious denominations, and was a very impressive ceremonial. A solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated at the church of the deceased pastor, and the psalms of the office were chanted, amid signs of universal respect, as the long procession passed on through the streets of Washington.

THE

# Metropolitan.

**Vol. II.** **JULY, 1854.** **No. 6.**

## THE SAINTS AND BEATIFIED SERVANTS OF GOD,

### WHO HAVE FLOURISHED IN AMERICA.

St. Francis Solano had, as we have seen, evangelized the south and the Pacific shore. On the very year of his death, embarked for America a holy Father of the Society of Jesus, destined to become the Apostle of Carthagena, and the slave of the slave. The Blessed Peter Claver was born at Verdu in Catalonia in the year 1581, of parents eminent for piety and virtue, who instilled like qualities into his infant heart from the very cradle. In youth his piety and love of study won general admiration, and every preferment was open to him, but zeal for his neighbor's salvation led him to enter the Society of Jesus. His reputation was such that he was instantly admitted on his application in August, 1602. After a fervent noviceship, he was sent to the college of Majorca and there had the inexpressible happiness of enjoying the direction of the Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, then porter of the college, an eminent contemplative, from whom Claver derived much spiritual profit, and even a knowledge of his future career. Before completing his studies, he solicited the American mission, and was sent out in 1610. From that time he never asked about Spain, and seemed to have forgotten everything but the land of his labors. Completing his studies at Santa Fé de Bogota, he was ordained at Carthagena in 1615, and from that moment devoted himself to the care of the negro slaves. No sooner did a slaver reach the port than he hastened on board with his interpreters, a basket of delicacies for the sick, and other necessaries. The sick were the first objects of his zeal. Gaining their good will by his kind and gentle manner, he instructed them in the doctrines of Christianity; and if there was danger, baptized them. He then began his regular instructions for those in health, which he continued from day to day, till they were prepared for baptism. Then, on an appointed day, he administered the sacrament to all, after a touching exhortation to persevere in virtue. The amount of his toil may be conceived, when we learn that at that time ten or twelve thousand slaves were annually landed at Carthagena. Nor did this include all, as many slavers, to avoid the custom-house duties, landed their cargo on the coast and pretended that they belonged to former licensed importations, and were already baptized. The zeal of the servant of God was more active than the interest of the government officers; he discovered most of these negroes, instructed and baptized them. Not wearied with these labors, he visited the hospitals, and especially that of the Incurables and Lepers, whom he nursed with the greatest charity. The poor forsaken negroes, too, in their hovels, were never too forlorn or too distant to escape him. So long did he breathe the pestiferous atmosphere of these abodes of misery, that his taste and smell were entirely lost. Besides all this, his austerities were frightful: his life was a miracle, as nothing but a miracle could have sustained it in such a climate, where a scratch is often fatal. Over the negroes, he maintained a general direction; he had regular masses, instructions and devotions for them; he was their pastor, their father, their protector. In their behalf he frequently exercised the miraculous powers with which God, in a most eminent degree, invested him. Among the Spaniards he labored reluctantly, as they had clergy in abundance; but the poor could always have recourse to him, and for them, as for Moors, and heretics or unbelievers, he spared no toil.

During the season when slavers were not accustomed to arrive, he traversed the country, visiting plantation after plantation, to give spiritual consolation to the slaves. For a time, also, he was sent to labor among the Indians near the Isthmus, the field of the labors of St. Louis Bertrand, but, being seized with a fatal fever, he was carried back to Carthagena; there, partly recovering, he renewed his labors, but was again prostrated, and for the last four years of his life was scarcely able to move. Such was the poverty and wretchedness of the Jesuits, that he had no attendant but a negro boy, and men were actually tearing down the house when he died, on the 8th of September, 1654, at the age of 72, a faithful imitator of the great Xavier. His canonization was immediately undertaken and almost brought to a close in 1747; but the suppression of his order and the troubles in Europe deferred the publication of the brief till the 29th of August, 1848, when he was solemnly beatified by Pope Pius IX.*

St. Rose of Lima is one of whom we scarce need write. Her devotion extends from Canada to Patagonia: her name is given in baptism to the children of the faith throughout the continent; it marks the convents, missions and towns of the last two centuries.

Her life is one of the most wonderful on record: it is entirely beyond the ordinary course of the operations of nature and grace, and is proposed by the Church rather as an object of admiration than of imitation, to those of her sex and age.

Born at Lima, on the 20th of April, 1586, of Gaspar de Flores, a native of Porto Rico, of Spanish extraction, and Maria de Oliva, an Indian, she received in baptism the name of Isabella, but by her mother was almost as soon styled "Rose," from the beauty of her complexion; and having been confirmed under this name by St. Turibius, bears it in the dyptics of the Church.

As she grew up, she evinced a total aversion to the vanities of the world and a love of suffering; and while, on the one hand, her mother sought every means to guard and heighten the beauty of her lovely child, Rose made all her decorations objects of pain and mortification; for, mindful of filial duty, she cheerfully obeyed on all occasions.

At the age of five she took as her patroness St. Catharine of Sienna, and resolving to imitate her in all things, consecrated herself to God by a vow of virginity, and formed a resolution never to eat flesh meat unless ordered to do so. This was not enough, however, to satisfy her love of suffering: she also abstained from

---

*Fleurian: Life of B. Peter Claver; Abridged Life, N. York; Butler, Feb. 5, *Note.*

all kinds of fruit, fasted frequently, and on Fridays mingled her scanty portion with gall or wormwood. Such austerities soon rendered bread and water the only food which she could take, and for the rest of her life she may be said to have fasted perpetually.

Forming a little hermitage in her father's garden, she spent her time there in prayer and labor, interrupted only by pious reading; for, uninstructed by men, she had learned to read and write. Heavenly favors, ecstacies, revelations, suddenly followed, as so often happens in the servants of God, by dryness, temptation, and spiritual abandonment, daily achieved her sanctification. Her life was so extraordinary that St. Turibius appointed a commission of theologians to examine and see whether she was not the victim of a delusion: but after a long scrutiny, their sound and learned judgment decided that she was evidently directed by the Spirit of God.

Her parents, who had been hitherto affluent, now fell into poverty, and the task of supporting them devolved chiefly on Rose. She did not shrink from the duty: still giving much time to her interior exercises, she found enough left to accomplish more work than any of her companions. This cause compelled her to remain in the world, for though urged to enter a newly founded convent of Poor Clares, her mother absolutely refused her consent and pressed her to marry. Rose then confessed her vow of virginity, which defeating the hopes of her parents, drew upon her a series of persecutions, even to blows, and ill treatment of every kind. Amid this storm she displayed the humility and obedience which had always characterized her, and at last she triumphed. Left in peace to pursue her vocation and her imitation of St. Catharine, she begged leave to take the habit of the third order of St. Dominic. This project her mother still opposed, but Rose being divinely enlightened, beheld the future open: she saw a convent of St. Catharine rise in her native city, and in it herself and her mother in the habit which she so ardently desired. She declared this firmly in spite of the ridicule which her prophecy encountered: and as we shall see, that prophecy, contrary to every human probability, was actually accomplished.

Soon after completing her twentieth year, her mother yielded, and she received the Dominican habit in August, 1606, and thus devoted to God, yet remaining in the world, continued to serve her family, to edify her neighbor, and to devote herself to works of mercy, especially visiting the sick and wretched, on whom she lavished every care. Full of zeal for the conversion of the Indian tribes, to whom she was allied by blood, she aroused the devotion and courage of apostolic men, and by her burning words urged them to new labors. Her own words and example, nay, her very appearance, converted many from a life of sin, while her care and devotion to them in their maladies won many more. Hers was not a useless life, even in the eyes of the world, which so often reviles the cloister: and it will, perhaps, easily pardon her most extraordinary austerities, when it considers that in spite of them, and impelled by the self-same spirit which prompted them, she accomplished more works of philanthropy than a hundred ladies, whose life is spent in boudoirs and saloons, who suffer only from the effects of late hours and other sacrifices to the prince of this world.* But the world, naturally, does not condemn these last so warmly as it does those who choose to suffer a little for God's sake.

---

* "I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has,"

Says Lucifer in the Golden Legend, and it is but too true.

As the close of her life drew near, she was frequently, to all appearance, at the point of death, but herself foretold the place of that event and thus reassured her friends. She was to die in the house of her friend, Senora Gonzales de Mesa, and begged that when she was dead, none but her own mother and that lady should lay out her corpse for burial.

On the 23d of August, 1617, Father John de Lorenzana, her confessor, was about to leave her in the evening, when she asked the last blessing. "I will give it to-morrow," he replied.—"It will be too late," said Rose, "at the first hour of the festival of St. Bartholomew, I shall go to meet the bridegroom who calls me." Begging pardon of all present, she then made her profession of faith, received the last sacraments, and during her thanksgiving calmly expired, on the 24th of August, 1617, in the 32d year of her age. "Jesus be ever with me!" were her last words, as they were the first she had ever uttered.

On the news of her death the whole city crowded to Mesa's house, so that the soldiery were required to preserve order: rank and distinction were forgotten: the Spanish noble and the poorest Indian struggled alike to reach the body of the saint. From this moment she was invoked as a saint, and miracles rewarded the faith of her clients. The convent of St. Catharine's, founded according to her prediction, and the entrance into it of her mother and many others, as she had foretold, confirmed the confidence of the people. The process of her canonization was begun. "The whole life of Rose," said Father Antonio de la Nega Loaysa, of the Society of Jesus, when under oath, "the whole life of Rose, from her cradle to her latest breath, was a continuous miracle." Fuller testimony confirmed this: and after the usual close examination, she was beatified by Alexander VII, in 1666, but her cultus was confined to the Dominicans and Peru. This did not satisfy the piety of the faithful; in 1669, although not yet canonized, she was declared protectress and principal patron of all the churches of the new world. In the following year the decree of her canonization was published, though the bull was not issued or the solemnization performed, till the 12th of April, 1671.

Saints flourished likewise in the cloister. Lima possessed two holy lay-brothers of the order of St. Dominic, who have been raised to the rank of Beati. The Blessed Martin Porras was a mulatto, and as too oftens happens, the fruit of an illicit intercourse. Left at first in the care of his negro mother, in poverty and vice, he displayed the greatest modesty, piety and charity for the poor. Touched by this, his father, a knight of Alcantara, acknowledged his pious child, and had him educated. Able now to give more time to prayer, and to nourish his mind by reading, Martin rapidly advanced in sanctity. The Church, the hospital, the homes of affliction, were his only haunts of pleasure. When he had attained the age of 22, he resolved to fly the world and applied for admission into the order of St. Dominic. Father Francis de Vega, prior of the convent of the Rosary, gladly received one already regarded as a saint. As a religious, all his virtues acquired new strength, but for humility he became truly eminent. It was with delight therefore, that he found himself made infirmarian, and enabled thus to render the most humble services to his brethren. Accustomed from youth to the care of the sick, he possessed a skill and knowledge which particularly fitted him for the labor to which charity had called him from his cradle. Some time after his profession, a pestilential fever broke out in Peru; and Martin was permitted to serve the poor. Limatombo was the first theatre of his zeal: Spaniard, negro, Indian, alike received his care. He cured many, consoled all; inspired sorrow for sin, resignation and love for God. In death he assisted his penitents, and afterwards gave them decent interment. Recalled to Lima by his superiors, he renewed his career of charity, and the miraculous cures which he effected, apparently by trifling herbs, made all look up to him as a saviour. His convent was surrounded by the sick, and at last his superiors allowed him to make it a hospital, those of the city being full. His sister next gave her house for the same purpose, for his charity and zeal were such that none could help being carried away by it.

When the epidemic ceased, he became the almoner of Lima: his hand was the ordinary channel of charity: he relieved the bashful poor, youth whom poverty exposed to temptation, and those whom sickness prevented from even seeking alms. His spirit of prophecy enabled him to foresee the result of each case of sickness: so that when any one of his friends fell ill and received no visit from Brother Martin, it was certain that he would recover.

His humility induced him to ascribe the cures he performed to his medicinal plants, and his knowledge of diseases to experience; but the archbishop elect of Mexico falling ill, and being abandoned by physicians, summoned Martin, and commanding the brother to touch his side, recovered his health. So clear a miracle could not be concealed.

After a life of such charity, of prayer and of austerities, the Blessed Martin was warned of his own end, and prepared to die. A last trial came. He who had consoled thousands in death, was himself bereft of all comfort, temptation assailed him; but at last he calmly expired on the 3d of November, 1639, at the age of 60, nearly forty of which had been spent in the religious state. Regarded by all as a saint, his death was deplored as a general calamity, except when it was considered that his charity could not be less fervent in heaven, or his heart have grown cold when clasped to the heart of that Jesus whom he had so faithfully served. His intercession was invoked, his relics were sought, and such were the crowds that flocked to his tomb, that fourteen years after his death his cell was changed into a chapel, and his uncorrupted body transferred to it.

Lima called for his canonization, and after the usual proceedings, he was beatified by Pope Pius VII.*

The Blessed John Massias was born in Estremadura in 1585, of poor and pious parents. Heir of these virtues, his early years was spent as a shepherd, till he was called by God to America. Landing at Carthagena, he made his way on foot to Lima, and applied for admission at the Dominican Convent of St. Mary Magdalen, where he was received on the 23d of January, 1622; for though he was unknown, his piety, gravity and modesty prepossessed all in his favor. He was soon made porter, and entrusted with the distribution of alms, and in this ministry spent the rest of his life. No poor person could escape his charitable search — none ever went from him without receiving relief. All were astonished how a poor religious obtained the means of bestowing such alms; but as one biographer remarks, "If he gave from the store-house of God, which is infinite, what wonder that he gave so much?" His charity was not confined to bodily wants; he daily instructed the poor who came to the door, in their catechism, and made them touching exhortations.

A severe illness, produced by his austerities, spread a general grief through Lima, followed by as general a joy at his recovery, for as he told one who came to weep beside him: "Stop! this vile worm is not ripe yet."

---

*Touron Hist. de l'Am. xii, 544.

His knowledge of the secrets of the heart, his insight into the future, and his zeal for God's glory, enabled him to draw many from vice; none could resist his words, for conceal their disorders as they might, they felt that all was known to him. Conversions of the most remarkable character are ascribed to the Blessed Massias. At last, after twenty-four years spent in the service of his neighbor by day, and in prayer and austerities by night, he was seized with a fatal malady in August, 1645, and after an illness of three weeks, during which he was visited by the most eminent persons of the city, expired, as he had predicted, on the 17th of September. His death was no sooner known, than the convent was besieged; so eager were thousands to possess some of his relics, that the body was saved with difficulty. After his solemn obsequies, his tomb was the resort of the afflicted, so that on the first anniversary of his death, his cell having been enlarged into a chapel, his body was transferred to it.

Proceedings for his canonization were undertaken at an early date, and he too was beatified by Pope Pius VII.

In the same year the Blessed Mariana de Paredes y Flores closed her mortal career; the last American raised by an official act to the veneration of the faithful, she is the counterpart of the Rose of Lima, and has long been known in ecclesiastical history as the Lily of Quito. Born in that city, on the 31st of October, 1618, she inherited from her father, a noble officer named Don Jerome Paredes, a deep and tender piety. Her early years showed a self-sacrificing devotion, and a love of suffering. Guided by the Jesuit Fathers, she heard the story of the martyr church of Japan, and was enflamed with a desire of converting the heathen. Taking in her first communion the name of Mariana de Jesus, at twelve she bound herself by the three vows of religion, and soon after, with three companions, whom she had gained by the fire of her zeal, she left her father's house to go and convert the Indians. Brought back from her wild attempt, she next resolved to lead an eremitical life, and retired to a hermitage near Quito. She was induced to leave it, when shown by her directors that such was not, and could not be her duty. Her father's house was thenceforward the shrine of her virtues: not called to the cloister, she remained to hallow the secular state, and in it, guided by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, she made rapid progress in the way of perfection. Giving to the poor her dowry, she led a life of austerity and penance, similar to that of St. Rose, being ever ready to sacrifice herself for others. An occasion soon offered for an heroic act of this virtue. A pestilence ravaged Quito in 1645; Mariana, in prayer in the church, offered herself a sacrifice for the people — the offering was accepted — she died, and the pestilence ceased. Her body arrayed in a Franciscan habit, was laid out in the church of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and the people of the city flocked around it as around a holy corpse, to touch their beads and reliquaries, and implore her prayers.

The Society of Jesus adopted her cause and became the postulants for her canonization; their suppression checked, their restoration renewed the process, and she was at last beatified by Pius IX, on the 20th of November, 1853.*

Such are the saints and beatified servants of God, who have flourished in America, unless with many we believe, that St. Ansgar reached Greenland. Besides these, however, several in Europe are closely connected with the history of the Church in America. St. Pius V took a deep interest in the missions to the Western World; St. Francis Borgia, while general of his order, founded missions in the Chesapeake Bay, Florida, Cuba and Mexico; Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez formed a Claver and other heroic missionaries expressly and prophetically for that field; St. Francis Regis burned with a desire to labor amid the snows of Canada, was even appointed to that mission, but was unexpectedly recalled; and many another, like Maria de Agreda, in her cloister, labored in spirit amid the native tribes of the Western World, but their history is not written here below; it is inscribed in the book of Divine knowledge.

---

* Notice in American Celt.

# THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—II.

## CHAPTER II.

### OF LIBERTINUS, SUPERIOR OF THE SAME MONASTERY.

GREGORY.—Libertiuus, a most reverend man, who, in the time of Totila, King of the Goths, was Superior of this monastery at Fundi, lived and was instructed under his direction, (that of Honoratus). Concerning whom, though the sure testimony of the multitude has published a number of extraordinary works, yet the aforesaid Lawrence the Religious, who is now living, and at that time was most familiarly acquainted with him, was accustomed to tell me many things, a few of which, such as I remember, I will relate.

In the province of Sammium, which I mentioned before, he was once journeying on business of the monastery. And whereas Darida, general of the Goths, happened to be in the same place, with his army, the servant of God was dismounted from the horse he was riding, by Darida's men. He, cheerfully suffering the loss of the animal, offered also to the enemy the whip which he held, saying: "Take this, that you may have wherewith to drive the beast;" which said, he forthwith betook himself to prayer. Marching rapidly, the general's army came to the river called Vulturnus, and thereupon all and each began to prick their horses with spears, and to gore them with spurs; but the horses, wounded with blows and bloody with spurring, might be wearied indeed, but not moved; and feared to touch the water of the river, as if it had been a fatal precipice. When then all the horsemen had become tired out with this beating of the animals, one of them reasoned that because of the injury they had done the servant of God on the way, were they suffering this delay of their journey. Upon this, immediately turning back, they found Libertinus prostrate in prayer. To whom, when they said, "Arise, take thy horse:" he answered, "Keep him and welcome, I have no need of a horse." But they dismounting, raised him, unwilling, upon the steed from which they had thrown him, and forthwith departed. Whose horses now so quickly passed over the river, which before they could not cross, that it was as if the bed of the river had been emptied of its waters. And thus it happened, that when to the servant of God his only horse was restored, every one else recovered the use of his own.

Again, about the same time, came Bucellinus at the head of the Franks, into the district of Campania. A rumor had gone abroad concerning the monastery of the same servant of God, that it was possessed of great riches. The Franks, then, having entered the chapel, began furiously to hunt out Libertinus, to shout Libertinus! where he himself lay prostrate in prayer. A thing truly wonderful! the enraged Franks searching for him, as they entered, brushed against him, yet could not see him. And thus, frustrated by blindness, they went away from the monastery empty.

Another time he was going to Ravenna, on business of the monastery, at the command of the Abbot who had succeeded Honoratus, his master. Through love of the venerable Honoratus, Libertinus was accustomed always to carry in his bosom, a sandal of his, wherever he went. While then he was on his way, it happened that a certain woman bore along the dead body of her little son. Who, when she recognized the servant of God, urged by the love of her child, seized his horse by the rein, and adjuring him, said, "May you never leave this place, till you restore my child." He, considering how extraordinary would be such a miracle, trembled at the solemnity of her entreaty; he wished to avoid the woman; but being quite unable to do so, hesitated. It is well to reflect what a conflict must have arisen in his breast. There strove his wonted humility, with the piety of the woman: fear lest he should presume too much, with grief lest he should not aid the bereaved mother. But to the glory of God, mercy conquered in that breast, which was *therefore* mighty, because vanquished; for pious it could not have been, if pity had not prevailed. He dismounted, therefore, fell on his knees, lifted his hands to heaven, drew the sandal from his bosom and laid it upon the breast of the dead boy. While he was praying, the soul returned to the body of the dead child; whom he took by the hand, restored living to the weeping mother, and proceeded on his way.

Peter. — What shall we say of this? that the merit of Honoratus, or the prayer of Libertinus, procured this great miracle?

Gregory.— In the manifestation of so wonderful a work, the virtue of both was joined with the faith of the woman; and therefore I suppose Libertinus could do these things because he had learned to trust rather to the virtue of his master, than to his own. For he thought that the spirit of him whose sandal he placed upon the corpse, would obtain what he sought. So Eliseus, bearing the mantle of his master, and coming to the Jordan, struck it once and the waters were not divided; but immediately, when he said, "Where is now the God of Elias?" and struck the river with the mantle of his master, he made a way through the waters. Dost thou observe, Peter, in great works how much humility avails? Then could he manifest the virtue of the master, when he recalled his name to memory. For when he returned to humility under his master, what the master had done, he himself also did.

Peter. — I am well pleased with what you say; but let me ask, is there nothing else you can tell of him for our edification?

Gregory. — There is, certainly; but whether there be those who wish to imitate! Truly, I think the virtue of patience greater than signs and wonders. For once on a time, he who, after the decease of the venerable Honoratus, held the rule of the monastery, became so enraged against Libertinus, that he struck him with his hands. And because he could find no stick with which to attack him, catching up a footstool, he beat him with it upon the head and face, till his whole front was swollen and livid; who, thus terribly wounded, retired in silence to his own bed. On the next day there were some legal affairs to be attended to, for the good of the monastery. Matins therefore being ended, Libertinus came to the bedside of the Abbot and humbly begged to make a request. But the latter, knowing how much he was honored and beloved by all, thought that on account of the injury he had done him, he wished to leave the monastery; and inquired, "Whither do you wish to go?" To whom he answered, "A process has been appointed, Father, for the affairs of the monastery, which I cannot avoid; and because yesterday I promised I would go, I have made arrangements to do so." Then the Abbot, considering from the bottom of his heart, his own roughness and severity, the humility and gentleness of Libertinus, leaped from the bed, embraced the feet of Libertinus, and declared that he had sinned, that he himself was guilty, who had presumed to offer so cruel an insult to such a man. But on the other hand, Libertinus casting himself upon the earth, and prostrate at his feet, attributed to his own fault and not to the other's violence, what he had suffered. And thus it happened, that the Father was brought to great meekness; and the humility of the disciple got the mastery of the master. When then he had gone forth to assist at the case in behalf of the monastery, many persons of note and high rank, who held him in great honor, much wondering, inquired of him anxiously, what it meant, that his face was so swollen and bruised. To whom he answered, "Yesterday, as I deserved for my sins, I came into collision with a foot-stool, and so got the injury you see." Thus the good man observing from his heart, reverence of the truth and of his Superior, neither betrayed the fault of a Father, nor incurred the sin of falsehood.

PETER.—Think you, that this venerable man, of whom you have related such distinguished virtues, left none out of so large a congregation, to imitate him in his memorable acts?

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—V.

(ROME).

AT length the heart is full, as I stand on the banks of the Tiber and gaze with strange emotions on this mighty city, the fairest of the world "*rerum pulcherrima Roma.*" To me there is something exceedingly expressive and puissant in that brief word. It is the word, with which memory, the great enchantress, calls up the spectral past, and traces in dim and awful review, the images of kings and people, of consuls and tribunes, of emperors and pontiffs, of battling hosts and triumphant pageants, of rampant vice and heroic virtue, of pride and humiliation, of pomp and misery, of gorgeousness and ruin! Who indeed can read the history of Rome, without deep interest in her vicissitudes and sorrows, or look unmoved on this spectacle, when like the poet's hero, "*exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.*" As I tread the *via sacra,* where Horace sauntered and mused; or stand on the Mosiac floor of Mœcenas, where the Roman lyrist and his brother bards recited their classic lines; or rest awhile on the site of Cicero's house, where he penned his *Opera diva;* or traverse the forum, whose every inch is sculptured with immortal deeds, I freshen the memory of early life, when we read the imperishable works of Roman orators, historians or poets, with some of that enthusiasm which Pliny and Erasmus confess; with that love of the ancients of which Claudian speaks:

> Dilectæque urbis tenero conceptus ab ungue
> Tecum crevit amor.

As the panorama revolves and exhibits the pictured past, look at those togaed chiefs, with their strongly marked physiognomy, their hardy frames, their resolute air, their proud, defiant, conquering eye: Camillus and Coriolanus, Fabius and Paulus Œmilius, Scipio and Marcellus, Marius and Sylla, Cicero and Cato, Crassus and Lepidus, Brutus and Cassius, Cæsar and Pompey, Anthony and Augustus! Look too at the female train as it appears: Cornelia and Agrippina: and Livia, Julia, Messalina, Poppœa, Faustina! Happy indeed that the virtues of the mother of the Gracchi and the noble wife of Germanicus can soften the harsh shades cast by the vices of so many of their sex; of whom we may say in the words of Tacitus, describing the wife of Nero: "Huic mulieri cuncta alia fuêre, præter honestum animum" — gifted with every charm, but devoid of a virtuous heart. . . Look again. Ah! there are the delvers in the intellectual mines, the finders of rare gems, the fashioners, in many modes, of precious ores: Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Ovid, Propertius; Valgius, Varius, Sallust, Livy, Nepos, Varro, with their brethren; and dear old Cicero, with his pardonable weaknesses, his glorious gifts, his honest heart! And then the patrons who shine in the reflected light of genius; Mœcenas, Messala, Agrippa, Pollio, and Augustus himself; much as we detest the hard selfishness of this first of the imperial Cæsars and his inexpiable crime in sacrificing Tully to Anthony's rage. . . .

(PAGANISM — CHRISTIANITY).

But let the splendors of a purer era appear. If we scan solely the space of eighteen hundred years, how can we fail to admire the wisdom of God, to adore his providence, to acknowledge his goodness, signalized in this land of wonders? The architect may glory in its unrivalled fabrics; the antiquary rejoice in disinterred treasures; the artist revere the peerless models grouped before his eyes; the scholar, amid classic memorials, love this city as his alma mater; the historian ponder the monuments of Rome and search among its archives; the philosopher speculate on its original grandeur and dissolution: but the Christian who sees "the Almighty looking down from heaven on the children of men;" who acknowledges His government and extols His religion among the nations, discovers in the series of events, chronicled through many ages, holier influences, sweeter reminiscences, sublimer marvels. He beholds them in the wide-spread and woful desolations of this imperial domain; in the overthrow of strongholds deemed impregnable; in the crumbling temples of antiquity and the basilics which rise upon their ruins; but more signally in the habits, sentiments, destinies of its people. It is the result of the combat of two great principles, the Divine and the Human; the triumph of truth over error; of the power of God over the passions of men. Let Gibbon look down from the heights of the capitol and mourn the victory of Christianity over Heathenism. He reasons "according to the rudiments of the world and not according to Christ;" but the disciple of a crucified Lord will ever exult in the supremacy of the Cross, and be thankful that this great lesson has been given to magnify the good and abase the wicked. . . .

Blot out the latest characters on the scroll of time; renew the palmiest days of Rome; raise the fallen column; repair the dismantled amphitheatre; restore the crushed palace of the Cæsars; bring back the insignia and energy of their empire; unpeople the sepulchres, and fill the streets and houses with the hum of Pagan multitudes. The mistress of the world is arrayed in countless charms, and fortified with the panoply of irresistible power. See the opulence, the luxury, the refinement of the people! See, too, their arrogance and cruelty? The riches of the world are at their feet; the spoils of subjugated realms are poured into their repositories; purple and gems of gold flash in their halls and public ways; the streets are faced with rarest marbles and lined with statues, equal to the number of the inhabitants; their roads and aqueducts, and arches and temples are chefs d'œuvre of an artistic age. Their wise men are oracles; their armies, conquerors of kings; their Emperors, masters of unnumbered provinces! What more is needed to aggrandize this idol before which the world lies prostrate? . . . . The voice of prayer addresses an unknown God; a humble altar is raised among those costly shrines; a novel doctrine assails the proud and sensual creeds of Rome; the cross, the sign and instrument of infamy, is the symbol of the sacrifices and virtues which it demands. Wo to the disciples of that cross, the friends of Him who died upon it! "They are made a spectacle to the world!" Hunted like wild beasts, and immolated in the midst of unspeakable horrors, they are given up as a homage to the pride and hatred and scorn of the Roman people. They who escape the dungeon, the fire and the rack, lie concealed, like the persecuted Jews of old, in the caverns of the earth, where they worship in fear and bury their martyred friends in darkness and tears. And now Paganism is exultant; proclamations of victory are formally made; columns are erected to perpetuate its memory; and history in pompous records, announces it to posterity!

"But the figure of this world passeth away!" Overleap the chasm of ages and look again on the scene of Pagan triumphs. "Quare fremuerunt gentes et populi meditati sunt inania?" The cry of his saints rose to the ear of God. He stretched forth his hand, and like the army of the Assyrians, cut down in their might and insolence, the grandeur and glory of Rome disappeared! Where are the palaces of the demi-gods, which crowned the Palatine and shed a flood of glory on the ancient forum? Seek for them in a lonely expanse, where the hind plods his unconscious way among halls and baths and corridors, heaped up in indistinguishable ruins. The stranger builds his villa in the *Cœnacula* of Augustus, and the monks of St. Bonaventure chant their hymns in the *aurea tecta* of Nero. There the gardener cultivates his brocoli, and the vine dresser prunes his graperies. The laurel, the ivy and the ilex grow amid the deserted courts, the shattered porticos of Tiberius and Caligula.

Even in the days of St. Gregory, more than a thousand years remove, how vivid and startling is the picture, drawn by this great pontiff, of the downfall of the haughty and ruthless protectress of Heathendom! — "If we look around us, we behold only the signs of mourning; if we listen, we hear lamentations on every side. Rome which was once the empress of the world, is now desolate before us, crushed in the dust by enormous disasters, the wretchedness of her citizens, the ravages of her enemies, the multitude of her ruins! Where is the Senate? Where is the people? The marrow is dried up in her bones, her flesh is consumed, and all the lustre of her dignities vanished. Rome is empty. Again, where are those who exulted among the monuments of her glory? Where is their pomp? Where their pride? Where the phrenzied pleasures which continued unabated in her precincts? Her destiny, like that of Juda, is recorded by the prophet: 'Thou shalt be made bald like the eagle.' Despoiled of her people, bereft of her strong men, by whom she swooped on her prey, Rome resembles an old eagle stripped of its plumage." And now after the lapse of eighteen centuries, we echo these questions, as we wander over the vast cemetery where Rome and her majesty lie entombed, and receive an answer from the trophies of a proscribed and down-trodden race. Where are the gardens of the tyrant who first shed Christian blood and lighted their green vistas with human bonfires? Where are the ashes of his successor, who desecrated Calvary and built himself a mausoleum, the wonder of the world? Where is the statue of another persecutor, with which the Roman Senate and people surmounted his princely column? Where are the *virarium* and arena and dungeon in which mercy was unknown, and the agonies even of the young and innocent and beautiful made a Roman holiday? . . The first of Christian basilics, "the tabernacle of God with men," consecrates the Vatican gardens, and the Egyptian obelisk which occupies the portico, honors the victim instead of the tyrant.

Tristiùs infernis Nero nil audivit in umbris
Sacrari Petro quàm monumenta sua.

The sarcophagus of Adrian is tenantless and his mole is guarded by the flaming sword of St. Michael: the statue of Trajan is displaced by that of the Prince of the Apostles. The Tullian prison where the martyr was chained with his glorious collaborator "is sealed with the light of God's countenance," in the holiest mysteries of Religion, and hallowed to the pious pilgrim by its miraculous waters. The Colosseum so often vocal with the brutal cry *Christiani ad leones* now echoes the Christian's prayer, and the instruction of the barefooted monk. The infamous cross stands erect, where holy blood was poured out like water, and from many a church, in the very centre of Rome, extends its shadow over the ruins of the temples of false Gods. The graves of those who perished in the theatres of Roman barbarity are known and honored, where their enemies moulder in oblivion; their relics are cherished and revered; their names are invoked at the shrines which are dedicated to the one true God. Here, in fine, Cæsar transferred his sceptre to the Fisherman, and the successor of Peter rules in tranquil holiness the empress of the world!—"Know ye that the Lord hath made his holy one, wonderful . . . he hath put all things under his feet." Thus has the giant statue which Daniel saw been broken in pieces, so that its place cannot be found, whilst the stone cut from the mountain without hands occupies its place.

(MONTE MARIO).

How many such reflections crowd upon the mind of the scholar and the Christian, as he contemplates, side by side, ancient and modern Rome! But I must not fill my letter with only reflections. I wish to give you at least a *coup d'œil* of this great city. Ascend, then, some eminence, whence you will be enabled to judge more correctly of its topography and monuments. From several points I have enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the metropolis, and its environs. Such are the summits of the Pincian hill, of the Capitoline tower, of the dome of St. Peter's. But none pleased me more than the view from Monte Mario, which stands outside the walls. Let me retrace my steps in a delightful excursion, and if you will, accompany me. Crossing the spacious square at the northern extremity of Rome, I issued from the city into the ancient *Via Flaminia*, on which travellers journey hither from Florence. A pleasant walk on a well graded road, (and by the by, the Roman roads are very fine), brought me to the Ponte Molle, spanning with several bold arches, the turbid and swollen Tiber. I paused to muse over its parapets, on the historical events which gave distinction to the spot. Here, among other remarkable occurrences, Constantine and Maxentius decided the fate of Rome and the world. Here the luminous cross appeared in the heavens, the presage of victory to the future protector of the disciples of Jesus Christ, and on these banks, whence torrents of blood dyed "the yellow stream," the hosts of

Maxentius were routed, and he himself was precipitated into the river. The pencil of Raphael, in an immortal fresco, has imaged on the walls of the Vatican this victory of Constantine. Having left the bridge, I found myself in the ancient Etruria, which the river separates from Latium. I skirted the base of Monte Mario and climbed the acclivity by a rude, steep path. Now following the zigzag track, now clambering up the slippery and abrupt ascent, I stand on the plateau of the hill, nearly five-hundred feet above the sea. Stand by my side in advance of the stone pines and tall cypresses, and survey the wonders spread out at your feet. There is the wide Campagna, mapped in all its prominent lines. Curved by the range of the Saline hills, and the Volscian mountains, it presents on the east an irregular horizon, while far away to the south, the plain is undistinguished by undulations of the soil, till it blends its dim outlines with the azure sky. Oh! how beautiful is the bordering of this ravishing picture! Checkered in light and shade, the sides of the mountain are covered with a pale haze, which softens the salient ruggedness and tempers the brilliancy of the sun. The insulated Soracte stands in bold attitude on the northern confines and sentinels the savanna.

How delicious is that sky, pure, transparent! Gossamer clouds, like a thin veil, are thrown partly over its face; while white peaked masses glimmering like fretted silver, hang above the hills and tint their long descending reaches with purple hues. The snow-clad Appenines tower above the lower ridge and throw it into clear and picturesque relief. On the acclivities of the hills, *Tibur, Tusculum, Alba Longa,* so famous in ancient days, or rather their successors with modern names, occupy pleasant nooks among woods and lakes, and look down upon the plain. With rapid, yet meandering current, the Tiber cuts the Campagna; and through neglected lands and cultivated fields, hillocks and sloping swards, vineyards and groves, villas and ruined castles, it hurries to the sea. Follow its gleaming course and tell me what you see.

> "In the midst,
> A City stands; her domes and turrets crowned
> With many a Cross."

Yes, there before you is Christian Rome! On the right bank of the river, you behold the Vatican and Janicular mounts; on the left, the seven hills, of which we read so much about in Roman history. The modern city has retreated from their sides, and extends over the inclined area, north and west. The houses are tall and massive, built of stone or stuccoed brick, with a uniformly white or yellow hue. The streets are narrow, tortuous, and though paved, unfurnished with side walks. Huge palaces cover large spaces; churches and oratories adorn every quarter of the city; obelisks, columns and towers form a marble forest; numberless fountains pour out unfailing streams of virgin water. Immediately before you is the splendid achievement of Michael Angelo, the Basilica of St. Peter, and the Vatican Palace with its several thousand rooms and inappreciable treasures.

That extensive range which throws its broad shadows from the Quirinal, is the Pontifical Palace, where the conclave is ordinarily held, and the election of a new Pope proclaimed. To the south-east is Santa Maria Maggiore, the largest church in the city dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; south is Santa Croce, and westward S. Giovanni Laterano. These are the great basilics within the city, surrounded by three hundred churches, many of which, in other countries, would be regarded as magnificent cathedrals. There is a history in each of these holy and venerable piles, that carries us back to the Constantine period.

Let the eye cross the borders of the living city, and enter the domains of ancient Rome. I cannot say to you, in the words of Martial, elevated as we are above the plain:

> Hinc septem dominos videre montes
> Et totam licet æstimare Romam.

The tottering walls, the mausoleum of Augustus, the massive Colosseum, the sculptured arches of triumph, and the giant substructions of the capital still exist, with numberless memorials of an extraordinary people; but around them is solitude which awes the heart, and silence unbroken, but by the plaintive chime of distant bells, and the sighing of the wind through the mountain shrubbery and the long grass, which shrouds imperial Rome!

(THE PROGRESS OF RUIN).

As the eye rests on this mournful spectacle, we may marvel at the utter prostration of the ancient city, and exclaim with St. Jerome: "Who could have thought that Rome, built with the trophies of a conquered world, should be crushed in ruins; so as to be at once the mother and sepulchre of her own people?" For if these broken walls, arches, columns and entablatures figure, in some degree, the genius and magnificence of that dominant race, how imposing is the idea we receive of its extent, lordliness and glory, from the discovered maps of Rome, outlined on marble, from medals representing the principal edifices, from exhumed statues and memorials which characterised special localities, from historic records, and especially from the reports of contemporary writers who saw with their own eyes the fabrics which they described, and enable us, by their graphic statements, to image them to our own. These materials Canina and other archæologists have employed, like the fabled power of Orpheus, to move the heaps of cumbering stones and adjust them in the symmetry and grandeur of their primitive arrangement. But apart from the will of God, who ordained that her fate should be a warning and a proverb to the world, we need not be surprised at her downfall, when we behold the agents of divine justice that, like hungry vultures, ravened her quivering body: nay, we must believe that if Rome survives these repeated attacks, if her place is yet recognised and her name written on the earth, it is owing to the spiritual destination which Providence has assigned her, as centre of Christendom and ruler of Catholic nations. Had London or Paris been subjected to the same vicissitudes, and stricken with the same havoc, they would be unknown, or like Thebes and Balbec, with a few mementoes of what they were, be sought for in a wilderness of ruins.

Before you quit Monte Mario, glance at the formidable foes that in "the disastrous twilight" of her later existence, invaded her at every point, and with merciless intent consummated her destruction. In the year 409, Alaric leads his Goths through the Salarian gate, and sacks the city for three days and nights. In 455, A. D., Genseric, King of the Vandals, invited from Africa, enters by the Tiber and ravages Rome for fourteen days. Ricimer, general of the imperial armies in 472, marches from upper Italy and renews his desolation. Vitiges assails her from the Vatican Mount in 537, and nine years later Totila rushes by the Ostian way, and pillages, burns and kills. Belisarius and Narses afflict her even in their efforts to save; and in 593 the Lombards begin their depredations. In 708 the Roman Pontiffs are invoked to rescue the imperial city from the evils that oppress her. In 846 the Saracens exercise their rage around the basilics of St. Peter and Paul. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the German Emperors and Robert Guiscard, the Norman, besiege and waste this unfortunate city. For seventy-two years it is abandoned by the Popes, who seek a refuge in Avignon, and its population, harassed by feudal tyrants, is reduced to fifteen thousand. In the wars between Francis I and Charles V, the viceroy of Naples destroys a portion of Rome, and a year later, Bourbon gives it up to the licentiousness and rapacity of his bandits — miscreants who, as Gibbon testifies, committed more horrors than Alaric, Genseric and Totila combined. What evils in later days were heaped upon her by the expulsion of her Pontiffs, and the occupation of her territory by the revolutionary army of France; and in the rebellion of 1848, by the vandalism of her pseudo-patriots and defenders, who preyed on her heart, and glutted themselves with blood! Added to this the desolating effects of frequent inundations of the Tiber, and violent earthquakes, of famine and pestilence, of time and the elements, of the demolition of ancient monuments, through sordid or religious motives, as the poet narrates:

Some felt the stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage,
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire
And Papal piety and Gothic fire: —

and in the language of Scripture, we may ask, as we comprehend her multitudinous reverses and sorrows, "What city is like to this great city?" H.

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER XVI.

### *Miss Lefevre's.*

Haraden's grief at the loss of his wife was real and poignant; he had loved Kate fondly, and if he sometimes tormented her, he did not mean it, he only meant to insist upon having his own way, and for the life of him he could not see why she should be so unhappy about it; and now that it was all over, he was miserable at thinking that he had ever vexed her, he was sure that he should never be happy again, and it seemed to him that there was nothing left for him in this world but to go desolate and grieving to his grave.

Arrived at Providence, he went to a hotel and called for a room; he cared not where he went — he hardly cared what might become of him. He strolled languidly about the town much of the day, passed the night at the same hotel, and early the next morning took the stage-coach for Boston. Before leaving Providence, he inquired of the landlord what house he would recommend in Boston. He was a stranger in the city, he said — he should arrive late and would like to know of some good house, quiet and comfortable, where he could put up. Whether the landlord, observing his black dress, took Mr. White for a Congregational minister, we do not know, or whether he consulted only his own interest, but at all events he recommended the Marlborough Hotel in Washington street: the coach "stopped at the Marlborough Hotel," he said, and it was a very good house. So when the stage-coach arrived at the city of steady habits and stopped at this hotel, at this hotel also did our self-indulgent, luxurious merchant-aristocrat deposit himself and call for a room. Now for aught that we know, the Marlborough Hotel might have been at that time a moderately good house, as public houses were in those days; but it did not suit Mr. White; so after a rather uncomfortable night, at something which went amiss in the morning, he reprimanded the waiter, enforcing his remarks with one or two "gentlemanly oaths," as Mrs. Weld would have called them. The waiter replied, with a good deal of dignity, and glancing at Haraden's black clothes, that if the gentleman wanted to swear he had better go to some other house, as it was not "customary for the class of people who stopped at the Marlborough Hotel to swear at the waiters." Ten days ago, Haraden would have knocked the fellow down, but at this time he bore patiently what he considered the waiter's impertinence, internally resolving to leave as soon as possible this methodistical, canting, preaching place, and after partaking sparingly of a breakfast at which also he was much inclined to swear, and looking over one or two of the morning papers, he took his hat for a stroll.

---

* Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

He looked into the parlor. A little knot of gentlemen, who were certainly Congregational ministers, were seated about the room, reading the "Boston Recorder," the "Missionary Herald," and such like publications. "What a queer place!" said Haraden, as he made his way into the street. He walked along Washington street; it was narrow; the sidewalk also was narrow, but not greatly crowded; a little child might have picked her way alone safely to school, without any danger of being knocked down or thrust into the gutter, and if she lost her way and got frightened, there were plenty of good-natured people close at hand to help her.

Arrived at School street, Haraden crossed over to the further corner, entered a bookstore, and purchased for two Yankee shillings and a sixpence, a pocket map of Boston; he stood in the door-way a moment, while he conned the map and took the bearings of the place, and then turning the corner, he proceeded up School street. In a moment he began to ascend considerably; the air was very clear, and the street excessively clean; he walked steadily until he reached the State House. There he stopped and looked around him. "This is pleasant," said he; "that wide stretch of green common is very tempting; it is a hilly place. I like a good deal of ascent in a city; it makes it cleaner; some fine houses; a well-kept, quiet, aristocratic-looking place. I think I should like Boston: I wonder if Foley is here," said he, as he turned towards the Common. "He always boards at Miss Lefevre's, No. — Park street. I wonder where Park street is;" and again he unfolded his map. "Beacon street — Common -- Park street, church on the corner — why this must be it." Looking about him a little more carefully, he found the name of the street; he was right; a few steps brought him to the house No. —. He rang the bell; it was immediately answered by a "colored man," as the Bostonians say.

"Is this Miss Lefevre's house?" asked Haraden.

"Yes, sir."

"Does Mr. Foley board here?"

"No sir—yes sir—Mr. George Foley, sir? Yes sir, he boards here generally when he is in town. He was here last fall, sir."

"And do you know where he is now?"

"No, sir."

"Where did he go when he left here last fall?"

"I don't know sir. I believe he went somewhere to the South—but if you'll step in, sir, I dare say Miss Lefevre——"

Here the man-servant was suddenly supplanted by Miss Lefevre herself, who, hearing the colloquy at the door, came in person to see what was wanted. She was a tall, slender, homely lady, with reddish hair, and she had at this moment a gentleman's sock on her left hand, which sock she was industriously darning as she went her rounds through the house, seeing that her people attended to their business.

Haraden again inquired after his friend Foley, and Miss Lefevre desired him to walk in before she replied to his interrogatories. The parlor into which she introduced him was quiet and stylish, and abundantly supplied with heavy old-fashioned furniture. Seated in one of the delightful rocking chairs for which Boston had already begun to be famous, Haraden learned from Miss Lefevre that his friend Foley had left her house in the autumn for New Orleans, that he had returned early in the spring to the North, but not to her house, and that he had since married and gone to house-keeping. He lived just round the corner, she said, in Beacon street, and she seemed rather surprised that Mr. White had not heard of it, if Mr. Foley were a friend of his, for the marriage had caused quite a sensation among the gentlemen; Mr. Foley being a confirmed old bachelor and having married a very young and pretty girl from Northampton: it had been a great disappointment to her, she said, for Mr. Foley's rooms had been standing vacant all winter; but now it was coming summer, and no doubt she should easily let them; in summer it was easy enough to let any rooms, because so many families came from the South to spend the season in Boston; but in these Southern families, Miss Lefevre said, there were always ladies and often children, which she did not like so well: she preferred to let her rooms to bachelors; it was much less trouble, and Mr. Foley's rooms were very pleasant rooms, and he himself had been a very pleasant inmate. Haraden said he would like to see the rooms, whereupon Miss Lefevre very promptly asked if he were married; he replied with ill-suppressed emotion that he had recently lost his wife; and begging his pardon, Miss Lefevre led the way up stairs.

Mr. Foley's rooms proved to be very pleasant, just what Haraden wished, and as he passed through the hall, a very faint and appetizing aroma of he knew not what, greeted his olfactories, impressing him favorably with the character of the house. Every thing was neat, quiet and orderly, and after a little questioning and argumentation on both sides, it was agreed that Haraden should take the rooms for as long as he pleased, only with this proviso, that he should give two weeks' notice before leaving them. Having ascertained the dinner hour to be three o'clock, he returned to the Marlborough Hotel, which looked to him more disagreeable than ever, settled his bill, called for a hack, made a few purchases of articles which he thought would contribute to his comfort in his new rooms (for neither grief nor bereavement could render Haraden White unmindful of creature comforts), and in the course of the morning had so established himself at Miss Lefevre's, that he began to feel almost at home. He looked round his little suite of apartments with considerable satisfaction, and then threw himself upon the sofa with which his parlor was furnished. He was tolerably well here, for the present at least; as well as he could hope to be any where; lonely, to be sure, but then every thing was quite unfamiliar, and nothing reminded him of his lost Kate; she had never been here, and here he should be less tormented than in New York by the harrowing recollections of his happy married life and the domestic enjoyments of which he had so suddenly been deprived. As he lay gloomily thinking of days that were gone, a bell roused him: he looked at his watch — two o'clock; that was no doubt the dressing-bell, and quietly depositing the repeater upon the bureau, Haraden White languidly began to overhaul his trunk and make his toilet for dinner. There might be ladies at the table, and at all events it was incumbent on him to be carefully dressed.

And very carefully dressed he was, and very magnificent and imposing he looked in his suit fresh from the tailor's, black from head to foot, when he met the gentlemen assembled in the parlor, just after the bell had rung for dinner. Miss Lefevre was in the room, dressed for dinner, of course; but Haraden could not perceive that dressing had any way added to her beauty; she introduced Mr. White to the several members of the family, as one by one they dropped in. There were Mr. and Mrs. Holland, and Mr. John Holland; Mr. Clavers, a handsome and rather dissipated looking young man; a Mr. Floyd, and a Mr. Houston. This seemed to be the party; a few common-place remarks were made about the weather and the walking, the black waiter stood just outside the parlor door, waiting, napkin in hand; Miss Lefevre, who was evidently an energetic lady, was a little restless and anxious, or at least extremely willing to proceed to business — that is, to dinner, and yet the party did not move towards the dining room.

"Thompson," said Miss Lefevre, at length, "is Mrs. Elford at home?" Thompson replied that she was; Haraden started at the name, said to himself, "Can it be? that would be rather disagreeable;" and while he considered that he did not care to see Victorine just at present, and hoped that it was some other Mrs. Elford, Victorine walked in, followed by Henry. She bowed to the several members of the family, and then perceiving Haraden, with a bow and start of astonishment, gave him her hand just as Miss Lefevre was about to introduce them. She had evidently learned the death of his wife, and felt the awkwardness as much as he did himself, for she speedily dropped his hand and turned away, and from that time during dinner steadily avoided his eye. Miss Lefevre, not comprehending the extent of the acquaintance, and fearing that Mr. White might not like the appearance of Master Henry, remarked that it was entirely against her rules to allow children at the table, but Master Henry Elford was so much of a gentleman, and she looked patronizingly at the little boy, that she had made an exception in his favor. Haraden bowed courteously and was silent, while Henry blushed slightly at being thus singled out for observation before the whole family.

And so they moved into the dining room. The table was excellent and excellently well furnished, and served by two black waiters, assisted from time to time by a neat, "trig" looking girl of the same complexion, who occasionally brought in some dish hot from the kitchen, or relieved "Thompson" and "Ball" from a pile of plates which for the time had served their purpose. Dinner was evidently here an important affair, and these good Boston people had set themselves to it, partly indeed to supply the waste of labor and exercise, but mainly, after all, to enjoy the good things which a kind Providence had placed before them. Though this was true of the company generally, it was true specially of the Hollands. They seemed decided good livers, the lady included, who ate their meat and drank their wine with grand gusto, less because they were hungry than because the things provided were good. Mr. Clavers and Mr. Houston ate with epicurean delicacy, and Mr. Floyd with vast appetite, and all these gentlemen partook abundantly of wine. There was plenty of talk, neither very genial, nor very amusing, nor very elevated. Mr. Floyd, who cared for nothing but politics, and Mr. Houston, Editor of the "Jockey Club," who was very fond of horses, dogs, music and theatrical amusements, seemed to have rather monopolized the intellect of the party. One could not judge, indeed, what the portly Mrs. Holland might be when she was not at dinner, but it is certain that Mrs. Elford, quiet, pale and delicately cold, appeared rather out of place in this society, as it cannot be denied that she appeared to very great advantage.

On the contrary, it was precisely the society in which Haraden White felt instantly at home, and with the exception of Houston, he was decidedly the most elegant man at the table; and finding that Victorine never once glanced at him, not even in the most furtive and covert way, he presently began to feel at his ease and to think that he should exceedingly like this place. It was a quiet, stylish, old fashioned boarding house, such as exists some where, we have no doubt, in every large city, if one could only find out which it is, and where it is; where a few people can be really at home, and do what they like and have what they want. At the proper time the ladies retired, and the gentlemen sate over their wine; and Haraden, who was not averse to concluding that under present circumstances, decorum required him also to retire, speedily followed the ladies. He glanced into the parlor, which was empty, and returned to his own apartment.

At six o'clock the party again assembled in the dining-room for tea, not black tea as in these days, but green tea and coffee. Mrs. Elford, Miss Lefevre and Henry made a regular little meal of tea, biscuit and a bit of cake, and no one else ate any thing. Mr. Clavers took a single cup of weak tea, Mr. Floyd three cups, strong, and all the others took each a single cup of strong coffee. After tea the company dropped off one by one into the parlor again, except Clavers and Floyd, who disappeared entirely, and Haraden, who was determined to find out immediately the ways of the house, resolved to remain.

The parlor was tolerably well lighted, having a pair of wax candles over the mantel, and a centre-table, rather larger than would be admissible at present, lighted by a fine astral lamp. At this table Mrs. Elford seated herself with a piece of fancy knitting, Henry by her side with a book, and upon the table were some fine engravings of dogs and horses, and a portfolio of old French prints, which Haraden commenced turning over, while he really watched to see what came next. The two Hollands put themselves each in a corner of the sofa, and Houston opened a fine-toned grand piano, and now it appeared that Mrs. Holland could do something. The portliness of this lady did not prevent her moving with grace and ease, she was tastefully and elegantly dressed, and placing herself upon the music-stool, with some trifling, courteous remark to Mr. Houston, she lightly ran her fingers over the keys with a motion of her large, round arm, which would have captivated any one. It appeared that the lady did not sing, but she played; and while she played, no one spoke; every one listened and every one was delighted. She played steadily, obligingly, heartily, and entirely without notes, for nearly an hour, having once or twice indeed made a slight attempt to leave off, but in vain, and now when she would have been allowed, Mrs. Elford asked Houston to sing. This motion was warmly seconded, and good natured Mrs. Holland just softly touched the keys, accompanying, precisely as much as was required, Mr. Houston's fine voice, while he sang to the general satisfaction half a dozen songs, glees and ballads. Then he stopped, and Mrs. Holland rose, with a merry laugh and rubbing her plump hands, as if she would have said, "There, good people, is the better part of an evening very pleasantly consumed." She appeared to have enjoyed it much herself, and to entertain no idea of having obliged any body. She placed herself upon the sofa between her husband and brother-in-law, and some general conversation followed, chiefly about music and the theatre. In a few minutes the card-table was rolled out from its corner, and the Hollands and Houston seated themselves at whist, each of these gentlemen having with great courtesy begged Haraden to be of the party, but Haraden of course refused.

Just then Harriet came in, brilliant and stately as ever, and spoke to Master Henry, who kissed his mamma and retired; Mrs. Elford, without looking round at all, silently gave her cheek to her little son, and then resumed her knitting. Haraden, who, during the music, had dropped into a rocking-chair, perceiving that the whist party were really whist, and were playing moreover sixpenny points, did not approach Victorine, but addressing her now for the first time, from his rocking-chair, and in a low tone, remarked that he had not the slightest idea that she was in Boston. Mrs. Elford presumed not. She had only been there a few weeks; she must reside at the North on account of Henry; she disliked New York; Boston pleased her more than any Northern city, and when her father came on with her, he had introduced her to the Hollands, friends of his, and through them she had come to this house. It was one of the best houses in Boston, she remarked. Haraden remained silent, and after a few minutes Mrs. Elford said frankly, and without lifting her eyes from her work, that she had been very much shocked at reading in the paper the death of Mrs. White. Haraden replied that it had been terribly sudden, and rising, he began to pace the room heavily. Probably Mrs. Elford had never in her life seen Haraden White manifest so much emotion, for she deliberately ceased knitting for one instant and looked steadily at him, her face very pale, as he paced to and fro. She then silently resumed her work, and after a few minutes, Haraden also having partially regained his old quiet manner, seated himself, merely adding, "And it was quite impossible for me to remain longer in New York, for the present, at least, and so I am here rather by accident than otherwise. I thought my friend Foley was here, but find he has left." Nothing more was said by either party. Mrs. Elford sate knitting in absolute silence, and Haraden, his hand over his eyes, relapsed into the gloom which had lately been his element. Occasional exclamations from the whist-party alone broke the silence. Presently Mr. Floyd came in, and talked in a rather disagreeable, rough way with Mrs. Elford, who just made, with frigid civility, the necessary replies, and at about ten o'clock the supper bell rang. At this signal, Mrs. Elford retired, and was seen no more, and the remainder of the party went into the supper room. The supper was a substantial meal, as Mr. Haraden White observed, and concluded the day.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A consolation here below.

So Haraden White found himself at Miss Lefevre's house passably well off. The society was quite as intellectual as he liked, the physical comfort was carefully looked after, and beyond this Mr. White had not quite made up his mind, that human beings have necessities. These good people called themselves Unitarians, and they all had seats in some church; it was hardly respectable in Boston to do otherwise. The Hollands had a pew at Dr. Channing's, and generally went in fine weather to hear that popular preacher; at least, the married couple did. Of the unmarried gentlemen, one preferred Dr. Channing, one Mr. Pierpont, and another Mr. Gannett; and they all agreed, that though religion was an excellent thing for families, particularly where there were young children, still it could not be expected of bachelors to trouble themselves about such things. The whole family maintained that it was necessary to form good habits, to be kind and charitable to one's neighbors, and to use thankfully and with moderation those *good things* which a bountiful providence had sent them. The idea that it is wise or commendable to refuse any of these good things for the sake of self-denial or self-mortification, or that the Giver of all good, is pleased with any such sacrifice, would have been esteemed a great heresy among them, and yet they were all inclined to look rather severely upon poor Mr. Clavers, because it was supposed that he did not use in regard to these same good things, that precise degree of "moderation" which was considered advisable. And here, also, Haraden had seemed to have fallen into his niche: a religion which consisted in making himself as comfortable as he could, and in avoiding his neighbors' sharp corners, was precisely the religion which he believed in, and from day to day he felt more at home among his new friends.

But with Victorine Elford, religion was something more than this: with her it was a firm believing of certain doctrines, which from her childhood she had been taught to believe, and a regular maintenance of certain religious habits, which she had always considered essential to a Christian. She was, as we have said, an Episcopalian; she had a pew at St. Paul's, where she was to be seen with her little boy regularly twice on Sunday, unless the weather was very unfavorable. She did not believe in week-day services or fasting, auricular confession, altars, lights or crucifixes, simply, because in all her life she had never heard of such things, except that they were in use among a strange and incomprehensible kind of European idolaters, called Roman Catholics. She believed the Apostles Creed, or thought she did, and supposed the Nicene was of no particular use since it was never read in church; she had a great horror of Unitarianism, because she thought it was dreadful not to believe in Christ; and poor Mrs. Holland had wasted a vast deal of eloquence in vainly trying to persuade her that Unitarians do believe in Christ; she was in the habit of reading daily in private some portion of scripture, and of praying for such things as she needed, or had been taught to pray for, and she made it a rule to spend a short time every day, or almost every day, in teaching her little boy the same religion which she had been taught herself, and these duties performed, it would be uncharitable in us to inquire too curiously what might be the tenor of her thoughts, and what the temper of her heart from morning till night, and from Monday morning to Saturday night: she meant to be a good woman, and if she was not strictly speaking as good as she knew how to be, for which of us is that? we are nevertheless ready to maintain that she was about as good as her neighbors, and certainly was the flower of Miss Lefevre's family. She had not come among these very worldly people, as they seemed to her, because on religious points she sympathised with them, or because generally speaking she found their society particularly congenial, but because it was a good house and she was comfortable there.

Haraden thought as she did about the house, and he found the society more congenial than she did. He sought out his friend Foley, established himself on an intimate footing at the house in Beacon street, and found no difficulty in working himself into the good graces of Foley's pretty little wife. He took a seat in St. Paul's church, which was very near Miss Lefevre's, and a fashionable church, and where moreover was to be heard the best music, and in the opinion of many, the best preaching, in Boston. He went to church once on a Sunday if the day was fine, went to the theatre once or twice in the week, explored and admired the beautiful environs of Boston; and the sharp sorrow which had driven him thither, began to wear away. Contrary to his expectations, he succeeded in making business arrangements with Mr. Foley, and soon settled down into a regular Bostonian. For a time he wrote regularly to Margaret, and received in return with tolerable regularity — for Margaret hated letter writing and was not disposed in that respect to exceed her obligations — satisfactory accounts of the health, growth, and general well-being of his infant daughter. When he learned that they were calling the little one Mary Catharine he made no objection, and so it remained.

At first, as we have seen, Haraden White hardly knew whether Mrs. Elford's presence at Miss Lefevre's was agreeable to him or not; but as he became day by day accustomed to the family and to his own peculiar position, he found it not *dis*agreeable. It was at all events a distraction which recalled his thoughts effectually from himself, and afforded him a quiet kind of amusement, just slightly exciting, for those evenings on which he found it convenient or agreeable to remain at home. The ease and tranquillity of body and mind which were to him the *summum bonum* had been wofully broken in upon by late events in New York, and Victorine's face was the seat of tranquillity. The forbidding abruptness of manner with which this beautiful woman was accustomed to turn upon those whom she disliked, or whom she wished to repulse, was mostly reserved for Clavers and Floyd; whether it was that she respected his bereavement and loneliness, or that she retained a kindly recollection of days gone-by, it is certain that she exhibited nothing of her wonted imperiousness towards Haraden: to him she was very pleasant to talk with, and most lovely and beautiful to look upon. The cold evenness which was the peculiar quality of her heart, contrasting, too, as it did, rather singularly with a temper which he knew was not always even, had from the first excited his curiosity; and her most exquisite face, the index of her heart, cold and still and calm except when suddenly illumined by a flash of the old pride, fascinated him more than any face had ever done: he was always wondering within himself whether there might not lie hidden underneath that icy crust, if not precisely a fire, at least some material which could be kindled into a fire. Gradually and almost unconsciously it became an object to him, as in old times, to penetrate the secrets of this cold and passionless nature: if there was any susceptibility there, what kind of influence, and whose, could ever kindle it? And while he pondered these questions as he talked with the lovely young widow, there she sate quietly pursuing her work as if she had no desire beyond that work; or occasionally laying it down she would turn her large, thoughtful eyes tranquilly upon him, and the more they were cold and passionless, the more they fascinated him.

The idea, indeed, of marrying again seemed never to have entered Victorine's head; she was accustomed to homage and never played the flirt, — but if there was any one among all her admirers — for there are always plenty of people who from one motive or another will flutter round a rich and beautiful widow — for whom she entertained a fancy, it was Houston, a whole-souled, generous, princely fellow who would have put himself to a world of inconvenience to oblige a fellow-creature, especially if he were poor and wretched and suffering; but Houston had not the smallest intention of ever encumbering himself with a wife, he liked his liberty too well for that, and Mrs. Elford, to do her justice, seemed quite absorbed in the duties which she owed her little boy, of whom she was exceedingly fond. Haraden White had been accustomed to feel and to exert his power over most of the fair ladies whom he met in society; but here was a heart — if indeed there was a heart — which was made of different stuff; and because it was different he began anew to covet it, as once before he had done; evening after evening he had sate talking with Victorine, as he knew how to talk, and she the while would fix her magnificent eyes full upon his face, and those eyes were as calm as the blue sky on a frosty night. It was this precisely which in old times had captivated him in Victorine Prentiss; but Victorine was married to some one else, and then Kate O'Connor diverted his mind, for Kate was a novelty too in her way, at least to Haraden, but now Victorine was free and Kate was gone, and Haraden seemed inclined to return to the old subjection.

Meanwhile, lovely Mrs. Elford was nearly as indifferent as she seemed. She was very sensible of the power which of old she had exerted over Haraden, and of course, she was flattered by it; women are all alike in that respect. She had admired him exceedingly, but she married Mr. Elford to please her mother, and she knew very well that Haraden would never break his heart about that; and when she saw afterward how completely he was satisfied and contented with his warm-hearted, affectionate little wife, she felt some stirrings of pride and jealousy, and that was all. And now he had come back and begun to work anew upon this unimpressible nature, but as the lady understood that he was the captive and not herself, his chance of success seemed small.

Nevertheless, Haraden White had made women his study, he knew them pretty well, and he knew as well as any man how to make himself agreeable; he was not too urgent in putting in his claim as an old acquaintance; he kept out of the way when it suited Houston's humor to act as cavalier to the fair widow, but he was always on hand when others were absent, and what was more to the purpose, he was graceful and adroit in keeping off Clavers, for whom he perceived that Victorine had a contempt, and Floyd whom she detested, but whose delightful self-complacency no haughtiness of hers sufficed to ruffle. Haraden's quiet and unobtrusive attentions were quietly received, first as a matter of course, about which she did not think it worth while to trouble herself, then rather as a convenience, and by and by, as an agreeable necessity. And so it went on, until suddenly Mrs. Elford discovered that more or less her heart was interested. She was not violently in love, of course; it was not her nature to be: rich, beautiful and independent, she was very well as she was; that is true: she was religious and Haraden was irreligious; that cannot be denied either: but we are not responsible for that. And if our readers expect us to explain why a fair lady chooses to marry, or why she marries precisely such a man, we may as well abandon at once the impossible task. These are things which have never been discovered since the foundation of the world, and we are certain that it has not been reserved for us to make the discovery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. V.

*The River Shannon.—The City of the Broken Treaty.—A Reminiscence of the Catholic Geraldines.—Adare and its Three Abbeys.*

From Tralee we drove straight to Tarbert, in order to have a full view of the mouth of the Shannon, the largest island-river in the Old World. This noble stream may be called the spine of Ireland, feeding or draining in its course from north to south, the inland counties of three provinces. Near Tarbert the view of its meeting with the Atlantic is exceedingly grand. Between two shores of cliffs, the deep sea marches in sonorous and strong; where the tide gains upon the current, a line of curling waves leads the eye across the breadth of the offing. On either side a few old Norman castles, with savage names, all founded on *carrig* ("the rock"), added to the solemn but somewhat lonely grandeur of the scene. An odd coasting ship spots rather than burdens the river, and the sea-birds hover in clouds along the crests of the rocky coast.

KING JOHN'S CASTLE, LIMERICK.

Our purpose was to follow the river bank up to Limerick, but before we had made half the distance, we found a small river steamer at Foynes, and in her completed the journey. In us, familiar with the vastness and volume of American rivers, the Shannon did not, except at its outlet, create any extraordinary surprise; as we advanced up stream, it reminded us more of the Hudson or the upper Saint Lawrence, than of any Western river. It has nothing of the turbid character of the latter, nor has it either the green clearness of the former. A deep, cold, greyish hue seemed its general character, while all along the shores, villages of hovels alternated with feudal ruins and modern mansions. At Foynes it is true to Spencer's description:

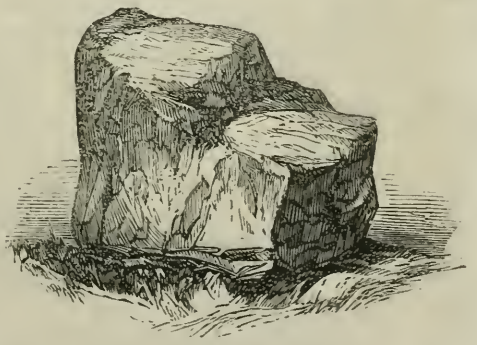
> " ———— the spacious Shannon
> Spreading like a sea."

But as you advance it resembles more Gerald Griffin's —

> "Knowest thou not that gentle river,
> Knowest thou not that lonely river,
> Whose beauteous flood
> By cliff and wood,
> With wildering sound goes winding ever?"

Griffin is the poet of the Shannon. He was born on its banks, and derived his inspiration from its scenery. To him it was indeed, as the ancient Irish believed, an inspired stream. His "Collegians" and his "Songs," are a tribute worthy of even such a subject.

Limerick city, a place of over sixty thousand inhabitants, is situated on a flat surface, partly in an island formed by the divided streams of the Shannon, and partly on "the Clare side" of one of those branches. Originally it was divided into the English and Irish towns, the former being on the island. Here for centuries the Celt and the Norman confronted each other; two flags flew face to face, two camps caught each other's murmurs, morn and night. From the O'Brien who burned it to ashes in the twelfth century, (that "it might not be a nest for foreigners,") to the Sarsfield who so gallantly defended it for three years against King William III, Limerick counts a long succession of soldiers. Mementoes of this last siege are every where visible: among which far the most interesting is *The Treaty Stone.* It was sitting on this stone, according to tradition, that Sarsfield signed the famous capitulation, the violation of which, by William, has earned for Limerick the sad celebrity of being "the City of the Broken Treaty." After six centuries of war, it at length found peace, and would that I could add, prosperity. But truth forbids. Here, as at Cork and Waterford, the mendicant and emigrant ship were the first sights we encountered.



THE TREATY STONE.

Our letters to Limerick procured us every attention. And here, perhaps, once for all, I ought to make our acknowledgments for the hospitality we received, in every part of Ireland. If the people of that island have a social fault, perhaps it is too ready a confidence, too exuberant a kindness to strangers. The name of *American* was every where our passport: we needed no other. In the excursions we made from this central point, we were generally accompanied by one or more of our city friends. The woods of Cratloe and Tervoe, and the ancient Inniscattery were made familiar to us by the same hospitable and accomplished companions, to whom we were indebted for seeing the sights "within the walls." In all directions we were struck with the remains of the once mighty territorial power of the Catholic Fitzgeralds, or Geraldines, as they loved to be called.

"Ah," said a friend, "theirs was indeed a fall. Every town in this county of any consequence before the Reformation, belonged to them. At Kilmallock, on the road between this and Cork, the Desmond could count at his board three hundred knights of his own name. Like the great feudatories of France — the Dukes of Burgundy — this house became too great for the sovereigns, but they sought in vain to destroy it until religious hatred furnished the means. The Desmonds remained Catholic in spite of Cranmer and Cecil, and the last two generations died gloriously for the faith. Two died on the field; one, hunted into the wilds of Kerry, was slain in his hiding-place by a common soldier; two others, returning from Spain, were drowned in the Armada off our western coast. So passed away the glory of that old house; which, next to the family founded by the great Brian, may well be regarded as the most honorable in our provincial history."

While this patriotic gentleman was thus pouring out his lament over departed family greatness, we were approaching the monuments of the piety and power of those he alluded to. An opening through the trees presented to us the remains of

ADARE'S THREE ABBEYS.

All these owed their greatness to the Geraldines. They are all of different ages and orders. That which is most distant in the engraving was founded in the thirteenth century by John, son of Maurice. It was of the Order of Trinitarians, "for the redemption of captives." The ruin in the foreground was the Augustinian, or Black Abbey, which dates from 1315; the third, or Grey Abbey, was a Franciscan house, founded in 1465, by the Kildare branch of the Geraldine tree.

It is hard to conceive a more lovely landscape than that in and about Adare, or more affecting ruins than it contains. Fortunately, the present lord of the manor — the Earl of Dunraven — has taste and heart enough to reverence and preserve these precious relics. One of the abbeys is at present used for a Parish church, and the old, familiar sound of psalm and song echoes through its arches. God has blessed the pious preserver, by the greatest of gifts — that of the conversion of most of his family, to the "one faith of the one Shepherd."

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Review.

*Brownson's Review for April,* Art. III. *Temporal Power of the Popes.*

Sundry occupations have prevented an earlier notice of Mr. Brownson's article on the Temporal Power of the Popes, by the author of that to which his was a reply. The writer, however, though unable to devote to the subject sufficient time for a rejoinder, feels himself now more than ever impelled to enter a most emphatic protest against Mr. Brownson's positions.

The object he proposed to himself in the former article was chiefly to relieve those who deny the Indirect Temporal Power of the Church or of the Popes from the charge of want of orthodoxy, or courage, or of subserviency to temporal princes, to which Mr. Brownson attributes this denial. While this object might seem to have been attained by some admissions in Mr. B's last number, though he renews in a great measure the same imputations, yet the extent to which the doctrine itself is pushed, the objectionable form that it is made to assume, the matter-of-course tone in which it is put forward, as if necessarily connected with the fundamental principles of Catholicity, and this in a periodical justly esteemed and valued by the Catholics of this country, and bearing the approbation of most of our bishops, have made the writer of the former article feel it a duty to return to the subject.

Love for the Church, which is a love of truth and justice, and not mere subserviency to power, may inspire, and in this case, we trust, does inspire a zeal for moderate claims. Ultraism is sure to create disgust and cause reaction, and a long train of evils. Its acknowledged good intentions and laudable aim have frequently been insufficient to prevent its producing the most lamentable results, and we know few cases in which it may be more disastrous than on the very subject to which this article refers.

Were a respectable periodical, one supposed to convey the sentiments of the hierarchy and people of the British empire, to raise the question of dethroning Queen Victoria, and beheading her ministers, for the part they took in enacting persecuting laws against the Church, the acknowledged good intentions of the editor would not screen him from the merited rebuke of the best Catholics, though no one could say that the proposal implied any heretical doctrine.

Mr. B's position does not differ materially from that of this supposed editor. He returns to it again and again, he devotes several elaborate articles to its defence. Those who believe his course fraught with danger have surely a right to protest against it, without being charged with *assailing* him or being held accountable for keeping this unpleasant subject before the public. When his doctrines are canvassed, as they will most assuredly be, by our enemies, and to our most serious detriment, we are determined that it shall not be said no voice was raised against them.

A true regard for the welfare of the Church, as well as a love for truth, thus compels us to return to this subject. We do not intend now, more than formerly, to treat of its intrinsic merits. It is our aim merely to defend the position generally assumed by the Catholics of this and other countries, from the aspersion which Mr. Brownson's statements would imply, and to show the true nature and untenable character of the doctrine which he defends, and against which we raise our voice.

It is not *by abstract reasoning* that we can ascertain the true sphere or the extent of the powers of the Church. These powers are of positive institution, and their extent is to be ascertained by a proper construction of the commission under which they are exercised. The Church herself being divinely commissioned to teach has a right to make known this, as well as other things entrusted to her by God, and where she has spoken no controversy can exist amongst Catholics. But in several cases we are left to infer her power either by reasoning from what she is admitted to possess or by studying her belief, as evinced by her acts, when it is not clearly announced in her teaching.

Great care is necessary in drawing conclusions in both these cases, lest we transfer, without warrant, to the positive institutions of God, the notions which we have imbibed in other departments. Analogy may have its weight, but we should not lightly assume that what is true of one order is applicable to the other. Errors of the most serious character, and diametrically opposed to one another, have arisen, from this analogy being allowed to have too much weight. We should be equally cautious in interpreting facts, lest general principles be deduced where special causes would afford sufficient explanation, and if the facts on which reasoning is based, be doctrines taught by those who have authority, the true meaning of the teaching should be ascertained; and the weight to which each, according to the principles of sound theology, is entitled, should be carefully kept in view as we advance. Were this done, it would save much needless discussion on this subject.

The safest course for Catholics to pursue in investigating the relation and extent of the powers of the Church and of the State, is, first of all, to determine such points as are known by positive testimony to be beyond dispute. Any theory that we wish to construct afterwards, must be made to chime with these as with so many indubitable facts. They become tests to which every system must be subjected, and any that will not stand this test must be discarded.

One fact or incontestible principle to which we shall appeal on the subject of this article, is the undeniable distinction between the spiritual and temporal powers.

Nothing to our mind is clearer than this in Catholic theology. Whatever disputes may have existed in certain cases where their spheres were thought to coincide, or where one was supposed to have encroached on the other, their separate and distinct character, and therefore the maxim that one is not contained in the other, has ever been held undeniable in the Catholic Church. Any system or theory that overthrows this distinction, or makes one power to be substantially included in the other, cannot be true without overturning the fundamental principles of Catholic life.

Nor is it a mere ideal distinction that is required by Catholic principles. It is a real one — one which will assign really distinct spheres to each power. Both powers have been instituted for *practical* purposes. If in practice one were found to absorb the other, it would matter little that philosophers could yet discover some quality that would enable them to point out some logical distinction yet remaining, —that would give to each a distinct *logical* essence. Their distinction in real life, and therefore that recognised by the Church, would be destroyed.

In our form of government, for instance, there is a distinction between the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. The separation of these functions being intended for practical purposes, it must be found in REAL life. If the powers of one department were so explained as to enable it to take to itself those of the others, — if the judiciary, for example, could make all the laws that are required for the public welfare, and carry them into execution, — it would practically absorb the other two departments, no matter what plea might be put forward in defence of this extension, or in what view the acts which accomplished it were considered. To say that they are all judicial and declaratory, that they are necessary to the judiciary for the proper exercise of its own functions, or are implied in them, will not save the practical separation aimed at by the constitution.

The distinct character of the powers that govern the Church and the State is in many respects analagous to that of the different departments of government. They are both emanations of the sovereign power of God. Each has its proper sphere. Each should work according to the will of the sovereign. They should work in harmony as children of the same father, but this harmony will be best secured when each confines itself to its own proper sphere.

It would not be difficult, but it is not necessary, to assign reasons why the temporal and spiritual powers were not united in the same hands. It is enough for us to know that it was not done. Any theory, therefore, that would unite what God has put asunder, must necessarily be false, and this, whether the distinction be destroyed by giving to the Church the functions of the State, or by enabling the State to usurp what belongs to the Church.

Notwithstanding his disclaimer to the contrary, we contend that Mr. Brownson in reality destroys this separate and distinct character of the two powers. In treating with others who defend this theory, it might be necessary to resort to deductions to prove this. Mr. B. does the work for us himself. It is merely requisite to produce his own "explanatory remarks," to put it beyond all doubt.

We certainly have no wish to do him injustice, but we venture to say that the "explanatory remarks" presented in his last number show that the doctrine he defends is far more objectionable than what we attributed to him. His "explanations" only go to *extend* that doctrine and carry it further than it was ever carried by any theologian or canonist with whom we are acquainted.

In the first place Mr. B. finds fault with our article because we take up an "incident" of his theory. He does not say that this incident is not included in the power he contends for, but asserts that this latter embraces many *other* things. The deposing power, according to him, is but a *portion* of a far more extensive authority which he claims for the spiritual over the temporal order.

So far, the "explanation" does not prove his theory to be exempt from any fault which we attributed to it: our complaint was that he went "too far." There is no want of fairness, surely, in stopping short at a certain point, and endeavoring to prove that even *so far* it is not tenable.

The next explanation which Mr. B. offers is, that he defends the power which he claims for the Church in a different *sense* from what our words would indicate. Now in what does the difference consist? Why, instead of *indirect* TEMPORAL *power,* he insists that it should be called SPIRITUAL power. We say he insists that it should be *called* so, for this is all in reality that follows from his remarks. The real question, however, is not what that power should be called, or to what category it belongs, but whether the Church possesses it. If the Church or the Pope has the power of deposing kings in certain cases, and of doing all the other things embraced in the so called *indirect temporal power*, it is a matter of little consequence what name we give it, or under what category we place it. All must admit, that if the Church possess it, it is a spiritual power; but the very question comes to this — does the *spiritual* power given to the Church embrace what canonists and theologians understand by the words *indirect temporal power*, or not. The name is a technical thing. It is used by Bellarmine and all those who defend the theory. There is, therefore, nothing unfair in using the word; and to insist on calling it SPIRITUAL power, is to assume the very question at issue, not to qualify one's position.

To find out whether Mr. B's theory truly destroys the distinction of the two powers, we need only examine what he attributes, or what his principles require him to attribute, to the sphere of each; and if all the functions of the one, according to that theory, must belong to the other, the distinction is destroyed by it, no matter on what plea it is done, what disclaimers are entered, or in what sense or respect the functions of one power are attributed to the other.

Mr. B. rests his whole argument on the fact that the Church is commissioned to announce the law of God, to declare how and when this law is applicable, to apply it in such cases, and, in general, to solve all doubts of conscience that can arise, and to take the measures that are necessary to protect conscience.

These principles, however, are not put forward in the above, or in equivalent terms, in any authoritative decision of the Church. They are merely given by the philosopher or the theologian, as the result of his investigations. They are all true in a certain sense, but that sense must be defined so as to make them accord with other principles that are incontestable. Their meaning will be best understood by recurring to the functions assigned to the Church, and by considering the manner in which she exercises them: for it is from this consideration that the maxims themselves are derived.

*First*, then, she teaches the doctrine of Christ. The discharge of this duty implies, of course, the announcing of *all* the doctrines she received from *Him*. The natural as well as the positive law is a part of His revelation, for the clearer announcement and the sanction of this law, are undoubtedly amongst the things which he "delivered."

But this refers only to doctrine as such. However it may descend to the details of life, as it often does in explaining the moral precepts, it is yet *doctrine*, and has nothing to do with the merits of individuals. Even when the Church pronounces on the doctrine of a book, she does not deal with the merits of the writer. She condemns the book *in sensu auctoris,* but this means only the sense which it bears according to a fair interpretation of its contents. It is the meaning which the writer has actually given to his production, not that which was in his mind. It is the living authority of the Church, seizing error, whether she finds it in a proposition, or whether it covers a page or fills a volume, and condemning it as opposed to the living truth which God deposited with her. It is but one way, and often a most efficient way, of discharging the function of teaching the truth "delivered" unto her. The teaching of the Church implies in a word nothing more than her setting forth the doctrines of Christ, whether they regard the dogmas of faith or the moral precepts, whether reason can discover them or not, whether she uses language of her own or adopts that of others. It has never been understood to imply a right to pronounce on the merits or demerits of any individual.

She takes cognizance of these too, but this attribute belongs to the function of government, of which we will treat below, not to that of teaching. These merits or demerits depend on the fidelity of the parties in carrying out the principles she teaches; and this is a fact known by evidence and testimony; it does not belong to that "deposit" which she has been charged "to keep," nor is it any part of those precepts which Jesus Christ "delivered" and commanded her to "teach all nations."

*In the second place,* the Church exercises her authority in the tribunal of penance, or as it is technically called, *in foro interno.* Here she deals with concrete actions, and binds or looses as the individual merits of each act require. But here the penitent becomes witness against himself. The circumstances that define the moral character of his act are known from himself. With the acknowledgment which he makes, nothing remains for the minister of God, but to know the law, that judgment may be pronounced. The law is applied to individual cases, but whatever is transitory or individual is brought there by the penitent himself. The whole character of this special tribunal forbids its practice becoming a guide or a measure of ecclesiastical or other legislation, or government in external things. No theologian ever thought of claiming that the external jurisdiction of the Church covered every thing that is properly submitted to the minister of Christ in the tribunal of penance.

But the Church not only teaches and exercises authority *in foro interno.* She has, in *the third place,* a governing power *in foro externo* also, which is, in itself, and in its own order, perfect. But that order has an end and means peculiar to itself, and the question now at issue turns on the character and the extent of those means.

This governmental power is a thing entirely distinct from the teaching authority. The two often go hand in hand, and are exercised, one to aid the other, and both to secure the same immediate object. But they are not *co-extensive.* To say that the governmental power of the Church extends to every thing to which the doctrines taught by her may be applied, would be to confound all authority. It would unite in her government all the functions of the state and of the family. It would make it absorb every power on earth; for the law of God which she teaches is applicable to all, and should be a guide for all. Instead of "a kingdom" "*not* of this world," it would make the Church a kingdom embracing the whole world,—a world, if you will, aiming to become what God's laws would require it to be—but still a world with all its earthly cares and responsibilities. It would be a kingdom having care of all things, but only oppressed by their multitude and conflicting claims; weighed down rather than honored or assisted by its multifarious and extensive functions.

We have dwelt longer on this point than we at first intended, for it is here that Mr. B's leading fallacy is found. He confounds the teaching authority with the governmental power, or as it is technically called, the jurisdiction *in foro externo.* What is true only of one he extends to the other. Yet when the question is fairly put, a theologian will no more claim that the range of both is co-extensive, than a civilian will claim for the Supreme Court of the State the right to carry on the banking business, though it has a right to decide what are the laws of the State on that subject.

What we have said of Mr. B's principle regarding the right of the Church to apply the law of God, we must say of his other principle asserting her right over all things that affect conscience. The truths that will guide conscience in every department are taught by the Church as a part of her doctrine, so far as they have been declared to her. So far these principles belong to the unchanging deposit committed to her keeping, and contain no provisions of a mere temporary character. The measures which she can take to protect those principles depend on the extent of governmental authority with which she has been invested, and this must be known from other sources. If the protection of consciences were *a measure,* as it should be the *object* of the exercise of her authority, the confusion already alluded to would necessarily arise. Every power and authority on earth would not merely be subject to, but would be absorbed in the governmental authority of the Church, for there is none the exercise of which does not affect conscience.

It might seem a beautiful arrangement to have on earth a governing authority with charge of all things and commissioned by heaven itself; but God has not been pleased to institute it, for, as we remarked before, it is undeniable that there is a power distinct from that of the Church to which has been committed the charge of temporal affairs.*

To return then to Mr. B's position, it is true that the Church has been commissioned to teach the law of God. It is her duty to make it known in detail, as far as it has been communicated to her. She cannot, and therefore she will not, extend it further. But it is not true that she is charged with its application in all cases. In many instances this belongs to other parties.

If the power of the State emanate from God, as Mr. B. admits, it has the commission to apply the divine law within the department committed to its care. It is bound to take as the basis of its action, the law of God as announced by the Church, which simply means that it is bound to act in accordance with righteousness and truth; but, building on this foundation, the other provisions that are necessary belong to its own sphere and to its own commission. Its whole business, in fact, is nothing else but to apply the law of God in a certain department. The same may be said of the family and of each individual in every thing placed under his charge. To say that the Church that made known the foundation, must also build the superstructure, is to say that she has a right to everything that comes from God; it is to say that she has temporal as well as spiritual power—that she unites in herself all the powers and functions which God has granted to any one.

Whatever rules, then, may be assigned for distinguishing the boundaries of the temporal and spiritual orders, or defining the sphere of each, it is manifest that we cannot claim for the Church the right of "applying" the law of God in *all* cases, nor that of controlling every thing that bears on conscience.

The fact, that in consequence of this limitation, she will be compelled to witness many disorders, without the power of remedying them, is but a proof that God has not so arranged things that perfection is secured here below. This will be the case, however, in any theory we adopt. Yet the Church, by teaching the truth steadily, by being invested with all the governmental power in the spiritual order that is necessary to foster virtue, to check the growth of vice, and to preserve her own administration in the freedom and independence which she inherits from Christ, confers a great boon even on the temporal order. The two orders, in a word, if properly administered, will exercise a mutual influence for good on one another, as becomes things which emanate from the same first source, and tend to the same last end.

---

*It is amusing to hear this sometimes called Manicheism, as if it were the same thing to believe that one God gave two distinct, independent commissions and to believe that there are two Gods.

To sum up what we have said in a few words — this right of the Church to declare and apply the law of God, to provide for the safety and guidance of consciences, may be understood in reference either to *general principles* or to the *merits of individuals*. In the *first* case she has a right to declare whatever she knows, and her testimony is proper evidence of the doctrine of Christ. In the *second* case her course is an exercise of governmental authority, and can apply only to persons and things that come within its sphere.

The undeniable extent of the matter of her teaching thus creates no difficulty, when it can be satisfactorily proved that her external jurisdiction or governmental power has a certain definite sphere, known as the spiritual order, beyond which it does not extend.

We said above that Mr. B. pushes his theory to a most unwarrantable length. It is now time to look into this part of our subject.

It is unnecessary to have recourse to argument to show the consequences that flow from his doctrine. He develops it himself, and presents it, we may say, in as objectionable a form as can well be imagined. We need do little more than quote his own words.

The "declaratory" power which he claims for the Church evidently includes even what is commonly called legislative authority. "God," he says, "and He only, makes the law;" and it is for this reason that he does not claim for the Church the right of "making the law" for the temporal order. The "declaring" and "applying" of the law, therefore, which he does claim, would seem to include every thing which God has not reserved to himself, and this right to declare and apply God's law is claimed for the Church in reference "to kings and princes, states and empires, as well as to individuals, in public as well as in private matters."

But without laying too much stress on this, Mr. B's own words leave no doubt of what he means by this *declaratory* power. He explains it in language that cannot be mistaken. "The Church," he says, "as the spiritual power, has jurisdiction in all matters that touch our conscience, the law, the glory of God or our supreme good." "Tell us, then," he adds, further on, "even supposing the Church to have only spiritual power, what question can come up between man and man, between sovereign and sovereign, between subject and sovereign, or sovereign and subject, that does not come within the legitimate jurisdiction of the Church, and on which she has not, by divine right, the power to pronounce *judicial sentence?* None? Then," &c. . . . . . "Here is the doctrine, and the whole doctrine, of our review on this subject."

We do not know what language that we could use, would explain more fully the practical consequences which we charge on his doctrine. Yet assertions equivalent to the above are repeated over and over, so that no possible mistake can exist with regard to his meaning. He transfers to the *governmental power* what is true only of the *teaching authority.* On all the subjects referred to — indeed, on every subject — the Church can teach whatever Christ delivered unto her. She will not decide every question that may be proposed to her, but every question of doctrine she undertakes to decide, is within her competency. It is quite another thing when we wish her to pass from the doctrine to the merits of any individual, and to arraign him for what he may have done or omitted. Even here an important class of questions comes under her jurisdiction, but many others may arise in which she will not think it beneath her to say to those who appeal to her decision, "*O man, who hath appointed me judge or divider over you?*"

When, therefore, Mr. B. asserts that "the Church has jurisdiction in all matters that touch our consciences, the law, the glory of God, or our supreme good," we reply in scholastic fashion, with a distinction. If by jurisdiction you understand the right to teach what God has delivered on these subjects, we grant it; if you understand the right of adopting every legislative measure that is directed to these ends, or deciding every dispute that may arise in regard to them, we deny it. It may touch our consciences, the law, the glory of God, or our supreme good, whether slaveholders shall be allowed to carry and retain their slaves in Nebraska: who shall be our next President, may touch the glory of God and our supreme good: the annexation of Cuba to the United States even by purchase or cession, may tend to increase or diminish the glory of God on earth, and promote or endanger our supreme good; the very earthly prosperity which is immediately aimed at by legislative measures may have this tendency. Will the jurisdiction of the Church, therefore, embrace all these things, and shall we preach it to be the duty of Catholics, or of the whole country, if it were Catholic, to refer these questions to the Pope?

We reply in the same manner to the other proposition, "What question can come up between man and man . . . on which she has not by divine right the power to pronounce a judicial sentence?" If the question regard only the doctrine of Christ on the subject, we are willing to admit there is none — at least, none on which she feels authorized to issue her decision. If it require her to take cognizance of men's short-comings, and to assign the penalty which their actions would merit, we say there are many. Now, all these questions of indirect temporal power, besides doctrine, imply judgment pronounced on individuals — a judgment requiring not merely the announcing of doctrine, but examination of evidence and other acts of government. Her jurisdiction is wide even here, but it does not embrace every thing; it is confined to one defined order.

It is thought we should not object to Mr. B's extensive claims for the Church, because he considers them as constituting a *spiritual* authority, "inherent in her as the guardian and judge of the law under which kings and emperors hold their crowns, and have a right to reign." "The Pope," he says, "even by virtue of his spiritual authority, has the power to judge all temporal questions, if not precisely as temporal, yet as spiritual." But it evidently matters nothing in what respect this is done, or by what name it is called. It is the substantial claim that is important. The title or classification to which the power may belong is of no consequence.

> "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet."

He himself tells us that this declaratory spiritual power includes the right of pronouncing *judicial sentence*, of requiring its execution in the temporal order, accompanying the command with spiritual censures; and this, be it remembered, "in every question that can arise between sovereign and sovereign," "between sovereign and subject," "between man and man." In his view, there is no limit to the range of the questions that come under the Pope's jurisdiction; "he can judge *all* temporal questions:" the only limitation is to the view in which he shall consider them; he must judge them "not precisely as temporal," but "as spiritual." The sentence pronounced, he says, "ought to have immediate practical execution *in the temporal order*, and the temporal power that resists it is not only faithless to its trust, but guilty of direct rebellion against God."

The whole context shows that when Mr. B. speaks of *declaratory* power he does not confine it to the consequences of any act that has been performed, or of any thing that has occurred; it embraces the right to declare what should be done in any case that may arise, or that may be anticipated; in a word, it embraces the right of authoritative instruction in every legislative, judicial or executive measure. "The temporal order" . . . . he says, "is subjected to the spiritual, and consequently EVERY QUESTION that *does* or *can* arise in the temporal order is indirectly a spiritual question, and within the jurisdiction of the Church, as the spiritual authority, and therefore of the Pope;" nor does he hesitate to push this even to saying that the Pope "has the right to pronounce sentence of deposition against any sovereign when required by the good of the spiritual order." Notwithstanding a disclaimer made elsewhere, a fair construction of these words — and, what is more important, their connection with the principles laid down — would imply that this could be done, even when no crime had been committed, but the measure was merely "required by the good of the spiritual order."

Such is the declaratory *spiritual* power claimed for the Church by Mr. B. We should like to know what would be the substantial difference if he claimed for her direct temporal power of the most ample kind?

It is but an apparent limitation or qualification of this doctrine, to say that "whether the sentence shall be carried into effect or not in the temporal order depends, in point of fact, on that order itself, because the Church has not temporal arms with which to enforce the execution of her sentence."

When you say that she has a right to pronounce sentence and enforce it in the manner stated, you say every thing, and a great deal more than can be said for any temporal ruler or sovereign on earth. The American Congress, the British Parliament, and all the sovereigns in the world, may make what laws they please, their acts will produce no effect in the temporal order, if all concerned disregard them. According to Mr. B., the Church can command those who have arms to use them; he leaves "the nations not the right, but the ability to resist her judgment, to refuse to execute her decrees." He insists that "it by no means follows from any thing of this sort, that princes or people have the right before God to prevent the power from having its *civil consequences*." "The ability to resist" can be exercised only by those "who choose to incur eternal damnation," and "the power that resists is guilty of rebellion against God."

A temporal ruler has power only through the obedience of those to whom he trusts for support. His power is felt only when it is practically obeyed by as many as are able to enforce it on the unwilling. He has no giant arm to slay those who will not submit. Let those who should support him disregard his precepts and refuse to aid him, would not the most powerful monarch become helpless? It is, therefore, no limitation of power to make its efficacy depend on its being acknowledged and supported.

Nugatory, however, as is this apparent limitation, it is placed reluctantly by Mr. B. He merely "does not contend for" the doctrine that "the State holds from God only through the Church." It is only *practically* that the Pope is said "not to have the power to go further (than the judicial act) and carry the sentence into execution by physical force, if necessary, as distinguished from spiritual censures." That he has the "abstract right" even to this he would "be loath to deny."

We are unwilling to make any comments on this doctrine. We think it enough to state it, and we feel confident that every Catholic in the country will unite with us in protesting against it.

Nor is it any restriction worth speaking of to say, "The Church has no right to depose a legitimate prince . . . . . for she has no right to do wrong." If this be compatible with the principles laid down, of which we have serious doubts, it is merely a consequence of the Christian idea of power in its most direct and legitimate sphere, not of any limitation of the authority of the Church. It is but asserting what is true in all departments, that power is not despotic, but is given and must be exercised for the good of the governed, and according to the requirements of justice. It is no restriction to the theory of all-absorbing power claimed for the Church in the other passages that we have quoted, and holds good as far and no farther than it would if we believed her to possess the most ample direct temporal authority.

Mr. B's explanatory remarks, therefore, amount to this. The deposing power is only "an incident" of a much vaster power which he claims for the Church. According to him, she has jurisdiction in all matters to which the law of God is applicable, or which touch our consciences, or, as he himself explains it, "in all our acts, whether we sing or pray, eat or drink, wake or sleep, assist at public worship or pursue our own domestic avocations, whether we act in a public or private capacity." In all it is the province of the Church to apply the law and declare and enforce all practical obligations arising under it; to pronounce sentence, even a sentence that shall have immediate temporal effect; to take away power, or any rights that are abused, and judge what degree of abuse warrants such a measure; to order the execution of this sentence; and it is the duty of nations and of those in power "to make the sentence have immediate practical execution in the temporal order." It is her right to inflict spiritual censures if they will not obey. They can refuse or neglect compliance with her requirements only as they can commit any other crime—at the risk of eternal damnation.

This, we think, is a fair statement of Mr. Brownson's doctrine.

As bishops, in proper subordination and degree, have in their respective dioceses a power of the same nature as that of the Pope in the universal Church, it would follow that all the legislative, judicial and executive bodies, even of a temporal nature, that are found in each diocese, are subject to the bishop; that he ought not perhaps to interfere with them as long as they do their duty: but, as guardian of the law, he should watch over all to see that they faithfully perform it. He would be a court of appeal to correct their errors and restrain their abuses; he should banish unworthy occupants of office, and place good and skilful ones in their stead. Are they not all engaged in applying and declaring the eternal and moral law? Does not every question that comes before them affect conscience, and is it not thus brought within the sphere of his competency?

This is not merely a deduction of ours. The words of Mr. B. clearly require it. "Every question," he says, "that does or can arise in the temporal order is indirectly a spiritual question, and within the jurisdiction of the Church;" therefore, every such question that is of mere local importance is "within the jurisdiction" of the local ecclesiastical authority. There is no other limitation to the sphere of this authority, or to the objects which it embraces, except to remember that it is exercised in consequence of their spiritual bearing.

This, we venture to say, far surpasses any thing that Bellarmine or Suarez or any fair theologian ever taught. We will not stop to discuss it, we deem it perfectly superfluous to do so. We protest against its being put forward as Catholic doctrine or as the doctrine of any considerable number of Catholics.

Mr. B. gives it as his opinion that "perhaps in two years" "a vigorous effort will be made in this country to disfranchise Catholics and to proscribe the Catholic religion," and that "a bitter and most cruel persecution of Catholics in the name of civil and religious liberty is undoubtedly in preparation." Every careful observer of events will admit that this prediction is not without foundation. And what weapon will be found more powerful in bringing about that issue than these very exorbitant claims to which we have alluded? They may yet forge galling chains for us. Much less extravagant ones attributed to Catholics, were the last barrier to their emancipation in England.

Mr. B. says that our course is dictated by distrust of the Church. The Church, however, is loved more wisely by restricting our claims for her within the bounds of sobriety, where *all* true men can follow us. To extend the sphere of her authority or her infallibility beyond due limits, may seem to indicate zeal, but it lacks discretion, and in its practical results may do more harm than the attacks of enemies.

We love the Papacy. It is the rock on which Christ built his Church and through which he gives her stability. In preserving the Church and her institutions, it is the means of preserving for the world all the blessings which religion has bestowed in the temporal and in the spiritual order. In defending this institution of God, we trust we are ready, if necessary, to shed our blood.

But if the day of trial come, we wish to suffer "as a Christian" — for the principles which our faith or a fair interpretation of it would require. We are by no means prepared to suffer, or to call upon others to suffer, for what any man's logic may seem to deduce from those principles, and especially for things which neither our logic nor our theology has taught us. We bear willing testimony to Mr. Brownson's abilities, and to the service he has rendered the Church in many other matters. Though the foregoing is not the only point on which we think he has adopted extreme and untenable views, we appreciate his services and approve his writings in other respects, warmly and sincerely, as far as a general approbation may be fairly construed; but on this point, particularly, we beg leave to record our most solemn protest against his doctrines.

Notwithstanding the tone in which we have alluded to Mr. B's statements, we admit, however, that they are logical consequences of the doctrine he has undertaken to defend. Others would be unwilling to go so far as he does; but there is no middle course, when once this indirect temporal power, or what is signified by these words, is taught under any name. The only way to avoid these consequences is to leave the spiritual and temporal powers each to occupy a distinct sphere. They have duties to each other; they may sometimes come in collision, and embarrassing questions may arise regarding their several competency. Unworthy men may endeavor to strip the Church of her legitimate authority under the plea of restricting her within proper bounds. But nothing of this kind should make us lose sight of sound doctrine. In our last article, we quoted the words in which the illustrious confessor of Freiburg defines his position.

"Two great orders govern society — the CHURCH and the STATE. *Each of the two in its own sphere is self-supporting (selb-ständig) and independent.* As long as each moves in its own sphere, their end — the eternal and temporal welfare of man — is happily attained, and the welfare of society is secured by the action of both."

A great Pope had put forward the same doctrine centuries before. St. Gelasius writes as follows to Anastasius the emperor, a man whom he should, and we may say, would certainly have deposed, if he had the power claimed for him by Mr. Brownson:

"There are two powers, august emperor, by which this world is governed, the sacerdotal authority and the royal dignity, both supreme and not interfering with each other in their respective functions. . . . For thou knowest, beloved son, that, although by thy dignity thou art placed over other men, thou dost devoutly bow thy neck to those who have authority in divine things, and seekest from them the means of thy salvation, and that, according to the order of religion, thou art subject to, and not placed over them, in the receiving and due administration of the heavenly sacraments. Thou knowest, therefore, that in these things thou art bound by their decision, not they to do thy will. For if, in what regards the arrangement of public order, even the highest ministers of religion, knowing that thou hast received the imperial authority by divine disposition, obey thy laws, with what affection, I would ask, does it not become thee to obey those who have been appointed to administer the sacred mysteries." "Christ," says the same Gelasius, "mindful of human frailty, arranging, by an admirable disposition, what would be suitable for the well-being of his followers, and wishing that they should be preserved by a healing humility, and not again ensnared by human pride, separated in such a manner the offices of the two powers, by appropriate functions and distinct dignities, that the Christian emperors should stand in need of Pontiffs for what regards eternal life, and the Pontiffs, for the course of temporal things, should make use of the imperial regulations: so that the spiritual administration should be free from carnal encroachments, and thus the soldier of God should not implicate himself in secular matters; and, on the other hand, he who was involved in secular affairs, should not be seen to have control over divine things; so that moderation might be secured for each order, neither being puffed up as if extending itself over both, and each profession be impressed with the character of the functions assigned to it."

This was the doctrine of a Pope who was not a time-server nor a subservient flatterer of kings; and who was not animated by any improper distrust of the Church in assigning to her ministers the administration of spiritual things only. He is venerated by the Church as a saint, and is known to have been as a servant of the poor while he manfully battled for the rights of God's Church. He assigned its proper sphere to the ecclesiastical authority, because he knew that Christ so ordained it; he could see reasons for this ordinance in the very character of human nature, and saw God's glory and the Church's usefulness promoted by this very arrangement.

Such, we trust, are the motives of our own anxiety to see the claims made for her confined to what will be supported by the principles and the practice of all ages.

# ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN REPLY TO GENERAL CASS, AND IN SELF-VINDICATION.

Although this letter has been spread before the public already in so many different ways, we think it not amiss to insert it in full in the Metropolitan. It is probable that many of our readers will at least not possess this interesting document in any other shape.

The importance of this letter is a thing almost independent of its merit. One of our most distinguished Prelates, in point of talents, age, rank in the Hierarchy, and public reputation, was formally assailed on the floor of the Senate of the U. S., the most dignified deliberative assembly in the world, by a Senator of high standing, advanced age and great influence, on the great question of Religious Liberty; and this is his reply. It is safe to say that it will be minutely scanned, widely canvassed, and quoted for many years, by persons on both sides.

In regard to its merit it would be superfluous and perhaps impertinent for us to express an opinion. The clearness, pith, condensation, close logic, sparkling wit and keen satire of the Archbishop of New York shine conspicuous in it.

## REPLY TO GENERAL CASS.

Some persons imagine that a high honor has been conferred on me by the importance assigned to my name in the great speech which General Cass has thought proper to pronounce in the Senate of the United States. The providence of God has directed that General Cass should serve not only his country but his race in one order of life, and that it should be my humble privilege to serve both in another. I trust that my purity of motives is not inferior to his. But whilst he has steered his prosperous bark on yielding tides and with favoring winds as one of the approved and cherished great men of his country, it has been my lot, though a citizen of the same country, to have been occupied in propelling the little skiff, intrusted to my charge, in a direction generally adverse to the current, whether of wind or tide. General Cass is a Senator—I am, before the law, only a private citizen. I am also an ecclesiastic of the holy Catholic Church, even an unworthy prelate. The duties and speculations of our distinct departments appertain to such divergent relations, although intended to promote ultimately the same great beneficial ends we have in view, that any controversy in regard to them must necessarily appear to the American people and to the civilized world as an extraordinary event, especially under the constitutional character of our own beloved country, which has so wisely for its circumstances, eliminated religious questions from the deliberations of Congress.

That my name, or any views of mine in an incidental letter should have attracted such serious attention on the part of General Cass, or any other Senator, is to me rather a humiliation than a pride. The circumstance brings me, as a citizen, into an apparent collision with a Senator. I am not disposed to waive either my rights as a citizen, or sacrifice my principles as a patriot and a man, simply because the tide of American public opinion may be turned against me. Neither am I prepared, on the other hand, to say one word in maintaining my position, which, considering my age and rank in the Church, might give apparent sanction to that growing irreverence which is becoming so prevalent in this age, whether as it relates to pre-eminence, civil, ecclesiastical, social, domestic or senatorial.

To my utter astonishment, General Cass thinks that his name was first brought into my letter without any cause or occasion having been presented on his part. I shall perhaps best discharge my duty in reference to this by giving a brief statement of the circumstances which I thought warranted me in using the name of General Cass. The circumstances were these. A man and his wife, named Madiai, had been arrested at Florence. They had been tried according to the laws of their country, and condemned to the penalty which the said laws had provided against persons offending as they had done. The report of their crime, as it reached the newspapers of England and America, was that they had been imprisoned merely for owning and reading their Bible. It was natural and even honorable that all men, whether Catholics or Protestants, should feel and manifest their abhorrence for the disproportion between the alleged crime and the positive penalty. A meeting of sympathy was convened and held in this city. The undersigned with a view to learn the real facts of the case, attended that meeting. The speakers on the occasion, vituperated the Pope of Rome, the monks of Italy, the friars, the Jesuits, and the Catholics every where. The only person or party that was treated with a decent share of moderation, was the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Towards the middle of the proceedings the following resolution complimentary to General Cass, as a bright, particular star shining out from the dark heavens of human nature, which the orators had been describing, was proposed and carried by acclamation.

"*Resolved*, 4. That this meeting firmly believes that it is the duty of the Government of the United States to protect all our citizens in their religious rights, whilst residing or sojourning in foreign lands; approves in the fullest manner of the noble attempt of a distinguished Senator from Michigan (Gen. Cass), to call the attention of the Government and the public to this important subject; and entertains the confident hope that this Government will speedily secure to its citizens, by the express stipulations of *international treaties*, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, in every foreign land."—*N. Y. Times*, *Jan.* 8, 1853.

In view of the lampooning which all Catholics, from the Pope downwards, had received at the lips of the orators, it did strike me as somewhat strange that the above resolution should have been introduced. The question that arose in my mind was, "How came it there?" The circumstance, however, seemed to me to be a sufficient reason for referring to General Cass, by name, in a letter which I wrote some time after. I have ascertained since that the Rev. Dr. Baird, who might be called the chief conductor of the Madiai meeting, was found in a short time afterwards perfectly conversant with the proceedings going on in the Senate touching religious matters abroad. He is reported to have proclaimed in the Hall of the American Institute in Baltimore, on the 17th February, 1853, that Mr. Underwood, a Senator, had done him the honor of reading his (Mr. Underwood's) report on the subject referred to, before reporting it to the Senate, and that he (Dr. Baird) approved of it. That report, if ever published, I have not been able to find; but I think it not improbable that such report would have been in consequence of the reference of a petition from the Maryland Baptist Union Association, which General Cass had so eloquently recommended to the appropriate committee in a speech delivered January 3, 1853, just four days previous to the Madiai meeting.

The petition alluded to had reference especially to the condition of the Baptists under the Protestant government of Prussia. A reference to this subject is found in a senatorial document, published from the files of the Department of State, and designated S. Doc. 60. A letter from our Minister at Berlin, Mr. Barnard, dated January 31, 1853, addressed to Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, gives an account of his poor success in attempting to obtain toleration for Protestant subjects of the Protestant government to which he was accredited. Taking this document in connection with what has gone before, there would appear to be a perfect harmony of benevolent feelings among the distinguished persons connected with the subject, namely: Mr. Barnard, Mr. Cass, Rev. Dr. Baird, and Mr. Underwood. The truth of facts, and the accuracy of memory among the parties, are not by any means so perfect. Mr. Barnard pleads for subjects of Prussia, who are Baptists; Mr. Cass for the religious rights of Americans who go abroad; Dr. Baird, for international treaties, to secure such rights. Mr.

Cass, not for treaties, but for an amiable, diplomatic, officious, and unofficial interference every where in favor of American religious rights; and Mr. Underwood, as having covered the whole ground by previously reading his report to Dr. Baird, who approved of it even before it was submitted to the Senate.

I trust it will be, as it ever has been, the pleasing duty as well as right of the Executive Department of this government, to interpose its kind and courteous offices with other State Sovereignties in dissuading from acts of oppression likely to shock the feelings of humanity at large. But for this purpose I think legislation is unnecessary, and under the circumstances I vastly prefer the form of policy presented at the Madiai meeting to that which General Cass has broached in his senatorial place. The former goes for treaties, and I go for treaties, if any thing is to be done in the matter; the latter goes for charging our representatives abroad with half-defined duties, semi-national, semi-religious, semi-benevolent, semi-humanitarian, and, if I may be allowed the expression, semi-every thing—and yet nothing definite. This, I trust, will be received by General Cass as a sufficient apology for my having introduced his name into my letter.

In my letter, to which General Cass takes such exceptions, I stated that, if our American Congress implicated itself in such questions to be seen to by our representatives abroad, I feared that such interference would be regarded by foreign Governments as driveling. I was not then aware that what I anticipated as a probable contingency had already become a historical fact. It appears from Mr. Barnard's communication, that a letter addressed by him to the King of Prussia, confided to a distinguished hand, had been returned to him—the party declining the responsibility of presenting it. Interviews between our Minister and the King, and the King's private Secretary, subsequently took place; and it is amusing to perceive with what amiability of language the King and his Secretary lowered down the American Minister. Diplomacy never employed more courteous language for the purpose of bowing out an intruder. All this has been substantially recorded by our Minister himself; and I can translate the correspondence in no other sense, under the circumstances, than if the King and his private Secretary, in courteous language well known to diplomacy, and with refined manners, becoming perfect gentlemen on both sides, had said to Mr. Barnard, "Mr. American Minister, will you have the kindness to mind your own business." Now, as a citizen of the United States, I should be sorry that our foreign representatives by any legislative rules should ever be obliged to leave it in the power of majesty or royalty to lower them down in a manner like this.

If under the sincere profession of respect for the character, services and position of General Cass, which has already been tendered, it should happen that any thing may be said by me in this writing apparently at variance with that profession, I trust that he knows me too well to believe for a moment that I am capable of saying one thing, and intending another, directly the reverse. Yet his speech has imposed on me the obligation of speaking frankly, within the limits that courtesy prescribes. I complain of General Cass. He has done me injustice, not intentionally, of course, but yet he has done me injustice. He has presented as the caption of my letter to the ***Freeman's Journal***, a caption which is not mine at all. And this circumstance leads me to fear that time did not permit him to read attentively the document, insignificant as it was, which his speech professes to review. Again, whenever he does not quote my own identical words, but professes to represent the *meaning* of my statements, he misrepresents me, again, no doubt, unintentionally. His commentaries upon these misrepresented statements of mine, must necessarily correspond with the misrepresentations themselves; and thus I am placed, by implication, before the American people as maintaining sentiments and advocating principles which I abhor and despise. Again, General Cass must permit me to complain of him, in that he suggests an immediate judgment against me at the tribunal of what he calls the "nineteenth century," "the spirit of the age," "public sentiment," and above all, the opinion of the great American public. This is not fair. I have great respect for the American people; but even a Senator of the United

States ought not to attempt the extinguishment of honorable manhood in any citizen, by waving in his face the threat and danger of his incurring the frown of even the great American people. For the purposes of this argument, it is not necessary that I should incur the frown of either. But if circumstances required it, I am quite prepared to meet the issue with which the Senator would indirectly intimidate me, and to incur without a murmur, in regard to any question now discussed between us, the frown of any people, rather than incur the frown and reproach of my own conscience.

The honorable Senator has represented me as attempting to balance accounts between this country and the Grand Little Duchy of Tuscany. This was not fair. I made no accusations against this country. I merely suggested that civil governments, our own included, are sometimes unable to escape difficulties such as have sent the Madiai from Florence, according to law, and driven unprotected ladies from their dove-cot in Charlestown, in Massachusetts, against law into common banishment. General Cass thinks that inasmuch as the banishment of the Madiai was according to law, in Tuscany, and that of the Ursulines against law and by violence, the comparison is wonderfully against Tuscany and in our favor. I believe directly the reverse. The laws of Tuscany had made known to all parties beforehand, that the establishment of domestic conventicles for the purpose of proselytizing the subjects of the Grand Duchy from the established religion, would be visited with the judicial decisions of the established courts, and would be followed on conviction of parties with the penalties which the law had in such case provided. Here there was at least fair notice given beforehand. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the other side, had proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the land, that property, reputation and life, would be safe under the shield of her sovereign protection, unless in the case that all or either should be forfeited according to law and justice applicable to the case. The Madiai of Florence had not been deceived by the laws of the country under which they lived. The nuns of Charlestown, in regard to the laws of the country in which they had confided, were deceived. The latter, without having incurred even a reproach, much less an impeachment, or trial by jury, or judicial sentence consequent on such trial, were driven from their own home in violation of law, their property destroyed, the very graves of their departed sisters desecrated. What then? "Oh," says General Cass, "that was a mob." My answer is, "So much the worse for his side of the comparison." The State of Massachusetts ought not to have allowed those ladies to spend their money in building a house, and confiding their safety and property to the high promise of its sovereign protection, if the State of Massachusetts felt itself incapable of protecting them. But although in any country in the world it may happen, as it has happened in nearly all, that a mob may have violated the laws, still, when order is restored, such sovereign State having pledged itself to protect personal rights, ought to be prepared to make such puny reparations as would be possible, with a view to vindicate its own character of sovereignty. Massachusetts has neither protected nor has she compensated. General Cass thinks that reparation should have been made. This shows the benevolence of his heart. But the outrage has been on record in the public annals of the country and of the world, for the last twenty years, and even General Cass had never before betrayed, so far as I am aware, the secret of his kind sympathies to the poor ladies of Charlestown. Neither has any of the great men of Massachusetts, so far as has come to my knowledge, expressed publicly such sympathy for them. Mr. Everett, or his great predecessor Mr. Webster, since the burning of the convent at Charlestown, has hardly been able to find himself in a locality from which it would be possible to look on the Bunker Hill monument, without having at the same time within the range of his vision the black walls and the ruins of Mount Benedict. I have a vague recollection that Mr. Everett did on one occasion, many years ago, refer to the subject in language of regret, but if I am not mistaken in my memory he alleged on that occasion that by false zeal the convent had been raised, and by false zeal it had been destroyed, — thereby ignoring all distinction between acts loyally and honestly done in faith of protection from the sovereignty of the State, and acts done in violation of the State's laws and contempt of its authority.

It may be easily imagined with what greater pleasure I shall be able to find points of agreement with my own principles of conviction, in the apparently hostile views of General Cass, than points of divergency or antagonism. And strange as it may appear to some, I am persuaded that there is no difference between the distinguished Senator and myself, in regard to nine-tenths of his great speech. A large portion of it is an assertion, or rather reiteration of patriotic and liberal feelings with which every true American is, as a matter of course, supposed to be imbued. Among his countrymen the Senator from Michigan has acquired an honorable eminence by his well-known patriotism, benevolence of heart, zeal for the advancement of his country's interest, and profound respect for religion, all of which have been generally acknowledged if not universally appreciated. His speech will be very much abridged if we put aside all that he has said, developing by implication these noble attributes of his own personal feelings and character. Neither shall I offer one word of apology for the real or supposed crimes insinuated in his speech against Foreign States, whether Catholic or Protestant, for their want of decent humanity regarding the burial of the dead within their limits. In all those states, I take it for granted, there are many things as well as this, which might be advantageously reformed. I would only observe that, Protestants sojourning in Catholic countries can hardly claim privileges, which, if offered in their own, they would not choose to accept. They do not believe in prayers for the dead, and the attendance of Catholic clergymen at the obsequies of the departed, has invariable reference to that belief. Neither do they believe in what Catholics call the consecration, by religious rites, of Catholic cemeteries. Hence, in their own country they prefer to be interred in common ground not consecrated. I do not see, therefore, any solid reason for its being insisted on that they should be buried in consecrated ground when they are abroad, in Catholic countries, since the very idea of such a thing never enters into their mind in their native land. If the following exhibit a correct estimate of what American Protestants believe regarding Catholics, one might infer that the former would have no desire to be interred among such pagans, either at home or abroad.

### THE PRESBYTERIANS *VS.* THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

The Presbyterian General Assembly (New School) sitting at Philadelphia, on Thursday, had under consideration a report from a special Committee on "Popish Baptism." The report was read by Dr. Hatfield. The question submitted for the consideration of the Committee was as follows:

"Is the administration of what is denominated Baptism in the Roman Catholic Church to be recognized as Christian Baptism?"

The Committee said the dispensation by other than regular ordained Ministers had been departed from by the Romish Church. The Committee concludes that the Romish Church is no longer a church of Christ, but a synagogue of Satan. The Pope is considered the Anti-Christ. The tendency of the Popish Church is to establish the power of the Pope in all parts of the world, in opposition to the Church and religion of Christ. The forms of the Church of Rome were considered mummeries by the Committee. The latter in conclusion says: "The ministers of the Church of Rome are not authorized to administer the sacraments ordained by Christ, our Lord, in the Gospel, and that the administration of what is denominated Baptism in the Roman Catholic Church, is not to be recognized as Christian Baptism."

The report was signed by Edwin F. Hatfield, D. D., and Samuel H. Cox, the majority of the Committee.

Prof. SMITH, the third member of the Committee, submitted a minority report, differing from the views of the majority, and taking the ground that Papal Baptism is valid. The arguments of the majority were replied to in detail in the minority report. The minority deems it impolitic to urge to extremity differences which will further alienate the Catholic people from Protestantism.

The reports were accepted, and a debate ensued, and upon a motion made by Dr. Waterbury, to adopt the report of the majority. At 12 o'clock, a motion to indefinitely postpone was negatived.

The Rev. Mr. RILEY submitted the following resolution as an amendment to the motion to postpone the subject:

*Resolved*, That in view of the great diversity of opinion and of practice in the Presbyterian Church on the subject of Popish Baptism, and in view of previous action of the Assembly, it will be inexpedient for the present Assembly to take action in the case.

Rev. Dr. **Brainard** opposed the adoption of the majority report, and hoped the matter would be left with the consciences of those who were to be benefited by it.

Mr. **Taylor**, of Cleveland, during a speech upon baptism, stated that if he was a Minister he would tell his flock the whole truth, and that is, if they believed not upon the Lord Jesus Christ they would be damned. He did believe that baptism was essential to salvation.

The debate was continued up to the hour of adjournment. — *N. Y. Express.*

Leaving the above specimen of liberality to speak for itself, I must be permitted to say that Senator Cass has been exceedingly infelicitous in one of the examples by which he would illustrate the hardships of American Protestants in Catholic countries in regard to this matter of Christian burial. He tells us of a Protestant who was at the point of death at San Diego, and who was so anxious to be buried in a consecrated place of sepulture, that he consulted the American minister as to whether he should not make a profession of Catholicism with the view to secure the right to such interment. The minister, like an honest man, dissuaded him from such a course, founded on such a motive. But still the Senator tells us that the ceremony of recantation was performed *in extremis*, and that the dying man, by this nominal change of faith, secured for his body after death, a resting place in a consecrated cemetery. From all which statement by Gen. Cass the obvious inference is, that the poor man either became sincerely a Catholic, which he had a right to do, or died a hypocrite, a traitor to his conscience and his God, thereby sacrificing his soul for the sake of a grave.

I think the Senator from Michigan has been still more unfortunate in his allusion to some distinguished personage in Spain, supposed to be a woman, if not a lady. I hope the public will excuse me for not referring to his language, since he himself avows, in the exordium of his reference, that it is "painfully disgusting." In this Gen. Cass was not mistaken. If he had spoken of his own knowledge, even on this "painfully disgusting" subject, no man would dispute his testimony. But he speaks on the authority of the London *Times*. The editor of that paper however, instead of giving utterance from human tongue to this assault upon woman, allowed it to pass into universal circulation from the leaden lips of his iron-hearted journal. Nor could he have imagined that any man, especially an American Senator, would repeat what he had published except under the pressure of some grave necessity, requiring that for ends of public justice, the depravity of woman as well as of man should be made as public as possible. Such weighty reasons Gen. Cass must no doubt have had, but he has made no allusion to them.

The first person whose acquaintance I made on this earth, was a woman. Her pretensions were humble, but to me she was a great lady — nay a very queen and empress. She was more; she was my earliest friend, my visible, palpable guardian Angel. If she smiled approval on me, it was as a ray from Paradise shed on my heart. If she frowned disapproval, it seemed like a partial or total eclipse of the sun. Gratitude for all her kindness to me compels me to enter my humble plea and protest against any rash judgment degrading to one of *her* sex, who has not had the benefit of trial or self-defence. For this reason, as well as for others, which it is not necessary that I should adduce, I take the liberty of saying that I for one do not believe the accusations of the London *Times*. That paper is the most powerful organ in the world of its own kind, either to destroy or build up any character or any cause whether public or private. If God should ever permit the noble, but oftentimes perverted capacities of the human intellect to elevate a wrong cause to a perfect equality with a right cause; an unjust cause to a perfect level with a just one; a false cause to an equality with a true one; such are the immense resources within its reach for procuring, in regard to all causes, the very kind of information from abroad which it desires; and such its gigantic powers in manipulating, if I can use the term, this terrible Anglo-Saxon tongue of ours, that the feat of destroying in the minds of its readers all distinction between right and wrong, would be accomplished by the London *Times*. I do not say that it is more disposed to embrace a wrong cause instead of a right than any of its contemporaries, I only suggest that its powers of maintaining a wrong cause are greater than theirs; and the temptations to do so will be graduated according to the scale of its powers.

It has been my pleasant duty when in Europe, at different times within the last fourteen or fifteen years, to defend, according to my feeble ability, not only our American institutions, but also our individual statesmen against the testimony of the London *Times*. In its issue of February 7, 1842, it charges one of the latter with "audacious unfairness of argument"—it charges that "to attempt to fight under false colors, to pervert and misrepresent with a kind of bowing and scraping appearance of candor, is a characteristic of his composition." It sneers at his designating itself as a "high authority"—it does "not know whether most to admire at the audacity of his misrepresentation or at the admirable coolness, the innocent, gentlemanly superiority with which he carries it off." In its issue of January 9th, 1846, it describes the same American Statesman and his supporters as "the noisy demagogues of a faction"—it hopes that "the Republic of America is not sunk so low as to be driven into hostilities by such men as he." In its issue of February 18, 1846, allusion is made to the same American statesman, though his name is not mentioned, as "one who panders to a sanguinary passion."

Now this American statesman is no other than General Cass. And this is the testimony of his chosen witness against some unprotected female residing beyond the Pyrenees. If the authority is good against her, who can reject it as against the Senator from Michigan? I beg leave to reject it indignantly as against both or either; but as it affects General Cass, he has cut himself off from the privilege of rejecting, by having indorsed in the Senate of the United States the testimony of a chosen witness, who has described his character in terms so little flattering.

The portions of General Cass's speech with which I am most pleased are his quotations from jurists, whether their names be Puffendorf or Vattel. In them there is no confusion of ideas—although Vattel complains of such confusion as being one of the difficulties against which jurists and publicists have to contend. Besides this, I could hardly desire better arguments to refute General Cass than he himself has had the patience and industry to produce. If time permitted, I should enjoy as a pleasant recreation the privilege of analyzing the speech of the distinguished Senator. I think it would be no difficult task, by means of a critical distribution or rather classification of his arguments *pro* and *con.*, to prove that the ill-digested parts of the complex subject which he had taken in hand, are on the whole so equally balanced, that if each could be logically arranged, under its own appropriate head, and either set off, according to its weight and measure against its opposite, the several positions of this great production would be found so mutually effective in their destruction of each other, that no positive result would remain, except that General Cass is, what every body knows, a statesman of great benevolence, having a great respect for the American people, especially the majority.

The Senator from Michigan maintains the supremacy of individual conscience, but he nullifies that supremacy according to his definition of conscience, by limiting the right to follow its dictates, and subjecting that right to the prohibition of law, human or divine. Now if the conscience of the individual is supreme, and the law of the land of any country is supreme also, which supremacy shall give way to the other? These are the premises laid down by General Cass, but unfortunately he has left the conclusions to be drawn from them, respectively to destroy or annihilate each other. His idea of conscience is not that it is a superior and indestructible, independent, moral faculty in the human soul, enabling every man to distinguish and choose between what seems to him good and evil, but that conscience gives right to the individual to act out, or manifest in words or deeds its interior dictates. On the other hand, he arms the civil authorities of all countries with the acknowledged right to control outward actions; so that, by confounding outward actions with conscience itself, he betrays and hands over that sacred principle to be judged of, and controlled by magistrates and civil governments. His first ebullition in favor of conscience is the proclamation that his purpose is "not merely to protect a Catholic in a Protestant country, a Protestant in a Catholic country, a Jew in a Christian country, but an American in all countries." General Cass professes to speak and act in regard to this subject, on the ground of Principle. Principle is neither Catholic nor Protestant, nor Jewish nor Christian—at least in the sense in which it has been employed by him. Principle, if any thing, is universal. And since General Cass has attributed to what he calls an American, something like a special prerogative, he ought to show some grounds why an American, here classified under the head of religious denominations, should have any special or exceptional preference. Four religious denominations are mentioned, namely: Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Christian. This nomenclature General Cass may explain. Its terms theologically considered, are, at least, intelligible. But when he comes to rank an American as a representative of a fifth sect, I really do not understand what he means.

If an American, as such, has a right to protection in all countries, why not also a European, an Asiatic, or an African? It seems, according to him, that religious denominations, in general, should be treated by *condescension* with kindness in all countries, but when a man professes the American religion, which General Cass has not explained, such a man has a pre-eminent right to special protection every where—that wherever he appears in foreign lands the sovereignty of the State, in regard to all questions appertaining to religion, must fall back the moment he proclaims himself an American. And it shall be understood that when he arrives on the shore of such country with a full measure of American atmosphere, American sunbeams, and American religion according to Mr. Cass, sufficient for his consumption during the period of his passage through or sojourning within that country, he shall have the right to say and do what he thinks proper, provided always it be according to the dictates of his conscience.

If this doctrine can obtain, several consequences which Mr. Cass had tried to guard against in other parts of his speech must necessarily follow. Every nation has the real or supposed element of sovereignty within itself. But if the rights of conscience are supreme, and an American is to be protected every where in acting out its dictates, then the sovereignty of such nation must give way to the sovereignty of his conscience. What then? Two sovereignties are immediately in conflict. Which shall yield to the other? If the sovereignty of the State must give way to the sovereignty of the individual, provided that individual be an American, then let foreign sovereign States hide their diminished heads, for it is obvious that two rival sovereignties cannot both prevail in the same State. Then, if that be the case, as the Senator seems to anticipate, then let us proclaim at once, that all the nations of the earth are already prospectively annexed to the United States; and that the evidence of the occasion which will make it decent and proper, and for their own interests that they should strike their flags, will be the appearance of an American on their shores. The only trouble in connection with this patriotic purpose is, that when we define our rights hastily, whether as regards a principle or an international boundary line, it may happen, that after having asked more, we may finally be compelled to take less. Whether as regards private contracts or public treaties, it is a well known law that it requires two or more parties to make a bargain. It must be within the recollection of General Cass, that a few years ago, we had fixed a north-western boundary line, on which we had determined to stand or fall. But this was before the consent of the other party had been obtained; and when the matter came to a bargain, we allowed the other party to undefine our position, and to slide us off from our chosen line to another two or three hundred miles south of it.

I have been quite amused at the eloquent denunciations by General Cass, of absurd maxims and wicked pretensions on the part of civil governments, to control conscience, to dictate or prescribe to their subjects what they shall believe. In that part of his great speech I have the pleasure to agree with him. It is probable, however, that he thought, as many of his readers will have thought, that he was denouncing Catholic principles. The fact, however, is distinctly the reverse. The jurists and the governments that fell under the real weight of his censure, were of his own school. A brief retrospect of the condition of Europe both previous to, and since the Reformation, will make this point clear. All the States of Europe had been Catholic. The people of these States had but one religion. That religion was older than their civil governments. Consequently, their civil governments never dictated to them what they should believe. And when General Cass speaks of the arrogance and impiety of civil governments dictating to their people what they shall believe or what they shall not believe, he makes, without perhaps being aware of it, an exception in favor of Catholic governments, down at least to the period of the Reformation. The civil laws of those countries were in many respects exclusive and intolerant. But then, since all (for I must use the word all, though occasional exceptions arose), were of the same faith, and had no desire to change, the laws were substantially innocuous in the absence of objects on whom they might be executed. Then came the Reformation. The Reformation resulted in the formation of States on the anti-Catholic or Protestant basis. In these the form of the new religion was determined on by the civil governments. I am not aware of a single Catholic State, except, perhaps, it be Spain, which has since passed any laws especially directed against Protestants. On the other hand, I do not know a single Protestant State in which the Government did not attempt and carry out by special laws, those very acts which General Cass so eloquently denounces. When General Cass finds jurists sustaining such pretended rights of the civil government, he may be sure they do not belong to the school of St. Thomas Aquinas, or Suarez, or the other great publicists that have been so numerous in the Catholic Church. These were men who never put on the philosopher's cloak with the view of playing the tribune either towards their countrymen or their race. These were men who derived their principles of human law, of government, whether civil or ecclesiastical, from the same supreme and eternal source. They flattered neither kings nor people. They feared God and feared few besides. *They* were not the men who wrote of the divine right of kings. They held that government is by divine right, but that the individual sovereign or ruler in such government is of human right. And if it had been possible for General Cass to have consulted their pages, he would have discovered, that they maintained the rights and dignity of human nature from the highest to the lowest members of society.

There is no difference between General Cass's conception of conscience as a moral faculty and mine. He however betrays the rights and liberty of conscience, as I understand it, by identifying this moral faculty with the outward actions which are supposed to manifest its dictates from within. No civil government that ever existed has or ever had either the right or the power, physical or moral, to coerce or extinguish man's conscience. It is beyond the reach of government. They might as well attempt to pass laws regulating the exercise of memory, as regulating the decisions of man's conscience. This freedom of conscience, however, General Cass has identified with outward action, and on the other hand, by recognizing the rights of civil government to control the outward actions of men, he has betrayed conscience into the hands of the magistrate. All human law has for objects either persons, or things, or acts; and beyond these human legislation cannot go. Conscience, according to my distinction, does not come within the reach of law, but as understood and represented by General Cass, he hands it over into the domain of civil government, and confounds it with things over which that government has acknowledged rights and legitimate power of interference. I am bound therefore to vindicate the liberty of conscience in reply to the dangerous doctrines of General Cass.

When the early Christians appealed to the Roman Emperors through the Apologies of their Justins and Tertullians, pleading for liberty of conscience, they did not thereby claim the right to do all the good in outward actions which their consciences would have approved. They pleaded that they might not be compelled to do any act which the law of God and the law of their consciences had forbidden. At one time for instance some glorious confessor of the Chrisian name, was called upon by the civil magistrate to offer sacrifice to the pagan gods. He refused, because he had a higher law in his conscience. What then? He was put to death — he became a martyr. At another time, some tender Christian virgin was required to sacrifice her chastity — she refused, and was sent to the wild beasts. In some instances, indeed, torture caused the Christian to fail and to obey men rather than God. But in all this, which is an extreme case, had the whole strength of the Roman Empire, power to destroy the "rights of conscience," the "liberty of conscience," the "freedom of conscience" in the heart of either of these glorious martyrs or this supposed apostate? Assuredly not. General Cass thinks that if the "sentient being" is exposed to physical sufferings, the freedom of conscience is in great danger, if not absolutely lost. Every one knows that this is an erroneous position. It is only when human weakness yields to suffering in such circumstances, that conscience asserts her highest power. The individual feels himself degraded in his own estimation. Conscience told him at the moment of his yielding to a sinful compliance, making his declaration contrary to hers, that he was a base hypocrite; and that same conscience did not fail to vindicate the sovereignty by her continued frowns and reproaches.

General Cass has not taken the pains to distinguish the whole office of conscience. It may be expressed in brief words. The whole duty of man is to "avoid evil and to do good." Now although evil and good are relative terms and not judged of at all times and in all places, by the same standard, nevertheless, conscience is the faculty whereby the distinction is made. A thing may seem morally evil to a man. He cannot do it, without sinning, offending God and offending his own conscience. Another thing may appear good, and there is no obligation on him to do it, even though his conscience approve, unless the circumstances warrant its performance. The decalogue says, "Honor thy father, and thy mother." This is an affirmative precept, which requires that at proper times, and in proper circumstances, we shall honor our parents; but does not require that we should be always thus occupied. "Thou shalt not steal." This is a negative precept, and there is no time, or place, or circumstance, in which it is lawful for us to steal. So in the order of negative precepts a man may not do without sin, any act which the voice of his conscience tells him is wrong. He may, indeed, have an erroneous conscience and be mistaken as to the intrinsic morality of the act, but still until his conscience shall have been enlightened, or as General Cass expresses it "improved," he must abide by its dictates, and avoid doing what it has ruled to be unlawful. Hence, if any Protestant, American or not, who travelling or sojourning in a Catholic State, should be called upon by the civil power to make a declaration or to do an act which his conscience condemns, he cannot comply. Let us suppose him to be required to swear that he believes in the Pope's supremacy. Being a Protestant, his conscience will oblige him to refuse. And if in consequence of this refusal, physical torture be applied, one of two things will happen, — he will suffer the torture and be loyal to conscience, or he will betray conscience by swearing to a lie. If any thing of this kind should be attempted in a Catholic country, or any act required which any American's conscience condemns, General Cass will find me ready to vote for the employment of the American Army and Navy to punish that nation which would impiously dare to commit so unlawful an outrage. Not because the man's conscience had been violated, for that is impossible; but because the law of such country would have gone beyond the boundaries of all human law, since these relate not to the faculties of the human soul, but to outward persons, things, and acts. And as the person here supposed would have done no act bringing him under the law, his right of person would have been violated, and it would become lawful for his country to inflict condign punishment on the nation or parties so violating it.

But whilst no civil government or power on earth has a right to require, that a man shall do a sinful or immoral act, it does not by any means follow, that governments are bound to permit a man to act outwardly what his conscience tells him is good. In the one case, his conscience decides for himself alone. In the other case its dictates would prompt him to decide for others, by doing what he supposes good, whether it be suitable for others or not. Here civil governments have a right to come in and say, "Let us see about that." They have a right also to refer to their laws as a rule for personal conduct. If the individual still imagines that his conscience requires him to do some act forbidden by the law, but yet highly praiseworthy in his estimation, he can make the experiment, but he must abide the consequences.

But in General Cass's view of conscience there is no distinction, or but a fallacious one, between conscience acting for the individual, forbidding him to do an evil act, and conscience dictating to him to do good, or what he may think good, without regard to others, wherever he may find himself. If this principle were carried out, I fear that strange exhibitions of individual zeal would become very frequent. If the supposed American should happen to be a Mormon, he will have a right to carry out the dictates of his conscience in all countries. If he should happen to be a Millerite, visiting Rome, it shall be his privilege to pitch his tent in front of St. Peter's church, then and there, under the protection of General Cass's doctrine, to speak and act according to the dictates of his conscience. He will undertake to prove that the end of the world is at hand. And by applying "figures, which never lie," to the Book of Daniel and of Revelations, and elucidating the subject still more by exhibiting appropriate drawings of the big horn and the little horns, with various references to the number of the beast, descriptive of Anti-Christ — prove clearly that his doctrine is right. In the meantime it might happen that this supposed Anti-Christ, the Pope, would be looking down from some window of the Vatican, unable to interfere, lest his Government should be understood as violating the rights of American conscience as shadowed forth by General Cass.

I am not unmindful that General Cass has ascribed very high powers, and, in my judgment, extravagant powers to human governments, in a supposed right of theirs to judge what is conscience and what is not. And in this he betrays again the faculty of conscience as understood by me. "It is not," he says, "every vagary of the imagination, nor every ebullition of feeling, nor every impulse of the passions, however honest the motive may be, which can lay claim to the rights of conscience." Again, "the human legislator has the right to separate presumptions or unfounded pretensions at war with the just constitution of society, from conscientious dictates properly regulated and operating within their just sphere." Here General Cass takes away from individual conscience the very rights which he had claimed for it elsewhere, and he refers to the legislator, because he is a legislator, to determine whether a doctrine held by the conscience of a man is to be regarded as a vagary of the imagination, or is consistent with the just constitution of society. In other parts his position is, that there is no lord or judge of a man's conscience but God and the man himself. However, I find such mutual contradiction in the phrases of General Cass as he touches now on one topic and now on another, that it may become necessary for me hereafter to examine his speech more in specific detail. As it is now spread out before me in thirteen or fourteen columns of the Washington *Globe*, its dimensions horizontally considered in the order of length and breadth, become absolutely appalling. Its depth is by no means frightful — a child could wade through it. Its other dimension would be its height, and in that sense it may be my duty to analyse this immense mountain of words, and if in doing so I shall discover the smallest mouse of sound logic, practical common sense, or philosophical statesmanship, General Cass shall have the benefit of the discovery.

I cannot, however, close this communication, already too long, without referring, as in proof of my position, to one of the historical illustrations adduced by General Cass in support of his. He refers to the epochs in the civil wars that resulted from the reformation in Germany and France. And because the word liberty of conscience is said to have been granted to the Protestants of both countries by their respective sovereigns, General Cass seems to think that my idea of liberty of conscience is refuted by its having been granted in treaties, according to General Cass's quotations from "Universal History, vol. 26, p. 302." I am quite surprised that this very reference did not tend to clear up the confusion of ideas which prevails on the subject. The Protestants in Germany and the Huguenots in France had freedom of conscience from the very beginning of their history. It was in the exercise of that freedom that they left the Catholic church and became Protestants. General Cass will not deny this, — that freedom of conscience they had preserved through all the civil wars which ended, for the time being, in the truce referred to by him. It was in the exercise of that freedom of conscience which was theirs, that they had taken up arms; and if it had been theirs during all this time, how can General Cass say that it was only given to them by the sovereign in 1532 and in 1561? He knows the profound but apparently simple maxim in law, ***Quod meum est, amplius meum esse, non potest,*** — what is mine cannot become more mine. For many years freedom of conscience was theirs already, and according to this maxim could not become more theirs. Now, if it was theirs already, I would ask, with great respect for General Cass and "Universal History," how could it become more theirs by the grant of others? Consequently, General Cass and "Universal History" must mean something else than freedom of conscience. It must have been meant that they should be allowed to retain whatever advantages, whether of property or power, civil or religious, they had secured during the progress of the dispute. Between the outward exercise of their freedom of conscience, against the laws of the State, and the pretensions of the State sovereignty to preserve order, the freedom of conscience was the pretext on one side, the sovereignty of the State was the plea on the other. And this granting of liberty of conscience, referred to by General Cass, reminds me of the alms given by a traveller, as mentioned in *Gil Blas*, to a poor man who had asked him for charity in a very piteous tone, but who had his musket levelled at the same time General Cass will no doubt criticise this comparison, as he has done other figurative language in my poor letter. So experienced an orator must certainly know that the value of a comparison is its suggestive property, which always depends upon its substantial agreement, but circumstantial difference, as regards the thing to be illustrated. ***Omnis comparatio claudicat.*** General Cass must surely be aware that the figure of an egg is not a comparison suited to the description of another egg, they are both so much alike; that to suggest the idea of a piece of chalk by comparing it with another piece of chalk, would be entirely out of the rules of rhetoric. General Cass has taken advantage of this even for the purposes of argument, when he assumes that because I spoke of the destruction of property — whether in Boston or in Philadelphia, as a violation of the rights of conscience in regard to those persons to whom such properly belonged, I am to be understood literally, and therefore as recognizing that conscience can be violated through the medium of outward violence. I did not mean any such thing. No outward violence can reach that fortress in the human soul, to which conscience can always retreat, and from which she can laugh to scorn the attempts of men to invade her stronghold. I do not admit that from the beginning of the world up to this day there ever has been a violation of the rights, freedom, liberty, or divine sovereignty of the human conscience. That is the portion of man's nature which God placed beyond the reach of human power. His civil rights might be taken away, his property confiscated, his reputation rendered infamous, the life of his body sacrificed at the stake, or given to wild beasts at the Coliseum, but the sovereignty of his conscience, above all earthly powers, has never in a single instance been vanquished by the cruelty or injustice of his fellow-beings. When, therefore, General Cass takes advantage of my using language in reference to this subject, such as that the rights of conscience had been violated in Charlestown or in Philadelphia, he forgets that there is among men an order of language appropriate to the science of any subject, and another which accommodates itself to the confusion of ideas in the popular mind. Persons who perfectly understand our solar system do not hesitate to speak of the rising and setting of the sun, at the same time that they, in a scientific point of view, would maintain that neither phenomenon ever occurs; that in reality the sun is the centre of our system, and that all the planets, the earth included, are rising and setting and revolving around the centre.

I stated at the commencement of this reply, that the necessity of finding myself in an apparent collision with so distinguished a man as General Gass, was less of a pride than of a humiliation. The circumstances under which my letter was written have been referred to in the foregoing part of this communication. I never dreamed that that letter would attract the special attention of any one. It has turned out otherwise, however. If General Cass had intimated to me, in any private manner, that there was one word in it disrespectful to himself, I should have immediately, in the same manner, replied in vindication or in apology. If, on the other hand, he had signified to me twelve or fourteen months ago, that he intended to make my letter the groundwork or occasion of his great speech, I should have been prepared with ample materials to reply to it far more effectively than it has been possible for me to do, amidst incessant interruptions, and within the limited period that has been allowed me since his oration in the Senate. As it is, however, I stand by my letter, and I shrink not from the explosion of the great mortar, which it has taken this experienced gunner so long a period to charge, as if he intended that it should not only kill my little sparrow of a letter, but also that it should frighten away all the birds of the neighborhood. I find, however, my little *nycticorax indomicilio* not only chirping, but without a single featheret of its wing ruffled.

This letter is already too long, but I hope I may be pardoned if I make a few general remarks bearing more or less directly on the circumstances which directed it. The first remark is, that in this country at least no man is oppressed, in consequence of his religious belief, so long as he submits legally to the constitution and laws by which it is governed. And yet I regret to say that many of our citizens are hardly satisfied with this equal and common privilege, unless there be furnished them from time to time occasions on which they may give vent to that lamentable intolerance which lurks in human nature every where, no less than in human governments in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. How tame would be the proceedings of such meetings as that for purposes of sympathy with the Madiai, or those of our anniversary week, were it not for the vent which they furnish for the denunciation of the Pope and Popery. There is not and there ought not to be opposition to or complaint of these proceedings. The Catholics of the United States are accustomed to such. Many respectable Protestants are rather offended by them. But on the whole, this is a country of free speech and free writing, and it is better to bear with the abuse of either than that any legislation be employed to prevent it. In the mean time, we of the clergy are obliged occasionally to travel abroad — sometimes because we have not received a suitable call at home; and sometimes because feeble health, by bronchitis especially, compels us to seek the benefit of foreign climates. Still, wherever we go we must never forget the object of our vocation, which is to do good. And thus, forgetting the difference between restraints on the outward development of individual conscience in other countries, and the unbounded freedom in this respect which we enjoy at home, we are liable in a mistaken zeal, but always with the best intentions, to get into difficulties with the police of Foreign Cities or States. What will be the consequence, if, according to General Cass's project, we shall have a *quasi* right, under the high sanction of the Congress of the United States, to hang on the buttons of our Foreign Ministers, and pull them right and left into the little dogmatical squabbles in which we may have contrived to get ourselves involved? Should I go to Stockholm, I might be disposed to rent a room, announce that I intended to celebrate mass therein on such or such a day, inviting all, who thought proper, to be present. The room should be honestly, loyally paid for, of course. But if the municipal authorities of Stockholm should interfere with me, or take me before the magistrates for this, I should proclaim myself an American citizen, and look to our resident Minister for protection. Some clergymen of our many Protestant denominations might be just as imprudent in the capital of any Catholic country in Europe. General Cass thinks it would be all right, provided the local laws were not violated — but there is the rub.

For my own part, I think that as we have no established religion at home, which in our circumstances I regard as a great benefit, so it might be as well with us to deal with other nations prudently and modestly, just as we find them, until little by little, influenced by our beautiful example, they shall be induced to imitate it. The Congress of the United States are too well qualified to discharge the duties for which they were elected, to require the slightest suggestion from any private citizen as to the course they should pursue in regard to the matter which General Cass has brought before them. He has suggested to his fellow Senators that I pronounced their course all wrong. This was a mistake. I spoke of him alone, and of no other member of Congress.

If I may be allowed to express an opinion, as an humble citizen, conscious of loyalty to the constitution, obedience to the laws, respect for, and benevolence towards all my fellow-citizens, without distinction of creed, to give expression to my own sentiments, I should sum them up, not as regards this special topic, but as regards the general policy of the country, in a very few words. I would say that whilst the power, almost pre-potency of the United States is admitted and acknowledged wherever I have travelled in Europe, there is still a prevalent idea abroad that this greatness is rather detracted from by a certain tone of self-complacency, and of contemptuous reference towards other States. They say that we are too great to stand in need of boasting; that we are too powerful and too rich to be under the necessity of acquiring a right to property by fraudulent means. I do not pretend to judge how far these imputations are correct, but for my own part I would say, that the honor and dignity of this great free nation are likely to be best and most permanently sustained by adhering to a principle which is ascribed to as true an American as ever lived — namely — We ask for nothing that is not strictly right, and will submit to nothing that is wrong.

† JOHN HUGHES,
*Archbishop of New York.*

NEW YORK, *June* 5, 1854.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG. By Commander *Andrew H. Foote*, U. S. N., Lieutenant Commanding the U. S. Brig Perry on the coast of Africa, in 1850–1851. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An interesting account of the American free-black colonies on the African coast is here combined with a narrative of the author's own cruise. Both are illustrated by tinted lithographs and a map, which contribute much to the value of the book, as well as to its attraction. We have, indeed, our doubts whether the experiment of black colonization will ever eventuate in the establishment of an independent and progressive black civilization. What has been, will be. If negro Africa (as our author himself observes) were swept from existence, with all that negroes have ever done, the world would not lose one art, one invention, nay, not one *work* of art, not one law, or book, or element or result of thought. The causes which have produced the negro deterioration of man have effected in the mental constitution of the negro a degradation of type similar to that which is expressed in his outward form, and we believe that deterioration to be irremediable, without a miracle. It opposes an invincible obstacle to self-sustaining negro progress. That is not to say that the negro race has not a place in *this* world, and a destiny in the *next;* but its place in this world is not creative art and empire, but labor and subjection; its destiny in the next is to be wrought out by practising the virtues proper to such a condition: they are very beautiful virtues after all, and in the hierarchy of races the base is as necessary as the apex to the symmetry of the whole.

The slave-trade, again, is a horror, but the efforts to suppress it have only increased its horrors. The merchants engaged in that infamous traffic (who, by the by, are chiefly Northern men, and of New England origin) calculate that if one ship out of five escapes the net of cruisers on the African coast, it PAYS. Hence, let a hundred vessels quit the coast of Guinea annually, and *eighty* of them be taken; the successful twenty are enough to render the trade highly remunerative. It would have been far better to *regulate* the trade, so as to secure its being pursued under comparatively humane conditions, than, by vainly attempting to cut it up root and branch, to increase its miseries a hundred fold. The only effectual way to destroy this accursed traffic is, to close the *markets* on the American continent, and in the West Indies. This good object, we trust, is now about to be accomplished by the co-operation of the governments of Spain and Brazil. The style of the gallant author of this volume is *New England* English, we may observe. "A returning of recaptured slaves — has taken place," instead of "Recaptured slaves have returned or been restored;" and "cruel unrighteousness" instead of "cruel injustice," the latter of which is pure English, as now written and spoken; exemplify what we mean.

2. LIFE IN ABYSSINIA: being notes collected during three years residence and travels in that country. By *Mansfield Parkyns.* New York: Appleton & Co. 12mo., 2 vols. *with illustrations.*

Mr. Parkyns has given us here a wild but fascinating book of travels, and withal a very important contribution to our knowledge of a singular country. The Abyssinians are a sort of semi-Jews, semi-Christians, and semi-savages; they are also semi-whites and semi-negroes, having yellow skins, approaching to black in those who are exposed, and hair between woolly and waving. It is curious that demoniacal possession is a familiar occurrence with them, as it is getting to be in the United States, if we may credit all that we hear. We shall recur to this volume again, to give our readers some idea of its interesting contents.

3. FARMINGDALE. By *Caroline Thomas.* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

An interesting and well-told story, though a little too much spun out. There is great naturalness in the characters, and a graceful simplicity in the style The moral, so far as the moral of a book which ignores the Catholic religion *can* be, is unexceptionable; and it is more than ordinarily free from the peculiar religious cant which in these days spoils many a pleasant story.

4. THE HIVE OF THE BEE-HUNTER. A Repository of Sketches, including peculiar American character, scenery and rural sports. By *T. B. Thorpe*, of Louisiana. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a class of book which is now a favorite, and peculiarly so in the South and West; and this particular specimen has more than usual literary merit. The sketch of wild Turkey hunting is as well done as any thing we remember in the same line. The type, paper, binding, and illustrations of the Appleton's recent publications, are no slight evidence of the prosperity which the American book business has attained.

5. TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE: or Life in Kentucky. By Mrs. *Mary J. Holmes.* Appletons.

Is another novel of the domestic school. It is very romantic and melo-dramatic, but has the merit of not being *religious too.*

6. TRIALS AND CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A series of amusing and entertaining sketches founded upon the blunders, and in some instances it would seem, the extraordinary stupidity of young married people. Female house-servants are often the heroines of the tale, and specimens are furnished of nearly every variety. The style is careless and homely, but the large plain type makes it a comfortable book to read; the illustrations are well got up and amusing, and the book deserves praise for its exposure of the mean selfishness with which wealthy people often rob the poor fruit and fish-pedlars, by chaffering for a penny on a basket of strawberries or a pint of cherries.

7. THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGNS of 1828 and 1829, with a view of the Present State of Affairs in the East. By *Colonel Chesney*, R. A., D. C. L., F. R. S., author of "the Expedition for the Survey of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris." *With Maps.* Redfield: New York. 12mo.

This is one of those books of which it is possible to speak quite decisively, because one reads them through with care and interest when one has them on hand. It is an almost indispensable volume for any one who wishes to be accurately informed in regard to the military position of the East. Written by an accomplished military man, an officer of the *Etat-major*, accustomed to study and describe military movements on a large scale, it presents a thoroughly satisfactory, though bold and large view of the operations of the two great campaigns, in which the genius and daring of two great Generals, the greatest that Russia has produced since Suwarrow, — Diebitsch and Paskiewitch, — the one in Europe and the other in Asia, brought the Turkish Empire to the necessity of concluding the disadvantageous peace of Adrianople. The theatre of war was the same as in the present struggle; the powers engaged are the same (up to the present time), and to form a clear notion of the late operations, as well as of those soon to be effected when the forces of France and England shall take an active part in the war, without some acquaintance, at least, with the details of the previous Russo-Turk campaigns, is out of the question. We really consider this volume, which bears, moreover, a sort of *official* character, as more to the *point* than any other that has appeared on the absorbing topic of the day.

8. THE SHIPWRECK, or the Desert Island. New York: E. Dunigan & Bro. 18mo.

We suppose that this little book is a translation from the French; by whom written in the original, and by whom translated, does not appear. Stories of shipwreck and the life of men thrown upon desert islands, are always interesting: Robinson Crusoe and a host of imitators are a perpetual proof of it. But here the interest is made to illustrate a moral, the evil and folly of anger, pride and resentment, especially between different ranks of society. The heroes of this tale are a young Count d'Estaing, son of the Marquis d'Estaing, and a young peasant named Merville: — we will not, however, recount the story, but content ourselves with saying that it is very well told, and that the moral is excellent. It is not destitute of points of improbability; few French stories of this sort are; but they do not touch either the moral or the interest. The translation appears to be correct; it is certainly simple and elegant. We notice, however, the occasional use of "will" for "shall," and once, of "would" for "should;" but this may be a mistake of the compositor. It is one of those books, in short, which merit from Catholics the warmest encouragement, and will be sure to obtain it.

9. THE THREE DAYS OF WENSLEYDALE; the Valley of the Yore. By *W. G. M. Jones Barker*, Esq. *Veritas temporis filia.* London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

In this country we have no antiquities, or next to none, and the greatest antiquities are those of another and now nearly extinct race, and record a civilization not only remote, but alien from ours. In the old country antiquities are the remains of our own fathers, and if of a lost, or partly lost civilization, yet of a civilization which is connatural to us, and recoverable; whose traces we follow, not only with reverence but with hope. "The Three Days of Wensleydale" reminds us a good deal of *Compitum*, and it is evident that the author is an admirer of Digby. The three days are the *Catholic* day, the day of *change*, and the *present* day. In all these phases the writer describes minutely the interesting and historically rich valley of the Yore: — its crosses, churches, abbeys, castles, noble families; its streams, forests, and environing mountains, its romantic falls and otherwise varied scenery; and in the Catholic times, its pious, or splendid or endearing customs. It may be considered as an era in English Catholic literature, when a Catholic work of this sort is got up with so much bibliographical luxury as this, rivalling the finest productions of the English press. It is a volume to lie on the drawing-room table of every wealthy Catholic of British origin.

10. An Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance: Translated from the French. By *Lucy Ward.* London: C. Dolman; Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Needs (as respects its matter) no commendation from us; but we may say that it seems a most *excellent* translation, for her care, patience and talent in executing which, Miss Lucy Ward deserves high praise. We would recommend the perusal of this Catechism to those of our Anglican friends, who, in their quarterlies, their magazines, and their weekly newspapers, pour forth such rancorous abuse upon the Catholic Church. Let them read it, then ask themselves what their own communion has produced like it for the edification and sanctification of the people, and for very shame be silent, or at least "cease to speak evil of things that they know not."

11. The Oratory of the Faithful Soul; or Devotions to the Most Holy Sacrament, and to our Blessed Lady. Translated from the works of the venerable Abbot Blosius, by *Robert Aston Coffin*, Priest of the Oratory. Baltimore: Fielding Lucas.

A book of beautiful prayers, breathing, and most fitted to cherish, the love of Jesus and Mary. Like all devotions proceeding from the *saints*, these manifest as much good sense as unction and sweetness.

12. The Life of St. Vincent of Paul. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Fielding Lucas.

A neat and even elegant abridgment of the more voluminous life of the Saint by the Rev. *P. Collet.* In future editions it would be well to correct some errors in the Latin epitaph (p. 204), which have escaped the proof-reader. Our critical eye, though disposed to be jealous in all that concerns St. Vincent, can discern no other fault in this little volume.

13. The Golden Book of the Confraternities. Compiled from approved sources by one of the servants of the Queen of Heaven. With approbation of Superiors. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 24mo.

Contains the Rosary, the Living Rosary, the Five Scapulars, the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, and a collection of Indulgenced Prayers, beautiful Hymns, &c. A book which contains these things commends itself. There are some pleasing and edifying illustrations.

14. Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Permissu Superiorum.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 24mo.

Contains the Rules, Indulgences, Formulas and Prayers of the above Sodality, with a number of excellent hymns set to appropriate tunes. It is quite indispensable for the Sodalists, and would be useful to any one. The typography is very neat.

15. Rohr's Collection of Favorite Catholic Melodies, for Church, School and Home. By *Ph. Rohr*, Leader of St. Philip's Choir, Philadelphia. With the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Ph. Rohr.

A neat and exceedingly portable collection of the exquisite psalms, hymns and antiphons most frequently sung in our churches, with their music. Any thing is good which brings these touching melodies and sacred songs within the reach of all ages and classes. It is a pity Catholics do not cultivate more their own peculiar music. Protestants sing every where and at all times, at home and abroad, morning, noon and night, their favorite hymns, and their children may be heard singing the same at their play and at their work, almost before they can speak plain, while Catholic children (in our country), after they leave the convent and the boarding-school, forget to sing the praises of Mary. It is not so in Southern Europe. Popular hymns and popular music for them, and the popular use of both when we have them, are wants of the time.

16. Is there a Church and what is it? Two lectures by *Wm. Henry Anderdon.* London: Burns & Lambert.

Popularly and familiarly written, by a recent convert, who has made very great worldly sacrifices, and who shows here very plainly that he knew what he was about when he made them.

17. SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S ADVANCED LATIN EXERCISES. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea.

If there is any thing in a name, this little book should be a hard nut to crack for the young scholar: nevertheless, we are credibly informed, and incline to believe, that these exercises will go far to facilitate him in both the reading and writing of Latin.

18. PIUS VI AND THE FRENCH DIRECTORY. A Lecture delivered before the Catholic Institute of Hollidaysburg, Pa. By the Very Rev. *Thomas Heyden*. Baltimore: Printed by John Murphy & Co.

The drift of this lecture is to show by an historical instance what will come of an attempt by a *popular* government to oppress the Church. It is most appropriately inscribed to Monsignor Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes and Apostolic Nuncio. We may allude to it again, and meantime observe, that nothing could be more *timely* at present than this lecture, which is also finely written, in a pure, manly style.

19. BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 4 vols. 8vo.

This, we are informed, is a new and improved Edition, in which the greatest care has been taken to present this celebrated work in a complete and perfect form, and uniting, we are glad to observe, with these qualities, a price that places it within the reach of all.

20. LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN REPLY TO GENERAL CASS AND IN SELF-VINDICATION. New York; Edward Dunigan & Brother.

The remarkable letter of Archbishop Hughes in reply to the venerable Senator's "great speech" on religious liberty, is given to us by Dunigan & Bro., in a clear large type, which will tempt many to peruse it who would never venture upon the close columns of fine print in which it is presented in the newspapers. Two of the Latin quotations of the Archbishop — *quod meum est, amplius meum esse, non potest* (given in all the papers *protest*) and *omnis comparatio claudicat* (in all the papers without exception *comparatis*) are here found correct of course. That such absurd mistakes should have been universally copied, shows either great want of care or great want of Latinity in the proof-readers.

21. LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES on the Madiai. Speech of the Hon. LEWIS CASS, on Religious Freedom abroad. Letter of ARCHBISHOP HUGHES in reply to General Cass and in Self-Vindication. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Messrs. Murphy have had the happy thought to give the public the whole of this controversy in one pamphlet: thus enabling those who have not had access to, or who have lost the original documents, to peruse the entire series, and supplying it to those who may wish to have the whole for future reference, in a convenient form for preservation.

22. THE CHURCH REVIEW AND ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER. April, 1854. New Haven, Con.: Geo. B. Basset & Co.

We have received two numbers of this Quarterly Review, devoted to the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church. That it contains many things which we disapprove is a matter of course, but we cannot help feeling a certain hopefulness in regard to Episcopalianism in Connecticut. There is an article in this very number on *Neglect of Christian Nurture*, which, bating a few expressions, would approve itself to the solid judgment of any Catholic. It treats of what has ceased to be a Catholic question, the too successful effort to *infidelize* our public schools. We have indeed always, and before we were a Catholic ourselves, considered that religious Protestants were the party really interested on the side thus ably defended by the *Church Review;* for in the conflict with Rome, if there is truth in any form of Protestantism, which its advocates of course believe, that form ought to be able in a fair field, that is, with equal advantages, to conquer by the power that resides in truth and by the efficacy of a good example, the most prevalent of all things; but if the conflict should be reduced to one between Catholicity and infidelity — and an irreligious system of public education would soon reduce it to that — every sincere believer, of whatever name, must acknowledge that the victory of the former would be certain, and must wish it too.

# Maga's Own.

It may be a matter of surprise to some that we occupy ourselves so much in our Review of Current Literature with the notice of Protestant publications, and some of these of a rather frivolous character. We never heard any one say so, indeed, but it strikes us as a remark likely to be made. But if any one will take the trouble to reflect, he will easily find a reason for our course in this respect. Just at present Catholics have only a religious literature: at least the exceptions are so rare that they rather prove the rule. Protestant literature, on the contrary, is, as we have said somewhere, a perfect deluge of print that threatens entirely to submerge the world of readers. And yet what vast sales their publications obtain! It is an immense power for good or for evil—is it not worth conciliating? Not by a sacrifice of principle; not by truckling; but by a fair appreciation of every thing in it that is really good. We are willing even to go out of our way to do it, and we have reason to think that our efforts have not been in vain. Protestants are even pleased to find an opinion of their books which is entirely honest and yet kind, where they expected either an unmeaning puff or rude hostility. Of the faults which generally provoke Catholic censure these writers and publishers are not at all conscious; it is only when they are pointed out in connection with beauties and excellencies to which they feel that they can lay claim, that they will give Catholic criticism the least weight. Our rule is, therefore, to examine and criticise each book that we notice at all, with as much care, and so far as we are able, with as much precision, as if there were not another in the world. Our motive is found in the maxim of Lingard, that whoever softens a prejudice now, prepares the way for a conversion hereafter.

In Mr. Shea's article on Catholic Literature it was observed that we Catholics were naturally entitled to have poets among us, and our decided impression is from the specimens in our desk, a few of which only have we been able to publish, that the true well of American poetry, fresh, pure, sparkling, sweet and powerful, is in the Catholic mind.

There is one thing that strikes us in the poetry we have received, even where it is not sustained,—its independence of mere external nature, from which American poetry so far has drawn almost its whole inspiration. It is vastly more real, more natural, than magazine poetry is usually found, but more than that, it seems to flow from a higher source. Except to reflect the beauty of our scenery, both the poetry and the art of America seem hitherto impotent. Of all our poets Longfellow comes nearest to realizing the idea of poetry as we derive it from the great poets of the Old World, and Longfellow is the most Catholic of Protestants. We must own, however, that our finest poetical writers among our Protestant countrymen, if they have the disadvantage of being confined either to mere nature, or to the treatment of higher themes from a too artistic point of view, instead of looking at them with the kindling glance of real faith and love, far excel us in the merit of execution. It is no wonder: for they have leisure to perfect their performances, and they are well paid for them when finished. Putnam's Magazine pays $100 sometimes for a single page of verse: it ought to be good. Yet we venture to say there are *finer single verses* in some of those effusions which we get for nothing, and do not even publish, because they have not been sufficiently elaborated on the whole. We have one such now before us full of *scintillating* lines. It is addressed to "My Soul."

"Fountain of life and mediate source of sense!"

is a good and thoughtful line.

"You sink, and *Hell's a foolish dream no more!*"

is even terrible: nor is the following less finely expressed:

> "Where broken Suns in gloomy grandeur roll,
> Lumbering through chaos with their stifled fires,
> You plan your pettiest journeyings, O my soul!"

and thus slipping on, through lines full of force, but a redundant force, we light on —

> "For though the chartless, tideless, waveless waste,
> Beyond the golden foot-prints of the Stars —
> Might slake your thirst a moment as you haste
> By wrecks of orbs, and comets' calcined cars —
> 'Tis God *alone* can fill your aching void,
> Which labors in an ocean of desires:
> Tis God alone can give you unalloyed
> The feast that never fails or tames or tires!"

The more genius any one has, the more pruning and discipline he needs. If we will only have patience with one another; if we will but foster and encourage genius and industry where we find it, Catholic literature (it is our deep conviction) is destined to take the pre-eminence. And if people really care any thing about the conversion of this country, it is a point that has to be carried — to win its writers, for they make its opinion, and get the control of its literature, for it is the avenue to its ear, to its head and to its heart. It is really possible to do it, for the whole material of literature belongs exclusively to us. Religion, government, politics in the large sense, history, morals, manners as morals, the passions and affections as under a supreme law, are all topics of which we have the exclusive key. *Belles lettres* should never be separated from these substantial themes. The art of literature is like the art of cookery: the one requires food as its substratum, and the other requires truth and facts. Napoleon never did a wiser thing than when he threw the department of moral science and history in the French Institute, and that of letters, into one; arguing, that if they were separated, the former inevitably became pedantic, and the latter frivolous.

THE following we take from a scholarly article in the last number of the N. Y. Quarterly, a well-conducted literary and political review, now in its third year. The article referred to is entitled *Priests — their various orders*, and we have in preparation a more extended notice of it.

"Dupuytren was the most celebrated French surgeon of his day; he was destitute of faith, and by his powerful mind and brusque hardihood, overcame the individuality of almost every one who approached him. One day a poor *curé* from some village near Paris called upon the great surgeon. Dupuytren was struck with his manly beauty and noble presence, but examined, with his usual nonchalance, the patient's neck, disfigured by a horrible cancer. "*Avec cela, il faut mourir*," "*With that cancer you must die*," said the surgeon. "So I thought," calmly replied the priest; "I expected the disease was fatal, and only came to you to please my parishioners." He then unfolded a bit of paper and took from it a five-franc piece, which he handed to Dupuytren, saying: "Pardon, sir, the little fee, for we are poor." The serene dignity and holy self-possession of this man, about to die in the prime of his life, impressed the stoical surgeon in spite of himself, though his manner betrayed neither surprise nor interest. Before the *curé* had descended half the staircase, he was called back by a servant. "If you choose to try an operation," said Dupuytren, "go to the Hotel Dieu, I will see you to-morrow." "It is my duty to make use of all means of recovery," replied the *curé*, "I will go." The next day, the surgeon cut away remorselessly at the priest's neck, laying bare tendons and arteries. It was before the days of chloroform, and, unsustained by any opiate, the poor *curé* suffered with uncomplaining heroism. He did not even wince. Dupuytren respected his courage; and every day lingered longer at his bedside, when making the rounds of the hospital. In a few weeks the *curé* recovered. A year after the operation, he made his appearance in the *salon* of the great professor with a neat basket containing pears and chickens. "Monsieur," he said, "it is the anniversary of the day when your skill saved my life; accept this humble gift; the pears and chickens are better than you can find in Paris; they are of my own raising." Each succeeding year, on the same day of the month, the honest priest brought his grateful offering. At length Dupuytren was taken ill, and the physicians declared his heart diseased. He shut himself up with his favorite nephew and refused to see his friends. One day he wrote on a slip of paper, "*Le médecin a besoin du curé,*" "*The doctor has need of the priest,*" and sent it to the village priest, who quickly obeyed the summons. He remained for hours in the dying surgeon's chamber; and when he came forth, tears were in his eyes, and Dupuytren was no more. How easy for the imagination to fill up this outline, which was all that was vouchsafed to Parisian gossip."

The environs of Baltimore are by no means wanting in beauty, and there is no city on the Atlantic coast which affords so ready an access to an almost wild country — or if that expression seem exaggerated, at least free from the careful, cultivated garden look of a suburban district. The hills have either not been entirely denuded of their original forest, or a fine wild second growth has succeeded it. From their summits you catch views of the broad Chesapeake, and of a green, bowery, undulating expanse of country, broken by rivers and inlets, jutting out into points, and embosoming the Monumental City, with the dome and minarets of its cathedral and the white column of the Washington Monument towering conspicuously over all. The finest view of this sort is from Mount de Sales, occupied, as the name suggests, by a convent of the nuns of the Visitation. From the belvidere on this convent the view is exactly what we have described above, while right at our feet lie the rich grounds of the Visitation, thick with woods and encircled with a high wall, where the pupils of the convent-school take long woodland walks with their cloistered guardians — the whole being within the "enclosure." It is curious how our religious houses have secured all the finest sites in the country. The most beautiful position — the finest single view on New York Island — is the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur; Eden Hall* has the best in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; and *Mount de Sales*, perhaps, surpasses both. It is a fortunate thing for the country and for the cities near which they are placed, that these beautiful and unrivalled positions fall into the hands of institutions of a permanent character and especially of institutions devoted to the education of youth. While they are thus accessible to the public, and yet not profaned by the resorts of dissipation, their perpetual enjoyment and silently elevating influence belong to the young, and become associated in memory with the holy lessons, the practices of piety, and the pure examples of the school. How much of the power of Mount St. Mary's over the affections of its alumni is due to the beauty of its mountain situation!

We ought not to speak of a visit to Mount de Sales, without mentioning the pleasure afforded us by going over the Convent-school. We had taken them by surprise, as it was not a visitor's day, which added to our satisfaction. We noticed with a particular pleasure the attention paid to the laws of health, which convent-schools are accused of neglecting. For our part we have never seen the least sign of it in any American convent-school; and surely that is right; for the object of a female school, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether kept by religious or seculars, is to train wives and mothers, we suppose; not nuns or saints, whom God will form in His own way, and inspire one by one. This is not to say that the effeminate culture of the body, the inability to endure hardship, the shrinking from physical inconvenience, which characterize the world's education for women, should be admitted into convent-schools; that would never form wives and mothers such as Catholics need — hardy, brave, self-denying, disdainful of pleasure, lovers of duty, women who are not afraid or unable to fast, nor incapable of rising betimes for early mass, who can endure the crowd round a Saturday night confessional, or the poor thronging the aisles on a Sunday morn, without absolutely fainting: — but the discipline which forms such as these does not interfere with that blooming health and exquisite neatnesss which we observed at Mount de Sales.

# Record of Events.

*From May 20, to June 15, 1854.*

## I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE Beatification of the Blessed Germaine Cousin; the new urgency of the conflict in Baden; the Catholic Declaration in England, and the Council for the inauguration of the Catholic University of Ireland, are interesting items from abroad: while at home we have some Sunday riots, and the letter of Archbishop Hughes in reply to General Cass.

ROME: 1. *Sentence of the Assassins of Rossi.* — 2. *Beatification of the Blessed Germaine Cousin.* — 3. *Death of Cardinal Lambruschini.* — 4. *Marriage of Princess Agnes Borghese.*

1. The trial of the assassins of Count Rossi has closed. It has been proved that twenty persons were virtually, one actually, guilty of the murder of that Minister. The actual assassin was a sculptor named *Trentanove.* Two of the accused, Luigi Grandoni and Sante Constantini, are condemned to death. Three, one Ruggiero, and the two brothers Philippo and Bernardo Facciotie, to the galleys, *en perpetuité;* and three more, Francisco Constantini, Selvaggi and Testa, to 15 years in irons. The remainder of the accused are not set at liberty, being either on trial or condemned for other crimes.

2. The Beatification of the Blessed Germaine Cousin, Shepherdess of Pibrac, in the diocese of Toulouse, France, was celebrated with great magnificence in the Basilica of St. Peter, at Rome, on the 7th of May. The brief of beatification is dated July 1, 1854. The ambassador and the staff of the French army were present, as well as the Abbé Berger, Vicar-General of Toulouse, and two members of the Chapter.

3. On the 12th of May, the venerable Cardinal Luigi Lambruschini, Secretary of Pontifical Briefs, Sub-dean of the Sacred College, and Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, died at Rome, of apoplexy, aged 78 years, all but four days. This illustrious Cardinal was a native of the city of Genoa, and belonged at first to the order of Barnabites. He was afterwards raised to the archiepiscopal throne of his native city, which he filled with great wisdom, till he was nominated by the French Ambassador at Turin for the nunciature of Paris. At the accession of Gregory XVI, the Nuncio at Paris was invested with the purple, being the first creation of that Pontiff, of whom he became soon after the Secretary of State, a post which he occupied with signal prudence, and no small obloquy, in very difficult times, until the accession of the present Pope. In 1848 the revolutionists sought his life. They stormed his palace, rushed to his chamber, stabbed his bed with their poignards, and cut off the head of one of his busts, to wreak their disappointed fury. The Cardinal was equally distinguished for his piety and his talents as a statesman.

4. The Princess Agnes Borghese, the only surviving child of the late Princess Gwendalina (Talbot) Borghese, and grand-daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, was to be married on the 31st of May to the young Duke of Sora, eldest son of the Prince Piombino.

SARDINIA.—On May 10th, an important debate took place in the Chamber of Deputies on the relations of Piedmont with the Holy See. The ministry demanded 12,000 francs in support of an ambassador whom they have sent in place of a *chargé d'affaires.* M. Robecchi (an *ex-curé)* thought a *chargé* was sufficient. Count Solaro made an eloquent speech in defence of the motion, which was carried by a ministerial majority of 100 to 33.

**Baden.** — The Archbishop of Freiburg has been imprisoned in his palace. Insurrections have taken place on the part of the people. The ringing of bells, high mass, and the chant in the office, have been interdicted, but the police have ordered the bells to be rung as usual, and on that point the clergy have yielded. Meanwhile an envoy has been sent to Rome, the Count Leiningen; but he has not yet been admitted to an audience.

**France.** — On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon I died at St. Helena. On the 5th of May, 1828, *on dit*, (just seven years after, day for day), the Empress *Eugenie* was born. The first event was commemorated on the 5th of May last, in the chapel of the Tuileries, by a solemn mass of requiem, attended by their Imperial Majesties and all the great officers of the State; the second, by a reception in the same palace.

**England.** — Prince Albert made a speech at the *Festival of the Sons of the Clergy*, which has been very badly received by Catholics, complimenting the established church on the so-called Reformation and the matrimonial connections of its ministers — surely very appropriate themes for the occasion. It was hard for Prince Albert to avoid giving offence to one side or the other. If he had praised the clergy of the establishment, not for their practical acquaintance with the duties and feelings of husbands and fathers, but for "*exhibiting themselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in tribulation, in necessities, in stripes, in prisons, in seditions, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity,*" &c., he would have been understood as satirizing those whom he intended to compliment. — In the process of organizing the dioceses, some of the mission stations have been erected into *rectorics*, the incumbents of which are to be irremovable without a formal trial. — In Leicestershire, the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Mount St. Bernard (Cistercian abbey) and his monks, by applying themselves to the cultivation of the soil, and at the same time of their own interior, are showing England the Gospel as a *fact*. They have 260 acres of the rough and rocky land in Charnwood Forest, the entire aspect of which they have changed by eighteen years of incessant labor. — The spiritual rights of Catholic convicts in English prisons, of Catholic soldiers and sailors in the British army and navy, and of Catholic children in English and Scotch schools, are being fought for with great determination; as well as the civil rights of Catholic ladies devoted to God in their own convents. — The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has addressed a letter to the *Univers*, vindicating the motives which led to the establishment of the hierarchy, and proving the usefulness of that great measure, against the attack of a writer in the *Ami de la Religion*.

**Scotland.** — A new and magnificent church, under the patronage of St. David, built at the expense of the Marchioness of Lothian, has been opened for worship at Dalkeith. Two sons of Lady Lothian, Lords Ralph and John Kerr, served as acolytes, and two of her daughters, Ladies Cecilia and Alice, sung in the choir: all converts.

**Ireland.** — The prelates of Ireland assembled on the 18th of May, at Dublin, in a National Council, but without all the usual formalities, to take measures for the inauguration of the Catholic University. The deliberations of the Council were strictly private, and extended to other subjects, "gravely affecting the faith and morals of the Catholic people of Ireland, and of the highest importance to their general, intellectual and social interests." The installation of the Very Rev. Dr. Newman was to take place immediately, and the University to be opened for students in November. The Rev. Dr. Leahey, of Thurles College, is to be Vice-Rector. An address has been adopted by the Catholics of Ireland against the Nunneries Inquiry of Mr. Chambers, and has been signed by all the hierarchy except the Archbishop of Tuam, as well as by a vast number of the laity. The terms in which it is conceived are by some highly commended, by others, among the rest by Mr. Lucas, as strongly disapproved.

**India.** — The Bishop of Macao, the chief supporter of the Goa schism, has addressed a letter of submission to the Sovereign Pontiff.

CANADA: On Sunday, May 28, the second Provincial Council of Quebec, was opened in the Metropolitan Church of Quebec, with all the usual solemnities, and was closed on Sunday the 4th of June.

UNITED STATES: — 1. *San Francisco.* — 2. *See of Chicago.* — 3. *Shepherd of the Valley.* — 4. *Sunday Riots.* — 5. *Return of Bishop Baraga.* — 6. *Ordinations.* — 7. *Religious Professions.* — 8. *Churches.*

1. During Lent and more especially at Easter, there were more communicants in San Francisco, than any of the clergy there, although of four nations — Spain, France, Ireland and America — had ever seen at once round the altar before. The collections for the orphans on Easter Sunday in three churches exceeded $900. The archbishop is energetically organizing the effort for the erection of the new church of St. Mary. In the mines a great reformation is observed among the Catholics since they had a pastor.

2. The Holy See has refused to accept the refusal offered by the Rt. Rev. ANTHONY O'REGAN, of his appointment to the See of CHICAGO, and the consecration will take place on the 16th of July, in the Cathedral of St. Louis.

3. *The Shepherd of the Valley*, we sincerely regret to learn, has been discontinued for want of adequate support. In explaining, once more, the passage which has been malignantly or ignorantly quoted, touching religious liberty, and which has lately been brought forward in the Senate of the U. S., the *Shepherd* shows that it advocated or approved of religious intolerance in no sense in which it is not advocated and approved by all religious bodies throughout the world. It would appear, therefore, that the Shepherd was only to be criticised, if at all, for using expressions that were liable to be misrepresented and abused by the watchful enemies of the Church.

4. Since our last issue there have occurred almost weekly Sunday riots in New York or Brooklyn, caused by anti-popery street-preachers; and one of which, in the latter city, was of a somewhat serious character. The magistrates have acted with energy and decision, and by the last accounts (June 19th), it seems likely that these disorderly proceedings will be quelled.

5. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Baraga, Vicar Apostolic of Upper Michigan, has arrived in this country on his return from Europe, with twelve new missionaries for his interesting mission.

6. *Ordinations.*

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS. May 7, Church of St. Joseph, Baton Rouge. By the Most Rev. Archbishop BLANC. Subdeaconship — Mr. Charles Booker. May 8, Deaconship; and May 9, the Priesthood — the same Rev. gentleman.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI. June 6, at the Cathedral by the Most Rev. Archbishop PURCELL. Deaconship — Rev. Joseph Paul Whittier, a student of the diocesan seminary. Saturday, June 10, the same Rev. gentleman received the sacred order of Priesthood.

7. *Religious Professions.*

May 25. Chapel of St. Francis de Sales, Convent of the Visitation, Mt. de Sales, near Baltimore. Sisters Mary Joseph (Green) and Mary Alexius (Levin) took the vows of religion; and Miss Jane Ferry (Sister Mary Benigne) the habit. The Most Rev. Archbishop presided.

8. *Churches.*

LOUISVILLE, Ky.: Sunday, May 28. St. Patrick's Chapel was opened for Divine service, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. SPALDING. The chapel is succursal to the Cathedral, and the Rev. Thomas Joyce is appointed its Pastor. At NEWPORT, Ky.: on the same day, the corner-stone of a new church was laid by the Rt. Rev. Dr. CARROLL, Bishop of COVINGTON. — DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG: On Sunday, the 11th June, the church at Temperanceville was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'CONNOR. It is Gothic, exteriorly plain, interiorly will be quite beautiful when fully completed: it seats 500. NEW YORK: Sunday, May 21. The fine Church of St. Stephen Protomartyr was dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop HUGHES. Sunday, June 11th, the Church of St. Lawrence, corner of Eighty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, was dedicated by the same prelate, who preached on both occasions. — DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. Five of the Sisters of Mercy left the Parent House in Providence, on the 3rd May, to establish a convent in Newport, R. I. They opened their schools on the 8th.

St. Louis' Church, Buffalo. — The Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon has received a letter from Rome, of which the following is an extract:

"When W. I. B. Le Couteulx sent several documents to the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, the Secretary replied, detailing the many reasons which show that the answer given by Archbishop Bedini was in full conformity with the rules of the church; that the judgment of the Bishops on the subject was to be highly esteemed; that improperly, and unfoundedly, was it supposed that an impediment existed in the laws of the Republic; and, it scarcely can be conceived how any Catholic could abuse a legal permission or privilege by using it against his own church. M. Le Couteulx was moreover exhorted to endeavor, on his return to America, to be the prompter of better and holier counsels. Cardinal Franzoni, Prefect.

"Signed 2d May, 1854."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop, ever tenderly loving those who were most opposed to him, after praying to God for them, and bearing much with great patience, has hitherto refused to excommunicate. He now earnestly exhorts those who wish to be Catholics to conform to that judgment of the Holy See, which they themselves first invoked. Forgetting the past, with most paternal affection, wih the Bishop then do all he can for St. Louis' Church. For himself he never asked any thing of it, nor does he now, nor will he hereafter ask any thing of the congregation, but that they conform to the laws and discipline of the church. He supposes all to know that *no man is judge in his own cause; that they cannot be judges in their own favor; that no higher judgment could be invoked on church law than the judgment which has decided that they are wrong, and that the laws of the church are opposed to their pretensions.* As to the law of our beloved country, as it appears on its face — it was declared several times in the Supreme Court that it is permissive, not obligative — and as the laws prove, many of our most respectable Protestant churches refused to use that law, because it was contrary to their church government and discipline, and they then obtained laws that they could use without violating their conscience as church members. May the blessed Saviour send His holy spirit of peace to heal the wounds that pain many a generous heart in that congregation as well as out of it. † John, Bishop of Buffalo.

The Catholic Telegraph gives the following interesting description of the new Cathedral of St. Mary's at Covington, opened (June 11) by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll:

"The opening of this edifice for Divine worship took place on Sunday, the 11th inst., at half past nine o'clock. The building is in the early English style of architecture — in length one hundred and twenty-six feet, in width sixty-six feet; the whole area forming one large nave, without columns or side aisles, having at the north end an apsis or alcove for the altar, and at the south end, over the three doors, a large gallery, organ, etc. The altar or sanctuary end is richly and beautifully painted with fret-work, columns and niches, which are the best and most deceptive specimens of architectural painting, we have ever seen. The windows — seven on each side and one large one in front — are of very neat proportions, with hood mouldings, caps, and corbels, and are painted with transparent colors in rich tracery, producing a brilliant yet mellow and cool light throughout the building. The single staircase leading to the gallery is remarkably well built, indeed quite elegant, and a credit to Messrs. Roux & Galbreath, of our city, who built them.

"The front doors are enriched by mouldings and pannel-work tastefully arranged. The brick work is quite ornamental, having on the front and side pannel-work recessed windows, dentils, and a kind of buttress between the windows. We suppose that the latter is a deviation from the general harmony of the building, forced upon the architect by want of room, as instead of the usual buttress belonging to this style, we find a mere *ante* or *pier*. The outside effect, however, is quite good, and when completed by the steeple of some one hundred and fifty feet, will be quite imposing. This, we learn, will be finished in a few weeks."

## II. Literary Intelligence.

Among the events of the day is to be ranked the success of Dr. Ives' *Trials of a Mind*, which a letter from the publisher informs us has reached 20,000 copies, and is still in active demand. For a Catholic book this is an unexampled sale in so short a time, and is doubtless to be accounted for by the curiosity of Protestants to see it. *All for Jesus*, by Father Faber, which is a better instance of what a purely Catholic sale may be, has reached 3,500 in about two months. *The Cross and Shamrock*, another recent work, appealing strongly to national Irish feelings, has sold about 6,000, we understand, which is better than any work of fiction since *Shandy McGuire;* although the *Jew of Verona* and *Justo Ucondono* have also had large sales in a short time. Among the more solid productions of the Catholic press there is, however, an increased activity, as an example of which we may mention that Balmes' great work, ***Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the Civilization of Europe***, has sold 3,000, and that the publishers (Messrs. Murphy & Co.) have just issued a new edition, as it has been quite out of print for some months. These editions are not large, it is true, compared to those of general publishers, or of Protestant books, but they show that the Catholic book market is assuming a character of importance.

In connection with this subject we may notice the recent enlargement of Messrs. Murphy & Co. Their sale-room now presents a clear and tempting book-interior, (it is about 30 feet by 100), with all the indications of a business which has grown as rapidly as any in the country, and the ramifications of which extend as widely as any. The upper part of the building, and the adjoining one, are occupied by their printing establishment, bindery, &c., which with their numerous publications, their magazine, and their importing business, (the most extensive, we believe, in the country, as respects French Catholic books), give activity to a numerous *staff* and a large capital.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have nearly ready the ***People's edition of Lingard's England***, abridged by ***Burke***, to be issued in semi-monthly numbers, ***eight*** numbers to complete the volume. Also, an *Elementary Algebra*, by ***Rev. B. Sestini, S. J.***, Prof. of Natural Philosophy in Georgetown College; and *A Catechism of Sacred History*, for the use of schools. The "Short and Familiar *Answers* to the most common Objections urged against Religion," by the *Abbé de Segur*, has been a little delayed by the desire to render the edition as perfect as possible, but it is now nearly ready. The new edition of ***Kenrick on the Primacy***, revised, corrected and enlarged by the Most Rev. author, is rapidly passing through the hands of the stereotyper.

A number of eminent literary characters have recently died: — among others, ***John Wilson***, the celebrated Kit North of Blackwood's Magazine, and ***James Montgomery***, the poet. The devotional effusions of the latter have been used even by Catholics, and are quite embalmed in the hearts and memories of devout Protestants.

*The Holy House of Loretto*, by Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has been translated and published in Germany.

## III. Political and Secular Intelligence.

The war in Europe makes slow progress. Like a dull novel, it is barren of incident, but we may be consoled for this want of lively interest by reflecting that it postpones, probably, a very tragical and bloody *dénouement*. The bombardment and destruction of the fortifications of Odessa by some steamers of the allied fleet, the capture of a number of merchantmen in the Baltic, and the enforcement of neutrality on the King of Greece, are hitherto the chief events of note. It is said that Austria has sent a note to St. Petersburg, requiring as an ultimatum the evacuation of the Turkish territories by the forces of the Czar, and that in case of refusal she will actively co operate with the Western Powers. It may turn out that the slow movement of the allies is but a "masterly inactivity," which in due time will render them masters of the situation.

## NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE POWER OF THE POPES.

The author of the article on the Temporal Power of the Popes begs leave to say that he quoted the passages of Gelasius on the last page at second hand, from an author in whom he thought he was warranted in having full confidence. Since the article went to press, he has been able to examine the original itself, and he finds the words "both supreme and not interfering with each other," as found in the second and third lines, to be in reality but a paraphrase of the preceding words, added by the author from whom he quoted, and by the printer's neglect appearing to be a part of the original text. It is right, of course, to make this statement as soon as possible. The sentiment, however, is quite orthodox, and is expressed by writers who, like Gelasius, justly contends for the superior dignity of the ecclesiastical authority. Zallinger, whose work is the text book in the principal schools of Canon Law in Rome, says: "The ecclesiastical and the civil power is each supreme in its own department, and neither is subordinate to the other; one is also independent of the other, by the very fact of each being of itself and considered in itself supreme and of a different order." Ius. Nat. Publ. Lib. III, ccxxiii, (d).

The second passage quoted from Gelasius is from a work supposed to be made up from various fragments. It is taken, however, from compilations known to be favorable to the Popes, and long received as embodying the principles of that age. It is also quoted by the Council of S. Macra, A. D. 881.

THE
Metropolitan.

Vol. II. AUGUST, 1854. No. 7.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Much is said and written now-a-days about our glorious liberties. This is the chosen theme of the school-boy declaimer, of the demagogue, of the statesman and orator in the halls of legislation. Not unfrequently, too, it is introduced where one would least expect to hear it mentioned — into what purports to be the chair of truth itself; and occasionally the political preacher gives additional weight to his argument by parading cannon balls on his desk! The minister of religion thus seeks to become the tribune of the people, and to gain greater popular influence by calling in political excitement to the aid of religion, already become in his hands, it would seem, a stale and worn out theme! This is itself one, and not the least significant, sign of the times.

We would not detract from the hallowed feeling of patriotism, which lies at the basis of all this outcry about liberty. Deeply do we love liberty, and fully do we appreciate that sentiment which deems it sweet to die for one's country, — *dulce pro patria mori.* This feeling, imbibed in early childhood, has grown with our growth, and become a part of our very nature. But age and reflection have tempered the indiscriminating enthusiasm of youth; and we are now enabled to see the vast difference which exists between true and false liberty, between real patriotism and deceitful demagogism, between sound conservative republicanism and false democratic radicalism.

Ours is, indeed, a beautiful theory of government. It solves the great social problem, and lays down what seems to be the just medium between the liberty of the masses degenerating into license, and the governing authority running into tyranny. Thus, it guards equally against the two extremes of anarchy and despotism, of which it were difficult to say which is the worse or more dangerous. By a wisely established and nicely arranged system of checks and balances, the mutual relations between the governing power and the governed are carefully guarded, and each is kept within its own appropriate sphere. The lowest citizen has equal rights with the highest, and the avenues to distinction and political power are open to all without distinction. The law, established by general consent for the general good, is held to be equally binding on all; and the high and the low, the rich and the poor, are alike amenable to its behests.

This is, indeed, a finely wrought theory; it fully realizes the ideal of the best human government, conceived by the great St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century; and it is glory enough for the founders of our noble Republic to have caught up and carried out the thought of the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas unfolds his idea in the following words: "Wherefore the choice of rulers in any kingdom or state is best, when one is chosen for his merit to preside over all, and under him are other rulers chosen for their merit, and the government belongs to all, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society, and the choice is made by all."*

But is the practical development of the theory conformable to its just and beautiful principles? Have we succeeded in keeping up its primitive spirit and realizing its early promises? Has despotism been repressed, anarchy been curbed, and the just medium been thus maintained?

We propose briefly to discuss this question in the present paper. To narrow down the basis of the inquiry, with a view to its easier elucidation, we shall speak principally of that branch of it which regards practical religious freedom. This is avowedly an essential element of our liberties, secured to all by an express provision of our noble constitution. It is justly regarded as the pride and boast of our country, that every man is, by its constitution, left free to worship God according to his conscientious convictions. "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," — is a clause that guarantees, perhaps, the dearest privilege, or rather right, secured to all by that instrument.

All must admit that Catholics contributed fully as much, in proportion to their numbers and means, as any other class of citizens, to secure our independence. They cheerfully lavished both treasure and blood for this purpose. The Catholic armies of France fought side by side with our own brave soldiers, consisting themselves of both Protestants and Catholics, in the noble cause; which was thus successfully maintained against the banded soldiery of *Protestant* England.

When the struggle was over, and the final victory had been secured, Washington cheerfully awarded to Catholics the just tribute of commendation for their zeal and patriotism in the dark hour of trial; and generous men of all classes as willingly re-echoed the praise freely bestowed by the Father of his country. Among those who, in affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence, nobly periled life, liberty, and sacred honor to make it good, one was permitted to survive all the rest, as a standing memorial of Catholic agency in the great contest; — CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, who ventured more in it than any other, — perhaps, so far as property was concerned, more than all the other signers together. True to the spirit of his Catholic ancestors of Maryland, who were the first to rear on this broad continent the banner of religious liberty, he entered heart and soul into the struggle, nor left the ranks till the victory had been won. The entire Catholic body in America shared largely in his patriotism; and none more so than the Irish citizens and their children, who had the additional stimulus of an hereditary feud with England.

These facts are as undoubted as they are glorious for the Catholics of this country. The inference fairly drawn from them, — and that which was drawn by Washington, — is manifest, that the Catholics of this republic are as fully entitled to civil and religious liberty as their Protestant fellow-citizens; — and this, not as a matter of mere courtesy and concession, but as a matter of clear and indisputable *right.*

---

* Summa 1. 2. Quest. cv. art. 1.

It may be said that no one disputes this; that no American, at least, goes so far, in his opposition to the Catholic Church, as to deny the right of Catholics to equal religious freedom.

We wish, for the honor of our country, that this were so; but truth compels us to say that it is not. The contrary is openly avowed and acted on, in the full light of day and in the middle of this nineteenth century; by men, too, who have *liberty* forever on their lips, but whose most highly cherished occupation it is, to accuse Catholics of being the systematic enemies of free institutions. The pulpit and the press have combined to sound the alarm, to inflame popular prejudice, to stimulate the mob spirit, and to fasten on Catholics a wolf and lamb quarrel. What Thomas Jefferson once said of the Presbyterian clergy, may be fairly applied to our modern bigots: "They pant to re-establish by law that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into public opinion."* The odious declaration has gone forth from a hundred pulpits and a hundred presses, that Catholics are aliens in this country, that they are here only by sufferance, and that their religion is barely tolerated in this land of universal *freedom!* The arsenals of calumny are exhausted for weapons to assail us in the most tender point, that of our honor and our patriotism; and this is done too by men clad in the garb of a religion breathing charity and love, and who are forever boasting of their devotion to the cause of universal liberty! Oh! for a lash to scourge thee, hypocrisy!

We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that a dark cloud of religious and irreligious bigotry and despotism is lowering over our political horizon, threatening to break in destructive violence on our devoted heads. "Lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all,"† it is everywhere menacing our nearest and dearest rights as Catholic citizens. Yet we quail not, under either its present or its still greater prospective violence. By anticipating it, we are already prepared for its utmost fury.

Come in what form it may, it can never destroy a Church which was built on a Rock, and secured by divine promise against all the assaults of the gates of hell. "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" The storms of persecutions of eighteen centuries have swept harmlessly over a Church,

> "Oft doomed to death, tho' fated not to die;"

and, with the divine succor, she can triumphantly withstand as much in the future as she has withstood in the past.

Let not our enemies deceive themselves by raising the standard of persecution against us, they injure only themselves, and they strengthen us; they prove the intrinsic weakness of a cause, which has to resort to such vile arms of the flesh to sustain itself; and they throw around their intended victim the invincible ægis of divine protection! Like the sturdy oak of the forest, — the hero of a thousand tempests, — which shoots its roots deeper into the soil and becomes more firmly fixed by each successive storm that agitates its branches, the Catholic Church, planted on the soil of this earth by the divine Husbandman, becomes firmer and more consolidated by the storms of persecution which sweep over it, threatening it with destruction.

---

* Letter to Mr. Short.

† Jefferson's Works, Letter clvii.

We shall probably be told, that this is all idle declamation; and that no serious designs against Catholic rights and liberties are entertained by any considerable portion of our Protestant people. Let us see. To what do the signs of the times clearly point on this subject? Facts are far more eloquent than words; practical demonstrations are much more conclusive evidence than idle professions. Now what are the facts?

We will allude to those only of most recent occurrence; passing over with a bare allusion the atrocious burning of the Charlestown Convent; and the destruction of the Catholic churches in Philadelphia, amidst the fiendish howls of mobs, lashed into fury by ministers of religion (!) parading the Bible in triumph, as their warrant for the atrocious deeds of blood and sacrilege! We gladly drop the curtain on scenes so disgraceful to our adversaries, and which we hope, — almost against hope, — may never again darken with their Erebus-like shadow the heaven-lit soil of the republic.

Yet the demoniacal spirit which prompted these atrocities has not been laid; it still walks forth with brazen front in our midst, and, like Lucifer from whom it springs, it still "goeth about, seeking whom it may devour." On the first occasion favorable to its dark purposes, it is prepared to re-enact, with renewed violence, its foul and ferocious orgies.

What else is indicated by the late disgraceful riots, with which one of the meekest, most amiable, and most accomplished of men, — the Ambassador, too, of one whose noble and benevolent private character tallies so well with his exalted position as chief minister of the Prince of Peace, — was *greeted* in his recent pacific mission to this country in many of our principal cities? He had injured no one; he had encroached on no one's right or principle; he had endeared himself to all who approached him, by the most winning kindness. The sovereign whom he represented was in relations of peace and amity towards our government and our people, of whom a respectable number looked up to him, with reverent affection, as to a spiritual Father. Ah! this was the real, the only unpardonable sin, that the Pope should dare send a Nuncio to this *free* country! Presumption unpardonable! The Nuncio must be assassinated, or driven in disgrace from the country.

But it would not do, to avow the real cause of the outcry that was to be raised against the illustrious stranger, who had sought our *hospitable* shores as a guest, attracted hither, perhaps, by our high-sounding professions of liberality and courtesy. Oh, no! This would ill accord with the praises of universal liberty, which were ever on the *lips* of the bigots. Some other pretext must be found for the fierce onslaught to be made on the sacred person of the ambassador of peace and love; and some fit tools must also be found to do the dirty work, lest the white cravats should be sullied!

Both are soon found. A filthy Italian apostate friar, who is lauded and endorsed by the *ministers of religion,* who lectures in foul English and on fouler subjects to gaping crowds, and whose pockets are well lined with the price of his apostacy, cheerfully offers, Judas-like, to betray into the hands of his enemies the servant who was "not to be above his Master." With extended palm, he eagerly clutches the proffered wages of iniquity, and in exchange he opens out his budget of invented calumnies, which are the more greedily swallowed, precisely in proportion as they are the more intrinsically absurd and incredible. *Incredibile, — ergo verum!* Men who are not to be duped into believing what is true and credible, because very children in credulity, when it is question of any absurd calumny invented against Catholics.

The *traitor* thus found, and well paid for his treason, it became easy to procure the *tools* for the dirty work of mobbing the Nuncio. The German *Freemen (?)* — a band of foreign renegades and openly avowed infidels, — aliens to the country in religion and in political creed, — many of them, perhaps, expelled from their own country "for their country's good," — willingly undertook the task, which was, in every respect, worthy of them. The brave and noble work of insulting and attempting to assassinate a defenceless stranger and guest, is commenced in Cincinnati, and it is continued in many other principal cities of the Union, by the worthy associates of the *Freemen.*

Meantime, the mass of the Protestant community looks on either quietly or approvingly. Our noble press, the champion of liberty, the chivalrous advocate of the weak against the strong, the loudly boasting organ of equal rights to all under the Constitution; — the press approves of the atrocious deeds of mob violence, either by open sanction, as in Cincinnati, or by silent connivance, as elsewhere; with but one or two noble exceptions, which do but strengthen the rule. Had the *independent* press, too, received its price? Was the larger portion of it silent for the same motive which paralyzed the tongue of Demosthenes of old; or did its *fearless* conductors, carrying their principles and their conscience in their pockets, deem discreet silence not only the better part of valor, but also the better course to be pursued with an eye to business?

Whatever may have been the motives, the fact itself is clear and unmistakable. The deed is done. The government, frightened by the clamor raised by a pack of foreign infidels and levelers, or afraid of the storm which might be raised by their numerous abettors, is struck suddenly dumb, and is rendered powerless; the unprotected ambassador, though fearless himself in the midst of threatened assassination, quietly leaves our inhospitable shores. Thus our glorious liberties are safe! Our national honor is nobly vindicated in the eyes of the whole civilized world; and both the lovers of liberty and the reputed advocates of despotism in Europe may proudly point to us as the model Republic!

But this is not all, nor half. The worst signs of the times remain yet to be alluded to.

The fiendish spirit, which achieved so brilliant a triumph in the *welcome* which it gave to the Nuncio, is now panting after new victories! It is openly appealing to the worst and fiercest passions of the mob for the destruction of Catholic liberties. It unblushingly employs a band of street brawlers to insult and calumniate Catholics, and to excite riot and bloodshed in our principal cities. These incendiaries are, directly, or, at least, indirectly, patronized by the noble press and the charity-breathing pulpit! The principle is boldly proclaimed by both, and it is further sanctioned by the verdict of popular indignation meetings, that the license to abuse, calumniate and taunt a large and peaceful class of fellow-citizens, in the public highways, is an essential part and parcel of our glorious liberties!

The spirit which animates these banded enemies of all truth, of all decency, and of all order, is clearly shown by the recent disgraceful tearing down and trampling under foot of the Cross of Christ at Chelsea, in sight of liberty-loving Boston! This brilliant feat was worthy of the *Christians* who had so openly fraternized with the infidel Freemen. If men are known by the company they keep, what are we to think of these pretended friends of the Bible? And if the very arch-enemy of Christ and of his cross were to emerge from the abyss, and were openly to rear his rebel standard against the Church, on which side would the Infidel Freemen and their Christian abettors be found arrayed in the contest? It is a question for serious reflection.

Still further to aid in the settled purpose of destroying Catholicity in this *free* republic, our enemies have recently enlisted, as auxiliaries in the cause, a numerous band of unprincipled men, organized into the secret society of the Know-Nothings, under a chieftain well worthy of the clan,—the notorious gaol-bird *Judson.* This society boasts of reckoning its members by tens and hundreds of thousands; and in all our principal cities it boldly avows its purpose of laboring for the utter annihilation of Catholic rights and worship.

It is curious to observe how, with all their pretended hatred of foreigners and foreign influence, these unprincipled men fraternize with the most, and almost the only, pestilent class of foreigners with which our republic is infested, the impious German secret societies! The object of the Know-Nothings, openly proclaimed, is to bring to bear on our elections a powerful and well organized influence for the disfranchisement of Catholics.

With untiring zeal they concoct their nefarious plans, under cover of darkness — for, like other children of iniquity, they prefer "darkness to light" — and unless their purpose be overruled by Providence, no one can foresee the fatal results of this fearful organization. The worst feature about this whole matter is, that the mass of the Protestant community, it is much to be feared, sympathize with the Know-Nothings in their hatred of Catholicity. Humanly speaking, a reaction may be expected only in the contingency, which is not improbable, of the society working its own downfall by premature violence, or by tampering with other than Catholic interests. The time-serving politicians, if thwarted, may bring about the destruction of this secret organization, notwithstanding the favor shown it by the army of bigots. The prestige of the Protestant ministry has already been to a great extent destroyed by the noble independence with which Congress lately spurned their mammoth remonstrance, addressed to the Senate in the name of Christ! This is, at least, one good sign of the times.

What have the Catholics of the United States done to merit all this obloquy and bitter persecution? Have they employed foul-mouthed street preachers to insult their neighbors? Have they organized secret societies to crush the rights of other religionists? Have they excited mobs to burn down Protestant churches and schools? Have they addressed insolent remonstrances to our National or State Legislatures? Have they conspired against the interests of the country? Have they claimed any exclusive privileges? Have they refused, whenever called on, to fight the battles of the country, and to shed their blood in its defence? Have they done any thing of which they need be ashamed?

If they have done none of these things, if they have always sought to be quiet and good citizens of this noble republic, then why are they assailed with a rancor so ruthless? Why are they pursued like wild beasts of the forest? Why is the attempt made, in the name of liberty, to crush their dearest rights? Why are they singled out as the objects of denunciation and persecution?

If Protestants could maintain their cause by fair means, why resort to means so foul? Does not this consideration alone speak volumes on the subject, and show clearly to every impartial man on which side truth and the right lie, and on which side error and persecution? Is it the lamb who always muddles the stream?

But for the noble, and, under all the circumstances of aggravation, the heroic forbearance of the Catholics, it were impossible to say what bloody scenes might not have been enacted in our Eastern cities on the occasion of the late scandalous and disgraceful exhibitions of insulting fanaticism. Sure we are, that Protestants would not have quietly borne with half so much obloquy, without resenting it in blood. It is the Catholic religion alone which can effectually teach self-denial and self-control under circumstances so harrowing to every human feeling.

Still, we do not despair of the republic. Underlying the troubled surface, there is to be found in our country a solid substratum of conservatism, which is, under God, the basis of our hopes for the future. It cannot surely be that barefaced and unblushing iniquity, wishing to keep all the liberty for itself, and to allow none to others, will finally gain the day, in a republic which has done and sacrificed so much for the cause of true liberty. It cannot be, that our noble flag, which has hitherto proudly floated over a free people, is to be draped in mourning over a liberty crushed and bleeding. A standard exciting, by a thousand memories, to deeds of valor and patriotism against the enemies of the country, it cannot surely become the banner of internecine civil commotions. An emblem of union and peace, — bearing amidst its folds the cherished national motto, E Pluribus Unum, — it cannot but rebuke the spirit of those who, sheltered under it from oppression, seek to excite dissension and provoke civil war.

Long may it continue to wave over a happy, a free and a united people!

# THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

## THE WORLD AND ITS PLEASURES.

When our Lord was on the point of consummating his sacrifice, he wished to leave us the expression of his last will in that admirable discourse which he addressed to his disciples, and which St. John has transmitted to us. Every word of that sublime allocution derives a peculiar character of solemnity from the circumstances in which it was pronounced. The Saviour was soon to leave the earth; he perceived already the rays of that celestial glory which the humiliations of his approaching passion were to procure to him. His mind, intent on heaven, and bound to earth which he was on the point of watering with his blood, only by the immense love which caused him to shed it, he blended in harmonious confusion the holy sadness of exile which for him was ending, with the divine joys of the celestial country which his death was to open to us.

Now, what strikes us immediately in reading this discourse of Jesus, is his profound aversion to the world and to all worldly things. At the very moment in which charity overflowed His heart and spread itself over men with great abundance, an invincible repulsion, a deep hatred, manifests itself in Him, and pours from His lips words of malediction that contrast in a singular manner with the expressions of tenderness which abound in this discourse. This same Redeemer who on the cross prays for His executioners, and seeks with ineffable charity to excuse their malice, declares, before ascending Calvary, that He does not pray for the world, but for those whom His Father has given Him. Hence it is easy to conclude that God has not given Him the world, that the world is shut out from the sphere of His influence.

His intention is still more clearly manifested in the sequel, when He represents the enemy of God and men as the prince of this world; when He affirms that the Paraclete will convict the world of sin; when He assures us that the world cannot receive the spirit of truth, and that it will persecute all His true followers, because He will not find in them anything belonging to itself.

Thus from the words of the Son of God himself, we see that there exist two camps, two armies, two kingdoms opposed to each other, having each its chief, its constitution, its laws and its end, forced by their very nature to fight against each other without any expectation of ever terminating this war by a durable peace, or even of suspending their mutual enmity for a few moments by a sincere truce. Every one, therefore, is bound to choose the kingdom to which he wishes to belong, the chief whom he wishes to obey, the standard under which he wishes to fight; for, to prevent any compromise, Christ declares elsewhere that no one can serve two masters.

The woman of the world who tries to persuade herself that she may be a Christian, and yet remain attached to worldly maxims, deceives herself; and the Christian who imagines that he may continue to be a disciple of Christ whilst he adheres to the world, to its pomps and vanities, is strangely mistaken, and his error will become for him the source of numerous faults and bitter regrets. Whoever seeks to persuade you that you can reconcile the maxims of the world with the principles of the Gospel, the vanities of the world with the humiliations of the cross, the pomps of the world with the simplicity of the Christian life, is a deceiver and a liar; and should an angel from Heaven tell you another story, you ought to disbelieve the testimony, because he would preach another Gospel than that of Jesus Christ.

When we hear the Saviour declare that He prays not for the world, and see Him afterwards pray on the cross for His executioners, we are surprised at first, and ask ourselves what can there be so wicked in the world, and how can God prefer to it those who have committed the greatest crimes. But when we reflect on the nature of the world, and consider attentively the corruption of its maxims and their fatal results, we begin to understand the severity of Jesus Christ in its regard, and the preference over it which he gives to crimes that the world itself condemns.

There are faults which suppose in the perpetrator a certain energy of will, faults which spring from a violent passion, and which carry with them, in some manner, their own punishment by the shame or the remorse with which they are accompanied, and by the horror they inspire. They draw on the sinner almost immediately the wrath of God, who punishes him in this life, and causes him to find a means of repentance in the contempt or the hate of the world. The criminal, seeing himself spurned by the world, and finding no refuge for his mortified pride, is, as it were, forced to fly to God for the protection which is refused to him in all other quarters; and unable as he is to rise again in the eyes of men, he endeavors at least to regain in his own eyes the esteem denied him by the unfeeling severity of mankind.

But there are actions, habits, inclinations, condemned by Christian morality, for which the world is supremely indulgent. The heart which gives itself up to these, soon becomes their slave. As nothing warns it, interiorly or exteriorly, of the dangers to which it exposes itself, it falls asleep in a false peace, and feels not the necessity of having recourse to God for assistance and protection, since men most willingly afford it both. Pleased with the world, which flatters and deceives it, pleased with itself, because of the illusions which it indulges, it quietly enjoys the apparent advantages of vice and virtue, and gradually reaches a degree of corruption and obduracy from which it can recover only by a miracle of divine mercy.

Women are subject in a particular manner to these illusions. They are generally preserved from excesses that shock, owing to their delicate sensibility and to the sacred barriers which decorum prevents them from overstepping; but they are more exposed to the failings which the world easily overlooks, yet which waste the energies of the soul and render it insensible to the charms of virtue, and incapable of the efforts which virtue requires. They imagine virtues and duties different from those prescribed by the Gospel, and make for themselves a sort of natural Gospel, in which their passions find an encouragement, their most extravagant desires and most palpable irregularities, a pretext. When they have reached such a state, they are lost to God whose grace they despise; lost to their family which they neglect; lost, in fine, to themselves, because they allow the good seed which God had sown in their heart, and which a Christian education had cultivated, to remain unproductive and even to perish.

Thus the world, which is full of dangers for a young man, is much more so for women, because they find in it food for all the little passions that so easily occupy their heart, and which doom their whole life to a deplorable sterility. There is an age when the man who was the slave of the world breaks his bonds, and seeks in a higher sphere occupations more worthy of his mind and heart. But the woman who, at an early age, has become the slave of the world, far from seeing her humiliating bondage disappear with the advance of years, feels, on the contrary, her chains become heavier every day. The older she grows, the fewer resources she finds in herself, the more she feels that the pleasures and frivolous enjoyments of the world are necessary to her; and when she can no longer love it, she still finds the means of paying her homage to it by causing it to be loved by the young, and by initiating them into all the follies which are now too burdensome for her old age.

Frequently, even women, when they are still young, bear with impatience the yoke imposed on them by the world. The noble instincts of their nature revolt against this degrading slavery, and aspire to more elevated regions; but false notions of duty, of propriety, and apparent necessity carry them away and triumph over their repugnance. Habit, which plays so important a part in life, and which renders tolerable the most painful things, which renders even almost necessary what was most irksome at first,—habit softens by degrees what was disagreeable in the usages and formalities with which the votaries of the world are obliged to comply. The mind and the heart, in proportion as they lose their primitive vigor, accustom themselves more easily to a kind of life that requires no effort from the nobler faculties of the soul, and in which mediocrity is sure to surpass endowments of the first order.

Curiosity, so natural to woman, finds an aliment in those frivolous conversations, in which the actions and intentions of our neighbor are scrutinized with incredible levity, and in which she who shows most rashness in her suspicions, and most severity in her judgments, is voted in the right. Vanity is fostered in those assemblies where no attention is paid to the solid qualities of the mind and the heart, but where the only means of distinction is to display a superior extravagance in objects of luxury, and a more marked affectation and hauteur of manner. Coquetry is gratified in those parties, where a woman destitute of mental charms, displays to the eye of the curious her physical form decked out in the most seducing attire; where her merit is estimated by the cost of her dress or the lightness of her manners. Idleness is strengthened by an unoccupied life, in which the soul, entirely given up to exterior objects, finds no time to enter into itself, to dwell on serious thoughts, or to aspire to heavenly things. Pride is nourished by that seeming regularity of worldly women who shun great excesses, not so much on account of their moral deformity as of the inconveniences which result from them, and who think that they thus acquire the right to indulge without scruple all the petty passions which the world tolerates or justifies. The soul wastes itself and degenerates in that frivolous and restless mode of existence; and when God wishes to impart His grace to the heart, He finds it, as it were, in a fainting condition, incapable of a sacrifice or an effort, and is often forced to withdraw forever, or to wait till some calamity has restored vigor to that enervated will.

## CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The time has arrived when it behooves the Catholic body in this country to bring into requisition, for the cause of religion and of social order, all the elements of that conservative power which it has at command. Christianity is not only assailed in certain points of its dogma and discipline: a vast and powerful combination has been formed to eradicate it wholly from the popular mind. In this warfare against religion, Catholicity is the chief point of attack, and here a widely diffused and energetic sectarianism becomes the auxiliary of open and undisguised infidelity. The consequences of this determined opposition to the Church are visible in the social as well as in the religious sphere. Until within the last ten years, American society, blessed by those noble institutions for which our forefathers so freely poured out their blood and treasure, could boast of some security in the general prevalence of the political and moral principles which form the basis of our national government: but the plague of infidelity, which has desolated so vast a portion of the European continent, has wafted its infection to our shores, and sown the seeds of a political convulsion which may well arouse the Christian and the patriot to a keener sense of duty. That the spirit of irreligion and political radicalism, so extensively at work in this country, is witnessed with comparative indifference by the masses, and that its fearful threatenings are unheard or overlooked by our eminent statesmen, are facts which cannot be denied; and it is equally undeniable, that in the ranks of those who eschew and abhor the doctrines of infidelity, and profess to be governed by that law of charity, the distinctive characteristic of the disciples of Christ, an increased spirit of hostility has been aroused, and thus have the elements of social disunion been suffered to gain ground, in a land of liberty, where the national sentiment, both religious and political, most emphatically denounces such disorders in theory. Can it be said that the periodical press has contributed to this morbid condition of the public mind? We unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. The press is chargeable with an ample share of the guilt. It has sinned, in some cases, by positive effort and connivance; in others, by a faithless performance of the responsible duties which are attached to journalism. If the flame of civil war be ever kindled in the United

States, which God forbid; if the glorious fabric of republican liberty, as reared by our ancestors, ever crumble into ruins, the crime of this catastrophe will lie at the door of those whose parricidal pen will have lent itself to the corruption of the ballot-box, to the excitement of religious feuds, to the arraying of brother against brother in the great national family. The venality of the press, its violent partizanship, its sectarian bitterness, its partial vindication or total disregard of injured right, its omission promptly to denounce radicalism and violations of law, no matter under what circumstances they may occur, and to proclaim the principles by which Americans profess to be governed, are offences in their nature treasonable, because tending effectually to the perversion of the popular sentiment and the destruction of our political organization.

But, what reference can these remarks have to the Catholic periodicals of this country? Are they in any degree responsible for the evils to which we have alluded? Certain it is, that Catholic journalism, if true to itself, cannot lead to results like those which we have indicated. If guided, as it professes to be, by the teachings of the Church of God, it can give no support to infidelity, heresy, immorality or radicalism in any shape or form. It combats for religion, by exhibiting the evidences of revealed truth, and it battles equally for the state by defending the rights of legitimate authority. Though not implicated in matters of a purely civil or political nature, its office is partly to vindicate and diffuse those moral principles which lie at the basis of social order, and are essential to the stability of all human governments. But the question may arise, how has Catholic journalism performed its part in the contest between error and truth, right and wrong? Has it maintained, in the arena of religious discussion, that dignified and advantageous position which will always elicit the respect, if it do not compel the assent of its adversaries? Has it deserved well of the Church, by an able exposition and defence of its doctrines and practices? Has it been a source of light, strength and edification to the Catholic body, binding it together more closely in the unity of faith? Has it been a messenger of peace and blessing to those without, healing instead of irritating the wounds of prejudice, laboring to harmonize the minds and hearts of men; in a word, "doing the truth in charity," that "we may in all things grow up in Him who is the head, Christ?" *

Few, perhaps, will venture to deny the importance of this inquiry. In the general onslaught upon the true Church by the sectarian and secular press of the United States, how can it be a question of little moment whether the Catholic body has its competent representatives and advocates at the bar of public opinion? When it is certain, on the one hand, that in the present state of society religion and morals must have their exponents in the press as well as in the pulpit, and on the other, that inadequacy on the part of the press is often more prejudicial to the good cause than its total silence, it is manifest that the general character, tone and efficiency of our Catholic journalism afford a subject for serious investigation; a subject in which the Catholic community are vitally interested, and which they should consider as having an influential bearing, for good or for evil, upon their future religious and social position in this country. From this point of view, the examination of the question rises far above the mere literary disquisition: it assumes the character of a duty; for there must exist, somewhere, an obligation to watch over this as well as other departments of literature, to encourage and applaud what is useful, and to caution the public against that which is detrimental

---

* Ephes. iv, 15.

to religion and society. Believing it a part of our duty, as journalists, to express a critical opinion on this subject, or rather to present the grounds for the formation of a correct judgment, we shall do so fearlessly and impartially, in the hope that our efforts, however feeble, may awaken attention to this question, and lead, where necessary, to a more successful organization of our Catholic periodical press.

Amidst the dominant utilitarianism of the age, it is not surprising that the high and responsible character of the journalist should be more or less misapprehended, and that the business of publishing or editing a periodical should oftentimes be conducted with little or no sense of the moral accountability attending it. We do not intimate that it is unlawful for the conductors of a journal, to propose to themselves as an object the pecuniary profits arising from it: we refer simply to the evil, so often exemplified, of making this temporal advantage the controlling element of the concern, and thus sacrificing to subordinate considerations the chief end of journalism, which is the promotion of virtue and happiness in society by the diffusion of useful information. The danger of overlooking the essential qualities which belong to an efficient journal, may spring from an imprudent and precipitate zeal, as well as from private interest; but whether or how far the Catholic press in the United States has suffered from these causes, we do not pretend to judge: we shall leave the decision of this point principally to our readers, after having placed before them a brief exposition of the features that should distinguish the religious press, and given them an insight into the history of our Catholic journalism.

The object of a Catholic periodical, as we conceive it, should be to convey such instruction and information as tend to "the edifying of the body of Christ," as St. Paul expresses it, or the building up, in the minds and hearts of men, of that spiritual structure which consists in believing and practising the doctrines of Christianity. Hence the exposition and vindication of Catholic faith and discipline, in all their multiplied relations, the review of current literature, and a correct statement of events in the religious world, constitute properly the sphere of the Catholic journal, though a wider range of subjects may be introduced as subsidiary to the end in view, and by way of mingling the agreeable with the useful. The quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodical have each their appropriate and specific mode of accomplishing the same end, differing only in the extent to which they embrace one or more of the above-mentioned topics. The record of events is confined to the weekly and monthly publication. Each class of periodicals, however, to be successful in its mission to society, must be characterized by learning, judgment and virtue.

By learning we understand a liberal degree of mental cultivation, or a competent knowledge of the various subjects which form the contents of a religious journal: That the editor who conducts one, should be possessed of this qualification, is obvious. How could he explain a dogmatical point, or discriminate between matters of faith and opinion, if he be not well versed in theological science? How could he undertake to expound the principles of ethics, if he has not studied the moral law? How could he venture to instruct and edify his readers, by exhibiting the artistic, historical, or devotional character of the ceremonies used in the Church, if he has not made this attractive department of religion, the subject of his attentive examination? How can he enter the lists with the numerous and able adversaries of the true faith, if he is not armed with the panoply of knowledge which will confound their efforts? It cannot be denied, that the press of this country, religious and secular, which is antagonistic to the Church, is conducted generally with considerable talent, and has a vast circulation. From the daily newspaper up to the quarterly review, Catholicity is assailed with fiery zeal, and with the most specious arguments, in her principles, her practices, and her general influence upon civilization. No efforts, indeed, of the Catholic press, however well directed, will ever put an end to this warfare: it will continue with more or less violence to the consummation of the world, because it is the destiny of the Church of Christ and one of the brightest evidences of her truth, to suffer from the perpetual and combined assaults of men. But it is not less her mission to protest constantly against the blindness and sophistry of her enemies, and to ask in the language of her Divine Founder, "if I say the truth to you, why do you not believe me?"* This office belongs primarily to her chief pastors, to whose vigilant care has been entrusted the sacred deposite of faith, and who being "the light of the world"† and deputed to "teach all nations,"‡ should be able, as St. Paul expresses it, "to exhort in sound doctrine and to convince the gainsayers."‖ This qualification of learning which the Church requires in her bishops, is demanded for the same reason in all who are destined to share with them the exalted function of preaching the truths of religion: and it is well known by what salutary laws and institutions the adequate instruction of the clergy has been provided for, that they may be fitted to teach their fellow-men. Incompetency of knowledge is considered an essential defect in one who aspires to holy orders, and the 8th Council of Toledo has not hesitated to declare, "that the vengeance of God and the Church hangs over the bishop and those he is about to ordain, when he suffers ignorant candidates to invade the sanctuary."§ Now these remarks are all applicable, in a subordinate degree, to the Catholic journalist. His periodical goes forth as a teacher, an informant and guide of the public, on subjects of dogma, morals, literature, and the events of the day: he is therefore bound to possess that competent learning which will guard him against the utterance of unsound doctrine. Whoever assumes the practice of a profession, is obliged *titulo justitiæ,* to exercise it with at least that degree of knowledge which is essential to the performance of its duties; and hence, the religious journalist is no more excusable in being unacquainted with the sacred sciences, than the lawyer, the physician, the school-master or the clergyman would be, in not having informed himself sufficiently on those subjects which appertain to his particular calling, and by which he professes to enlighten or otherwise serve his fellow-men.

The editor is under this obligation, even when his journal possesses no official or authoritative character: because by the very fact of constituting himself a public instructor, he incurs the responsibility of performing his task in such a manner as will not mislead the people, or cause any detriment to religion. If, in a private character, he is bound not to give scandal, how much more should he beware of the aggravated evil which may follow from his relation with the public at large? Let it not be said, that when a journal appears on its own responsibility, it carries with it no influence beyond that of the individual who conducts it: that its contents are taken for what they are worth, and that the blunders which he commits are only reflected upon himself. This is far from being the case. The mass of readers are incapable of discriminating, in many instances, between sound and unsound doctrine, right and wrong: and they are just as likely to adopt the errors of an editor as his accurate teaching. Moreover, a religious publication, though it may not bear on its title-page any official sanction or approbation, is always viewed by a large portion of the community in the light of an authorized instructor, and if it happen to be conducted with spirit, or to be liberally seasoned with that frivolity which is better adapted to the morbid appetite of the multitude, than to the proper direction of the popular mind and heart, it will frequently have greater weight in forming the judgment than declarations from a more grave and authoritative source. When a journal is published with the approbation of the ordinary, or as the organ of a diocese, its general contents do not derive from this circumstance an official character, nor does a bishop intend to be responsible for the performance of the editor. It cannot be denied, however, (taking a practical view of the subject), that the episcopal sanction has the effect of investing a periodical with an air of authority among the members of the Church, and with an official bearing among those out of her communion. For this reason it is the more necessary for the editor of such a journal to be possessed of liberal acquirements.

---

*John viii, 46. †Matt. v, 14. ‡Matt. xxviii, 19. ‖Tit. i, 9.

§Nullus ad sacra veniat indoctus; aliter ordinaturis et ordinandis imminet Dei et Ecclesiæ ejus vindicta.

Were we to examine in detail the serious consequences of ignorance in the editor of a religious paper, the amount of injury inflicted upon the Church, society and individuals, by his unfitness for the post which he occupies, the truth of the preceding remarks would appear in a much stronger light. We have not the space, however, to enter upon this investigation: we shall merely observe, that the errors which flow from this source are reducible chiefly to erroneous views of doctrinal points, literary criticism of a superficial or unjust character, and false statements of history and current events. We may also remark, that the evil impressions thus produced upon the public mind, being justly imputable to the culpable ignorance of the journalist, his position is one of grave responsibility, and imposes on him, in some cases, the obligation of repairing the injury which the character or business of his neighbor may have sustained through his want of competent knowledge.

It will not be out of place, in considering the amount of learning which the editorial office absolutely requires, to say a few words in relation to the literary accomplishments and resources, which, though not matters of necessity, are calculated to give increased efficiency, interest and respectability to a religious periodical. It is an old saying, founded on the very constitution of our nature, that the successful writer should mingle the agreeable with the useful; "*omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*" If an editor, in addition to a sound mind and adequate stock of learning, possesses an exuberant fancy and a tolerable acquaintance with the classical literature of ancient and modern times, he will have great facilities for the forcible expression of his thoughts, the illustration of his subjects by appropriate imagery, and for clothing his ideas in all the charms of a polished and elegant diction. With these qualifications, his journal will attract attention, and his articles will be read as a source of equal pleasure and instruction. On the other hand, when the editor of a paper is below mediocrity in this respect, when he is sadly deficient in the knowledge of the language in which he writes, when, as it often happens amongst us, his articles are disfigured with continual blunders against orthography and syntax, to say nothing of prosody; when, in addition to all this, there is a goodly sprinkling of typographical errors, where the rules of correct composition have been respected, the paper is merely received to be thrown aside. A journal of this sort cannot command respect, and though it may not sin *in materia gravi*, its usefulness is almost entirely destroyed. In reading a late number of one of our Catholic weeklies, we discovered in a single paragraph no less than a dozen inaccuracies of various kinds, three of which were grammatical errors, three misstatements of fact, and the remainder the result of careless printing. On the same page of the paper, there were numerous other faults of typography, one of which was so egregious that it involved the meaning of the writer in impenetrable darkness.

Whatever may be the abilities of a writer who has the sole duty of supplying the columns of a journal, it is in most instances impossible for him to devote them exclusively to this literary work. Few Catholic periodicals in this country furnish a support to their editors, who are consequently obliged to labor in some other field for a portion of their maintenance. In some cases, also, where the editor is a clergyman, the more imperative duties of the ministry or of some other position necessarily demand much of his time, and but few moments of it, comparatively speaking, are appropriated to the preparation of material for his journal. From circumstances of this nature a periodical will suffer very materially, unless the work which it requires, and which is fully sufficient to engage all the energy and industry of one editor, is shared by other competent writers. It is such a combination, principally, that gives prominence and influence to a Catholic periodical, and establishes it on a permanent and profitable basis. When the contents of a paper are furnished by a body of able contributors, fully alive to the magnitude of the object they have in view, a more extensive range of subjects is opened for consideration; their communications are likely to have a useful and interesting application to the wants of the times; the essays, whether doctrinal, critical or historical, are better digested and more carefully written; the intelligence department is a comprehensive summary, and altogether reliable for its information, though not the first perhaps to have published the *news.* Poetry and fiction, also, when introduced, are of a character corresponding with the general excellence of the periodical. In short, the journal is such as to be always welcomed by its subscribers, clergy and laity, who find in it an able and interesting exponent of Catholic sentiment, and a champion of the faith which its adversaries themselves are compelled to respect. In no country is this co-operation of talent and learning more necessary than in the United States, for the reasons already specified, and it is gratifying to know that writers are not so rare amongst us as to render it impracticable. Certain it is, that a weekly or monthly religious journal, of that high tone and influential character which is found on the continent, to which the Catholic may point with pride as a source of light and shield of strength, cannot be expected to flourish where an able and industrious force is not employed to maintain it. Brief editorials against Protestantism, raillery of its ministers, ebullitions of sarcastic wit, hasty notices of new books that have never been read, a confused jumble of news, vapid sentimentalism, personal quarrels, bad grammar and bad printing, are things easily crowded into a paper when the time of publication presses: but these are not the accompaniments, much less the constituents, of that Catholic periodical press which is demanded by the times in which we live. Every paragraph, nay, every line and word that enters into a journal now-a-days, must be measured and tested by that golden rule which is not less applicable to the editorial fraternity than to other classes of men, *age quod agis.*

We shall continue our remarks on this subject next month, in reference to other qualifications of the religious press, which will be followed by some statistical observations.

# THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—III.

## CHAPTER III.

### OF THE GARDENER OF THE MONASTERY.

Gregory. — Felix, called Curvus, whom you yourself have known, who was lately superior of the same monastery, told me many admirable instances of the brothers; some of which, now in mind, I suppress, because I hasten to others. But one I will mention, which, as given by him, I think by no means to be passed over.

There was in the monastery a certain monk of great piety, the gardener. A thief had often come, and climbing the fence, carried off secretly his vegetables. When, then, he had planted much without fruit, and had discovered some trampled and others plundered, making a circuit of the whole garden, he found the way where the thief had been accustomed to enter. Again walking in the garden, he found also a serpent, which he commanded, saying, "Follow me." And coming to the pathway of the thief, he charged the serpent, saying, "In the name of Jesus I command thee that thou watch this passage, and suffer not the thief to enter here." Forthwith the serpent stretched his whole length across the way, and the monk returned to his cell. And when at noon time all the brothers took their rest, the thief came as usual, mounted the fence, and just as he was setting his foot in the garden all at once saw that the serpent stopped the way, and frightened, fell backward, while his foot being caught by the sandal upon the paling, he thus hung with his head downward till the gardener returned. At the usual hour, the gardener coming, found the thief hanging by the fence, and said to the serpent, "Thanks be to God, thou hast well obeyed my orders; depart now." And immediately it retreated. But coming to the thief, he says, "Ah! brother, God has delivered thee to me. Why hast thou so often dared to steal the labor of the monks?" And saying this, he released his foot from the stake on which he had hung, and let him down without injury. To whom he said, "Follow me." Whom following, he led to the entrance of the garden, and with much gentleness gave to him the fruits which he had thought to carry away by stealth; saying, "Go, and after this steal no more; but when thou art in want come hither to me, and what thou laborest with sin to obtain I readily will give to thee."

Peter. — Now, indeed, I find that I was vainly thinking there were none in Italy who wrought miracles.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OF EQUITIUS, ABBOT OF THE PROVINCE OF VALERIA.

Gregory. — At the relation of Fortunatus, the venerable Abbot of the monastery called from the Baths of Cicero, and of other also venerable men, I learned what I here narrate. A holy man, Equitius by name, in the Valerian province, was, for his great merits, held in admiration by all, to whom, moreover, Fortunatus was well known. Equitius, for his great sanctity, was at the head of many monasteries in that province.

Him, when in the time of youth, the desires of the flesh much afflicted, his temptations made still more diligent and fervent in prayer. And while he sought in this matter, by continual prayers, a remedy from Almighty God, on a certain night, an angel assisting, he saw himself to be made an eunuch, and, as it appeared in his vision, every inordinate motion to be removed from his members; from which time he remained so free from temptation, as if there were nothing sexual in his body. Relying upon which virtue, with the help of Almighty God, as before he presided over men, so afterwards he began to govern women also; nor yet ceased to admonish his disciples, that they should not easily trust themselves in this thing by his example, nor rashly attempt a gift they had not received.

At the time when the sorcerers were detected in this city of Rome, Basilius, who was foremost in magic arts, fled in the habit of a monk to Valeria. Going to the most reverend Castorius, Bishop of the city of Amiternina, he begged of him that he would send him to Equitius, the abbot, and recommend him to the protection of his monastery. The bishop then went to the monastery, taking with him Basilius, and asked the servant of God, Equitius, that he would receive the same monk into his congregation. Whom immediately the holy man beholding, says, "I see that this one whom you commend to me, father, is not a monk, but a devil." To whom he answered, "Thou seekest an excuse for refusing what I ask." To whom the man of God replied, "I denounce him for this which I see; but lest thou think I am unwilling to obey, I do as thou commandest." He was received, therefore, into the monastery. Not many days after, the servant of God went some distance from the monastery, for the purpose of exhorting the faithful to heavenly things. During his absence it happened, in a monastery of virgins, which was under the direction of the same father, that one of them, who, according to this putrid flesh, seemed beautiful, began to fall into fever and grievously to be afflicted; and now not so much with loud words, as with shrieks, to cry, "I am dying, unless the monk Basilius come, and by his skill in healing, restore me to health." But in the absence of so revered a superior, no one of the monks dared approach the congregation of nuns; how much less he who had come so lately, and whose life was unknown to the community. A message was immediately sent to Equitius, that the nun was in the height of fever, and earnestly asked for a visit from Basilius. Hearing which, the holy man smiled scornfully, and said, "Did I not say he was a devil, and not a monk? Go and drive him from the monastery. But for the handmaid of God, who is oppressed by fever, be not anxious, for from this hour she is no longer to be vexed with fevers, nor to ask for Basilius." The monk returned, and found that the virgin of God was in the same hour restored to health, that Equitius had afar off promised it; following in this the example of the Divine Master, who, when called to the son of the ruler, by his word alone restored him to health, that the father returning might find his son restored to life in the same hour that he had heard it from the lips of Truth. The monks, all obeying the command of their superior, ejected Basilius from their house; who afterwards said, that he had frequently, by his magic, suspended the cell of Equitius in air, and yet could never harm any one of his. Not long after, the zeal of Christian people being aroused, he was burned with fire, in this city of Rome.

Another day a religious of the same monastery of virgins entered the garden, when perceiving a salad, she conceived a great desire for it; and forgetting to bless it with the sign of the cross, devoured it greedily, but directly after fell down, possessed with a devil. Being thus vexed, notice was immediately given to the

Superior Equitius, that he should come quickly and succor her by his prayers. As soon as the Father entered the garden, the evil spirit who possessed her, began out of her mouth, as if excusing himself, to cry, "What have I done? What have I done? I sat upon the herb; she came and devoured me." Whom the man of God, with severe indignation, commanded to depart, and to have no place in the servant of Almighty God. And immediately he left her; nor was he able again to come near her.

A certain person, Felix by name, a nobleman of the province of Nursia, and Father of this Castorius who now resides here in the city, when he might remark that the reverend Equitius was not in orders, and yet that he went about in every place preaching assiduously, accosted him with the familiarity of a friend, saying, "How dost thou, who art not in holy orders, and hast not received a license from the Roman Pontiff, under whom thou livest, presume to preach?" By which questioning of his, the holy man thus compelled, shewed how he had received his license, saying, "This which you say, I myself also have considered. But on a certain night, a beautiful youth stood by me in a vision, laid upon my tongue a lancet, saying, behold, I have given my words in thy mouth; go forth to preach! And from that day, even when I would, I could not keep silence of God."

Peter.—I would like to know what were the good works of this Father, who is said to have received such gifts.

Gregory.—The work, Peter, follows the gift, not the gift the work; otherwise grace were no longer grace. Before all works come the gifts, though from the work following, the gifts themselves may take increase. But lest you should be deprived of the knowledge of his manner of life, the most reverend Albinus, Bishop of the Church of Restina, knew him well, and many others also who are yet living. But why ask further of his works, when his purity of life well agreed with his zeal of preaching? Such fervor indeed had inspired him for gathering souls to God, that while he presided over monasteries, he yet visited churches, camps, villages and each house of the faithful, and inflamed the hearts of his hearers with the love of the heavenly home. For his raiment, it was of the meanest quality, and himself so abject, that should any by chance not know him, being saluted by him, they would disclaim even to return his salutation. When he went abroad, he was accustomed to ride the beast which was the most despicable to be found in the establishment; with which he used a halter for bridle, and sheepskins for his saddle. He carried with him the sacred volumes, in leathern bags at either side; and wheresoever he went, he would open the fountain of the scriptures and irrigate the mental pasture. His fame as a preacher at length reached the city of Rome; where, (as is the manner of flatterers caressing, in order to destroy the soul of their hearer) at the same time the clergy of this Apostolic See, to please the superior, complained to him, saying, "Who is this rustic, who assumes to himself authority to preach, and ignorantly presumes to usurp the office of our apostolic Lord? Please therefore let him be summoned hither, that he may understand the force of ecclesiastical discipline." As then it always will be, that flattery readily finds its way into a mind much occupied, if the heart be not immediately closed against it; the Pontiff consented, his clergy urging it, that he should be conducted to the city and taught to know his place. Sending then Julian, the advocate, who afterwards became bishop of the Sabine church, he directed nevertheless that he should bring him with great honor, and that the servant of God should not suffer any injury upon the occasion. Julian, eager to obey the wishes of the clergy, went in great haste to his monastery; and there, Equitius being absent, finding the copyists busy at their writing, he enquired where the abbot was. They answered, "He is in the valley here below cutting hay." Now Julian had with him a page of an exceedingly proud and obstinate disposition, whom he himself could scarcely control. Him therefore he sent, that he should immediately conduct Equitius to himself. The boy went, and in an insolent manner, entering the meadow quickly, and beholding them all making the hay, he asked which was Equitius. As soon as he understood which was he, while he regarded him yet at a distance, being struck with sudden fear, he began to tremble, to grow faint, and scarcely to be able to direct his steps. Trembling he approached the man of God, then humbly embracing his knees kissed them, and announced that his master had come to visit him. To whom the servant of God, having returned his salutation, said, "Take of the fresh grass and carry it to your beasts; behold as there remains a little to be done, as soon as this work is finished, I will follow thee." In the mean time, Julian, the advocate, was wondering exceedingly, why it was that the boy he had sent, should tarry so long; when lo! he sees the page returning, and bearing hay, from the meadow, upon his shoulders. Greatly enraged he exclaimed, "What means this? I sent thee to get the man, not to bring hay." To whom the boy answered, "Behold, the one you seek is at hand." And now the man of God, shod with iron bound sandals, and bearing a scythe upon his shoulder, drew nigh. Whom, while yet at some distance, the boy pointed out to his master as the one he sought. Julian no sooner saw the servant of God, than he despised him for his dress; and was preparing in mind, how he should meet him with some impertinence. But when the servant of God had now come directly before him, an intolerable fear filled his mind, so that he trembled, and could scarcely find words to intimate the purpose for which he had come. In short, his spirit being quite broken, he fell at his knees, begged that he would pray for him, and said that his Father, the Roman Pontiff wished to see him. But the Blessed Equitius began to render sincere thanks to Almighty God, asserting that through the Supreme Pontiff divine grace had visited him. Then he called the brothers, directed that horses be quickly got ready, and urged strenuously on the advocate, that they ought to set out immediately. To whom Julian said, "This cannot be by any means, for wearied as I am by my journey, I do not feel able to start to-day." He then replied, "Thou grievest me, my son, for if we do not go to-day, we shall not do so to-morrow." The servant of God, therefore, constrained by the fatigue of Julian, remained in his monastery that night. When behold, the day following, by the first dawn of light, came a youth, his horse exhausted by the speed of his journey, with letters to Julian; in which it was commanded that he should not dare touch the servant of God, nor move him from the monastery. Who, when he asked why the order had been changed, learned, that in the same night in which he, the advocate, had been sent thither, the Pontiff had been greatly disturbed by a vision, to the effect,—wherefore had he presumed to summon the man of God, as if for display? Julian immediately rose up, and commending himself to the prayers of the holy man, said: "Our Father desires that you do not give yourself any further trouble in this matter." When the man of God heard this, he answered sorrowfully, "Said I not to thee, yesterday, if we do not proceed immediately, we will not afterwards be permitted to do so?" Then to prove his charity, he kept the advocate some time in the house, and gave him, though much against his will, some compensation for his labor. Learn now, Peter, with what care they are guarded by God, who have known how to despise themselves in this life. In how honorable a company they are reckoned in secret, who are not ashamed to be disdained of men in public. While on the other hand, they lie low in the sight of God, who in their own and the eyes of their neighbors, are puffed up with vain desire of glory. Whence to such the Truth saith, "You are they who justify yourselves before men, but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is high to men, is an abomination before God." (Luke xvi, 15.)

PETER. — I wonder much that so great a Pontiff could be misled with regard to such a man.

GREGORY. — Why wonder, Peter, that we who are men do err? Have you forgotten that David, who often had the spirit of prophecy, gave sentence against the innocent son of Jonathan, when he heard the story of a lying boy? Which, nevertheless, since it was done by David, we believe to be just, in the secret decrees of God; and yet, how it may have been so, humanly speaking, we do not see. What wonder therefore, if we who are not prophets, are sometimes led astray by the lips of liars. It is much to the purpose also, that the mind of every superior is harassed by a crowd of cares. And when the mind is divided about many things, it is less able to consider each in particular: and so is misled in any single point according as it is the more widely occupied about a great number.

PETER. — Truly it is as thou sayest.

GREGORY. — I ought not to pass over what my friend, the most reverend Valentinus, told me of this abbot. He was saying, that while his body lay buried in the oratory of blessed Lawrence, the martyr, a certain rustic set his basket of grain upon the sepulchre; nor took care to reflect as well as to fear what and how great a man reposed there. Then suddenly a whirlwind, coming from the heavens, while everything else remained unmoved, tore away the basket, and hurled it afar off; that all might plainly know the merit of him whose body lay there. Again, what follows I learned from the venerable Fortunatus, before mentioned, whom I much loved for his years, his good works, and for his simplicity. The Longobards entering the same province of Valeria, the monks fled from the monastery of the most reverend Equitius, to his sepulchre in the aforesaid oratory. The cruel Longobards rushing in after them, began to drag out the monks, either to put them to torture, or to the sword. One of whom groaned, and urged by sharp pain, cried out, "Alas! holy Equitius, doth it please thee that we be thus dragged away, and thou dost not defend us?" At this cry, immediately an unclean spirit entered the ferocious Longobards, who falling down, were so long vexed, as that all the others who were on the outside might learn to presume to violate no further the sacred place. Thus the holy man defended then his disciples, and relieved many others afterwards who took refuge there.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

---

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### *A Bit of Human Nature.*

We hope that such of our readers as have been interested in the history of Kate O'Connor, are charitable enough to feel some concern for the infant whom she left behind. If we have seemed to forget the little one, our forgetfulness has been only seeming, and we have detained them so long with the relations of Victorine Elford and Haraden White, not so much for their sakes, as because their after history is inseparably connected with that of this little girl, whom we have seen deprived from her first unconscious days of what children most greatly need, a mother's love and solicitude. Many children so bereaved, perhaps the great majority, bear the brand of indifference and neglect, not in the body indeed, but in the soul and mind, the nobler part, to the end of their days; but the lot reserved for Kate O'Connor's child was a happier one.

Nature and heaven had designed Margaret Curran for a mother. If she had not been married, she would have been obliged to put on Mother Seton's little black bonnet,† that she might have a troop of children always at hand to love and watch over, and dress and care for. Nothing in the world seemed to her to have so strong a claim upon the pity and tenderness of all kind hearts as a motherless infant. She was devoted to her own children, but not one of them ever so powerfully moved her sympathies as her little adopted cousin, whose mother lay under the green sod. Nothing was too good for this little Kate; no care, no watching, no nursing was ever more ungrudgingly bestowed than those which the necessities of this orphan child demanded. And Margaret's tender love, her anxious days and wakeful nights, were most bountifully rewarded. The child grew strong and active and beautiful; it was the pet of the household and the darling of the children, whom it learned to distinguish by their names, and when it was asked, where's mamma? it would point its fat finger at Margaret, and crow and caper. A blessing seemed to rest upon the house for its sake, and Margaret was often heard to say, that during all the time her cousin Kate's child was with her she was never deprived a single night, by sickness among her own children, of her wonted rest.

We must not stop to describe the joy which pervaded the family when Mary Catharine cut her first tooth, when she learned to sit alone, when she first began to tottle about by the assistance of chairs and tables, and to chatter and scold in her unknown tongue. These are the details of ordinary baby-history, which we are not qualified to write; and besides, we have other intentions. In the course of the winter it was thought advisable to wean the nursling, and accordingly, Mrs. Dolan, the foster mother, having returned to her own young family, the child was transferred to the care of a rosy, cheerful, sweet-tempered girl, who

---

* Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

† Still retained in New York by the Sisters of Charity.

answered to the euphonious name of Kitty McCarthy, a very good girl in every respect, but who had such an inveterate habit of laughing as rendered her wholly unfit for any thing but taking care of babies, and who promptly began doing her best to spoil her charge. Various and sundry times, and contrary to all rule, it was kidnapped into the kitchen, and there taught the cunning tricks and droll pranks which make these wee things the joy and delight of all households. Very proud was Kitty McCarthy to be stopped in the street to have "her baby" admired, and to be asked by some fair promenader, "Whose beautiful child that was." She was vexed one day when Father Haly called, because it was asleep and could not be exhibited, and after that nothing would satisfy her until she received permission one beautiful morning to dress it in its best and take it herself to make the good father a visit; she came home, her eyes dancing with delight, to tell Margaret how good it had been, how Father Haly had said it was a beautiful baby, and that since she found it so apt a pupil she might teach it next to make the sign of the cross.

For a time Mrs. Curran received regularly letters from Haraden White, to which, as in duty bound, she responded, keeping him duly informed respecting his child, and the various eras of its infant life; but his letters began to grow short, dull and few; then there was a long interval, or one which seemed long to Margaret, in which she heard nothing; she wondered what had become of him; her father and husband being in an entirely different line of business from Mr. White, could give her no satisfaction. Just before Christmas, she received a package from Boston, left at her father's store by some Eastern correspondent who dropped in, and which contained a new set of corals for Mary Catharine, a magnificent bracelet for Margaret, and a gift for each of her children, and lastly, a very short and hurried note from Haraden, wishing them all a happy Christmas and new year. Was it the remembrance of her who had enjoyed with them the festivities of the last Christmas holidays which made his note so brief? Was he thinking of her upon whom he then bestowed the costliest gifts, and who was now beyond the reach of his lavish pride?

With a pang, Mrs. Curran put the jewelry by in a drawer, said a Pater and Ave for Kate, and then went into the nursery to console herself, as she had often done before, with the little Kate, who began to laugh and scream as Margaret entered, and put up her dear little lips for a kiss. Forthwith Margaret sate down and wrote a long and sisterly letter to Haraden, reminding him, but not too much at length, of last Christmas, of ties which had been broken, and enlarging eloquently upon the new tie which bound him to them all in the shape of the dear, lovely, beautiful child upon whom she so fondly doated. Haraden received this warm-hearted letter, felt that he was a father, and responded promptly, thanking Margaret for the love which she so ungrudgingly bestowed upon his child, and then ensued another long silence.

It was the same thing over again. Margaret very foolishly began to fret again, and wonder what had become of Haraden; and one day, having an errand in Pearl street, she dropped in at Mr. Simondson's store — the well known store — and inquired if he had heard recently from Mr. White. Oh, yes; Mr. Simondson "knew all about him. He was in Boston, and still at the house in Park street, from which his letters were frequently dated; there was nothing new;" and Margaret went home, saying to herself, what she might just as well have said before, that "men were fickle," and that Haraden probably had by this time something else to think of besides the old circle of friends in New York.

Not more than a week after this, one morning just after breakfast, Mr. Simondson called at Mr. O'Connor's, and asked to see Mrs. Curran. He only came on business. He had the previous evening received a letter from Mr. White, giving some orders respecting his house in Broadway. Margaret found, by a hasty perusal of the letter, that she was requested to go over the house with the keys, and to remove such articles which had belonged to Kate and her Uncle John as she particularly desired to keep, and whatever she thought ought to be reserved for the little girl, and also to send for a couple of pictures which she had always greatly admired, and which Haraden begged she would accept as a gift from him. The remainder of the pictures, the plate and certain articles of furniture specified by Mr. White, were to be packed up by Mr. Simondson and removed to his store, awaiting further orders, and all the rest of the furniture was to be sold. "Was the house to be sold?" Mr. Simondson did not know; the letter contained no orders respecting the house, except that one or two slight repairs should be attended to as soon as possible.

Margaret fulfilled these commissions not without suffering and a strong misgiving that something uncomfortable was hanging over her in particular; and the week following another letter came, ordering that the house should be sold. Margaret wanted her father to buy the house and move into it, but Mr. O'Connor did not wish to leave his old home; his daughter was too tender of his feelings to urge him against his will; James Curran could not afford to buy the house, and so it passed into the hands of strangers. Other things remained as they were, except that Haraden had quite given up writing to Margaret, and seemed to prefer corresponding with Mr. Simondson. The spring advanced, the summer approached, the little girl walked and talked after her infant fashion; Mrs. Curran often looked at her tenderly, considering uneasily how long she should be allowed to keep her, and whether she would grow up to be a Catholic or not. Sundry rumors began to be afloat respecting Mr. White, and came to Margaret's ears: first, it was said that he was about to sail for Europe; that was contradicted, and it was reported that he was married; that again was contradicted, but it was now positively asserted that he was very attentive to a certain rich and beautiful widow. "Coming events cast their shadows before," said Margaret, and accordingly on the third day of August, Mr. O'Connor, seating himself at the tea-table, produced from his pocket a newspaper, put on his spectacles, unfolded the paper, looked over it for a moment, doubled it up again, and laying his forefinger significantly on one of the columns, said, "William, pass that along to Margaret." Margaret took the paper, passing down her father's tea in exchange, and read, — "On the 28th ult., in St. Paul's church, by the rector, Haraden White, Esq., late of New York, to Mrs. Victorine Elford, daughter of Victor Prentiss, Esq., of Buffalo." Margaret remarked that the three gentlemen were curiously watching her face, and throwing the Boston paper on the carpet at her side, "Well," said she, with a rather excited, grieved expression, something between laughing and crying, "I don't know as there is any thing to be said about that," and she went on making the tea.

The children stared and wondered what their grand-pa had done to make their mother looked so vexed, and Johnny, having hastily swallowed his bread and milk, ran round to the other side of the table for the newspaper; he turned it over and over, inside out and back again, and unable to discover any thing, more puzzled than before, went back to the table for his cake, still gazing at his mother and then looking suspiciously at his grand-pa. The young members all felt that something was wrong, that there was a screw loose somewhere, as Uncle Mike would have said : Margaret was evidently ruffled, her temper was not quite proof against this little matter of fact. Afterwards, as she caressed the little Kate, the tears stood in her eyes, sometimes she looked sorrowfully at the child, sometimes she asked herself petulantly how much longer Haraden would let Katy remain with them, and once she wondered aloud whether Mrs. Elford was fond of children, adding, rather testily, that "she did not look as if she were fond of any thing."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *A World of Change.*

Mrs. Elford was not fond of children, though she was very fond, of course, of her own son. If she had been asked eighteen months ago whether she would like to be a step-mother, she would have replied very emphatically that she did not wish to have any thing to do with other people's children ; and when she first thought of marrying her old lover, she did not fail to recollect that he was now a widower, and that he had a child in New York whom she had never seen, and it is quite certain that this recollection did not act upon her as an inducement to exchange her perfectly independent and dignified position for that of a wife and step-mother. Nevertheless, having once made up her mind to favor Haraden's suit, like a wise woman she disposed herself to make the best of this trifling incumbrance. She reflected that the child was a girl, that it was so very young that it could hardly yet have any fixed habits of temper ; if it had been petted and indulged, it could not yet be spoiled, and a little wholesome restraint and patient watching would soon correct that difficulty ; and, "after all," she said, in the plenitude of her Protestant security, "it would be a real charity to remove the poor little creature from the influences which are always about it among its mother's relations, who will be sure, if it should live, to bring it up in the Roman Catholic religion." She had always heard that step-mothers are dreadful creatures, and whether she believed it or not, it is certain that for her own part she did not wish to be the bug-bear of an infant imagination, the *bête noire* of any poor child's history. She resolved, if it was a possible thing, to love this child, and to judge from Margaret's letters, some of which she had seen, it should not be a difficult matter, for besides that children are naturally lovable, Mrs. Curran represented her cousin's child as more lovely and attractive than any of her own, and exactly like its mother. Mrs. Elford was accustomed to take descriptions of this sort with a grain of salt, and, moreover, for whatever reason, she had not been herself particularly pleased with Kate O'Connor. That did not signify : it was her duty to try to love Haraden's child, and she was only afraid of taking in this instance one of those unreasonable dislikes which she was so apt to take against the most innocent individuals, and which she knew well, if they once got possession of her, would ever after prevent her treating the subject of them with that cordial, genial, loving kindness that alone could satisfy the cravings of an orphan child. Reason and common sense, combined with a general vague intention of doing what she thought was right, generally sufficed to keep this sensible and well educated woman in the way of what she considered her duty, and did their best to supply to her the place of that unselfish, all-embracing charity which, in the Catholic Church, would have softened and beautified her character.

The marriage of Haraden White and Mrs. Elford, on the 28th of July, was followed by the inevitable wedding trip, after returning from which the newly married couple went to house-keeping in one of those fine mansions on Beacon street, which, fronting upon the Common, command in summer a reviving view of green grass and waving elms, and, at all seasons of the year, the wide stretch of western sky which bounds the lower end of the Common, and pours the full flood of sunset glory over the green slopes and gravelled walks of this most cheerful promenade, and upon all the dwellings that overlook it. The good Boston people, by the way, have shown their sense and taste in not having ere now, after the vulgar American fashion, metamorphosed their beautiful Common into a Union Parade Ground, or Washington Park, or some other kind of a "Park," at least. One really wonders that it has not before this been called Lafayette Park or Quincy Park. But, no! a blessing on all dear and sacred recollections, it has never yet been profaned by any of these new-fangled epithets. It is nothing but the Common, the dear old Boston Common of glorious memory. We recollect an attempt that was made about the time we left school to call the little sheet of water that ornaments the Common, *Crescent Lake*, and now, after the lapse of some years, we are afraid to ask any questions about it, lest we should learn that bad taste has carried the day; but for our own part, whatever others may say, if we should live to be a thousand years old, we mean to call it the Frog Pond to the end of our days.

Haraden White remained at home three or four weeks, long enough to habituate himself to his newly-recovered position of husband and householder, and then he went to New York, taking Harriet with him, for the purpose of bringing home his little girl. He went to Mr. O'Connor's, made his errand known, saw the child, and proposed leaving Harriet with Mrs. Curran for a few days to accustom her to her future charge, while he went on to Philadelphia to arrange some necessary business. Margaret afterwards at the tea-table, making a report of current events, assured her father that she was as glad to see him as she could possibly be, as glad as any reasonable person could expect her to be, but we who were eaves-dropping on the occasion can testify that she was at first very stiff and reserved, and after the child was brought in, grew cross and peevish, and was in some danger of making a scene. The little girl stared at her, and seemed somewhat apprehensive of the tall gentleman to whom she was required to go. She went to him, however, and obediently sate upon his knee, and after that, while he stayed, never once turned away her face or took her large blue eyes off his. Those eyes, which he knew so well, looking silently up from his lap! Haraden found that his own were growing dim and moist, and that he had a lump in his throat like the beginning of a quinsy, and hating nothing on earth so much as a scene, he kissed the child and put her away, told Margaret that he was in a great hurry and must go, promised to come again the next day, and took leave.

Margaret knew as well as he did that Haraden White never was in a hurry in his life, and she was no way surprised that he did not redeem his promise of coming again the next day; but as he drove to the Jersey City Ferry to take the Philadelphia boat, he dropped Harriet at Mr. O'Connor's door, charging her with a letter for Margaret, in which he said all those things which in his horror of an excitement he had left unsaid the previous day, and promised faithfully to pass an evening with them on his return from Philadelphia.

As far as Harriet was concerned, Haraden had not reckoned without his host: the handsome, cheerful-tempered black woman had not taken charge for seven years of Henry Elford without learning the way into a child's heart, and this heart was not difficult to win, nor was Harriet averse to bestowing hers upon the innocent creature who was to be hereafter her daily care. In a few hours they became good friends, to the manifest grief of Kitty McCarthy, who would have been easily persuaded to leave New York and Father Haly, whom she pronounced the best priest in the world, for the sake of going to Boston with her darling baby: but Mrs. Elford, or Mrs. White, as we must in future call her, had expressly stipulated that the child's Irish nurse should not be allowed to accompany her. "All her servants were Americans," she said, "and Protestants, and she did not wish to have a Catholic in the house."

Margaret was inconsolable. It was to no purpose that Uncle Mike said to her, "The child is his, Maggie, and if he wants to have it, you must try to submit with a good grace." It seemed to her that a ruthless robber had cruelly despoiled her nest of its fairest fledgling.

"And is this all that poor Kate lived for," cried she, despondingly, "that this poor child might be brought up to hate and despise its mother's religion; and how trustingly she left the poor little creature, feeling that God would take care of it; and how she prayed for it and for Haraden!"

"And you have no faith and no trust in letting it go out of your sight," returned her father. "How do you know, child, that God will not take care of it? And how do you know that this is all? Can you see the end from the beginning? And if this is *all*, as you say, and if the child grows up and dies a Protestant, you have no right to complain, for Kate was warned, and she would marry a Protestant; and you are very ungrateful to complain, instead of being thankful as you ought, that in all probability Kate's soul was saved, though she voluntarily periled it by her own self-will. And as for her prayers being lost either for the child or for Haraden, you must remember that prayers are never lost. God always answers them in some way, and no doubt it is for the best even now, though you may not think so, that the child should be taken away from you."

The little Currans were angry and thought it very wicked in cousin Haraden to carry off "our baby."

"But my darlings," said Margaret, with some petulance, "it is *not* our baby, it is cousin Haraden's baby."

"It always *was* our baby," persisted Bridget, with wet eyes, and great pouting lips, and she never could be made to understand the matter in any other way.

## CHAPTER XX.

### *Childish memory.*

It was late on a Thursday afternoon. The sun had set, but the western light still continued to pour red and slant into the large lofty basement, brightening up the carpet, the curtains, and the cosy tea-table laid for three, with its service of silver and spotless damask. Mrs. Haraden White sate in one of the windows with her knitting, which, however, did not engross her attention, for between talking to Henry, who was playing at marbles in one corner of the room, and watching the vehicles which from time to time passed up and down Beacon street, her work seemed only there to save her from the uncomfortable feeling of doing nothing.

"O yes, and mother," cried the boy, creeping out from under the sideboard whither he had gone on all-fours in quest of a stray marble, "did I not go there with you one forenoon in the carriage?"

Henry Elford had been making sundry and curious inquiries respecting the little girl whom Mr. White was about to bring home, in replying to which his mother had easily recalled Kate O'Connor to his recollection, and this his last question being answered in the affirmative, he stood silent for a moment at her knee, tossing his marble from hand to hand. "I remember," said he at last thoughtfully, his eyes unconsciously fixed: "I remember; there was a gentleman there whom I liked; — a gentleman in black."

"Liked!" said his mother, turning abruptly upon him with her cold look: "you did not hear him speak."

"No, but I *liked* him;" persisted the boy, looking earnestly up in her face with his most loving smile. "He laid his hand on my head."

Victorine began knitting rapidly and was silent. This was the precise circumstance which she thought it unreasonable and gratuitous in her son to recollect, and it was the precise circumstance which he did recollect; for children are a race apart, and it is of no use trying to make a boy of seven or eight years who has never lost his baptismal innocence, square his notions after those of grown up people, who have suffered from fifteen or twenty years' daily and intimate contact with the world. This incident, in itself so trifling, had left its record on that young memory, and had been to him ever since, he knew not how or why, a source of gentle thoughts and an instrument of self-control. It always happened that however wild a frolic he might be in, or however obstinate and self-willed he might chance to feel, as often as he remembered that hand upon his head, a tenderness stole over him, whence he knew not, and how he knew not, nor could he even have described what he felt; but it made him somehow gentler and happier, and so, child-like, he indulged himself in thinking of it; and on this occasion also, leaving presently his mother's side, and stepping from rose to rose of the richly-flowered carpet, he quietly mused, not so much thinking as feeling, for the subject of his musings was only this: — "he laid his hand upon my head." At length the softness in his heart becoming burdensome to himself, and having need of some expression, the boy not caring to tell his thoughts as indeed he had none to tell, ran back again to his mother and lifted his dear loving eyes to her face. She meanwhile had said to herself that the less was said about this matter, the sooner it would be mended; that is to say, the sooner the child's memory would let slip the impertinent recollection; and that, moreover, it was impossible for him to know or even imagine that the gentleman to whom he had taken such an unreasonable fancy was a Catholic priest, and little suspecting the persistency of his thoughts, she returned his look of affection and kissed his forehead, wondering as she did so whether it was only her partiality which made Henry seem to her so different from other children — he was so docile and yet so manly.

"I love you, dear mother, I love you dearly," said he, stealing from her work one of her hands which he kissed again and again, and thus somewhat eased of his pleasant load of tender thoughts, he again went away to his marbles in the corner. And who can tell that in after years the memory of that hand upon his head may not have been to Henry Elford as the hand of a guardian angel, holding him back from sin and checking him in temptation till he should have time to reflect and resolve?

The red light had faded — the grey dusk had gathered over the sky and was gradually invading the cheerful basement room. Henry could no longer see where his marbles went, so having collected them together, and poured them into their little bag, he mounted upon a chair, and had just hung the bag upon the knob of a window shutter, when the tramp of horses and the sound of wheels in front of the windows announced Mr. White's arrival.

Victorine ran out into the hall followed by Henry: the house was of that pleasantest fashion which in this country we call the London basement. For a moment there was a confused din of feet and of voices, mingled with the setting down of heavy trunks, and Henry's shouts of delight at greeting again after so long an absence his darling mommy.

"Bring her in, Harriet," in Victorine's quiet voice was almost the first distinguishable sound, and out of the dusk and the noise emerged the stately black woman, her arms enfolding her wakeful silent charge.

"Light the astral lamp, John," said Mrs. White again, as the party gathered into the room. She placed herself in the chair which she had been previously occupying. Haraden stood by. "Now we'll see," said he, looking at his wife with his peculiar smile. The little wanderer was placed on her feet, to be unfolded and unwrapped, Mrs. White looking on expectant. At the sight of that innocent face, the flaxen hair falling off the broad forehead, the large wide-open blue eyes, resting with a sober observant expression now upon one, now upon another, Victorine's coldness vanished, her sympathies were roused, and she took the motherless child to her arms and to her heart.

It soon appeared that the little girl answered to no name but Kate, a name which for whatever reason Mrs. White particularly disliked, so she gave orders that no one should call her any thing but Mary; Haraden did not object to the change, and in a few weeks the old name was forgotten, and she became Mary White. She never was taught to call Mrs. White mother, but after a singular custom which prevails in some families, while she called Haraden papa, she always addressed Victorine as aunty. The first time that the child was undressed for the night, there were found attached by a ribbon round her neck, a tiny silver crucifix and a little medal of which Mrs. White could make nothing; but as she considered the image of our Divine Lord upon the cross a dangerous thing for a child to have, she carefully took off both these articles, and locked them safely away in a private drawer of her own. Mrs. White had an idea that children who were likely to live and grow up ought to be baptized, this was a part of her belief indeed, as an old-fashioned Episcopalian, and having understood from Mrs. Curran that Mary Catharine had been baptized by a Catholic priest, (the same priest in all likelihood who had blessed the crucifix and medal, which with such admirable consistency had just now been removed from her neck), gave herself no further uneasiness on that score.

So Mary White lived and was brought up in this Protestant family like any other Protestant child. When she was able to put sentences together, she was taught to say the Lord's Prayer, that almost solitary remnant of Catholic devotion which is left for the yet unoffending infant outside the fold; as soon as she knew how to sit still and behave herself, she was taken to the Episcopal church in Tremont street, where her father had a pew. She learned to read, and was forthwith supplied with a bible, a prayer book and sundry of those little volumes, which compose in a great measure, for the first seven or eight years, the spiritual and intellectual sustenance of Protestant children: the *Hymns for Infant Minds.*

Dr. Watts' *Divine and Moral Songs, Henry and his Bearer, Pilgrim's Progress,* and the like, books which many of our young Catholic readers never heard of in their lives, and which constituted the food and drink of our own unsuspecting childhood.

Of this childhood and youth there is little to relate. Outside the Catholic Church the idea of the supernatural is nearly lost; and just in proportion as this idea is lost, not only is the poetry of mature life gone, but the gay dreams and innocent longings, and humble, child-like aspirations after the mysterious and holy future which make infancy and early youth like the dewy, fragrant, sunshiny morning, are gone too. But we must hope that the blessed light of the dawning never quite faded from the soul of Mary White. No doubt the Queen of virgins and Mother of mercy never forgot the stray lamb who in baptism had been placed under her protection. No doubt she procured many graces by her intercessions for the innocent wanderer, and the greater grace of not abusing them entirely. No doubt the angel who received her from the arms of her dying mother watched over her infant steps with peculiar care, and guarded for her the avenues of sin with untiring tenderness and patience. Who can count the drops of grace which only through the dark fall noiseless and unseen like dew upon the infant heart? Who can count the gentle whispers, audible and sweet and only half-understood, which penetrate and subdue the listening but else unassisted spirit from the silent throngs who hover invisible about us? This only we know, that to the baptized child wherever he may be, the grace of baptism is given; that if he is brought up in error the Eternal Pity ever follows him; that from books and sermons and instructions, which are meant to teach him falsehood and heresy, God teaches him the truth, and from the wide universe of nature and providence, a hundred voices are ceaselessly calling him, a hundred gentle and unseen influences are ever drawing him towards the one safe path, and though he may stumble and wander for few years or for many in the uncertain darkness of the out-lying wilderness, this sufficient grace and this persevering Pity can only be sinned away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.

## THE CONCORDAT AND THE CORONATION.

We now approach a part of our subject in which it is especially necessary to take a broad and simple view, but at the same time one that is exact and profound (as the French say); that is, one which corresponds accurately to the facts, while it goes to the very bottom of the question. We have to consider two events so closely connected with each other, and one leading to the other so naturally, as to bear almost the relation of cause and effect — the *Concordat* and the *Coronation.*

When, in the future centuries, the details of history shall be lost sight of, and the great important features shall alone loom up distinctly, it will be said that *Napoleon Bonaparte, the founder of the fourth line of French princes, restored the Catholic religion in France after it had been overthrown by the Revolution, and was crowned by the Pope Emperor of the French.*

What is meant by the restoration of religion in a country? It is apostles who plant religion: — is it the work of a soldier and a conqueror to restore it? Now let us remember that it was Clovis, a king, a warrior, who first made France a Christian kingdom; it was Charlemagne, an emperor and a warrior, who made the West a Catholic empire — a Christen-DOM; and it was the warrior princes of the third race who ended by making not only France but the entire West a Cæsardom — a dominion in which the State was a law to itself and imposed that law upon the Church. It might, then, naturally be the work of a soldier-ruler, finding France without law, to subject it again to the law of Christ..

For what is the State? It is the community armed for the maintenance of justice.* In this capacity the State is the *minister of God* (*Rom.* xiii, 4). Its power comes from the people; its right, like its office, comes from God. That office is to maintain justice by force in human society. But what is justice? Who shall define what is just and unjust? Who shall define the rights of man in society? There must be a rule or form of justice, external to the State, in conformity with which it works in reducing its citizens to a just order. If that rule be the natural law, the justice which the State enforces will be of one kind. If the rule be the revealed law, the justice will be of another kind. It is a matter of the highest importance in a State what rule of justice that State recognizes — whether it be the natural law only, as in Pagan States; or the revealed law, either in an imperfect, and mutilated or corrupted form, as among Jews, Mohammedans, and Heretics, or perfect, entire and pure, as among Catholic Christians.

For example, under the rule of justice acknowledged by Pagans, among whom the natural law itself was perverted, an individual had not a right to his own life against the State or even against his own Father. The State or the parents might drown feeble children or an excess of them, like puppies. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Mohammedan States, and by Mormons now, a woman has not an exclusive right to her husband. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Protestants, marriage is dissoluble by the power of the State. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Catholics, marriage is indissoluble. Under the Pagan rule of justice the State claims the right to educate its citizens according to its own ideas of utility, and for its own ends; under the Catholic rule of justice, which is always favorable to individual liberty, this despotic right is curtailed. The Church, in Catholic States, claims the privilege of directing the education of her own children, so far as she deems it necessary, in order to provide effectually for their eternal welfare, and beyond that declares that individuals should be free. In accepting the Catholic rule of justice, the State submits to a check, and the citizen gains liberty — the sphere of the State is narrowed and that of the individual is enlarged.

We see, then, in what sense the prince may establish or restore religion. He does not establish or restore it so far as it is personal, — that is the work of the apostolate; but as the rule of civil justice. He authorizes its worship; he provides for its support; he secures the tranquil possession of its temples; in fine, he submits legislation to the control of its dogma as the rule of justice, and, consequently, as the source of rights.

The Revolution bore in its bosom a severe lesson not only for the monarchy, but also for the Church of France. If the Bourbons had defied, insulted and outraged the successor of the Fisherman, and had arrogated to themselves a supremacy over the Church, the Church of France also, the bishops of France, had, with those of other, adjacent countries, and especially with the ecclesiastical princes of Germany, leagued with the secular power against the Papacy, and arrogated to itself an independence, illusory indeed, and better deserving (as Fenelon observed) the name of servitude, but the inevitable result of which was to paralyze that powerful action of the Catholic Church, which had for so many centuries preserved the rights of humanity under the New Law, and caused the Christian rule of justice to prevail in Europe.

---

* Schlegel in his Philosophy of History defines the State as *an armed corporation for the maintenance of justice;* which appears to us inexact because it does not include the element of *right* in the general consent.

The French Republic had constituted itself professedly under the natural law, with its own shifting and anarchical version thereof, but in rejecting every other, and in trampling under foot all the rights which the revealed law interpreted by the Catholic Church had called into being, it had punished, terribly punished, that weakness, not rebellion, of the French hierarchy, by which it had betrayed the very citadel of the New Law, the See of Peter, into the hands of a royalty still professing to be Catholic.* Royalty had been punished for claiming and accepting this surrender; the Gallican Church had been punished for making or submitting to it; both had been swept by a torrent from the soil of France. The throne was now about to be erected again on that soil, but in favor of a soldier of fortune; and the hierarchy was to be restored, but only at the cost of an exercise of complete sovereignty on the part of the Pope over the French Church. It was about to be made manifest by one of the most extraordinary transactions which ecclesiastical history records, that the See of Peter is the real source of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction and power. The feeble, almost ceremonial and nominal, action attributed to the Pope by the Gallicans of the age of Louis XIV was to be refuted forever by an act, necessary, providential, immensely beneficent, but which exhibited the Papal supremacy in possession of that unshackled spiritual omnipotence which belongs to the Successor of Peter and Vicar of Christ — which flows naturally from the words "WHATSOEVER *thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and* WHATSOEVER *thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.*"

The earliest contact between Napoleon and the Church was during the Italian campaigns, when he certainly inflicted great evils upon the Holy See in its temporal sovereignty, by robbing it of the legations and of large sums of money and precious works of art: at the same time he no less certainly stood between the Pope and the Directory, which wished the entire destruction of the Pontiff's temporal principality, the annihilation of the religious orders, and other fatal measures which General Bonaparte firmly resisted. It was at this time that the conqueror of Lodi first entered into relations with Pius VII, then Bishop of Imola, who exerted his beneficent and wise influence in inducing the peasantry of the Legations and of the marches of Ancona to lay aside the thoughts of a useless resistance to the French, by proclaiming to them the duty of respecting *the power as from God*,† let who would possess it. Without doubt it was a particular Providence that raised to the Pontifical chair at this moment a man who so well understood the rights of *Cæsar*, — of the civil power, invested, as the issue of a sanguinary Revolution, with the omnipotence of the sword. Bonaparte himself, in opening the negotiation with the Pope for the re-establishment of religion, estimated the spiritual power of the latter in a military currency, by saying to Cacault, the minister plenipotentiary whom he sent to Rome, "Treat the Pope as if he had an army of 200,000 men." This was in the month of March, 1801; Cacault arrived in Rome early in April, when he entered immediately into relations with Cardinal Consalvi, who sustained the negotiations on the part of the Holy See. At first all went on smoothly and rapidly, but difficulties soon arose on every side.

---

* It has been justly observed that even Bossuet, who is associated so intimately with the Gallican declaration, wrote one of the most beautiful tributes to the Papacy, and that his work on the power of sovereigns is in truth a lesson on their duties.

† Histoire du Pape Pie VII, par M. le Chevalier Artaud, tom. I, c. iii, p. 68.

We make little of the obstacles which were raised by Catholic powers, who, because they themselves wished to oppress and rob the Holy See, did not behold with pleasure the restoration of France to the Church; nor were the difficulties which were raised by the scrupulosity of the Roman conscience, or by the solicitude of Roman interests, likely to be serious impediments to a favorable conclusion, because that conscience, exact and enlightened, would always know where it must stop in concession; beyond that point all the power of France could never induce Rome to yield, and within it there was no formality so prized, and no mere worldly interest so important, that Rome would not have sacrificed it, to restore the greatest nation of Europe to the fold of Christ. The great difficulty to be feared was that the First Consul, surrounded by men hostile to religion, and partaking in some degree of their fatal prejudices against the Church, even at the moment when he was about to restore France to her arms, would insist upon some condition on which Rome would be compelled to be inflexible. "The men who surrounded the First Consul," says M. Thiers, again an unexceptionable witness, "were almost without exception, disinclined from establishing the old religion.* * He was thus constrained to run counter to his colleagues, his supporters, and his friends. These men, taken from the ranks of the moderate revolutionary party, had not, like Robespierre and Saint Just, shed human blood, and there was no difficulty in their disavowing any participation in the violent excesses of the Revolution, but they had been involved in the errors of the Constituent Assembly, and had exhibited an indecent levity in repeating the witticisms of Voltaire, and *it was not easy to make them acknowledge that they had misconceived the most exalted truths of social order.*"* The philosophers, such as Laplace, Lagrange and Monge; politicians like Talleyrand; the republican generals, the companions in arms and supporters of Bonaparte; his brothers; the consuls; in short, nearly all the ruling body by whose instrumentality even so great a genius and so triumphant a conqueror was obliged, particularly at that time, to operate; were opposed to his design. Some urged him not to meddle in religious matters, to grant a simple toleration to Catholicity, and for the rest let the priests take care of themselves; others wished him to form a new French religion independent of the Pope, on the plan of the Anglican; others advised him to establish Protestantism. Amid all these varying counsels, and this formidable opposition, we ought rather to rejoice that Napoleon stood firm to the project of re-establishing the Catholic religion, than blame him too severely because in doing so he placed some conditions which were, it is true, ungenerous, but to which, after all, the Holy See consented.

Among the various plans of the time, that of Protestantizing France is said to have been urged by an agent of England as a condition of peace, and it is added by Napoleon himself that he rejected it on the simple ground that he was a Catholic and that the French people were also Catholics. Moreover this comprehensive genius, which already meditated the establishment of a new empire of the West, saw clearly that to Protestantize France (if it had been possible) was to isolate her. On the other hand, to a speculator of the Saint Simonian class, who pressed him to found a *new* religion, he replied, with startling humor and subtlety—"Do you wish that I should cause myself to be *crucified?* Ah, very well, for the true religion it requires that, and after that I will not have any thing to do with such an enterprise." The counsel which recommends itself most to American ideas, was that of simply tolerating all Churches, and establishing none: but this scheme also, however wise or necessary in America, was, under the circumstances of France, abhorrent to the political wisdom of Napoleon, for leaving out a small minority of Protestants and a more considerable one of mere infidels, the bulk of the people were Catholics, and the schisms, such as that of the constitutional clergy, had only a political basis, and merely tended to prolong the agitations which the First Consul wished to calm. Finally, although he himself saw the drift of his measures but dimly, it belonged to his glorious providential mission, and to the profound discernment which he derived partly from genius and partly from faith, to terminate these divisions in a mode that enthroned, as it were, the very principle of future unity, peace, progress, civilization, morals, and even political preponderance for France. If we consider it rightly, it was the Concordat which carried the republican tricolor to Rome and struck down the infamous triumvirs in 1849; it is the Concordat that now plants the eagles of France at the gates of the Balkan and repels the Greek schism and Muscovite ascendency from seizing on "New Rome." The Concordat only wanted to be more generous, more complete in its provisions, in a word, to be entirely satisfactory to Rome, to have saved France entirely; but the wisdom to see that, could only come with time and bitter experience.

---

* Thiers' Consulate and Empire, vol. iii, b. 12.

The principal points of the Concordat were as follows. The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion was recognized, *not as the religion of the State,* but as that of the *immense majority of French citizens.* A new circumscription of French dioceses was to be made; the titulars of the existing sees were to be required by the Pope, for the good of religion, to relinquish their sees into his hands; if they refused, or neglected to do so within ten days, the Pope would declare the sees vacant. The new sees were to be filled up by the Pope on the nomination of the French government, and the bishops were to take an oath of fidelity to the latter, the same that was in use under the old dynasty. The government, in like manner, was to have a negative on the appointment of curates. All the ancient churches in France, *not alienated,* were to be placed at the disposal of the bishops. The Holy See declared that it would not trouble in any manner the possessors of ecclesiastical property, and the government secured to the clergy an adequate support from the treasury.

In this great act, which Pius VII confirmed by the bull *Ecclesia Christi,* we discover several positions of vast importance to be clearly ascertained. In the first place, although the Catholic religion was not recognized by the French Republic as the religion of the State, yet in acknowledging it to be the religion of the "*great majority*" of Frenchmen, and in giving it a legal establishment, it is evident that on the principle of the sovereignty of the people, Catholic dogma was taken as the basis of French right and French law. In the second place, the Catholic Church, through its Head, acknowledged the national sovereignty and ignored the divine right of any family to govern this or that people by inheritance. In the third place, the Pope was recognized as the sovereign of the Church, as invested with a plenary power, which, in case of necessity could dispense with all subordinate concurrence. These formal recognitions of principles always contended for by the Popes and Doctors of the Church in regard alike to the civil and ecclesiastical government, constituted a prodigious victory of truth, purchased, it is true, at a prodigious cost. It reconciled the Revolution to the Church, and it identified the Church with all that was useful, salutary and just in the Revolution.

Accordingly, the only obstinate opposition to the Concordat proceeded from those emigrant French bishops, who defended at all risks and costs the right of the Bourbons. Thirteen of these bishops, then residing in London, drew up and signed two declarations, in one of which they declared that "the king," that is, the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, "preserved all the rights of his crown which he held of God, and that nothing could have freed his subjects from their oath of fidelity;" and in the second, "they complained of the Concordat, for permitting a new oath to the governmen actually established in France, for ordaining prayers for that government, and acknowledging it as invested with the same rights as the former one."* These reclamations themselves attest the meaning and force of the Concordat. The opposition of these bishops led to a sort of schism, which passed under the name of *La Petite Eglise,* composed of some thirty-six bishops who refused to acknowledge the Concordat, and pretended to hold on to their sees in spite of the Pope. It was not without difficulty that the First Consul overcame the opposition in France itself, particularly in the legislative body, and among the generals of the army, to the re-establishment of religion; in regard to the first, it became necessary to purify it by a new election, and for the second, to exert the absolute military authority of the chief of the State to compel their presence at the first solemn mass celebrated at Notre Dame.

On the other hand, most noble and touching was the language in which many of the non-juring bishops (that is, those who had never accepted the civil constitution of the clergy) submitted to the Concordat and resigned their rights into the hands of the succcessor of Peter. "Full of veneration and obedience for the decrees of his Holiness," said Mgr. de Belloy, bishop of Marseilles, "and wishing always to be united to him in heart and mind, I do not hesitate to deposit in the hands of the Holy Father, my resignation of the bishopric of Marseilles." The bishop of Acqs (the diocese of Vincent de Paul) wrote, "I have not hesitated a moment to immolate myself, as soon as I had learned that this painful sacrifice was necessary to the peace of the country and the triumph of religion."—"Let us confess," exclaims the worldly Thiers, "beautiful is the institution which commands such sacrifices and such language. The greatest names of the ancient clergy of ancient France, the Rohans, the Latours du Pin, the Castellanes, the Polignacs, the Clermont-Tonnerres, the Latours d'Auvergne, were found in the list of the bishops who had resigned." At the same time the unanimous resignation of the so-called constitutional bishops, those who had formerly taken the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, which was condemned by the Holy See, terminated that disgraceful schism. The opposition of the legislative body, the coldness of the Senate and Council of State, the mutiny of the republican generals, lastly, (why should we not say it ?) the almost invincible repugnance of the legate *a latere* of the Holy See, Cardinal Caprara, to receive among the newly appointed bishops a certain number of the constitutional bishops without the humiliation of a recantation on their part, were all overcome, and on Easter Day, the 18th of April, 1802, after a year of incessant negotiation, the great bodies of the State, the court of the First Consul, the generals, in short, the representatives of France and of the Revolution, assisted at the solemn mass and *Te Deum* of the Concordat in Notre Dame.

---

*Memoires de Picot, cited by Rohrbacher, Histoire de l'Eglise, t. 27, Liv. xc, p. 642.

This, we know, is the bright side of the picture. The dark side is of course to be found partly in the half recognition of the Catholic religion by France in the Concordat itself, but chiefly in the unworthy trick (as we may call it) by which the French government accompanied the publication of the Concordat by that of the famous *organic articles.* A brief enumeration of some of these provisions will show the absurd jealousy of the Church which the new government inherited from the old dynasty, which diminished not only the grace but the sincerity and good faith of its concessions to the Holy See, and prepared the way for that fatal conflict between the two powers which prostrated the dynasty of Napoleon as if by a thunderbolt from heaven.

The organic articles, then, provided, that no bull, brief or other writing of the Holy See could be published in France without the authority of government; that no delegate from Rome except her official representative could be tolerated; that every infraction of the rules committed by a member of the clergy, would be tried by the council of State; that no council, particular or general, could be held without government permission; that no catechism was to be published without government license; and that every ecclesiastic, engaged in the instruction of the clergy, should subscribe or profess the Gallican declaration of 1682, condemned by the Holy See. In short, having restored the Church in France, it was proposed to put her in fetters; while availing one's-self of the spiritual omnipotence of Rome, it was attempted to construct a barrier against it; but there is no such barrier except the divine law which Rome administers, and of which she, not temporal governments, is the judge without appeal. Nothing could be more suicidal than this course of the new French government, which, decided to throw itself upon the New Law, undertook to deprive that law of its vigor, its authority and its life. But the full experience of Gallicanism was yet to be made; the old traditions of Bourbonism, adopted by the Revolution, had not yet received their convincing refutation from the progress of events, and the new government of Napoleon, with those that followed it in France, were destined to work out the proof by their misfortunes.

It is to be observed, moreover, that in judging the Concordat we must rise above details, and even overlook the motives of those who took part in it. There is no doubt that this young conqueror who had obtained the supreme power in France, and who had as great a genius for civil as for military affairs, saw very clearly, more clearly than any one else in France at that time, the necessity of such a measure to tranquillize the Republic, to destroy factions, to heal the religious dissensions which embittered so much the political discords, and above all, by obtaining the intervention of the Papal authority — the greatest moral power in Europe — in the new order of things, to gain its sanction for his government, while obliterating every vestige of the old; — so that the whole future national life of France might be bound up in the completed work of the Revolution, and with his own victorious agency; — no doubt, Bonaparte saw all this, as it became him to see it, with that eagle eye of genius: and no doubt he never meant to elevate the Papacy to a new power, as it were,—to concede to it functions more absolute than it wished to exercise, however they might lie within its supreme capacity; no doubt he hoped always to make the Pope subservient to his will; no doubt he meant, and by the organic articles endeavored, to provide for the limitation and control of the power he had evoked. But the fact remained that he had evoked that power, nor could he then pretend to bind it; he had appealed to the sovereignty of the Pope over the Church, *i. e.* to the highest and most consistent "ultramontanism," and it was no longer in his choice to retreat upon Gallicanism, and to curb that spiritual sovereignty with his steel-clad hand.

In the very crisis of the Concordat, the Bourbons intrigued, the followers of the Bourbons, the defenders of the old family legitimacy, protested against the purely spiritual action of the Sovereign Pontiff; Bonaparte and the Revolution demanded that action, acknowledged its validity, and based on it the fundamental interest of society — religion. Even in exile the House of Bourbon appeared representing the spirit of Gallicanism, or what some persons call Cæsarism, while Cæsar himself, if he were individually Cæsar, was found in his public capacity *rendering to God the things that are God's.* Well might Napoleon say afterwards, speaking of the Concordat, "*If the Pope had not existed, we should have been forced to create one for the occasion*" — a magnificent though half-intended tribute on the part of such a man to the necessity of the Papacy even for the temporal order.

The simple effect of the Concordat, then, was (unless we mistake) to establish the revealed law as the acknowledged basis of society in France, and to bind the new political order of things resulting from the Revolution to a re-affirmation of the Papacy, with all its powers, its rights, its dogmas, its discipline and its spiritual supremacy. The Revolution renounced infidelity, it renounced the war on religion, nay, it bowed to religion, re-enthroned it, gave it power and asked its blessing. Henceforth, if the Revolution undertook to defy the spiritual authority, within its own limits, or failed to acknowledge the rights and duties of man in society as defined by that authority, the Revolution became inconsequent and stultified itself. This result became still more necessary when the Revolution finally gave itself permanence by becoming also dynastic, when the new order of things sought to secure itself by conferring the hereditary empire on the fortunate soldier who had known how to organize and consolidate it, to make it victorious and to give it a sighed-for repose.

As we have already observed, if there is a principle evident in the affairs of government, it is this; that every power of a temporal sort exists providentially as the minister of a law external to itself; and if there is a fact evident in history, it is that every such power must stand by the law which it invokes. A purely Pagan government may govern according to Pagan law — until its day comes. A Mohammedan power may govern according to Mohammedan law, and must, till its day comes, as one day it will. To desert its law is to hasten, not retard, its dissolution. A Protestant government is on the eve of dissolution when it abandons Protestant law. A Catholic government, which, if faithful to its own character, may endure forever, is sealed to perish, from the moment that it abandons the Catholic law. To attempt to unite an adhesion to Catholic law, from a view to any worldly or other advantages thence accruing, with a legislation founded on Pagan, atheistic, or Protestant principles, is to commence a suicidal system, it is to plant the seeds of one's own overthrow.

We see this already in the organic articles of the French government, superinduced upon the Concordat, by a treachery to the Holy See; and, among other things, we see it in the new system of State education established by General

Bonaparte, and afterwards perfected by the Emperor. The system of pure secular State education is consistent in a country which acknowledges no particular religion, — which stands upon the natural law interpreted by itself — but it is inconsistent in a State which recognizes that the Catholic Church is the divinely commissioned teacher of mankind. It must be a pernicious system under any government in the long run, but in a Catholic government it is suicidal.* In many other respects the Catholic religion was not fully restored in France; the religious orders were not yet permitted (with some exceptions, which were afterwards extended); marriages, even between Catholics, without the blessing of the Church, were recognized by the law, and divorce was legalized. The last was an essential point in which the new government, consular and imperial, opposed itself at the same time to the immutable dogma of Christianity, and to the fundamental law of Catholic civilization, and the tenacity with which Napoleon, on this point, adhered to the State system, was destined to cost him his throne.

Nevertheless for the present all went well with the soldier of fortune. He had deserved well of the Church by the Concordat, and he was to receive his reward. Having restored France to the unity of Christendom, having reconstituted the French government, (in principle, if not in every detail), upon the basis of the revealed Christian law taught by the Catholic Church, he was chosen by Providence to be the hereditary head of that rehabilitated Christian government, to wear the imperial hereditary crown of that regenerated France.

Every obstacle opposed to the elevation of Bonaparte only carried him higher. The intrigues of the royalists and of the exiled French princes against his person, defeated and crushed by an act of cruel vigor in the *fossé* of Vincennes; the conspiracy of republican generals, terminated by the suicide of Pichegru and the banishment of Moreau; only prepared the way for the movement by which, with the consent of the vast majority of the nation and the army, and according to the formal enactment of the Senate and legislative body, the hereditary monarchy was reconstituted in the person and family of Napoleon.

Agreeably to the principles laid down by the Catholic doctors, and always acted on by the Church, in which it is considered that political power is derived from God through the PEOPLE, nothing could be more legitimate than this new dynasty; and accordingly, at the request of the new Emperor, after long and mature consideration, the head of the Catholic religion, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, whose spiritual supremacy Napoleon and France, in the concordat, had so signally acknowledged, came to Paris to consecrate the dynasty and its chief and the empire itself. There have been *thirty* coronations of the Emperors by the Popes: † the *first* took place at Constantinople, A. D. 545, of the Emperor of the East, then faithful to the Holy See and to the Church; the *last* was at Paris, A. D. 1804, of the Emperor of the West, (as he loved to be called, and as he soon to all intents and purposes became), who, also, at his consecration, to the Papal question — *Do you promise to maintain peace in the Church of God?* — answered, "I PROMISE." ‡

---

* We are sensible that this is a mild way of stating the evils of the University, which has been resisted ever since by the Church, and seems not unlikely to be the rock on which the Imperial dynasty will again make shipwreck; but this is not the place for the discussion of such a theme, still less for vain rhetoric in regard to it.

† Couronnements des Empereurs par les Papes. Par l'Abbé Héry.

‡ Rohrbacher, Histoire de l'Eglise, t. xxviii, Liv. xci, p. 43.

The night before the coronation, on the determined resolution of the Pope not to crown Josephine, in the state of legal concubinage in which the Emperor and Empress then lived, Napoleon and Josephine received the nuptial benediction from Cardinal Fesch, in the imperial apartments, and in presence of *Duroc* and *Portalis.* All the necessary dispensations and powers were granted by the Pope himself. This act, and the Papal resistance which caused its consummation, merit some attention.

The laws of France still permitted civil marriage; nay, they regarded a marriage according to the Church as null, unless the civil marriage preceded. It was not possible for the Pope, who was not the civil ruler of France, to alter this regulation, however anti-Christian. But when it was a question of bestowing the pontifical consecration upon the mere civil wife of the Emperor, whom he might put away to-morrow, as the Catholic Empress of France, it was clear that Pius VII would have betrayed not only the cause of religion, but the civilization of Europe, defended by so many of his predecessors against the passions of kings, if he had consented. It is in such junctures that we see all the necessity of the Pope to Christianity. The resistance of any other than a *Pope* in this case would have been unavailing; and on that resistance it depended whether France, whether Europe, was to be in future Christian or Mohammedan in its social laws. The French Revolution, which had sought to de-Christianize Europe, which had sought to render it Pagan and Mohammedan, in the hour of its greatest triumph, of its consecration as master of Europe, met an old man infirm and powerless, in the recesses of the Tuileries, and yielded. Even at that hour Napoleon might have resisted; he might have dispensed with the consecration of the Pope for his dynasty, or, yielding in another manner, he might have been anointed and crowned *alone*. Either of these decisions would have changed the whole sequel of the history. With the first, it is more than likely there would have been *no* "new French dynasty;" with the second it is not improbable that Napoleon's own son would have succeeded him tranquilly on the throne. Napoleon should have defied Jesus Christ and held his crown openly of Satan, the prince of this world, or he should have submitted to Jesus Christ with all his heart, and without reserve. To deceive Him by whom kings reign was impossible. But, however, he submitted for the present. He yielded to the Pope, that is, to Christ, by rehabilitating his marriage with Josephine, (a tribute which the new Emperor owed to the public morality), that he might afterwards brave the Pope and outrage Christ, by divorcing her and marrying another. History, which has always pointed out the divorce as the fatal point of his career, will show us with what results: — how the empire fell; how the conqueror was conquered; how the jailor of the Pope became the prisoner of the so-hated English; how the princess whom he pretended to wed trailed his name in the mire; how the son whom he obtained by that sacriligious adultery died the victim of that very policy which his father had thus attempted to conciliate; how the grand-son of the repudiated Josephine, the son of a brother whom his wilful ambition had first rendered unhappy and then dethroned, restored (Divine Providence so ordering it) his dynasty, after having first restored the successor of Pius VII to the sovereignty of Rome.

There was even in the ceremony of coronation an incident which might forbode the future to an eye gifted with true political discernment. It was when Napoleon, having been anointed, blessed and girded by the Pope, who had also blessed the imperial crown, boldly advanced to the altar, took the crown, anticipating the Pontiff, and placed it on his own head. He disdained to receive it, according to the Roman ritual, kneeling, and from the hands of the Pope. In like manner he placed the crown of the Empress, blesssd by the Pope, upon the head of Josephine kneeling before him. This proud action, which arrested universal attention, was not in reality a happy augury for the permanence of that reign or that dynasty. The prince, sprung from nothing, who would not suffer the crown to be placed upon his head by the representative of Almighty God, nor in the humble attitude of prayer, which becomes human frailty in receiving so great a burthen, gave an indication of the pride which precedes a fall. In view of the events which followed, one is amazed at the presumption of the act, and terrified, not impressed, by its audacity. But when, immediately after, Napoleon I took his seat upon his throne, and the Pope, proceeding down the magnificent church to the foot of it, blessed the new Emperor, and saluted him in the language first used to Charlemagne, intoning VIVAT IN ETERNUM SEMPER AUGUSTUS, — this salutation from the Vicar of Christ was a voice surely which could not pass away like an empty sound; the Providence of God does not permit His Vicar on earth to condescend so far for a mere ceremony, or suffer his solemn words to fall to the ground without a worthy fulfilment.

On the same day of the following year the new Emperor of the French met in battle both the ancient Emperors of Europe, the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and defeated them. The sun of Austerlitz became famous as that which beheld the military consecration of the new empire. But *he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword.* The Emperors whom Napoleon defeated on the 2d December, 1805, afterwards entered Paris as conquerors. If Napoleon owed, as he said, his crown to his *sword*, when the sword ceased to conquer, the crown should, logically, have passed away. It was otherwise with the blessing of the Pope upon the new Emperor and the new dynasty. After thirty-six years the power of that blessing returned, and on the 2d December, 1852, another Napoleon was hailed in Notre Dame as Emperor of the French.

## CLEMENT IV TO HIS BROTHER.*

CLEMENT, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our beloved son Peter Gross of St. Ægidius, Health. Whilst many rejoice at our promotion, we are not the only one who deeply feel the overwhelming burden: wherefore what causes joy to others, is an occasion of fear and sorrow to us. You should consequently understand what your sentiments should be in these circumstances: for what greatly humbles us, should not elevate our relatives, especially since the honor of this world is transient and soon disappears like the morning dew. We do not wish you, or your brother, or any one of our relatives to come to us without our special order, since if they presume to come otherwise, they must return disappointed and confounded. Neither should you seek a higher match for your sister on our account, for we shall not favor or assist you in this regard. But if you marry her simply to the son of a knight, we purpose to aid you by a gift of three hundred lires of Tours: whilst if you aspire higher, you need not expect a penny from us. This we wish to be perfectly secret, and known only to you and your mother. Be assured also that we will not have any of our relatives to be puffed up under pretext of our elevation, but we wish Mobile and Cecilia to marry such men as they might have done were we mere clergymen. Call on Sybilla, and tell her not to remove from her present abode, but to stay at Susa, and to observe all gravity and modesty in dress, and not to presume to intercede with us in behalf of any one: for her interference would be useless to the party, and injurious to the pleader. If perchance presents be offered her with this view, let her reject them, if she desire to preserve our favor. Salute my mother and brothers. We do not write to you, or our relatives, under the great seal, but under seal of the fisherman, which the Roman Pontiffs use in their private correspondence.

---

*This interesting letter taken from an authentic source, is an example of disinterestedness and elevation of conduct in a Pope that will edify our readers, in spite of its not being conformed to the ideal recently held up to admiration by H. R. H. Prince Albert. [ED. MET.]

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—VI.

(Rome — the Sistine Chapel).

If any circumstance can enhance the interest of the visitor, who finds in the ordinary aspect of Rome and its simplest routine, memorials and rites to increase his faith and enliven his piety, it is surely the privilege of assisting at the solemnities of the lenten season, and especially of the closing week, into which is crowded the eventful history of the passion and death of the Son of God. Multitudes hurry to the holy city to enjoy the magnificent ceremonial: and so expressive is the narrative of a Saviour's love which the Church presents, so pathetic the language which she employs, so demonstrative the symbolism which she adopts, that often the most heedless are arrested, the most obdurate softened, and the very infidel tempted to exclaim with the famous Misson, "Je suis Catholique en ce moment."

My arrival was quite opportune and my facilities abundant. For your sake therefore, I would not be loth to add my own to the many descriptions of this grand and impressive period: but as a letter cannot embrace a tithe of the subject, you must content yourself with the partial and transient images which the narrowness of my space allows me to offer. Your Catholic heart will complete the series. I transport you at once to the Capella Sistina. Never does this celebrated chapel fail to awe and touch the beholder, in his perception of all that is rich in art and sublime in religion. In the silence and solitude which at times pervade it, there are memories which people it with the mighty ones of old; and Pontiff and prince and sculptor and painter speak from the walls and floors with voices that stir the heart. And when you see within its precincts, not only the sovereign of a state, surrounded by his court, but the *Vicar of Christ* and *Ruler of the Universal Church,* with the splendid functions of his office and the winning attributes of his character, you are led to regard the chapel as the most magnificent apartment which genius and piety have reared to receive so high and dignified a personage. Let me hurriedly give its outlines. It is a lofty oblong, one hundred and thirty-five feet by forty-five, vaulted in large compartments and pierced with high and narrow windows. Two parallel sections of the walls, beneath the windows, are painted—the lower with draperies, the upper with remarkable frescoes. The end wall and the ceiling are likewise pictured in the most admirable manner, with creations of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other eminent artists of the fifteenth century, which illustrate Scripture history, by types and antitypes in a glorious series. Beneath the unrivalled fresco of Doomsday by Buonarotti, at the extremity of the chapel, stands the altar, and facing the Gospel corner, the Pontifical throne. The continuous seats of the cardinals extend laterally about two-thirds of the apartment and crossing at right angles with an entry between the ends, form a kind of choir. A grated partition cuts off a part of the quadrangle nearest the door, and within and without this line, spectators are admitted. Near the grate, when you pass inside, you see, some feet above the floor, a rich balustrade which fronts a tribune sunken deeply in the wall. Here are the famous singers, almost concealed from view: "vocem adyti dignam templo."

Ordinarily the Sistine Chapel is richly furnished, in excellent taste: and with its pictorial compositions above and its splendid assemblage below, it presents a scene of majesty and beauty which the eye may seek in vain elsewhere. Now however as we enter, we find its aspect changed. The floor is uncarpeted, the seats of the cardinals stripped of their draperies, the altar-piece covered, the cross itself shrouded. The princes of the Church divest themselves of their rings, and in place of scarlet cappas, assume deep violet, the emblem of penance. The lights are extinguished in lamp and candelabra; the officiating prelate and his assistants are robed in black; the Pontiff offers no benediction. You cannot mistake these solemn preparations; they announce Good Friday. I have ever thought that the Catholic Church, with a heart full of piety and a mind conscious of the grandeur and pathos of religion, had devised the most admirable rites to represent this great tragedy. All is symbolic of profound abasement, of unspeakable desolation. But never did I appreciate this truth in its fulness, till I assisted at this office in the Sistine Chapel. I need not insist on the familiar ceremonial in its entireness; I allude to a part which exhibits the spirit of the Church in its most amiable quality—its charity to all mankind. Is it not strange that gross misrepresentation should sometimes distort her virtues and falsify her acts, open to the eye of the whole world? It is asserted that the Church at the very altar of Christ, and on the day when he died to redeem all men, without exception, utters a positive malediction against those who are without her pale. Listen to those prayers—as admirable in their composition as loving in their scope and intention—which the cardinal celebrant pronounces in Rome, in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, in the midst of the power and majesty of ecclesiastical dominion. He asks of Heaven with words and tones, which attest his sincerity, to protect and bless *all mankind*—all, all; even the unhappy people who had invoked upon their heads the blood of Christ! . . . At the close of these prayers, the cross is unveiled and exposed to the veneration of the assembly. How imposing and touching is this act of religion! At the cry "Venite adoremus," the Pontiff descends from his throne, lays aside his deep red cape, and with unfeigned humility advances to venerate the emblem of redemption; to offer homage in his own person and in the name of the Church, which he represents, to Jesus Christ, who this day hung in agony on the cross. The curtains, at this moment, are drawn aside and the darkened chamber is flooded with light. The sunshine streams down on the prostrate High Priest, who humbles himself in the sense and sorrow of human guilt. Here is no silly parade, no lordly affectation, and above all, no perversion of faith in giving to the lifeless substance, to the material image, the homage which belongs solely to God. The enlightened piety of Catholics cannot stoop to such absurdity and crime; and the enlightened judgment of non-Catholics, who discriminate between divine and relative honor, will not affirm such disloyalty against their brethren. The cardinals and entire body of the clergy follow in the steps of the Holy Father and venerate the crucifix. It is now that the choir breathes forth a melody of surpassing tenderness. It is the "Improperium." You remember the words, so eloquent, so appropriate, which proclaim the mercies of God to His people and that people's ingratitude! "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee? Answer me. Thou hast prepared a cross for thy Saviour and pierced His side with a spear!" . . . At the end of each passage, the *Trisagion* is sung in Greek and Latin. The music is by Palestrina; and in its simple combinations, so bold and swelling, and yet so soft and slow and imploring, it may well immortalize the composer. Nothing can be better disciplined than the Sistine choir; nothing can excel, if equal, its masterly efforts. As it chants, now with a single contralto which seems to pierce the heavens, and now with a plenary harmony of all its parts, those moving words of reply: "O God, the holy, the strong, the immortal, have mercy on us!" you feel prompted by the devotion which it inspires and the compunction which it extorts, to cast yourself on your knees, with that suppliant throng, and unite your own voice in the cry for pardon: "O God, the holy, the strong, the immortal, have mercy on us!"

(THE COUSINS.—TENEBRÆ).

Before I pass the interval between the morning and evening offices, let me say a word about the celebrant. He is a strong, firmly built man, of medium height, about fifty-eight years of age. His head is somewhat grey, but his step is elastic and his voice rolls sonorously through the vaulted chamber. I see vigor and determination in those masculine lines. My eye wanders from his face to the countenance of a more august personage, who, some three years his senior, occupies a place opposite to him. What perfection in the classic contour, what beauty in the features, what serenity in the expression, what tenderness in the beaming of those loving eyes! There is firmness too, but firmness tempered by self-sacrificing charity. Who are these men? They are of the same noble race, the Pontiff and his cousin, ***Penitenziere Maggiore*** — Pius IX and Cardinal Gabriele Ferretti. Both are historical characters; and the events of their lives, as far as dispositions can guide the currents of human existence, I fancied could be read in their faces. The Cardinal some years since was Nuncio at Naples, while the cholera scourged that city with a frightful mortality. Unsparing of time, money and person, he went about every where, among the poor and low and stricken, like his divine Master, *doing good;* and in the midst of a terrified multitude, prostrate before the altars of Sta. Chiara, with sublime self-devotion offered his life to Heaven to stay its anger against the people. Behold him again in the Romagna. The times are disjointed and the Legations agitated by bad men. Bands of rebels at length began to ravage the country and advance towards the two cities, in which the Pontiff and his cousin held separate episcopal jurisdiction. Mastai Ferretti, listening to the promptings of his benevolent heart and discarding the fears with which his friends sought to inspire him, went forth to meet the revolutionists. His gentle remonstrance, his fatherly appeals, his generous sympathy overcame their hostility; they threw down their arms and returned to their homes. Not so his stalwort cousin, gentle to the tractable, but inflexible to the perverse. When exhortations had proved fruitless to conciliate and disarm the rebels, the bishop of Rieti stimulated the citizens to make a vigorous defence, and whilst he prayed at the foot of the altar for their success, bade them sally forth to achieve a decided victory.

But let us return to the Sistine Chapel. About 2 P. M. an immense crowd besieges the Scala Regia, and by alternate pressure of numbers and wheedling of soft words, strives to overcome the good humor and loyalty of the Swiss guards or break through the line of Italian infantry which barriers the stairs. After an hour and a half delay, the ranks quietly open; and literally with a hop, skip and jump, gentlemen in court dresses, and stately dames attired with black silks and veils, rush up the stairway pell mell and fill the Sistine Chapel to overflowing. . . Another delay and then the Papal cortege appears, issuing from a door at the upper extremity. The Pontiff and Sacred College are seated; the triangular candlestick is lighted; Matins and Lauds are begun. It is the third day of the Tenebræ, and the music, if possible, is superior to that of the preceding evening; at least Bai's imitation of Allegri yields to the composition of the great master. The Lamentations, even in plain chant, are happy combinations of sentiment and melody; but the first harmonized by Allegri is extremely beautiful. Let me however pass rapidly by the rest of the office to reach the "Miserere," composed also by this distinguished musician. The sun has set and twilight is glimmering through the lofty windows. The lights are extinguished and the last candle on the triangle is removed at the termination of the Benedictus. The shadows of evening begin to hang heavily around the walls. Through the dim air, you discern the outlines of the covered crucifix and the curtained altar piece. All are kneeling in the midst of profound stillness. And now a sweet, low wail comes on the wings of darkness, whence you can scarcely tell; plaintive as the moaning of the dove, soft and clear and prolonged as the tones of the harmonicon or the saddening murmur of the Æolian harp. Every head is motionless, every tongue is hushed, to catch the faintest whisper of that divine voice, to listen to its dying echoes. It is not only for the delicious notes which it utters, but for the spirit of faith and piety which hovers around the listener. Miserere! oh! how solemnly touching is that cry for mercy, which cleaves the air and rises up appealingly to God! It is David again who, abased in the dust and sorrowful for his crimes, implores the Almighty to pity and spare him. Or rather it is, in its gentle, its loving, its tender accents, the voice of Magdalene prostrate at her Saviour's feet and mingling her tears and her prayers to supplicate forgiveness. Again and again the voice of unearthly sweetness is seconded by a strong choral burst; now swelling in high and massive undulations, and now receding in the distance in liquid cadences. Who can describe the rapture and sadness which it inspired, whilst many a breath was held in charmed attention, and many eyes like mine, were filled with tears? It requires the pen of a Chrysostom, or Basil, or Augustine, who feelingly extol the power of sacred music and exhibit its happy effects, when, addressed less to the exterior than the interior ear, "il cantar che nell' anima si sente," it prepossesses the mind and inflames our affections with divine love. This indeed is the unique merit of Catholic psalmody. It is the language of the heart, the melody of prayer, in unison with all nature, when faith wings the soul above the empire of the senses, and in a high and holy atmosphere, reveals the beauty of religion and the glories of everlasting life. Since that religion was communicated to us with the symphony of angels and shall be perfected in the eternal harmonies of man's beatitude, why shall we not meanwhile worship God in strains worthy of His majesty, and attune our voices for parts that shall be assigned us in the choirs of the blest? And what can better remind us of this noble destiny or give seemlier honor to the Deity and edification to men, than the sublime conception of Catholic genius, elevating and thrilling all hearts by their simplicity and sweetness, especially that music which prevails in the churches of Rome, the old and stately Gregorian chant or the admirable modulations of Palestrina?

(EASTER — A FATHER'S BLESSING).

Holy Saturday with its various and significant ceremonies is exceedingly interesting; especially in the Basilica of St. John Lateran which ranks above all other churches in Rome: "omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput!" Here the cardinal vicar imposes hands on numerous aspirants to the ministry and, in the baptistry attached to this ancient cathedral, solemnly administers Baptism to Jews and infidels. The Basaltic vase had been employed for the same religious rite, as tradition reports, by Constantine and profaned by Rienzi, in the memorable Tribunitial episode of 1347. But we are obliged to overleap this portion of the Settimana Santa.

Easter has dawned on the hills of Rome, the grandest in the cycle of her solemnities; and the Pontiff, who rarely officiates in person, in the Basilic of St. Peter, now celebrates the resurrection of Christ at the high altar. What shall we say of this festival, so rich in display, so sacred in its harmonies, so grand in its personages, so impressive in its liturgy, so touching in its reminiscences, so instructive in its lessons, that even the unbelieving and indevout are persuaded to echo the words of the Psalmist, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth." My report must be brief; my description imperfect. Thousands on thousands, from an early hour, hasten to the church. The altar since Good Friday, and the Sanctuary, have undergone a great change. Thrones and canopies and curtains reappear in all their splendor, and the altar, with its accessories, is flaming with golden ornaments and silken broideries. At the appointed hour, the tread of military array announces the approach of the Guardia Nobile. These are the sons of the noble families, voluntarily enrolled as the immediate guard of the Pope. Magnificently costumed and decorated, they extend in parallel lines from the Baldachin to the seats of the Cardinals. And now the voices of the choir in the distance are heard, singing those suggestive words, "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam," &c. Upborne like the Roman magistrate on his curule chair, or like the ancient warrior on his shield, in sign of authority and triumph, the Pontiff moves slowly in this superb procession, blessing the kneeling people as he passes. Look at that splendid train, embracing all the celebrities of the city, high functionaries, ecclesiastic and secular, men of talent, erudition and sanctity, worthy of the Church whose honored children they are, and worthy of the successor of St. Peter, whom they venerate and love!

Then begins the mass, conformably to the Pontifical, in which, however, are noted some interesting peculiarities. At the consecration the scene is sublime. Every head is bowed, every knee is bent to the marble floor; even the military are bowed with the multitude, and their drawn swords are laid before them. The silence of the moment is broken by a burst of instrumental music which throws its volume of sound into the vast dome and numberless arches, so deeply, and yet in such rich and mellow tones, that the hearer is startled and enchanted. The ordinary ritual is changed at the moment of communion. The Pope proceeds to his throne, and thither the sacred elements are carried in a most impressive manner by the first deacon, Cardinal Antonelli. According to ancient usage, the Pontiff receives the chalice, in company with the deacon, through a tube or syphon, having previously divided with the deacon and subdeacon the consecrated host. These ceremonies, to which I can barely allude, are described in their completeness and details by Bishop England and Cardinal Wiseman. You may consult these treatises with profit . . . In a brief while Easter will be past, and with it the unrivalled and almost inconceivable magnificence of a Roman celebration. A solemn rite terminates the morning office. Represent to yourself that first of God's temples, with its "wondrous dome" — its majestic facade — its forest of columns — its imperial obelisks and fountains and court. Stand on the platform in front of the grand portico and look on the piazza. In the back ground is the dark, giant mass of Adrian's Mole, surmounted by the archangel and blazoned with Pontifical standards. At the extremity of the area, line after line, are the French cavalry, erect and motionless, whose swords and helmets are blazing in the sun; in front, deep and serried, the infantry, stretching the whole extent of the elliptical space. With the obelisk as a centre, you behold a circle of brilliant arms and plumes and banners. On the terrace above them, reaching to the church itself, is a compact mass, thousands on thousands, from many lands, of divers tongues and manners and degrees. The lines of Martial, addressed to Cæsar, may be applied to the successor of Cæsar, who extends his sway over Rome and the world:

Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara, Cæsar,
  Ex quâ non sit in urbe tuâ:

* * * * * * * *

Vox diversa sonat: populorum est vox tamen una,
  Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater!

Let the eye sweep the sides of this immense court: there again, above and below the pillared corridors, countless multitudes are assembled. Hangings are floating in the wind, flags are flying, eyes are bright with expectation. Abruptly the huge cannon of St. Angelo boom on the air, the ponderous bells of St. Peter ring their solemn chimes, the bands pour out their martial strains. Then silence ensues — heads are uncovered — knees are bent. The Supreme Pontiff stands on the balcony to bless his children. His form is upright; his head is slightly raised; his arms are lovingly extended. He lifts those beautiful eyes, in communion with God, whilst a glow animates his features, and the soul of benignity beams on the multitude. A movement of that paternal hand, and the father of the faithful signs every tribe and people with the benediction of Christ! "And all the people and the ancients and the princes and judges stood on both sides of the ark, before the priests that carried the ark of the covenant of the Lord, both the stranger and he that was born among them — and Moses blessed the people of Israel." *Josue* viii.

To the eye made short-sighted by worldly considerations or clouded by prejudice, the august spectacle which I have imperfectly portrayed may appear only a brilliant and elaborate ceremony, or a cunningly devised pageant to lure the mind from the substance to the shadow of religion. Many strangers who visit Rome, unable to comprehend the spiritual significance of her rites, as they are unwilling to examine and believe her doctrines, denounce the exercises of the Holy Week as idle pomp and puerile mummeries. It is the cry of ignorance and passion every where against all that is Catholic:

Quæcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the thoughtful and sincere inquirer, the scene is fraught with grace and unction. God is the author of ceremonies, since in composing man of body and soul, and requiring the homage of his entire being, he imposed on his creature the necessity of manifesting his thoughts and feelings by external signs. And the whole world, in its material grandeur and beauty, he gave as a manual of ceremonies, useful to the intellectual, necessary to the gross and ignorant, to regulate the senses and quicken the imagination of noble ideas of "his power and divinity," of his sanctity and goodness, and by these noble ideas to dispose the heart to piety. For the maintenance of religion, which he thus established to govern the exterior and interior man, and for the exercise of decency, order and uniformity among his worshippers, the Almighty ordained a magnificent ritual under the ancient law, and commanded the Levites to discharge their ministerial functions with singular pomp and majesty. In subsequent times, has the nature of man been changed, or his relations to the Deity? . . . Other societies, civil and religious, make use of ceremonies. Why do the latter consecrate temples, adopt liturgies, prescribe certain forms, appoint special hours, wear distinctive badges, sanction vocal and instrumental music, enjoin silence and order? Are not these ceremonies? Is God not accessible in all places and times and modes? A conclusive answer is, that apart from the union of prayer and the edification of men, the tumult and associations of profane places, the preoccupation of secular duties and the distractions of business hours, unfit the soul for reflection and intercourse with God. But if the principle is confessed by all, why carp at the Catholic Church because she prefers a more minute and impressive ceremonial? Let others embrace simpler forms; she is the best judge in degree and measure, not only of her position, duties and wants, but of the nature of religion, and the appropriate mode of exercising that religion for the greater glory of God and the greater benefit of man. Ages have confirmed this truth, and honest opponents admitted the antiquity, beauty and usefulness of her ceremonies. "It is evident," says a Protestant writer, (and the Catholic Church has the merit of rendering this truth still more evident), "that life should be a continued worship of the Deity; that art and nature possess an eternal and universal language for the expression and awakening of the highest feelings in the human breast, and we must *esteem that Church as happy* which is enabled to appropriate this language in its whole extent." . . .

One word more, as I class in this category the Papal benediction. If from our childhood we revere the paternal hand which sheds on our head the blessings of heaven; if we bow to old age, which, with the gravity of years and the beauty of holiness, invokes on us the sunshine of that land to which it is rapidly approaching; if we acknowledge the efficacy of his prayer, when the minister of Christ, in communion with God, imparts to us a divine benediction, "thus shall you bless the children of Israel and I will bless them," what are our ideas and emotions when we kneel amid the potent and holy souvenirs of Rome, before a man venerable by his age and virtues, a Pontiff sacred by his character and functions, a father, as the name imports, of all Christendom, chosen like Abraham to be the parent of a great people, and sent like his first predecessor to teach all nations, in whose person we recognize the legitimate successor of the prince of the apostles, in whose spiritual government we behold the acts of the Vicar of Jesus Christ? Is there not something of moment to the Catholic heart, less human than divine, which passes not away with the transient rite? And especially, when with this religious view in which Catholic antiquity shares, we measure the extent as we appreciate the virtue of the blessing of Pius IX, we embrace not only Rome, but the whole world,

to which is dispensed — " Urbi et Orbi " — spreading on every side the charity of God and the fullness of peace, like the stirred ocean vibrating, from a centre, the entire surface, and widening its circles till they touch the remotest shores! As we knelt on the steps of St. Peter, and read by the light of faith those intelligible words, " All the glory of the king's daughter is within golden borders," we thanked God devoutly for the rare privilege we enjoyed, and felt doubly blest; for that prayer of the heart and the hand, bound in the sheaf of affection, ourselves and all that we cherish, though far away — country and compatriots — congregations and pastors — families and parents — friends, kindred and home — bodies and souls — fortunes and lives — even the cemeteries and the quiet dead, whose memory is in benediction.
H.

# Silent Hours.

Ere yet Creation was, reigned over all
Silence unbroken in the mighty heaven, —
God speaks and even as the accents fall,
Springs Time to birth, and earth to man is given.

In deepest silence of the midnight hour
The Word Incarnate came to ransom man,
For thirty years earth heard not of His power, —
He dwelt in silence ere His work began.

The Comforter descended on the host
Of Christ's disciples bowed in silent prayer,
He showers His graces on our spirits most,
When silence reigneth round us everywhere.

The greatest saints in humble silence dwelt,
Lest they might err in words though e'er so few,
And their hushed souls God's choicest blessings felt
As flowers that silent drink His heaven-sent dew.

Within the sanctuary's hush profound,
Our Saviour-God ev'n now in silence dwells,
Around His resting-place breaks no rude sound,
Of love and peace that holy silence tells.

A stilly light is o'er the temple flung,
Whose sacred floor by noiseless steps is trod,
Where the pale, silvery, quenchless lamp is hung,
And the adoring soul knows thus her God.

V. S. W.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe. By the Rev. *J. Balmes.* Translated from the French. Fourth Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 501.

Both the great writers in defence of Catholicity whom Spain has produced in our day, died prematurely, in the meridian of life and usefulness. Both, it would seem, had accomplished that to which they were specially called. Without diverging here to the subject of Donoso Cortes, we may say confidently that no writer has conferred a more practical benefit on the world in this age than Balmes in the celebrated work in our heading. Like many works of that eminent utility, it grew out of the attempt to answer a popular but fallacious production of the time. To reply to Guizot's History of European Civilization was the original design of Balmes, which expanded into this profound, learned, eloquent and unanswerable essay.

Like every other great apologist of the present day, Balmes occupies himself with social and political questions as much as with religious. This is, indeed, a necessity of the age, because it is precisely, as Mr. Brownson observes, with its social and political ideas that the age assails the Church. Moreover, it is by social and political innovations that the age proposes to effect the annihilation of the Church, and both in Europe and America is aiming at her the deadliest blows. The destiny of the Church in Spain, more particularly, and in the vast countries on this continent formerly subject to the Spanish crown, is deeply involved in a just solution of these difficult questions by which the dogmas and interests of Catholicity are connected with the political theories and arrangements of the time. Now no one, it is conceded, has treated these questions more temperately, more wisely, more fairly, more persuasively, and (it is generally agreed) more accurately, on the whole, than Balmes, among recent writers. He has not partaken in the partizanships or the extremes of the French Schools: his view is orthodox, Spanish, national, at the same time that it is comprehensive, philosophic and sensible. That Balmes has closed the discussion of these problems, it would be absurd to pretend, or that he has given us a complete scientific view of the principles that he has used with so much power. No doubt, much remains to be done, as an immense deal is now doing, by those who have succeeded him; nor, in order to appreciate his brief though splendid labors, is it necessary to decry the great publicists who are now advancing on the same path which he opened so nobly. In America (if we may venture our opinion) we shall reap an especial benefit by studying this work of his, because it is a vast storehouse of principles and arguments, both of which are so much needed in our position, where it often happens that Catholics are as much in the dark what they are to defend, as with what reasons. It has had a large circulation already, but it ought to have a much larger, until every intelligent Catholic has made himself master of it. Nor is it of less interest to Protestants. No educated man ought to think himself well-informed on the great topics of the age till he has read and studied Balmes on European Civilization.

2. The Lamp of the Sanctuary. Baltimore: Hedian & O'Brien. 18mo.

This is a beautiful story of the Pyrenees, which gives one an exquisite picture of the simplicity and devotion of the peasantry of these mountains.

"Mary, or the Model of Filial Piety," the scene of which is also laid in the Pyrenees, is bound up in the same slender volume. This is also a very interesting story, but having been originally written in French, the interest is occasionally marred by a faulty translation. The rich and perhaps fanciful exuberance of the original required a taste and care which, to judge from the rest, the translator was fully able to bestow. The two together make a very pretty little book.

3. CHRISTMAS NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS; or the Pastor's Visit to the Science of Salvation. Translated from the Spanish of ***Don John de Palafox***, Bishop of Osma. Baltimore: Hedian & O'Brien. 18mo. pp. 194

A charming allegorical story. The style is extremely chaste and beautiful, and justice is done to it by an elegant, flowing and faithful translation. It is a book that seems at first sight intended for priests, but the interest and utility of it are for persons of every age and sex: every body that cares for the Science of Salvation, — that is, every practical Christian, — will read it with profit and delight, and nothing can be more apt to draw on those who, by nature, age, or levity of character, might be averse to this serious science, than to find it taught by so agreeable a method.

4. LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. A new Edition in thirteen vols. Vol. v. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Needs only to be announced. We are not informed whether the remaining volumes are yet published or not.

5. NATIONAL EDUCATION IN EUROPE, by ***Henry Barnard.*** (New York: Charles B. Norton), and SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE, by the same author and publisher, are works of the highest practical utility and interest. We do not know where else the varied information contained in the former respecting the educational systems of Europe can be found in the English language; and the latter embodies all sorts of useful details for those who have school houses either to build or to furnish.

6. CALAVAR, or the Knight of the Conquest, a Romance of Mexico. By ***Robert Montgomery Bird.*** Author of "Nick of the Woods," "The Infidel," &c. Redfield: New York. 12mo.

The conquest of Mexico would afford a very good theme for the historical novelist. It would require, however, a deal of minute learning, and a profound conception of the great event itself, as well as artistic skill in arranging the lights and shades of the picture, projecting the figures on the canvass, and filling up the background of scenery and manners. As far as we can judge by merely dipping here and there into Calavar, the author has very good powers of description and narrative, which ought to tell in a work of this kind.

7. THE CATACOMBS OF ROME, as illustrating the Church of the first three centuries. By the Rt. Rev. ***Wm. Ingraham Kip***, D. D., Missionary Bishop of California. Redfield: New York.

Some of our readers may perhaps be curious to know what a "missionary bishop" is. A "missionary bishop," in the Episcopal Church, we would inform them, stands in relation to a "diocesan bishop" pretty much as a Vicar Apostolic does to the bishop of a regular See in the Catholic Hierarchy: at least, this is the nearest approximation that we can think of, to give an idea of the position of the Rt. Rev. Dr. KIP in the communion to which he belongs. It is, indeed, somewhat puzzling whence, on Anglican principles, the jurisdiction of such a bishop can be derived. His brethren, the diocesan bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States, are not the ordinary pastors of California, which lies outside of their "dioceses," and how can they communicate mission where, confessedly, they have none themselves? An Apostolic Vicar is intelligible; he directly represents the Pope, who is the fountain-head of jurisdiction every where, the pastor of the whole flock; but in a system which denies that ANY bishop has authority beyond his own diocese, a "missionary bishop" is a wandering, orbitless star, an anomalous and more than cometary orb, whose existence refuses to be classified, and cannot be explained.

We consider this as by no means an unimportant point, for as the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip comes before us with a work, the drift of which is to show that the "Church of the first three centuries" possesses one certain character and not another, it deserves consideration whether he is *interested* or not in his testimony, and whether the position which is claimed for him on his title page is usurped or valid, self-consistent or the reverse. It cannot be pretended that there was not a regular ecclesiastical jurisdiction already existing in California before this new would-be *Episcopus aurifodinensis** went there. We have seen in the papers one of his own letters, describing the ancient and ruined churches and desolate missions of this once flourishing Catholic territory, where the legitimate pastoral authority, now exercised by the apostolic Alemany and Amat, historically ascends to a period when there was not an Episcopalian minister in all North America. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip is aware, therefore, fully, that he is an intruder into an ancient Catholic diocese, in which there has never been an interruption of pastors for more than two centuries, and which, at the time of his intrusion into a fold that robbers had already rendered defenceless, was occupied by a resident bishop. It is clear that he can only justify himself by showing that this bishop holds false doctrine, contrary to Christ's revelation: he is bound to *show* that, or, on Anglican principles even, on Episcopalian principles, make them as loose as you like, he is an intruder, a usurper, or, as our Lord says, in plainer language, a "thief and a robber."

This book, the "Catacombs of Rome," contains Dr. Kip's very lame attempt to justify himself; and in looking over it we have been astonished, with all our experience of Anglican effrontery, to see by what a slender thread of misrepresented fact hangs his whole defence. Because he does not find in the inscriptions of the catacombs, any that *may* not be so interpreted as not to directly support the doctrines of purgatory and invocation of saints; because he finds that in those days priests were sometimes married, (he need not have travelled back fifteen hundred years for a fact that exists now in some countries), and that the catacombs contain no crucifixes elaborately carved, no pictures like those of Raphael and Perugino, he infers that the Church of those ages differed essentially in doctrine from the Church of the middle ages and of the present hour!!

Yet see how this writer confounds himself! Suppose that you were to go, reader, into a green cemetery in the neighborhood of one of our cities, and on a stone at the head of one grave should read, "Here lies all that is mortal of Mary Faithful, aged *so-and-so.* Mary! mayst thou live in God!" On another, "Sacred to the memory of Matthew Hopeful, who died, &c. Matthew! mayst thou rest in peace!" Or, "Sacred to the memory of Aloysius Lovely, aged 18. Sweet Aloysius! mayst thou rest in peace!" What *sect* or *church* should we infer that these people belonged to, especially if a plain cross were carved at the head of the inscription? I trow we would never suspect them to be Episcopalians, nor do I believe an Episcopalian in the land, *untainted with Puseyism*, but would be shocked at these superstitious expressions, as *savoring* TOO MUCH *of prayers for the dead.* Yet these are Mr. Kip's (we beg pardon, the *Rt. Rev. Dr.* Kip's) own citations. If you were to read on a tomb-stone now "Requiescat in pace," you would plainly infer that the deceased was a Catholic; and between "requiescat" and "requiescas," between the third person singular and the second, there is not so great a difference as warrants Dr. Kip in inferring an essential difference of faith, and thereupon founding his title to be the bishop of the gold-diggings.

Another point on which Dr. Kip insists with great emphasis, and it is quite characteristic of an *episcopus aurifodinensis*, is, that in the catacombs we never meet, nor in any monument of that age, with the representation of our *suffering* and *expiring* Lord, now so dear to Catholic piety. "It was the symbol of the triumphant Saviour, of the Divine element in Christ, not of the human, of the glory, not of the humiliation, that the Christians of those first ages cherished." Admitting the fact, (although there are many set-offs against it — such as the perpetual, the incessant use of the cross itself in those times), how unreasonable to deduce from it a difference in doctrine or even in sentiment, from the present times of Catholicity, when it is so easy to offer an explanation? It was natural that those ages should give prominence to the symbols of our glorified Lord, when the *daily life* of Christians was a participation of his sufferings, and as natural as edifying, that when the Church had come forth from the Catacombs, and had clothed herself with glory and triumph, she should raise up and keep before the eyes of her children the *symbol* of the SUFFERINGS of her Master, to remind them, in the face of a perilous external prosperity, that "by much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God."

---

* We are requested to state, for the benefit of the unlearned and ladies, that this signifies "bishop of the gold-diggings" — a kind of episcopacy by no means new among the Anglicans: they have all, if the truth were known, been *episcopi aurifodinenses* — gold-digging bishops.

All the arguments of Dr. Kip in this volume to show a difference between the Catholic Church now and the Church of the Catacombs, are of the same shadowy, fanciful character; it being easy in every case, to give an entirely different explanation of the facts. But there are some facts related by him which can in no way be reconciled with his own faith. To prove the existence of *bishops* in that age (your Episcopalian is always strong there) he cites the inscription on a martyred bishop of Rome itself, in which he is termed "Sanctissimus Papa," (most holy Pope) — a term, says Dr. Kip, then applied to all bishops. It may be so, but how is it *proved* by citing it on the tomb of a bishop of ROME? And any way, is not the inscription, whether used of the Roman bishop only, or of all, utterly inconsistent with the genius of a Protestant Church? Let us suppose Dr. Kip himself to sleep in peace, and a tomb-stone set over his place of repose — in the land of gold — how would the Episcopalians visiting the spot from the remote Eastern "dioceses," bear to read, even in letters of solid gold, "*Hic jacet* SANCTISSIMUS PAPA *Gulielmus I. Kip?*" or in plain English, "*Here lies the most holy Pope, Wm. I. Kip!!*" No, that would never do! However ardently the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip may wish to identify his Church with that of the Catacombs, it would never answer for him to carry the imitation so far. He would be accused of Puseyism, nay, of arrant popery, in the very tomb. It would be in vain for him to urge that such is the inscription on the tomb of a primitive bishop of Rome in the Catacombs; this plea would not be listened to. He would be told that the very epithet "most holy father" was the germ, nay, the full-blown flower of Papal arrogance. Catholics, indeed, might merely smile and be astonished at the lengths to which an absurd consistency can carry even a mild Puseyite, like Dr. Kip; but genuine Protestants would not be so tolerant, and the tomb-stone of the unfortunate missionary bishop would undoubtedly be pounded to pieces some dark night by the *aurifodinian* branch of the most ignorant order of Know Nothings. There is something ridiculous, perhaps, in the approximation. We confess it, and that shows the utter want of identity in feeling between the "Church of the first three centuries," and the Church of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip: for there is nothing incongruous in the words "Sanctissimus Papa" when applied to our holy Father Pius IX, or when inscribed on the tomb of his predecessor of glorious memory: to the Catholics of that magnificent Christian Rome which Dr. Kip not ill describes, that expression is as natural as it was to the Christians in the Catacombs. But we will not insist upon this, striking, as it is: we will turn to another point, and here again Dr. Kip shall be our witness against himself. He shall prove to us irresistibly that so far from the Church of the first three centuries, as represented in the Catacombs, being like *his* Church, it is most unlike it, and like the "modern Roman," in the most essential point of religion.

If there is one difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant, between the Church of Rome and the communion of which Dr. Kip is a "missionary bishop" that is thoroughly *distinctive*, it is the doctrine of the mass considered as a *sacrifice*. All the world knows that this is the *essential* difference between the Catholic and Protestant worship. We have a sacrifice, and Protestants deny that there is any such thing now. The Church in which Dr. Kip is a "missionary bishop" more particularly, in its articles affirms that the sacrifice of masses is a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit." Now what is the *very first* inscription which the Rt. Rev. Dr. gives us in his book? He takes the trouble to tell us that its date is the persecution in the reign of the second Antonine, or about the year 161.

"GENUA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SA
CRIFICATURUS AD SUPPLICIA DVCTTVRO
TEMPORA INFAUSTA QUIBUS INTER SA
CRA ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM
SALVARI POSSIMVS."

"For while bending his knees, being about to SACRIFICE to the true God, he was led away to execution. Unhappy times, in which, in the midst of the sacred rites and prayers, not even in caverns, can we be safe!"

This inscription, part of which only is given, is on the tomb of a priest; he was seized in the Catacombs, in the midst of the public rites which he was celebrating, and the inscription informs us that in the faith of the Christians of A. D. 161, those rites consisted in a SACRIFICE, — that to celebrate them was to SACRIFICE *to the true God.* If Dr. Kip were seized by savage Indians and led away to death under the same circumstances, could the same thing with any propriety be said? — would any one write on his tomb-stone that "*being about to* SACRIFICE to the true God" he was led away to punishment? If a Catholic priest or bishop were so seized and martyred, could one possibly say ANYTHING ELSE?

Dr. Kip appeals to the Catacombs: we accept his witness; we even take the testimony of that witness as reported by himself; his book is open to very severe criticism on other grounds, but we take it as we find it, and himself being reporter, his own chosen witness testifies, that whatever the religion of the primitive Christians was, it was wholly different from *his* religion, and that if there is a religion on earth that it resembles, it is one which believes in a *sanctissimus Papa* — a most Holy Father — and that the Bishop of Rome; which inscribes the tomb-stones of its departed children with symbol *crosses* and *requiescats in pace*; and which, as its sacred public worship, offers SACRIFICE to the true God! If any one chooses to visit California in search of such a communion, he must be blind if he fail to find it; but he must be worse than blind — stark mad — if he finds it among the followers or in the "services" of our friend, the "missionary bishop."

8. A CATECHISM OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Compiled by the Sisters of Mercy for the use of the Children attending their Schools. Revised by *M. J. Kerney*, A. M. First American from the last London Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 18mo.

We have received from the publishers the sheets of this useful work, which already enjoys, through its English editions, a high reputation. Of the merits of the book itself it would be superfluous to speak, but we may observe that the labors of the American editor appear to have added very considerably to its value. The answers have been simplified and rendered easier for the pupil by subdividing them with additional questions, and from the experience of Mr. Kerney we cannot doubt this has been done with judgment. At all events, we have been extremely pleased in looking over the work, with the clearness and point of the questions and the precision and good style of the answers. The latter is an important point in a school-book. We ought to add that the volume is extremely well printed; as, again, all school-books ought to be.

9. THE NEW TESTAMENT, illuminated after Original Drawings, by *W. H. Hewett*, Esq. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. having become proprietors of the Illuminated New Testament, have sent us a copy. Our Protestant friends accuse us of neglecting the Bible and opposing its circulation. This edition of the New Testament, filled with illustrations, nearly all of which are creditable and some really beautiful, is a proof that we take some interest in the sacred volume. But this method of showing love to the Scriptures, and attracting the popular mind to their perusal, is indeed peculiarly Catholic; all Europe, the walls of churches, of convents, nay, of palaces and the very bridges and public ways, being adorned with the testimonials of it. This edition of the New Testament, from its possessing in its degree the same charm, is especially suited to inspire the love of holy scripture and of sacred art, above all, in the young, and our humble opinion here is corroborated by the numerous high recommendations prefixed to the work.

10. The Holy Bible, translated from the Latin Vulgate, &c. With annotations, references, and an historical and chronological Index. Published with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 24mo.

A pocket edition of the Holy Bible has been much needed in our country, and we take great pleasure in recommending this as the most compact, portable and cheap edition that we have yet seen.

Our dissenting brethren charge us with prohibiting the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. For their information we would simply state that this makes eight different editions of the Sacred Volume, varying in size from Haydock's large folio to the present pocket edition, now issued by our respective Catholic publishers in this country, the result of their unaided individual enterprize. In point of elegance of illustration, printing, binding and price, they will compare favorably with the Protestant editions — an evidence that Catholics do not prohibit the Sacred Volume, but, on the contrary, encourage its circulation, by supplying themselves with the most costly and beautiful copies that they can procure.

11. Brownson's Review, *for July*, is, at least, a number that must attract attention. "Uncle Jack and his Nephew" we have always praised, and we find it as good as usual. We do not complain because in adopting the form of an imaginary conversation Mr. Brownson trenches upon the domain of the magazine: we are quite willing to cede him that advantage when he makes so happy a use of it. "Poetry," says Uncle Jack, "is always truth vividly conceived, and expressed in its unity under the form of the beautiful." This is a just and beautiful definition. Hence, to be a great poet, it requires one to be even a greater philosopher, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, greater than a philosopher. The synthesis of inspiration is a higher thing than the analysis of reflection. "We want men of strong synthetic minds," says Uncle Jack, "who grasp truth in its fundamental principles, and have been accustomed to contemplate it in its living unity, and its several parts in their real, ontological relations to one another, and to it as a whole, — men who think, who comprehend, not merely remember and repeat, — men of free, original, bold and vigorous thought, who by their own mental and spiritual action have made the truth their own, and are able to apply it to the insurgent error as soon as it lifts its head above the wave." That is poetry and philosophy too, and has the rare charm of illustrating what it explains. Uncle Jack observes again, that the positive limits imposed by Catholic faith on human thought, so far from restraining its activity, give it a new and wider range; that, in fact, these supposed limits are only a revelation of the undiscoverable truth, and are, as it were, an extension of the atmosphere, in which reason can breathe the breath of intellectual life and wing its intellectual flight. Without that atmosphere, reason stifles and drops plomb to the earth, like a bird in a vacuum. We cannot follow Uncle Jack in the profounder part of his speculations. He refutes his Nephew's ideas of progress admirably, and states his own triumphantly. However, in estimating the actual progress of the world, Uncle Jack's analysis or synthesis does not always correspond exactly with facts, or, at least, reads them superficially. To say, for instance, that Napoleon III is "equally an autocrat" with the Emperor of Russia, is surely not to observe very obvious differences of fact, Uncle Jack! An autocrat is one who rules in his own name and by his own right — αυτοκρατωρ — the godless and boastful title assumed by the Emperors of Constantinople, and copied by those of Russia. The Emperor Peter assumed the title which Nicholas still wears, of "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." They assume it formally, and the whole system of the Russian government is founded upon it; so much so, that there is no difference between a law of Russia and an order of the Czar, except that one is a permanent and the other a transient expression of his absolute will. When a man has been tried according to law in Russia, and found guilty, and sentenced according to law, the Czar may and sometimes does add to the punishment at his own pleasure. Now, Napoleon III, by his title, is Emperor of the French "*by the grace of God* AND THE NATIONAL WILL;" so that his title of sovereignty formally repudiates autocracy. And although it is true, that by the

constitution the Emperor so far represents the people that he can do almost every thing that the people itself in its collective sovereignty can, yet this formal recognition of the origin of his power is itself a limitation of it, and is a real *seed of liberty* planted in the imperial title itself. Besides, no Catholic sovereign *can* be an autocrat in the sense that the Czar is, for the authority of the Church in faith and morals, being essentially independent of him, imposes on him the necessity of governing according to a law which he who obeys can never be an unjust or oppressive ruler; and for our part, we would rather live under an absolute prince who recognized that law, than in a republic that denied it, and that held us bound to obey laws made in contravention of it. All history and right reason itself inform us that there is no real check to the power of the State, whether concentred in one hand, or diffused among many, but the spiritual authority of the Church, and that wherever that is sincerely recognized, there is liberty in substance; and wherever it is absolutely denied, there is absolute slavery. Can any body really pretend that Louis Napoleon, who said, shortly, to some complaining Gallicans, — "I am of the religion of the POPE!" — is, or *can* be, as much an autocrat as the Emperor of Russia, where the Church is bound to say — "I am of the religion of the CZAR?" Oh, Uncle Jack, thou art the last person from whom we expected such a sentiment. Only hear Uncle Jack proclaiming on this subject, a little farther on, in the most eloquent terms, the true liberty of man, and demonstrating that there is no other real and effective safeguard of it but that sacred Papal authority which a Nicolas rejects and to which a Louis Napoleon bows. It may be necessary at a critical moment to concentrate political power in the hands of a dictator, in order to save society from the assaults of unscrupulous and unpitying foes; but that matters little, provided we save at the same time that principle of liberty — the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy — from which, as Uncle Jack so triumphantly shows, republican freedom flows in the course of centuries, as surely as the Rhine flows down from its Alpine fountains.

Mr. Brownson has an article on *Native Americanism*, which, we regret to see, is attacked in some quarters with great asperity. This is surely a topic on which every one is entitled to express an opinion, and the liberty of speech is worth little, if we only allow it in those cases where we agree with the speaker. No Protestant reviewer or editor dares to publish an unpopular sentiment, but we trust that Catholic editors are in a nobler position of mental independence. There is a great deal of what Mr. Brownson says in this article that will find a warm response in every true American heart, whether native or adopted, and the manly courage with which he puts it forth must win the admiration of all. For our own part, we are a Native American, of the purest blood and of at least seven generations. We are obliged to go back more than two hundred years to find an ancestor *not* born on the soil of America, and the first of our progenitors who came over found nothing but Indians in the famous commonwealth of which they assisted in laying the foundations. We own then to a very strong and proud feeling of American nationality. Mr. Brownson deserves our thanks for his vindication of this feeling, which in its purity is not a pride of Anglo-Saxon race, (far from it!) but of Americanism: it ought not to be called pride — but love — of country; its true basis is humble gratitude, which, without exalting either ourselves or our immediate ancestors as being the people with whom wisdom will die, looks around on our hills and prairies, and then to heaven above us, and exclaims:—"This is the LAND which God gave to our fathers!"

But — unfortunate *but* — we cannot subscribe to the doctrine of Mr. Brownson, that adopted citizens (with the solitary exception made by the constitution) are in a position of inferiority here, of any sort. We do not think that naturalization is a "boon:" — it is a concession, founded on considerations of policy and natural equity. We want, or at least we wanted emigrants. We wanted their labor, their skill, nay, their life's blood in our army and navy. We have conquered the wilderness and defended our territory and our flag by the aid of their legions, equally industrious and brave. We have imposed onerous conditions for this so-called boon — taxes, jury-duty, military service. They are, then, as much citizens as we are, who are native of the soil; their title is different, but every whit as good as ours. Besides, America is no longer what it was. We have annexed hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory already inhabited by men who certainly are not of Anglo-Saxon blood, and have converted the inhabitants into *native* citizens of the United States. After that, it is too late to pretend that "Anglo-Saxons" have an exclusive title to American nationality. A naturalized Irishman has as good a title certainly to that proud possession, as a Louisianian born a subject of France, or a Mexican, of Spain. Anglo-Saxondom has become local in America. What the Dutch are in New York, what the French are in Louisiana, what the Spaniards are in Florida, that the men of English descent are in New England and in some of the Southern States, descendants of the original settlers, with a right to be proud of that origin — no more. We want here a little more of Uncle Jack's "synthesis." We must not analyze American nationality into its constituent elements, but "contemplate it as a living unity." Native Americanism as a political watchword is a sign of disunion, a negation of nationality, a symbol of political heresy; — the "synthesis" of the constitution, Uncle Jack, recognizes no such element of revolt; it regards the nation as ONE, and all citizens as equal.

And what the constitution says, that says piety. God gave this land to the emigrant of to-day as well as to the emigrant of yesterday. And besides, if (as we believe) it be Catholicism that can alone preserve nationality, that can alone bestow upon a country the charm that captivates the affections, it is no paradox to say that we owe our nationality, at least that which makes it most sacred and dear to the race which brought hither Catholicity as the immense element of national existence that it now is, which is consecrating our soil with temples for the living, and blessed resting-places for the dead, which is ennobling it with the institutions, and rendering it poetic with the structures and monuments of Catholic piety. If the Almighty had not brought Ireland to America, the American convert, like Mr. Brownson or ourself, would have been obliged to go to Ireland, to find a country where his language was spoken and his faith could respire.

12. DIELMAN'S MASS FOR THREE VOICES. Balt.: G. Willig, Jr. — Murphy & Co. pp. 24.

We are much pleased to announce the appearance of this composition from the pen of Henry Dielman, Musical Doctor, which we have received through the politeness of the publishers. Although he has devoted himself, for several years past, to the duties of a professorship in Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, he is extensively known in the musical world, as a gentleman endowed with the highest order of genius in his particular sphere, and possessing rare accomplishments as an artist. The numerous and intelligent audiences that have graced the academic halls of the Mountain, on days of commencement, have greeted with unbounded applause the beautiful productions of his musical pen, while the faithful congregated in the temple of God, have listened with equal admiration to the dignified and expressive melody in which he clothed the religious chant. Few, however, of Professor Dielman's compositions have as yet been published, and it will therefore be gratifying to the lovers of the art, and to the friends of sacred song in particular, to learn that our musical literature has been enriched by a mass from so gifted a composer. It is in the key of F; is designed for three voices, a soprano, alto and bass; is of very moderate length, and combines simplicity of notation with beauty of melody; so that it is adapted to any choir. A *Veni Creator* has been included in the work, with an organ accompaniment for the whole chant. A mass of this description was a great desideratum amongst us, for there are very few indeed, which unite all the above mentioned characteristics. The mass before us, though intended chiefly for choirs of modest pretensions, which are by far the most numerous, will be very acceptable in a higher sphere: for, while the whole composition evinces beauty, originality, and the German solidity of thought, there are some passages in it worthy of a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven. We hope that Prof. Dielman will continue to favor us with his musical productions, which we understand, are numerous. A talent like his should not remain under the bushel. The work before us shows, that he is capable of doing much for the improvement of our religious music, a field which has not yet, to any extent, been very successfully cultivated.

# Record of Events.

*From June* 15, *to July* 15, 1854.

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

We have to notice abroad perhaps chiefly, the maturity of the proceedings concerning the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, and the opening of the Catholic University of Ireland: at home, more anti-Catholic riots and the anniversaries of our educational institutions.

Rome: 1. *The Forty Martyrs.* — 2. *The Immaculate Conception.* — 3. *Miraculous Picture at Civitá Vecchia.* — 4. *Death of Cardinal Fornari.* — 5. *The Bishop of Boston.*

1. A decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, May 11th, grants to the Society of Jesus the re-integration of the cultus of the venerable servant of God, Ignatius de Azevedo and his thirty-nine companions, Martyrs of the Society. Ignatius de Azevedo was of a noble family in Portugal and entered the Society at an early age. "He asked permission of St. Francis de Borgia, General of the Order, to recruit among the Society a certain number of Apostolic laborers to go and carry the faith among the barbarous and infidel nations. Sixty-nine Jesuits responded to his appeal, and in the month of June, 1570, they embarked from Lisbon in three ships. Ignatius had with him in the vessel on board of which he was thirty-nine of his brethren; at the end of some days the little Apostolical army touched at Madeira. There its chief was warned in a vision that he would soon receive the palm of martyrdom with his thirty-nine companions. Informed of the danger which menaced them, all, with the exception of four novices, wished to go and gather this glorious palm. The four novices having been replaced by an equal number taken from the other ships, the forty soldiers of Jesus Christ set sail.

"A second warning from Heaven delayed not to acquaint them that the danger was at hand, and, in fact, whilst they were indulging in a sweet conversation on the blessedness and glory of martyrdom, five large vessels with Hugenots on board came in sight and began to pursue them. Ignatius had the glory of dying first by a blow of a sword, which cut open his skull. Thirty-eight of his companions died like himself by the sword, by the lance, or under blows of cords loaded with lead. One only, the brother cook, was spared by the butchers; but the vision was to be fulfilled, and *forty* martyrs were to ascend to heaven. A young gentleman, who had not yet entered the Society, but who had earnestly asked to be admitted into it, seeing the invincible courage and consistency of the defenders of the faith, put on the habit of the Society in order to pass for one of its members, and waited to be slain with the rest, and like them to be thrown into the sea. This took place in July, 1570, and was soon noised abroad throughout the world. A devotion sprang up towards these confessors of the faith, and their festival was celebrated at Rome every year with the express permission of Gregory XV. In 1625 the *cultus* was discontinued, as the Fathers of the Society believed it was effected by a decree of Urban VIII against the *cultus* of non-beatified or non-canonised servants of God, but a process of beatification was commenced, and a decree on the martyrdom and its causes issued in 1742 by Benedict XIV. The troubles of the sixteenth century checked these proceedings, which, however, were resumed in recent years, and, after various steps, the re-integration of the *cultus* is now granted."

2. On the 27th of May took place the full conclave, under the presidency of Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College, with reference to the great question of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A commission of theologians, under the presidency of Cardinal Fornari, was appointed nearly two years ago by the Holy

Father, with instructions to examine the possibility and opportuneness of a dogmatical declaration on this point. That commission has now arrived at the close of its task, and the question approaches fast to a solution. The decision is expected with an almost inconceivable interest by the faithful, and it is well known that there is an extensive association of prayers for a speedy definition of this now pious belief.

3. The following from the *Ordine di Malta*, is confirmed by numerous and veracious eye-witnesses:

"We are informed that at Civita Vecchia an extraordinary and interesting event has taken place in the church of the Minor Conventualists. Our informant, a respectable ecclesiastic, and a person most worthy of credit, writes that he was an eye-witness of the fact.

"On the 20th of April, 1854, at about four in the afternoon, several children being assembled by the parish priest for their first Communion, five of them, after having made their holy Confession, repaired to the chapel of S. Antonio di Padova, to return thanks. On the right side of the statue of the saint was suspended a painting on canvas, about three palms in height, representing the figure of the most Holy Virgin, with the eyes uplifted to heaven, and the hands joined in the act of prayer. Two of the children placed themselves before it to pray, and while their eyes were fixed upon the holy figure they exclaimed in alarm, 'The Madonna is looking at us and moves her eyes.' The other three ran up, and, wonderful to state, believed the same. So lively were their sensations and internal commotions, that one of them prostrated himself on his face on the ground, two ran crying and trembling to inform the parish priest, the others to make their parents acquainted with the circumstance. A pious woman, who was praying in the chapel, hastened to the spot at the cry of the children, and she also saw the prodigy. Immediately the chapel was filled with people, the picture was removed from the wall and placed on the altar, candles were lighted, prayers were loudly vociferated, and the Holy Virgin repeated the prodigy, and moved her divine eyes, although not all present had the consolation to observe the movement. This was the commencement of the affecting prodigy. The Most Holy Mother has continued to move her eyes, sometimes towards one, sometimes towards another, and sometimes towards many together, and still continues to do so up to the present day (18th May). The most frequent movement of the holy eyes is to look up and look down, but very often she moves them horizontally or directs them towards the bystanders. His Eminence the Cardinal Bishop Lambruschini (now of illustrious memory) ordered that a canonical process should be commenced, in consequence of which, on the 26th of the same month of April, the ecclesiastical authorities assembled some persons skilled in the art of painting and in the anatomy of the eye, and in the presence of many respectable persons of the city proceeded to a formal inspection of the holy picture. This prodigy is certified by an immense number of persons of every class and of every age. The chapel has become a most devout sanctuary. The Most Reverend Chapter of the cathedral, with the suffragan Bishop at its head, went in procession to worship the holy picture, and was followed by the Chapter of the neighboring Tolfa; the pious secular confraternities, and the religious bodies of the reverend Dominican, Capuchin, and Doctrinary Fathers of Civita Vecchia, and an immense concourse of devotees, crowd during the day and until late at night to the holy place, to implore for grace. In this manner the Mother of our Lord exhibits her mercy, and shows herself visibly propitious by means of this holy picture to the people of God."

4. June 15, His Eminence Cardinal Fornari (above mentioned) died of fever, after a few hours illness. He was for several years Nuncio at Brussels and Paris. He was Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. He was born at Rome, of humble parentage, on the 23d January, 1788, and was consequently in the 67th year of his age. He was created Cardinal *in petto* in 1846 and proclaimed in 1850. The Pope, the Sacred College, the Prelacy, and Municipality assisted at his funeral, which took place on the 19th: the Holy Father gave the last absolution. Three cardinals to whom the Nunciature of Paris had been the step to the cardinalate, lately lived in Rome, two of whom have died within a few weeks of each other, Lambruschini and Fornari. The third is the venerable Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College. Cardinal Fornari numbered among his pupils more than sixty bishops and several cardinals. He was an affectionate and zealous protector of the Society of Vincent de Paul. — *Univers.*

5. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick has been named by the Holy Father a Prelate Assistant of the Pontifical throne. The Rt. Rev. Prelate was to leave Rome on the 30th of June.

France. — 1. *Ordination.* — 2. *The American Bonapartes.*

1. The usual Pentecostal ordination took place in Notre Dame (Paris) on the 17th of June. Two hundred and fifty were ordained, of whom thirty were priests, deacons and subdeacons, all being students of various seminaries in Paris. The minor orders were conferred by Mgr. Baudichian, Bishop of Basilite; the sacred orders by Mgr. the Archbishop of Paris. The following Irish and American names are taken with the above intelligence from the correspondent of the *Catholic Mirror*:

"Priests. — Rev. T. Healy, (1) Boston, U. S. America. Rev. P. Corkery, (2) Limerick, Ireland.

Deacons. — Rev. S. Bender, (1) Cincinnati, U. S. America. Rev. T. Reid, (1) Cork, Ireland. Rev. J. O'Kelly, (2) Limerick, Ireland. Rev. M. Scully, (2) Kerry, Ireland.

Subdeacons. — Rev. T. Barry, (1) Cloyne, Ireland. Rev. C. Prendergast, (1) U. S. America. Rev. G. Harrold, (2) Dublin, Ireland. Rev. J. Burke, (2) Kerry, Ireland. Rev. P. O'Heany, (2) Tuam, Ireland. Rev. R. Sinnot (2) Ferns, Ireland. Rev. J. O. Gorman, (2) Waterford, Ireland. Rev. A. Griffin, (2) Kerry, Ireland.

Four Minor Orders. — Mr. P. O'Sullivan, (1) Cork, Ireland. Mr. R. Clapperton, Scotland. Mr. M. O. Mahony, (2) Cloyne, Ireland. Mr. D. Walsh (2) Cloyne, Ireland. Mr. T. Smith (2) Kilmore, Ireland. Mr. J. Malone, (2) Kilalla, Ireland. Mr. B. M'Monagle, (2) Raphoe, Ireland. Mr. J. Quaid, (2) Limerick, Ireland. Mr. J. Doran, (2) Ferns, Ireland. Mr. J. Hayes, (2) Killaloe, Ireland. Mr. J. Murphy, (2) Cork, Ireland.

(1). Students of St. Sulpice. (2). Students of the Irish College.

2. MM. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, father and son, have arrived in Paris from the United States. They are the son and grandson of H. I. H. Prince Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, by his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, which marriage, it will be remembered, the Emperor Napoleon annulled, but the Pope refused to recognize the divorce. These gentlemen, are, therefore, legitimate members of the Bonaparte family, although, in a civil sense, not princes of France. It is understood that they were immediately presented to the Emperor, their cousin, and offered apartments in the Palais Royal by Prince Jerome, which they declined. They dined afterwards at St. Cloud with their Majesties, and it is said that the younger, Lieutenant Jerome Bonaparte, of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, has been offered a commission in the French army by the Emperor. It is an extraordinary circumstance that a simple Lieutenant Bonaparte (yet a legitimate nephew of Napoleon) should make his appearance in this manner in the imperial circle — a living proof of the conflict between the dynasty of Napoleon and the Church.

Switzerland. — The bishop of Lausanne and Geneva has restored (4th April) the Roman Liturgy in his diocese, to take effect on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. It is stated that the council of State is opposed to the execution of this mandate, but whether this be so or not, it is out of their power to resist it.

Baden. — In consequence, it is said, of the interference of Austria, the archbishop of Freiburg is again set at liberty.

England. — 1. *Synod of Westminster.*

1. On Tuesday, June 20th, the First Diocesan Synod of Westminster took place at St. Mary's, Moorfields, London — being the first synod celebrated in the metropolis since the revolt of the sixteenth century. There are more than a hundred priests of the diocese of Westminster, nearly all of whom were present, the eldest having been ordained in *a private room*, fifty years before. He has lived to witness the restoration of the Hierarchy, presided over by a cardinal of the holy Roman Church, and such altered circumstances as permit the most public ordinations and consecrations, the Church being also able to resume her synodical functions. — *Tablet.*

Ireland: *The Catholic University of Ireland.*

The National Synod of the Archbishops and Bishops with reference to the inauguration of this great national institution, was held on Thursday, May 18, and the following days, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin and Apostolic Delegate, at the Presbytery in Marlborough st., Dublin, near the Metropolitan Church. All the Bishops of Ireland (except the Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, of Ross, who was in Rome) were present, either in person or by their representatives. Following the pattern of the Belgian Bishops, twenty years previous, in the erection of the University of Louvain, their Lordships, after recording their past nomination, made by the University Committee, and already confirmed by His Holiness, of the Very Rev. Dr. John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, to be Rector of the University, proceeded to commit to him the execution of this great work, under their control and sanction, and with an annual meeting to receive the Rector's report. They then elected the Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, President of the College of Thurles, Vice-Rector.

On Whitsunday, June 4th, the Very Rev. Dr. Newman made his solemn profession of faith in the hands of his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, in the Metropolitan Cathedral, Marlborough st. An immense crowd, including nearly all the Catholic gentry of Dublin and its vicinity, were assembled long before the hour. At 12 o'clock, precisely, the procession of dignitaries and clergy entered the sanctuary. The ceremonies commenced with a grand pontifical high mass, celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Antigona *in partibus*, and Coadjutor of Kerry. At its conclusion, His Grace, the Archbishop, assuming his mitre and crosier, proceeded to a moveable throne placed on the platform of the Altar, and *Veni Creator* was sung all kneeling. At the conclusion of this hymn, the Archbishop took his seat on the throne, and the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, attended by two deacons, advanced, ascended the altar, and knelt in front of the Archbishop. Two Deacons assistant then approached, holding an open book, with the form of the oath, which they held open before Dr. Newman, who, in a clear and firm voice, made his profession of faith. This impressive act concluded, His Grace delivered a discourse on the mission of the Church as a mission of knowledge and enlightenment, ending with the following exhortation to the Very Rev. Rector:

"And you, Very Rev. Father, to whom the execution of so great a work is committed by the Church of Ireland, allow me to exhort you to meet the difficulties and trials which you shall have to encounter with courage and determination. You shall have with you the blessing of the successor of Saint Peter, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland, and the fervent prayers of the Faithful—all difficulties will gradually vanish, and a fair and open field will be presented to you for your labors. Teach the youth committed to your care to cultivate every branch of learning—to scan the depths of every science—to explore the mysteries of every art; encourage the development of talent and the flight of genius, but check the growth of error, and be a firm bulwark against every thing that would be prejudicial to the interests of religion and the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. In all circumstances, and at all times, let it be your care to infuse a strong Catholic spirit — a true spirit of religion into the tender minds of youth; make them understand the value of that element, of that *aroma scientiarum*, without which the sciences only corrupt the heart and spread baneful influences around them. In this way your labors will tend to restore the ancient glories of this land of saints — you will enrich the state with obedient, faithful, and useful subjects, and give to the Church devoted and enlightened children. Your praises shall be in all the churches, and an imperishable crown prepared for you in Heaven. May the Holy Spirit, who on this day descended on the Apostles, descend on all here present, purify our hearts, and give us that true wisdom whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, and which is necessary to guide us in working our eternal salvation."

These solemn proceedings were fitly terminated by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The following is the official programme published in the new *Catholic University Gazette:*

Catholic University House, *May 26th*, 1854.

1. The University Session of each year will consist of three terms ; the first, before Christmas; the second between Christmas and Easter; the third, after Easter; extending with the Christmas and Easter holidays, through thirty-eight weeks.

2. The normal age of admission to the University will be considered to be sixteen.

3. A first examination in the elements of Latin and Greek grammar, of mathematics, &c., (as explained below), will take place at entrance, when the candidate will be formally admitted as a student of the University; and a second, at the end of two years of residence, on passing which he will receive the title of Scholar of the University.

4. The subjects of study during these two years will be the classics, modern languages, geometry, algebra, logic, geography, chronology, and Ancient, Irish, and English history.

5. After passing his examination, the scholar, being then eighteen years of age, will be able to retire from the University, if his destination requires it; or he will pass into the schools of medicine, of civil engineering, and of other material and physical sciences;

or he will continue his studies in arts for another two years, at the end of which, being twenty years of age, he will undergo a third examination issuing in the degree of B. A. The M. A.'s course will follow.

6. The subjects of study during the second two years (between eighteen and twenty), will consist of modern history, political economy, ethics, metaphysics, analytical mathematics, the principles of law, the elements of astronomy and chemistry. A prosecution of classical studies will constitute a dispensation from some of these.

7. The examinations, placed at the end of two and four years of residence, will be regulated by the subjects of the lectures which have been attended in those two courses respectively.

TO CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION.

1. It is proposed to open the classical and mathematical schools of the University on the Feast of St. Malachi next, Friday, November 3d.

2. The schools of medicine, of civil engineering, and of other material and physical sciences, will be opened at the same time, or as soon after as possible.

3. The entrance examination will take place at the time when the student presents himself for residence, which will be ordinarily at the commencement of the session.

4. The subjects of that examination will consist of Latin and Greek construing and parsing, one classical work in each language being presented by the candidate for the purpose; translation into Latin; general knowledge of Greek and Roman history; the elements of geography; the first book of Euclid's elements; arithmetic; and the matter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and of any approved catechism.

5. Students of the University will be located in lodging-houses under the superintendence of a Dean; and all the necessary expenses (exclusive of grocery and washing) may be calculated at from £40 to £50 for the session. Exceptions will be made, as cases occur, in favor of those who have the opportunity of living at home or with private persons.

6. Students who are desirous of availing themselves of only the second course in arts — viz: that between the normal ages of eighteen and twenty, may, on producing testimonials of residence and good conduct for two years in an approved college, present themselves at once for the second examination, and proceed to the degree of B. A. at the end of two years.

7. It is earnestly requested that candidates for admission, whether in November or after Christmas, will send in their names to the Vice-Rector (College, Thurles, or University House, Stephen's-green, Dublin), as soon as possible, in order that the necessary accommodation may be provided for them.

*The Catholic University Gazette* is a new weekly paper edited by the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, which is to be the organ of the great institution thus founded. No number has yet reached us, but by the quotations in our English files, its contents appear to be of the deepest interest. The number for June 29th contains the following list of appointments *ad interim.*

"Dogmatic Theology. — The Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, D. D., S. J., late Dogmatic Professor at Maynooth College.

"Exegetes. — The Very Rev. P. Leahy, D. D., Vice-Rector of the University, Vicar-General of Cashel, and President of Thurles College.

"Archæology and Irish History. — Eugene Curry, Esq.

"The Philosophy of History. — T. W. Allies, Esq., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

"Poetry. — D. F. McCarthy, Esq."

Two exhibitions will be given away in November next by *concursus*, for the highest proficiency, one in classics, the other in mathematics. They will be open for competition to all natives of Ireland, who bring a testimonial of good conduct from any approved school or college. — His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman has presented the University House with a fine portrait in oil of His Holiness, which he has lately brought from Rome.

TURKEY. — 1. *The Christians in Turkey.* — 2. *The Armenians.*

We clip the following from one of our exchanges:

1. "*The Christians in Turkey.* A correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes: — 'The French and English governments, while giving their aid to Turkey, have determined to require large concessions in favor of the Christians. They will insist upon the frank and complete carrying out of the Gulhane charter. The taxes will hereafter be levied equally upon all subjects of the Ottoman empire, without reference to their religion. The Iltizams, that pernicious institution which gives to the highest bidder the privilege of collecting the taxes, will be abolished. Every man will be free to practise his religious worship as he pleases. Churches and monasteries now in ruins may be reconstructed. The Christians will be allowed to possess books and other things necessary for their worship, without being forced to submit them to censors who generally

keep them. They will also be at liberty to carry their dead to the grave in their own arms, and not upon the backs of asses, as is yet practised in some parts of the empire.'"

2. "*The Eastern Schism.* The last news from Constantinople is exceedingly important. Our correspondent informs us that Prince Leon, of Armenia, is expected at Rome, where he is to negotiate with the Pope the reconciliation of the Eastern Church with that of Rome. This affair conducted by one of the principal personages of the Eastern Church, cannot but have, we are told, a favorable result in present circumstances. Our correspondent adds, that Prince Leon, lawful heir and direct descendant of the reigning families of Armenia, is young and ardent, a man of talent and spirit, and he has no doubt that the Prince will easily remove any difficulties which might stand in the way of the union of the two Churches, already so little separated from each other. Their amalgamation, eminently useful to the interests of the Christians of the East in a religious point of view, would be, besides, one of the most important events of the present period."

Canada. — The Catholic church in Coburg, W. C., was burnt on the 20th June: it is said to have been the work of incendiaries. A meeting of Protestants was held in the Town Hall to denounce this disgraceful act. — Political affairs in Canada absorb a good deal of attention. The strife of races and religions becomes more exciting from the circumstance that the parties are more evenly balanced than here, and the issue is more clearly pronounced. The extension of the franchise which has not yet become a a law, but waits only the confirmation of the legislature to do so, has been postponed by an abrupt dissolution of the Parliament, which is loudly complained of by the patriotic party. Its effect would have been to augment the Catholic vote and influence. The other questions impending are the school question, and that of the clergy reserves, which the ministry propose to secularize for municipal purposes. The Catholics oppose this measure as quasi-sacrilegious, as opening the way to the suppression of the tithes in the Lower Province (from which the Catholic Church draws its chief support), and as tending to give a new advantage in the Upper Province to the *Protestant State schools* over the separate Catholic schools, already in a condition of an unjust inferiority. In fact the measure is regarded as a design to confiscate (ultimately) all Church property for the endowment of socialism in the most specious of its disguises: — as an attack on the *principle* of the independence of religion and the liberty of instruction; that principle, really one, though capable of being viewed under two aspects, for which everywhere the Church is contending with the infidel State.

United States: 1. *Excommunication of the Trustees of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo.* — 2. *Blessing a Bell.* — 3. *Riots.* — 4. *Ordinations.* — 5. *Receptions.* — 6. *Churches.* — 7. *Colleges.* — 8. *Ladies' Academies.*

1. In the last Metropolitan (July) we inserted a letter of Bishop Timon, announcing the decision of the Sacred Congregation in regard to the affairs of St. Louis church. The trustees replied to this letter, full of sweetness and dignity, by the following (in the words of the Catholic Miscellany) "impertinent and irreligious effusion," in which the endorsement by a sneering paragraph of the impudent calumnies against Monsignor Bedini will not escape notice:

"Buffalo, *June* 19, 1854.

"*Mr. Editor,* — In your paper of the 5th inst., we have read an article purporting to have been written by Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the propaganda in Rome, as also the remarks made by Bishop Timon on the affairs of St. Louis church, which are so construed as to induce the public in general to think, and even to bring them to believe, that the congregation of St. Louis church have now by the decision had in Rome on the subject, yielded to the demands made to her by the Bishop, thereby destroying the act of incorporation of said church, by submitting to be governed in temporal matters in conformity with the rule adopted by the Seventh Provincial Council of Bishops, held at Baltimore in 1849, which reads as follows:

"'Art. IV — The Fathers ordain, that all churches, and all other Ecclesiastical property, which have been acquired by donations or the offerings of the Faithful, for religious or charitable use, belong to the bishop of the diocese; unless it shall be made to appear, and be confirmed by writings, that it was granted to some religious order of monks, or to some congregation of priests for their use.'

"We admit that the made report by Archbishop Bedini of his mission in the United States has been sanctioned by the propaganda in Rome, as being in accordance with the rule and statute of the Catholic Church; and also that *all the transactions of the same prelate* while Governor of Bologna, were sanctioned by the same college. But to prevent any kind of misconception on the part of the public, as to our having yielded, we take the liberty to state, that there is no design whatever on the part of the congregation, to accede to the demands made by the Bishop, nor to submit to be governed in temporal matters, according to the said Art. IV.; though many not being thoroughly acquainted with our position, may think it *a very critical one*. Our opinion is, that temporalities have nothing at all to do with spiritualities, and have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, we not having been the aggressors in this affair, we beg leave to state that there is not the least foundation for the belief that the congregation of St. Louis church will ever yield to the request made to her, having resolved to remain in the situation in which she now is, until it shall please the Bishop to provide her with a good priest, thereby causing that peace which once existed, and which is now so very much needed *for the propagation of our holy religion*, to be restored."

The Bishop has hereupon issued the following sentence of excommunication against the said trustees:

"Whereas, the so-called Trustees of St. Louis church, though frequently warned of their un-Catholic proceedings, and duly notified of impending excommunication, cease not their usurpations against church law and discipline; and whereas the National Council, held at Baltimore, in 1852, declares that all who do what said Trustees have long been doing, are, by the very fact under the sentence of excommunication, pronounced by the Holy Council of Trent against such transgressors of church discipline; and whereas the said Trustees did themselves appeal to Rome, and the Holy See send a Nuncio to decide their case, who judged and decided that the Trustees were wrong; that the Bishop was right, and that "he could not have acted otherwise than he did." Whereas, then, the Nuncio exhorted the refractory and the Trustees to obey their Bishop; and said — "The congregation of St. Louis church, by adopting the course indicated, which alone is just and indispensable, will give a noble proof of faith and charity. But if they refuse, I can only see in them persons faithless to their duties, who can never be received as obedient sons of the church of God." The learned Nuncio ending his mission by those words of his last letter to the Trustees: "Now, then, it becomes my duty to say that your answer is truly painful, especially to an envoy of the Holy Father, to whom you referred your case. The sad conviction forces itself on me that you disregard altogether Catholic principles, consequently that if you persist, it only remains for me to deplore the sad position in which you placed yourselves in the face of the church; but the responsibility of this rests on yourselves." The same learned and pious Nuncio, writing to the Bishop, says of the Trustees and of their abettors: "I consider them as not being Catholic at heart, and, Rt. Rev. Sir, should your Episcopal ministry inspire you to declare so, in order that good Catholics may know who are their brethren, and who are not, and that those who are now led astray may no longer be deceived as to right or participation in the benedictions and benefits of the Catholic Church, I leave it to your discretion, and to your holy inspirations." Finally, whereas the Holy See has since approved the judgment of the Nuncio, though sad and reluctant, the Bishop is bound to fulfil his duty. Alas! an article which the Trustees have just published in the public papers, boasting amidst many untruths of their determination never to comply with the decision of the Holy Father, renders this sad duty more imperative. I then declare the said trustees of St. Louis church in Buffalo, to wit: Messrs. Martin Roth, Alexander Allenbrand, Michael Mesmer, Jacob Wilhelm, George Fisher, Nicolaus Ottenot, J. P. Munschauer, to be excommunicated with the major or greater excommunication, and, through the authority given to His church by the Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I do hereby, then, excommunicate them; declaring further, that all who may henceforward accept the office of Trustee in St. Louis church, to continue the present unholy opposition to church discipline, will, ipso facto, that is, by the very fact, incur the same major excommunication.

"Pray for their conversion, that they may return to Catholic unity, and that their souls may be saved in the day of judgment.

"Given in the feast of the Octave of Corpus Christi, 22d June, 1854, from our residence in Buffalo. †JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo."

2. Sunday, July 2, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore blessed the new bell of St. Patrick's Church, in this city. It weighs 1,299 lbs., and is of the key of F. It was raised to its place on Monday, and was rung for the first time on the FOURTH.

3. On the 4th of July, the Catholic Church at Dorchester, Mass., in process of erection, was blown up with gunpowder, by individuals as yet unknown. The citizens called a meeting, at which strong resolutions were passed reprobating the act, and appointing a committee of investigation. — On the 4th and 5th, Angel Gabriel Orr preached at Bath, Me., in consequence of which a mob of several hundred persons proceeded to the Catholic church, broke in the doors and windows, demolished the pews, rang the bell, tore down the cross, and finally set fire to the building, and totally destroyed it. After this the mob paraded the streets in triumph: no arrests were made. — On the night of the 3d, and morning of the 4th, a "Know Nothing" riot occurred at Manchester, N. H. About 500 armed men attacked the Irish quarter of the town, expelled the

peaceable inhabitants from their houses, gutted the latter and destroyed the furniture. An attack was made on the Catholic Church, but was foiled by the police, headed by the Mayor; however, the church was damaged, the stained glass windows being broken. John H. Maynard, Esq., residing near the church, and Mr. Hill, the Marshal, exerted themselves with effect to disperse the crowd.

4. *Ordinations.*

Diocese of New Orleans. June 22, Octave of Corpus Christi, in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, by the Most Rev. Abp. Blanc. The sacred order of priesthood — the Rev. M. Auguste Chambost, native of the Diocese of Lyons, now united to that of New Orleans.

Diocese of Hartford. June 11, in the Cathedral of Providence, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Reilly. Priesthood — Rev. MM. Michael McCabe, Wm. Duffy and Peter Cody; all from St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore.

5. *Religious Receptions.*

On Sunday, June 25, Theodore Loboniller (in religion, brother Bernardus) was received as a novice at the Passionist Monastery, in Birmingham, Pa., being the first to receive the habit of Blessed Paul of the Cross in the United States. [*Pittsburg Catholic*]. June 23, at the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C., Miss Augusta Scott received the religious habit in the rank of choir sister, and the name of Sister Mary Stanislaus, the Rev. B. A. Maguire presiding, assisted by the Rev. Father Charlier. — July 2, Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, Sister Mary Christine (Prevost) was admitted to the religious profession, by the Rev. Father Ward, of Loyola College, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Flaut.

6. *Churches.*

Diocese of Hartford. — Sunday, 25th June, St. Patrick's Church, at Fairfield, Conn., was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Reilly. It is a frame church, accommodating about 500 persons. The Rev. Mr. Reilly, of Norwalk, was the celebrant; the Rev. Mr. Lynch, of Derby, deacon; Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Prospect, Halifax, subdeacon; the Rev. Mr. Gorman, master of ceremonies. The Bishop preached the sermon. — Diocese of Albany. Sunday, July 9, St. John's Church, Schenectady, N. Y., was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. McClosky, who preached the sermon. The Rev. Dr. Donnelly (the Irish University delegate) was the celebrant; Rev. Mr. Cassidy (Cathedral, Brooklyn) deacon; Rev. Mr. McShane (Saratoga Springs) sub-deacon. The building is the Grecian style, with a fine tower and spire. — Diocese of Charleston. On Whitsunday, at Chester, S. C., the Church of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Mother of God, was dedicated by the Rev. J. J. O'Connell. — Diocese of Newark. Sunday, June 18th, the corner-stone of St. James' Church, Newark, N. J., was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Bailey. The site is one of the most beautiful in the city. — Diocese of Philadelphia. Sunday, 25th June, the corner-stone for a new Catholic church, in the town of Fremont, Schuylkill county, Pa., was laid by the Rev. Mr. Eagle, pastor of Bear Gap, and the Rev. Mr. Malone, of Minersville. There was perfect harmony on the occasion, and "the leading Protestants assisted in raising the collection." [*Instructor.*] — Sunday, July 2, the corner-stone for a new church, under the patronage of Our Lady, Help of Christians, was laid at Lykenstown (Bear Gap), Dauphin county, Pa., by the Rev. Mr. Eagle, pastor. The Rev. Mr. Filan delivered the address.

7. *Colleges.*

St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., celebrated its commencement on the 29th June. The drawings are spoken of in high terms, and the orations and dialogue appear to have afforded great satisfaction. A young Baltimorean, Mr. B. Lavender, delivered an oration on Napoleon, that was warmly applauded. Mr. Ed. Kelly, of Pa., gave the valedictory. The Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Jersey City, distributed the prizes.

The College of St. Thomas of Villanova, Delaware Co., Pa., under the care of the Augustinians, held its commencement on Wednesday, 28th of June. Hundreds of the citizens of Philadelphia made their rendezvous that day "the refreshing verdure and pure air of Villanova," the beautiful grounds of which have been greatly improved during the past year. The music, orations, &c., are said to have afforded an unusually high treat; and the Very Rev. Dr. McCarron, of New York, made an address to the students, which, if we may judge of it by the report, must have been excellent, and was received with hearty plaudits.

The annual examination and distribution of premiums of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, took place on the 30th June, before a large and respectable concourse of invited guests: the particulars have not yet come to hand.

The Annual Exercises of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, under the care of the Jesuits, took place on the 6th and 7th June. They are highly spoken of for the spirit and talent of the speakers: The closing address, which seems to have been on the Decay of the Indian Race, is mentioned by the Catholic Herald with especial praise. The Instructor calls it a splendid address, and informs us that the young orator's name was Joseph M. Reilly. George J. Strong, Chas. S. Lancaster, Chas. P. Devline, John H. Mullin, D. O. C. Ward, J. Seeger, and Robert F. Walsh, are named as gaining the chief honors of the college.

The ninth annual commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., took place on the 12th. This college numbers over 200 students. Degrees were conferred (B. A.) on — Wm. Donnelly, of New York; Richard Brennan, do; John Manning, do; F. Plowden Morrogh, do; Charles Duncan, Montgomery, Ala.; Geo. Rimsal, New York; Andrew J. Rodrigue, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Michael Kerrigan, New York; Philip Haveny, Hogansburg, N. Y.; and Alcée A. Atocha: — (M. A.) on John Young, Brooklyn, L. I.; Amedée Vatable, New York; John F. McQuade, Washington, D. C.; and John E. McMahon, do. A debate on "Law, its existence, origin and sanction," by members of the graduating class, and of two hours duration, is mentioned as being quite above what is usually expected on these occasions.

The commencement of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., was held on Wednesday, the 28th of June. The degree of B. A. was conferred on Francis P. Mulgrew, of Philadelphia, Pa; Augustine J. McConomy, of Lancaster, Pa; Edward McKee, Peter Fagan, of Ireland; Robert Byrne, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and John Koch, of St. Mary's, Pa. The degree of M. A. was conferred on Charles William Hoffman, of Frederick, Md. Discourses were pronounced as follows: Oration before the Philomathian Society, by Rev. Dr. Cummings, N. Y.; oration on the Crescent and the Cross, by Charles N. Morse, La.; oration on Public Opinion, by Aug. J. McConomy, Lancaster, Pa.; oration on Progress and Perfectibility, by Ed. M. Morse, New Orleans, La.; oration on Steadiness of Purpose, by Chas. Monmonier, Md.; oration on Exercise, by George Carroll Jenkins, Baltimore, Md.

The annual commencement of Georgetown College, D. C., took place on the 11th, and was one of the most interesting occasions of this sort. The President of the United States and members of his Cabinet, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, the Hon. Lewis Cass, and many other persons of distinction, were present; and the President of the United States distributed the premiums. Robert J. Brent, Esq., of Baltimore, delivered the address before the Philodemic Society. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Very Rev. John Teeling, of Richmond, Va.; L.L. D. on Robert J. Brent, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; M. D. on T. C. McIntire, D. C., J. H. Moore, D. C., John G. Goulston, England; the degree of A. B. on Fred. L. Smith, Pa., Joseph H. Blandford, Md., Jules D. D. De la Croix, La., Wilson J. Walthall, Ala., Ludvin A. Bargy, D. C., Jeremiah Cleveland, S. C., Harvey Bawtree, England, Eugene Longuemare, Mo., Robert Ray, La., and John J. Beall, D. C.

The second annual commencement of Loyola College, Baltimore, was held on the 12th, in the new Assembly Rooms. The exercises were spirited and highly creditable to this young but already flourishing institution, destined, as we hope, to rival and surpass the fame of St. Mary's. The degree of M. A. was conferred on Martin J. Kerney, Richard T. Merrick, Thomas C. Jenkins, and Charles V. Brent, Esqs., and on Drs. James Higgins and Dominick A. O'Donnel. The degree of B. A. on John G. Curlett and Jose Rafael Espin.

### 8. *Ladies' Academies.*

St. Joseph's Academy, Philadelphia, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, held its annual Exhibition on the 10th of July. It has about 200 pupils. A very tasteful feature of the exercises was the representation of various nations, and of the four seasons, by bands of young ladies, with appropriate costumes, banners, songs and addresses. The examinations were very satisfactory,.

The Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, held its annual distribution of premiums on the 11th of July. The graceful and lady-like demeanor of the pupils, going up in their uniform white dresses to receive the prizes won by their application, was very much noticed, and the exhibition of the work, drawings, &c., executed by the young ladies during the past year, was pronounced highly creditable to their industry and talent.

The Academy of the Visitation, Mt. De Sales, near Baltimore, gave their distribution on the 13th. The number of pupils here is not so large as at the sister institution in the city, but the exhibition was by no means less interesting: — a great charm was added to it by the musical performances, one of the young ladies of the "graduating class" possessing a voice of rare quality and power, which was put in frequent requisition.

We have heard interesting accounts of several other of our academies, but as yet without details.

THE
Metropolitan.

**Vol. II. SEPTEMBER, 1851. No. 8.**

## CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—II.

In our remarks on this subject in the last number of the Metropolitan, we showed the necessity of a competent degree of knowledge in those who write for the periodical press. The ends of religious journalism, however, would be little promoted, if the editor did not possess also that practical judgment which Aristotle terms *recta ratio agibilium,* and which is required for the proper use or direction of knowledge according to times and circumstances. There is a certain shrewdness which often presides in the editorial sanctum; which in preparing the materials of a journal, estimates with unerring sagacity the means of rendering it popular and profitable, though without much regard to what is required by the normal character of the press. This quality is very generally exemplified in the secular and political journals, and unfortunately too often degenerates into the false wisdom of the unjust steward mentioned in the gospel. The indiscriminate mass of truth and falsehood, morality and corruption, refinement and vulgarity, which chequers the pages of a venal newspaper, shows very plainly that its conductors understand well the means to be employed for attaining their end, which is the applause and patronage of the crowd. But the religious periodical aims at a higher object. As it seeks to enlighten the mind, to form the judgment, and to direct the will, in reference to matters of infinite importance, on which depends the eternal salvation of man, it should be adapted to these ends. For this purpose the editor must be gifted with that genuine prudence, which, guiding him in the selection and preparation of his materials, will lead him to employ only such as are conducive to the good which he proposes to accomplish. He who possesses this quality will not allow his pen to be unduly influenced by interested motives, nor will he be subject to the inconsiderateness and negligence which too often spoil the effect of what is excellent in itself. Imitating, according to the command of Christ, the wisdom of the serpent, which cares not for the body provided its head be secure, he will overlook all minor considerations in order that faith and morals, which constitute, as it were, the head or the most important part of human knowledge, may be safely guarded.

One of the main duties, therefore, incumbent on an editor, is to beware of an inordinate self-interest, under whatever form it may present itself. Whether it be the desire of distinction, public applause or pecuniary profit. it will seldom fail to mislead him from the right path, if he permit it, in the performance of his task, to preponderate over the chief ends which as a journalist he is bound to have in view. Nothing so easily blinds a writer in relation to the course he should pursue, as this motive of interest, which oftentimes results in the formation of a false conscience, rendering him stoically indifferent to the improprieties of his pen, however imprudent and scandalous they may appear to others. When the main object is to make his journal popular or profitable, in any of the ways above mentioned, he falls into the fundamental error of following the taste of the crowd, instead of laboring with all his energies to form or reform it. The chief utility of a well-conducted periodical consists in its efforts to regulate public opinion, and to maintain among the people the ascendency of sound principles and a virtuous spirit. But, how can this be expected from a writer, whose aim is not so much to guide the multitude in the way of truth and morality, as to secure their patronage by a temporizing obsequiousness? Let no journal, however, presume to rank among the worthy and honored champions of Catholicity, if it be governed by this selfish spirit. If its interests lie in the service of political radicalism, or in flattering the passions of any particular clique or party, let it come out under its true colors; but let it not seek to betray the interests of the Church, by passing off under the dignified and sacred name of Catholic, sentiments which she emphatically disavows and condemns.

A writer may offend against prudence, by inconsiderateness in discussing questions which, under existing circumstances, it would be more adviseable to leave untouched. The gospel instructs us not to throw pearls before swine; which means that we should not unnecessarily expose holy things to desecration. There are times when the introduction of certain questions before the people would be altogether inexpedient, and even dangerous, because they are not prepared for these subjects. Even the apostles, who had been trained in the school of Christ, did not receive at once the entire code of revelation: they could not bear it: *non potestis portare modò*,* said the great Teacher of mankind. How important for the writer as well as for the speaker, to understand this *modò!* How many excellent things are published without any good effect, nay, with a mischievous result, because sent forth at an improper moment! There are few persons who have not learned from their own experience the necessity of caution in this respect. We are all liable to a certain temper of mind, when the strongest arguments would fail to persuade us, and if urged upon our attention at such a time they would most probably result in a systematical resistance to the truth. Luther did not dream of being a reformer at the outset of his rebellious career: but when he beheld the vast opposition arrayed against him, his ambition was fired; he began to feel his power to become the leader of a party; and the pride of that refractory monk, which was at first but a mere spark, soon kindled into a mighty flame which devastated the half of Europe. We are far from intimating that an editor should timidly sacrifice the truth: but there are truths, and disputed points among theologians, which, owing to the peculiar temper of the times, we cannot always force upon public attention, without compromitting the general good; and consequently prudence requires them to be withheld. The principle of this policy is too obviously sound to need further comment. It was that of the apostles in the first council of Jerusalem; it was that of the *disciplina arcani* during the age of persecution, and similar circumstances will justify its application at any period. The manner of discussing a question, as well as the question itself, demands serious attention. There are points of Catholic faith and discipline which are peculiarly obnoxious to those out of the Church, owing to the existence of a profounder ignorance in regard to these subjects than to others. The exposition of these points, therefore, to be productive of good, should be made clearly, and if conducted at length, should be characterized by theological fulness and precision. This remark applies still more forcibly to the exposition of moral principles, in their bearing upon social and political questions. When a few brief paragraphs of a Catholic journal, however well intended, have found their way, after a considerable lapse of time, into the high places of our national legislation, and threatened to become a source of grave misconception in relation to the political views of the Catholic body in the United States, it is quite enough to illustrate the necessity of reflection and consultation on the part of editors, both as to the matter and manner of their writing.

---

*John xvi, 12.

The want of mature reflection will sometimes betray a writer into acts of presumption. In his precipitate zeal to indicate and reform abuses, whether real or imaginary, he is very liable to transgress the limits of his office, and to usurp the functions of a higher authority. An editor, however, as such, has no right to use the language of direction or dictation in regard to matters the decision of which belongs to the ecclesiastical tribunals. To do so would not only be invading another's province, but exposing the episcopal or sacerdotal office to popular contempt. Questions that call for a practical decision from the Church, are not fit subjects for newspaper controversy, nor can they be thus brought before the public without encouraging an erroneous sentiment among the laity, and impairing that spirit of reverence and submission which is due to their pastors. A remarkable instance of this was recently witnessed by the Catholic world in the discussion of the question, whether it was lawful or unlawful to use the Greek and Latin classics in the instruction of youth. This case, instead of being left for adjudication to the proper authorities, gave rise to no little scandal by its assuming the form of a journalistic dispute, and its evil consequences were at length arrested only by a significant remonstrance from the Vatican. It is the office of a religious journal to publish, for the benefit of the community, the instructions that emanate from the spiritual authority, but not to obtrude its views in a dictatorial spirit before the question has been thus decided, nor subsequently to make it a matter of criticism or discussion. Nothing could be more at variance with the ends of religious journalism, than to pursue a course tending to the disturbance of the relations between the clergy and laity. The whole fabric of Christianity is based upon the correlative duties of teaching and obedience, and faith and morals can flourish only in proportion to the right apprehension and performance of these duties.

Another part of editorial prudence is to guard against negligence in writing, in selecting materials, and in admitting the communications of correspondents. The principal evil resulting from carelessness in writing, is inaccuracy of statement, which in regard either to persons or things may have very pernicious consequences. In culling materials from other journals, an editor should never fail to read attentively every paragraph that is to be copied into his own paper, as otherwise he would be liable often to publish the errors of his professional brethren, and in many cases compelled to offer an apology to his readers, which however is seldom accepted, and still seldomer fully repaired. Correspondence hastily admitted will place him in the same unpleasant position. It is much better for a journal to have no foreign or domestic correspondents, unless they be persons whose integrity, prudence and facilities of information render their statements worthy of confidence.

The third qualification that we conceive to be essential in the editor of a religious journal, is virtue, by which we understand the exercise of justice and charity in the discharge of his professional duties. Without virtue, learning and talent would only be additional instruments of evil in his hands; and prudence would degenerate into mere cunning for unworthy ends.

> Learn then what morals critics ought to show;
> For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
> 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
> In all you speak, let truth and candor shine.

Let justice and charity guide the pen of the religious journalist, and he will exhibit the crowning excellence of his profession. His uprightness and moderation will command respect and display a salutary example among the editorial fraternity, while his elevation above the influence of passion will win for his statements a sort of authoritative character among the people at large. In asserting that an editor should be just, we mean not that retributive justice which is the attribute of authority, but the justice which forms one of the bonds of social intercourse among men. In writing of individuals or societies he should give to all their due, according to the rights which they enjoy under the law of God. Now, this law obliges us not only to abstain from calumnious imputation, but even from rash judgment concerning the neighbor. It forbids, not only the publication of falsehood, but even the exposure of the truth, when it would be injurious to his character and no reasons of necessity require us to disclose it.

But the religious journalist, while he is bound like other men to observe the principles of justice in all their various relations, is called upon more particularly to apply them in literary criticism. This is a point of much greater moment than is commonly supposed. From the character of the book-notices that often appear in our Catholic papers, one would infer that their editors view it as a matter of sheer indifference, what they publish respecting the works on their table, or whether they notice them at all. These criticisms are, for the most part, rather apologies for not noticing books, than attempts to give an insight into their merits. Sometimes publications are recommended or condemned, while the writer informs us that he has not read them, or has merely glanced at their contents. On other occasions, we are made acquainted with all the imperfections of a work, while not a syllable is devoted to those portions of it which are unobjectionable and useful. In fine, the notice is seldom extended beyond a few lines and is far from conveying that fair idea of a book which is the essential aim of literary criticism. We shall not stop to discuss the question, whether an editor is bound in justice to notice the works sent to him by publishers: no one will deny that he is obliged to it at least by the laws of courtesy (quite a sufficient consideration among Christians); for, a journalist would evince rather an extravagant degree of self-regard, if he were willing to accept, without any acknowledgment, all the works that booksellers choose to send him. Judging from the intention of publishers and the usage of the press, we ourselves have no hesitation in expressing the opinion, that an editor is bound *titulo justitiæ* to notice the books he receives, unless he return them or announce his determination to act discretionally in these matters. But, whether he be obliged, by justice or by courtesy, to notice the publications laid on his table, we contend that if he refer to them at all, he is bound to show himself a just critic. This is due alike to the public, to authors, and to booksellers. There is a quasi-contract between a journalist and his readers, that he will not mislead them in regard to matters which form an important part of the information which they expect to derive from his journal. Now, such precisely is the character of works issued from the press. The people have need of a guide in this point, and they should be governed in their estimate of a book and of its adaptation to their wants, by the opinions of the grave seignors who undertake to enlighten them. But, what is very frequently the real state of the case? The imperfection of the literary notices that appear in some of our papers, is so obvious, so unrepentingly confessed, indeed, that among a large portion of the community they are considered no indices whatever to the merits or demerits of the book in question. The first consequence, then, of such negligence, is keeping the public in the dark and defrauding it of its money. The second evil that results from it, is injustice to authors, who sometimes, after years of expensive research and hard toil bestowed upon a volume, are destined to see their prospect of usefulness and emolument blasted or considerably marred, by a few hasty lines from the pen of some flippant writer, who most probably has not devoted more than an hour to the perusal of the work! Publishers and booksellers are also the victims of this sort of literary execution. After much reflection and consultation, they invest their means in the printing of books which they deem conducive to the public welfare, and from the sale of which they expect a reasonable profit: but lo! a few imperfections in these books arouse the ire of certain critics to such a pitch, that they can see nothing good in them, and thus, before the bookseller has circulated his works to any extent, a false representation of them has travelled all over the country, to his manifest injury as well as the deception of the public. No upright man will fail to admit, that in such cases, when an editor through ignorance, prejudice or any other culpable cause, publishes an unjust criticism of a book, injuring the reputation of its author or the pecuniary prospect of himself or others, he is bound before God to repair the evil. This is a doctrine which may surprize some of our journalists; but it is well for them to know and to consider, that such is the morality of the Catholic Church, based upon the explicit declarations of the divine law, "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It is well for them to reflect, that editors are invested with no privilege, in virtue of their office, to commit an injustice; but are rather obliged, in the capacity of public instructors, to set an example of fair and honest dealing.

Some writers seem to imagine, that the art of literary criticism consists only in ferreting out the errors of a book and denouncing them in the most unmeasured language. But no misconception could be grosser than this. Criticism is a "humane and liberal art," aiming at the correction, not the punishment of a fault. Having for its object to guide public opinion in the estimate of books, it is certainly its province to indicate the faults which they contain: but, at the same time it should not be blind to their perfections. Nor is it just to speak of their errors (unless of a very grave nature) in such way as to produce the impression that they are utterly worthless. The Catholic journalist may examine the merits of a work, either as a mere literary or artistic performance, or as an embodiment of truths or facts. In the former case, he has only to apply the recognized principles of taste: in the latter, he judges of the work according to the standard of Catholic doctrine and by other tests of accuracy. But, whether he consider the subject-matter of a volume, (which constitutes the main object of criticism in a religious journal), or the style and ability of the author, he should never lose sight of the end of true criticism, which is to present a fair and impartial view of the case. For this purpose, an editor should guard continually against all influences that might shackle him in the discharge of his duty; against jealousy, prejudice, animosity, &c., that would incline him to undue severity, as well as against interest, friendship and other considerations that would make him too lavish of praise. It is plain also, that the justice of which we speak, requires a religious journal to embrace within its sphere of information, all the publications of the Catholic press, and not to exclude any that are presented for notice. If booksellers have the proprietorship of a Catholic paper, or have misunderstandings among themselves, they should recollect that the community who sustain a paper, as a Catholic periodical, are not willing that its contents should be curtailed, or its spirit and tone affected by circumstances of a private nature. A Catholic paper must be independent of all such influences. Without this independence, it would be rather an agency for the promotion of individual or party ends, than a periodical devoted to the interests of the Church.

Unbiassed, or by favor, or by spite;
Not duly prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd well-bred; and though well-bred sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?

Another virtue particularly demanded in the editor of a religious journal, is charity. When they who preach to others do not display an example of the morality which they teach, they only belie themselves and destroy with one hand what they build up with the other. Hence, it is of the utmost importance for editors, not to violate the rules of Christian charity in their bearing towards each other, towards authors whose works they notice, or any person or persons to whom reference may be made in their periodicals. If the conductors of religious papers choose to be on bad terms with each other (which is sinful), they are under a peculiarly strict obligation of not exhibiting their private animosities and quarrels to the public gaze: for this cannot take place without becoming a fruitful source of scandal. There are points in regard to which writers may very lawfully disagree, such as questions of science, art, politics, statistics, matters of expediency, and every thing not determined by the teaching or practice of the Church: and, as each one has a right to express his opinion on these subjects, no one can have the contrary right to assail or abuse him for doing so. No journal in this country, or in any other part of the world, is endowed with infallibility to define questions that are open to discussion, and it is therefore not less presumptuous and ludicrous than uncharitable and adverse to the liberty of the press, for any religious periodical to assume this supreme authority, and especially to make those who differ from it the objects of its vituperative denunciation. The principle here inculcated has been so grossly violated in regard to Dr. Brownson, in consequence of an article on Native Americanism in the July number of his Review, that we are compelled to say a word on the violent opposition which has arisen against him. We shall not examine whether his views on the subject referred to are sound or not; we shall suppose, for the sake of argument at least, that they are incorrect.

But, we contend that the question on which he has written, belongs not to Christian faith: it has nowhere been decided by the Church: on the contrary, it is a point in regard to which the Catholics of this country feel themselves at perfect liberty to think and speak as they please. Such being the case, who can pretend with any shadow of right to abuse Dr. Brownson, or, what is worse, to misrepresent his statements and intentions, merely because he has had the manliness to use the liberty which the divine and human law concedes to him, of expressing his honest convictions for the benefit of his country? How can they who declaim against *him*, for the exercise of his legitimate rights, consistently expect the political and religious revolutionists of this country to respect *their* rights? Let them consider that American freedom recognizes tyrants of the press no more than political tyrants. If an error be committed by a journalist or the author of a book, let it be pointed out in a respectful manner, and a beneficial result will follow from the exercise of such moderation. Errors in essential points should always be indicated, and even in matters of opinion a difference of sentiment may be expressed; but under no circumstances whatever is it permitted by the law of God to visit an opponent in discussion with harsh denunciation or vulgar epithet. "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas," is an axiom which editors should never lose sight of: unity in essentials, freedom in matters of opinion, *in all things charity.* The want of this charity on the part of our religious press, has deterred many an able pen from offering its services in the good cause: for, men who are accustomed to the rules of courtesy and good breeding, are afraid to venture upon a work of supererogation, however useful, when they know that they may so easily be placed *hors du combat*, being determined on the one hand to express their opinions with frankness and independence, and on the other incapable, by the mere force of education, of following a rude and violent adversary into the mire of ribald controversy. It happens thus in the excitement of periodical literature, as in times of civil commotion: the better portion of society are thrust out, while rowdies take possession of the field.

Editors should remember that they are bound by the laws of justice and charity towards those out of the Church as well as those within her communion. The tone of violence, derision and vulgarity, in which Protestant ministers and their doings are sometimes referred to in Catholic journals, would lead one to suppose, either that their editors entertain very erroneous views of charity, or that they have eschewed the doctrine of the necessity of good works, and embraced the more convenient tenet, that faith alone will save us. It is really painful to those who have some regard for the rules of Christian charity, and for that gentlemanly deportment which is preservative of social harmony (so essentially to be cultivated in a country like this,) to see men who by their position in society are entitled to respectful consideration, stigmatized by derisive epithets, and their proceedings made the subject of ridicule, and sometimes of misrepresentation. Brethren of the press, allow us to suggest that such a course is altogether opposed to the accomplishment of the good we have in view. If in social intercourse it would be considered a grave offence against decency and a mark of low breeding, to call a Protestant minister by an injurious epithet, how can it be done with greater propriety in print? Moreover, if our Catholic editors are so prompt in protesting against the nick-names, *papist, popish*, &c., how can they be so free in the use of the terms, *whitechoker*, and others of the same kind? We do not mean to intimate, that the Protestant religious press is as guiltless in this respect as the Catholic; far from it; but we do contend that we should never give an example of that which we loudly condemn in others. If it is censurable in them, it cannot be right in us. Some time ago, we observed in a Catholic paper a most contemptuous report of a meeting of Protestant clergymen in a Northern city, and on the same page of that paper the editor very meekly complained of the disrespectful tone in which a Catholic prelate had been mentioned in some non-Catholic journal! Is consistency, then, a virtue less binding among Catholics than Protestants? Or, can we reasonably suppose, that the adversaries of the true faith are to be conciliated by such disedifying expedients? We do not believe it: on the contrary, we are firmly convinced that the want of that dignity and moderation which become the heralds of divine truth, is one of the crying sins of our Catholic journalism. It has produced discord among ourselves, and tended in no small degree to irritate the wounds of anti-Catholic prejudice.

The foregoing remarks will perhaps be confirmed by reference to the vicissitudes that have marked the history of our periodical literature. To show the ever-varying strength of Catholic journalism in the United States, we shall furnish from its origin the name of each periodical, stating at the same time where and how often published, also the year of its commencement and that of its discontinuance. Though some of these figures may not be rigidly exact, they cannot be far from the truth, or affect the general accuracy of the table.

| TITLE. | *Issued.* | *Place.* | *Commenced.* | *Discontinued.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States Catholic Miscellany, . . . | Weekly. | Charleston. | 1822 | |
| Truth Teller,* . . . . . . . . . . . | " | New York. | 1825 | |
| Jesuit or Catholic Sentinel, . . . . . | " | Boston. | 1829 | 1836 |
| United States Catholic Free Press, . . . | " | Hartford. | 1829 | 1834 |
| Metropolitan, . . . . . . . . . . . | Monthly. | Baltimore. | 1830 | 1831 |
| Catholic Telegraph, . . . . . . . . . | " | Cincinnati. | 1831 | |
| Shepherd of the Valley, . . . . . . | " | St. Louis. | 1832 | 1838 |
| New York Weekly Register and Catholic Diary, . . . . . . . . . . . . | Weekly. | New York. | 1833 | 1836 |
| Catholic Herald, . . . . . . . . . | " | Philadelphia. | 1833 | |
| Green Banner, . . . . . . . . . . | " | New York. | 1835 | 1836 |
| Catholic Advocate, (united with Catholic Telegraph in 1850) . . . . . . . | " | Louisville. | 1836 | |
| Boston Pilot, . . . . . . . . . . . | " | Boston, | 1837 | |
| New York Catholic Register, . . . . . | " | New York. | 1839 | United in 1841. |
| New York Freeman's Journal, . . . . | " | " | 1840 | |
| Young Catholics' Magazine, . . . . . | " | " | 1841 | 1842 |
| Catholic Expositor, . . . . . . . . . | Monthly. | " | 1842 | 1846 |
| Religious Cabinet, (changed after 1st year to U. S. Catholic Magazine) . . . . | " | Baltimore. | 1842 | 1849 |
| Catholic Cabinet, . . . . . . . . . . | " | St. Louis. | 1843 | 1845 |
| Propagateur Catholique, French, . . . | Weekly. | New Orleans. | 1844 | |
| New England Reporter & Catholic Diary, | " | Boston. | 1843 | 1847 |
| Western Catholic Register, . . . . . | " | Detroit. | 1843 | 1845 |
| Young Catholics' Cabinet, . . . . . . | Monthly. | New York. | 1843 | 1844 |
| Catholic Sentinel, . . . . . . . . . | Weekly. | New Orleans. | 1845 | 1846 |
| Boston Tablet, . . . . . . . . . . | " | Boston. | 1845 | 1845 |
| Brownson's Quarterly Review, . . . . | Quarterly. | " | 1845 | |
| Pittsburg Catholic, . . . . . . . . . | Weekly. | Pittsburg. | 1846 | |

* The *Truth Teller* and *Boston Pilot* are mentioned here as Catholic journals, having been enlisted in the Catholic interest. The German papers are here omitted.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Catholic News Letter, | Weekly. | St. Louis. | 1846 | 1849 |
| Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine, | " | Philadelphia. | 1846 | 1850 |
| Boston Catholic Observer, | " | Boston. | 1847 | 1850 |
| Layman's Offering, | Monthly. | New York. | 1847 | 1847 |
| United States Catholic Magazine, after 1st year entitled Catholic Mirror, | Weekly. | Baltimore. | 1849 | |
| Catholic Weekly Instructor, | " | Philadelphia. | 1850 | |
| Shepherd of the Valley, | " | St. Louis. | 1851 | 1854 |
| Western Tablet, | " | Chicago. | 1852 | |
| American Celt, | " | Buffalo, now New York. | 1852 | |
| Detroit Catholic Vindicator, | " | Detroit. | 1852 | |
| Crusader, | " | Summit. | 1852 | 1854 |
| Metropolitan, | Monthly. | Baltimore. | 1853 | |
| Catholic Messenger, | Weekly. | New Orleans. | 1853 | 1854 |
| Catholic Standard, | " | San Francisco. | 1853 | |
| Buffalo Sentinel, | " | Buffalo. | 1853 | |
| Southern Journal, | " | New Orleans. | 1854 | |

From this table we learn that from the year 1822 to the present time, forty-one Catholic periodicals have been published in the United States, in the English language, viz: thirty-three weeklies, seven monthlies and one quarterly. From 1822 to 1838, the first half of the above mentioned period, eleven weekly journals and one monthly were started, of which number one half disappeared during the same time. From 1838 to 1854 no less than twenty-nine journals came forth, viz: twenty-two weeklies, six monthlies and one quarterly: of which number more than the half have expired, together with one of the antecedent period. Thus, out of forty-one Catholic periodicals in English, commenced since 1822, only seventeen remain. The question now arises, whence this continual mortality among the Catholic journals in the United States? Have there always been too many periodicals in proportion to the Catholic population? We think not: because a religious journal should be found in nearly every family, while at no time since the year 1822 have the issues of the different Catholic papers been adequate to such a demand. Have the people been unwilling to support the existing periodicals? Of this there can scarcely be a doubt, generally speaking. But, why did the Catholic community withhold its patronage? We may attribute this circumstance partly to the indifference of the people, partly to a want of effort among the clergy, and in a great measure to the defect of those qualities which a Catholic journal should possess. To the last mentioned cause, chiefly, may we ascribe the instability and failure of our church periodicals, and as we have not too many for the number of Catholics in this country, we suggest that some effectual means be adopted to place our journals on a more permanent footing of usefulness. It may well be doubted, with a few exceptions, whether they answer the wants of the times, whether they are calculated to command the respect and confidence of the community, or are likely to escape the fate of their predecessors.

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.

But, as we have pointed out the evil, we shall not shrink from the responsibility of indicating what we conceive to be the remedy. If, as we have said, the main want of our religious journalism is that combination of learning, prudence and virtue which is necessary to make it respectable and efficient, this desideratum should be supplied: and consequently the organization or proprietorship of our periodicals should be so arranged as to insure the introduction of these essential features into the editorial management. For this purpose, also, an editor should be seconded by a body of able contributors, who, like himself, being alive to the magnitude of the work in hand, will apply themselves to it with due zeal and attention; who will skilfully adapt their subject and style to circumstances, writing for the uneducated mass as well as for the more enlightened few; whose logic and erudition will confound the antagonists of the true faith, while by an amicable and conciliatory spirit they will lead them to an acknowledgment of their error; who, in a word, by the exercise of justice and charity in all things, will prove themselves worthy of the religion whose heralds they profess to be. If a journal have these qualities, it will easily commend itself to public attention, and in such cases the Rev. clergy will see the propriety and utility of using their best efforts for the circulation of such periodicals. It would be much more conducive to the interests of religion, that there should be a few journals thus ably edited and extensively patronized, than that many undertakings of the kind should be always languishing for want of editorial attention and popular support. If a periodical cannot have the qualities which we have just described, it should neither be commenced nor continued, because it can render no good service to the Church. The peculiar want of our times is an able and dignified vindication of Catholic truth in its various relations; a mode of discussion blending the "suaviter in modo" with the "fortiter in re." There is needed a forcible illustration of the meekness as well as the solidity of faith, to act like oil on the troubled waters; to purify, strengthen and concentrate Catholic sentiment; to soothe prejudice, allay undue excitement, and bring together in one harmonious whole the apparently opposite elements of social life.

## THE HEBRAISMS AND CATHOLICISMS OF DISRAELI'S NOVELS.*

It is a common saying, that a man's character is revealed by his writings; and it is especially true in those cases where the writings consist mainly of portraitures of character. And when a novelist comes to be a cabinet minister, and moreover aspires to influence the character of his generation, and is, in fact, the recognised leader of a great party in Parliament, it is obvious that such expressions of character, and such expositions of his own ideas as are afforded in his compositions, must have no ordinary interest. This is all the more so in the case of Disraeli, since he has for years written with a purpose, and a political purpose. His avowed object has been to influence the mind of the nation, through the medium of his novels, in favor of the ideas he has espoused; and it is plain that this has been with a view to assist his own political career. In short, he has enlisted his imagination in the service of his ambition; and under cover of an advocacy of his political opinions, he has sought to conciliate public support by attracting admiration to his personal character.

---

* From the *Rambler* for May, 1854.

Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that Disraeli's first novel appeared above a quarter of a century ago. It was in 1826 that *Vivian Grey* was published; that is to say, its first part. Its author could not have been much more than twenty. There is nothing, however, very remarkable in it, or indeed in any of the earlier ones; although they all reveal something more than the mere novelist, and point towards that subjecting of his imagination to his ambition, which, as we have said, is so plainly to be recognised in all his later productions. *The Young Duke* (as the author says in his advertisement to its recent publication) was written "when George the Fourth was king." It was about the time of Catholic Emancipation, and perhaps it was from this circumstance that Catholic characters are brought upon the scene. It is curious to observe the tone in which they are spoken of. It is far from unfavorable, and might almost be termed friendly. The heroine is a Catholic, and a most lovely and loveable character.

> "Her creed had made her in ancient Christendom feel less an alien; but when she returned to that mother-country which she had never forgotten, she found that creed her degradation. Her indignant spirit clung with renewed ardor to the crushed altars of her faith; and not before those proud shrines where cardinals officiate, and a thousand acolytes fling their censers, had she bowed with half the abandonment of spirit with which she invoked the Virgin in her oratory at home."

Then the "great Catholic families" are described; the modern race of the Howards and the Cliffords, the Talbots, the Arundels, and the Jerninghams, were not unworthy of their proud progenitors.

> "The heroine observed with respect," we are told, "the mild dignity, the noble patience, the proud humility, the calm hope, the uncompromising courage with which they sustained their oppression, and lived as proscribed *in the nation they had created.*"

In all his subsequent novels Catholic characters appear, and are always patronised with a certain amount of sympathy. In *Venetia* the reconciliation of the hero and heroine is effected through the intervention of a monk, who is represented in a very pleasing light. In *Henrietta Temple* the hero is the heir of an old Catholic family, to whom the disinterested devotion of an aged priest is very pathetically described. It is not easy to conceive a more beautiful and venerable character.

Up to this time there does not appear to have been any political purpose in the writings of Disraeli; and if there was any aim at an ambitious object, it was only in the remote and indirect way of attaining literary celebrity. His next novel was still more purely imaginative than any of the preceding; nevertheless it betrays some slight admixture of a political element. It also exhibits, along with a more decided tendency to Catholicity, a slight inclination to that *Hebraism* which in subsequent works was so strikingly manifested. *Contarini Fleming* was written in 1831, when the author must have been about six-and-twenty. It is a portraiture of a poet by himself, and Disraeli does not now affect to conceal that he depicts his own character. *Contarini* is melancholy and miserable; how indeed could he be otherwise? since, by his own account, he was an egotistical dreamer. In this state of mind he finds himself, after a long and solitary walk, in a Catholic church. The high altar was redolent of perfumes and adorned with flowers. A magical light was thrown upon a Magdalen.

> "I gazed upon this pictured form with a strange fascination. I came forward and placed myself near the altar. At that moment the organ burst forth as if heaven were opening; clouds of incense rose and wreathed round the rich and vaulted roof; the priest advanced and revealed a God, which I fell down and worshipped. From that moment I became a Catholic."

There was a mystery in the creed full of delight. "Adoration was ever a resource teeming with rapture: for a creed is imagination." Here was a fatal error. He mistook the imagination for faith. His religion was dreamy; it was fancy. His creative power was exercised in the production of celestial visitants; wherever he moved, he perceived (that is, he fancied he perceived) "the flashing of white wings, the streaming of radiant air." But one mundane desire mingled with these celestial aspirations. He languished for Italy. It was a strong longing. Nothing, he says, but the liveliness of his faith could have solaced and supported him under the want of its gratification. He pined for the land where true religion flourished in becoming glory, the land where he should behold temples worthy of the beautiful mystery celebrated within those sumptuous walls; the land which the Vicar of God and the Ruler of kings honored and sanctified by his everlasting presence.

By and by *Contarini* suddenly loses, like *Vivian Grey*, the being who constituted his bliss. The catastrophe is so similar that it seems like truth. Both novels end in the same tone. A friend tells him:

> "The period has arrived in your life when you must renounce meditation. Action is now your part. It is well to think, until a man has discovered his genius and developed his faculties; but then let him put his intelligence into motion. Act; act; act; act without ceasing: and you will no longer talk of the vanity of life."

The author appears to have taken the advice thus given to his hero. It does not seem altogether a casual coincidence that, in one of the subsequent novels, a character which we suspect more than any other to be that of Disraeli, is spoken of as having travelled five years; which is the interval between the appearance of *Contarini* and his next novel *Venetia.*

*Coningsby* was published in 1844. In the original preface the author declared his object to be to scatter suggestions that might tend to elevate the tone of public life, and induce men for the future to distinguish more carefully between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms. In his preface to the fifth edition, in 1849, he says: "the main purpose of its writer was to vindicate the just claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country; a purpose he had pursued from a very early period of his life. The occasion was favorable. The faithful mind of England had just recovered from the inebriation of the great Conservative triumph of 1841, and was beginning to inquire what, after all, they had conquered to preserve. It was opportune, therefore, to show that Toryism was not a phrase, but a fact; and that our political institutions were the embodiment of our popular necessities." There was, however, another object the author had now in view. It is in this novel that his *Hebraisms* appear. Our readers are aware — the name itself informs them — that Disraeli is of a Hebrew family: and any one who has ever seen him knows how strongly his face betrays the Hebrew descent. It is curious to see how he explains his own Hebraisms.

> "In considering the Tory scheme, the author recognised in the Church the most powerful agent in the previous development of England; and the most efficient means for that renovation of the national spirit at which he aims. The Church is a sacred corporation for the promulgation and maintenance in Europe of *certain Asian principles (!)*, which, though local in their birth, are of divine origin, and of universal and eternal application. In asserting the paramount character of the ecclesiastical polity, and the majesty of the theocratic principle, it became necessary to ascend to the origin of the Christian Church, and meet the position of the descendants of that race who were the founders of Christianity."

We can conceive our readers' surprise at this very Hebrew way of describing Christianity: — "certain Asian principles." Before we have gone much further, however, their surprise will have disappeared, and perhaps another feeling will be substituted for it. Let our author proceed to explain his purpose.

> "The modern Jews have long labored under the odium of medieval malevolence. In the dark ages they were looked upon as an accursed race, — the especial foes of Christianity. No one paused to reflect that Christianity was founded by Jews. The European nations were then only recently converted to a belief in Moses and in Christ, and thought they atoned for their past idolatry by wreaking their vengeance on a race to whom — and to whom alone — they were indebted for the race which had founded Christianity. In vindicating the sovereign *right of the Church to be the perpetual regenerator of man*, the writer thought the time had arrived when some attempt should be made to do justice to the race which had founded Christianity."

In order to carry out his object, Disraeli introduces a striking character on the scene, Sidonia, a Spanish Jew; and it is to this character we particularly call attention, because, however others may exhibit the author's ideal — or his affected ideal, — it is Sidonia which exhibits himself. We say so for this reason principally, that in describing Sidonia — of course speaking in his own person as the author — he exhibits a perfect sympathy with his Hebrew hero; for, after all, if *Coningsby* is meant for the *reader's* hero, *Sidonia* is evidently the author's.

Speaking *in his own person*, Disraeli says:

> "Sidonia was descended from a very ancient and noble family of Arragon, that in the course of ages had given to the state many distinguished citizens. In the priesthood its members had been peculiarly eminent. Besides several prelates, they counted among their number an archbishop of Toledo; and a Sidonia had exercised, for a series of years, the paramount office of Grand Inquisitor. Yet, strange as it may sound, this illustrious family, during all that period, in common with two-thirds of the Arragonese nobility, secretly adhered to the ancient faith and ceremonies of their fathers, the rites and observances of the law of Moses."

The soul shudders and sickens at the horrible profanations and sacrilege which must have been perpetrated by these diabolical dissemblers during these centuries of sordid hypocrisy and infernal malignancy! Yet these atrocities Disraeli deliberately defends.

> "The Council of Toledo, during the sixth and seventh centuries, attempted, by a series of decrees worthy of the barbarians who promulgated them, to root the Jewish Arabs out of the land. There is no doubt this led, as much as the lust of Roderick, to the invasion of Spain by the Moslem Arabs. The Jews, suffering under persecution, looked to their sympathising brethren of the Crescent; and the overthrow of the Gothic kingdoms was as much achieved by the superior information which the Saracens received from their suffering kinsmen, as by the resistless valor of the desert."

In other words, these malignant miscreants, enraged at being prevented from perpetrating their awful profanations of the sacred mysteries of the Christian faith for the sake of the meanest and most mercenary motives, betrayed the country to their brother infidels, the Mahometans; and for centuries crushed it under their obscene yoke. It is plain that the sympathies of Disraeli are with these wretches, not with their pious and chivalrous victims. Hear how he speaks of the endeavors made by Ferdinand and Isabella to rid their fair realms of this foul oppression.

> "Where the Jewish population were scanty, they were obliged to conform, under the title of 'nuevos Christianos.' At length, the union of the two crowns under Ferdinand and Isabella brought the crisis of their fate both to these new

Christians and the non-conforming Hebrews. The Inquisition appeared, which was established against the protest of the Cortes. [The reason for this Disraeli himself had already unconsciously furnished; and in the next sentence he alludes to it again]. The first individuals summoned before them were the Duke de Medina Sidonia [whose name indicates an Eastern origin] and others of the most considerable personages in Spain."

How should it be otherwise, when he had already informed his readers that *two thirds* of the Arragonese nobility were *secret Jews*, whilst professing and openly practising the Catholic religion? And yet Disraeli is quite incensed at the idea of a Catholic sovereign attempting to root out so execrable a system. How could this be done but by means of an Inquisition? Is it too much to say that for such a disease no remedy could be effectual which was not sharp. "Those who were convicted of secret Judaism were dragged to the stake." "Having purged the new Christians, the Inquisitors turned their attention to the old Hebrews. Baptism or exile was the alternative." We rather question the value of the alternative. There had been ample experience of "conforming Jews." "More than six hundred thousand* would not desert the religion of their fathers" [rather, they could not longer *conceal* it]. "For this they gave up the delightful land in which they had lived for centuries" [rather, they were thrust out with disgust and execration]. "Who, after this, should say that the Jews are by nature a sordid people?" This is really the *ne plus ultra* of audacity! After revealing on the part of the people an hypocrisy never before equalled, the habitual and hereditary assumption of a faith they really hated, and all for the sake of sordid pelf and mercenary gain, it is a stretch of impudence perfectly amazing for their apologist to presume to repel the imputation of a sordid character. "The Sidonias of Arragon were nuevos Christianos;" *i. e.* professed Catholicism for the sake of gain and gold. At the peace, Sidonia came to England; and no sooner was he established in England than he professed Judaism, which "Torquemada flattered himself he had drained out of the family three centuries ago. He sent over also for several of his brothers, who were good Catholics in Spain, but who made an offering in the synagogue in gratitude for their safe voyage on their arrival in England." And "who after this shall say the Jews are by nature a sordid people?" Who shall say they are *not?* Where and when was simulation more systematic, more sordid, more shameless? And Disraeli, speaking in his own person, his own sentiments, his own spirit, scruples not to express his sympathy with these sordid dissemblers, these hereditary hypocrites, this wretched race of mercenary impostors!

This most strange and striking revelation of his hidden mind raises sad suspicions as to the sincerity of his own profession of Christian faith. He who can sympathise with such execrable assumption of faith as he has thus described, with so much obvious exultation, and so ill-concealed a sense of triumph at the deception for centuries practised, and of scorn for the deceived; — is it uncharitable to suspect, or to conceive, that we might possibly find in its defender an *imitator* as well as an *admirer?* And if we see throughout his works, together with a deep sense of religion, an unmistakable reverence for Judaism, and an undisguised contempt for all forms of Christianity, save so far as its *Catholic* form seems to harmonise with Judaism, or may be deemed to be its development, — this suspicion is strengthened into an inference of painful force. If it be sound, *Sidonia*, not Coningsby, is the *true* portraiture of Disraeli. The one is the author as he is, the other as he seems; the one embodies what he feels, the other what he assumes. And, in truth, there are many involuntary indications of this: Sidonia influences Coningsby, who represents that new generation of English youth whom Disraeli seeks to influence. Sidonia cares for nothing but intellect; he is impervious to feeling: his mind is wrapt in impenetrable mystery; he is devoid of sympathy. Though unreserved in his manners, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed every thing, thought ever, but avoided serious discussion. Though affable, it was impossible to penetrate him. Observers of Disraeli will recognise resemblances here; all is pictured in that cold impassive countenance, and the dark depths of that unfathomable eye.

---

* Really, about 160,000. See No. 58 of the Clifton Tracts, p. 25.

However, we must not forget the reader's hero *Coningsby*. He is pictured as possessed of the "heart of one who, notwithstanding all his high resolves and daring thoughts, was blessed with that tenderness of soul which is sometimes linked with an ardent imagination and a strong will;" and as yearning for "the companionship of an equal or superior mind." His heart and his intellect seemed to need a companion. Books, action, and deep thought might in time supply the want of that intellectual guide; but for the heart, where can he find solace? Disraeli finds him a companion in the person of Sidonia; who, let us recollect, is a man "without affections, and caring only for intellect." Such a man must have had a secret contempt for Coningsby, who is somewhat a dreamer. And so we suspect Disraeli has a secret contempt for his Anglican associates—for "Young England," as they were called a few years ago—such men as Lord John Manners; who, by the by, answers to the description of Coningsby, as Disraeli does to that of Sidonia.

Sidonia is a philosopher, and the instructor of Coningsby; and he at least is sincere enough in contempt for the Church of England. Scorn and sarcasm are quite congenial to him; and the Establishment affords him a fine subject for their expression. Of course, it is only at the existing order of things that he sneers; Young England would not like their Church itself to be scoffed at. But an intellectual Hebrew like Sidonia must needs have a supreme contempt for the whole system. And at the same time it is equally obvious that he would have a kind of æsthetic sympathy for Catholicity. A friend of ours, once conversing with a Jew, asked him what he thought of Catholics, and received for answer that "they were nearest the truth." This *must* be the feeling of every Hebrew; who acknowledges in Catholicity, at all events, the only form of Christianity he could ever receive, supposing him to submit to any.

Coningsby reappears in the next novel, but is a nonentity. It is only a nominal resemblance. His character is continued in *Tancred*, who, like Coningsby, talks strong Young Englandism:

> "I cannot find it a part of my duty to maintain the order of things (for I will not call it system) which at present prevails in our country. It seems to me that it cannot last, as nothing can endure, or ought to endure that is not founded upon principle, and its principle I have not discovered. In nothing, whether it be religion or government, sacred, political, or social life, do I find *faith;* and if there be no *faith*, how can there be *duty*? Is there such a thing as religious truth? Is there such a thing as political right? Are these *facts*, or mere phrases? And if facts, where are they to be found in England? *Is truth in our Church?*"

The reader will wonder when he hears how he proposes to find out truth. He soon talks Hebraisms stronger than his Anglicanisms. He electrifies his noble father by saying:

> "It is the Holy Land that occupies my thoughts; and I propose to make a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of my Saviour!" "Yes: the holy sepulchre! When I remember that the Creator, since light sprung out of darkness, has deigned to reveal Himself to His creatures only in one land; that in that land He assumed a manly form, and met a human death, I feel persuaded that the country sanctified by such intercourse and such events must be endowed with marvellous qualities. It is these qualities which drew Europe to Asia during the middle ages. Our castle has before this sent a De Montacute to Palestine. For three days and three nights he knelt at the shrine of our Redeemer. Six centuries have elapsed since that great enterprise. It is time to restore and renovate our communications with the Most High. I too would kneel at that tomb. I, surrounded by the holy hills and sacred groves of Jerusalem, would lift up my voice to Heaven, and ask what is duty? What is faith? What ought I to *do?* What ought I to *believe?*"

This of course staggers the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, who are quiet Church-of-England people; indeed the Duchess is an Evangelical. In despair, she gets a bishop to reason with her son. In describing this prelate Disraeli exerts all his powers of sarcasm: and it is Dr. Blomfield who stands portrayed. It is amusing to see the author at once gratifying his Hebrew contempt for a Protestant high-priest and slaking the revenge of his Anglican associates.

> "About the time of the marriage of the Duchess of Bellamont, her noble family and a few of their friends (some of whom also believed in the millennium) were persuaded that the conversion of the Roman Catholics to the true faith (which was their own) had arrived. They had subscribed very liberally for the purpose, and formed several sub-committees. *As long as their funds lasted, their missionaries found proselytes.* It was the last desperate effort of a Church that had from the first betrayed her trust. Twenty years ago, the people of England being in the full efflorescence of their ignorance, which permitted them to believe themselves the most enlightened nation in the world, it was an established doctrine that what was wanted for Ireland was more Protestantism; and it was supposed to be not more difficult to supply the Irish with Protestantism than it had proved, in the instance of a famine, to supply them with potatoes. What was principally wanted in both cases was *subscriptions.*
>
> "When the English public, therefore, were assured by their coreligionists on the other side of the Channel that at last the good work was doing, that the flame spread rapidly, that not only parishes but provinces were agog, and that town and country were in a heat of proselytism, they began to believe that at last the scarlet lady was about to be dethroned; they loosened their purse-strings; fathers of families contributed their zealous five pounds, followed by every member of the household to the babe in arms, who subscribed its fanatical five shillings. The journals teemed with lists of proselytes and cases of conversion; and even orderly orthodox people, who were firm in their own faith, but wished others to be permitted to pursue their course in peace, began to congratulate each other on the prospects of our at last becoming a united Protestant people."

Dr. M'Hale himself could scarcely exhibit in more odious or more powerful colors Protestant proselytism. Then here is a slight but faithful sketch of the Anglican episcopate.

> "The Church of England, *mainly from its deficiency of oriental knowledge* [we imagine our readers will probably accept the fact without this queer reason, or will conceive the *next* reason rather better], and from a *misconception of the priestly character* (which has been a consequence of that want), has fallen of late years into great straits. About five-and-twenty years ago it began to be observed that the times had gone by — at least in England — for bishoprics to serve as appanages for the younger sons of great families. But the Premier's notions of clerical capacity did not soar higher than a private tutor who had suckled a young noble into university honors; and his test of priestly celebrity was the decent editorship of a Greek play. He sought for the successors of the Apostles among third-rate hunters after syllables.

"These men, with one exception, subsided into their native insignificance; and during our agitated age, when alike in senate and market-place the doctrine and discipline of the Church have been impugned, its power assailed, its authority denied, not a voice has been raised by these *mitred nullities* to warn or to vindicate; not a phrase has escaped their lips or their pens which has ever influenced public opinion, touched the heart of the nation, or guided the conscience of a perplexed people. If they were ever heard of, it was when they were pelted in a riot."

No one who recalls the events of the last few years, and recollects how Disraeli put himself at the head of the Young England party, can doubt that the Anglicans cordially entered into all this. We can personally testify that it is not in the least stronger than the sort of language the Anglican clergy commonly held of their bishops a few years ago.

But all this forms only the background for the bishop's portrait, which is thus powerfully drawn:

"In the blaze and thick of the affair,—Irish Protestants jubilant, Irish Papists denouncing the whole movement as fraud and trumpery, John Bull perplexed, but excited and still subscribing,—a young bishop rose in his place in the House of Lords, and with a vehemence there unusual, declared that he saw the finger of God in this second reformation; and pursuing the prophetic vein and manner, denounced woe to those who should presume to lift up their hands and voices in vain and impotent attempts to stem the flood of light that was bursting over Ireland. In him who thus plainly discerned the finger of God, the young duchess recognised the man of God; and the right rev. prelate became her infallible instructor, although the impending second reformation did chance to take the untoward form of the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, followed, in due season, by the destruction of Protestant bishoprics, the sequestration of Protestant tithes, and the endowment of Maynooth. The ready audacity with which the right rev. prelate had stood sponsor for the second reformation was a key to his character. Bustling, energetic, versatile, stimulated by an ambition that new no repose, and an inordinate capacity for affairs, he could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders. He was one of those leaders who are not guides. Having little real knowledge, his lordship, when he received those frequent appeals which were the necessary consequence of his religious life, became obscure, confused, contradictory, inconsistent. The oracle was always dark. Placed in a high post in an age of political analysis, the bustling intermeddler was unable to supply society with a single solution. Enunciating second-hand with characteristic precipitation some big principle in vogue as if he were a discoverer, he invariably shrunk from its subsequent application the moment that he found it might be unpopular or inconvenient. All his quandaries terminated in the same catastrophe, a compromise. Abstract principles with him ever ended in concrete expediency.

"Beginning with the second reformation, which was a little rash but dashing, the bishop had, in the course of his episcopal career, placed himself at the head of every movement in the Church which others had originated; and had as regularly withdrawn at the right moment, when the heat was over or had become excessive. Furiously evangelical, soberly high and dry, and fervently Puseyite, each phasis of his faith concludes with what the Spaniards call a 'transaction.' The saints are to have their new churches, and they are also to have their rubrics and canons; the universities may supply successors to the Apostles, but they are also presented with a Church commission; the Puseyites may have candles on their altars, but they must not be lighted. A man who can assume with cautious facility the prevailing tone, and disembarrass himself of it with a dexterous ambiguity the moment it ceases to be predominant,—such a man is of an essentially narrow mind; with feeble powers of thought, no imagination, contracted sympathies, and *a most loose public morality*. Such a man is the individual whom kings and parliaments select to rule the Church."

Such is the man with whom Tancred converses. The bishop, we find, was unable to indicate the principle on which the present order of things in England was founded: "neither faith nor its consequent duty was at all illustrated or invigorated" by his views. "He utterly failed in reconciling a belief in ecclesiastical truth with the support of religious dissent." This pregnant sentence is worth noting. The state can scarcely be said to support dissent in any other sense than that it tolerates it. And Disraeli distinctly indicates, therefore, that he deems a belief in ecclesiastical truth inconsistent with the tolerating dissent; and yet we are to be told that intolerance is essentially and exclusively Popish.

But we proceed with Tancred's conference:

> "'It cannot be denied,' at length he said, 'that society was once regulated by God, and that now it is regulated by man. For my part, I prefer divine to self-government; and I wish to know how it is to be attained.'
>
> "'The Church represents God upon earth,' said the bishop. 'But the Church no longer governs man,' replied Tancred. 'There is a great spirit rising in the Church,' said the bishop, with thoughtful solemnity; 'we shall soon see a bishop at Manchester.' 'But I want to see an angel at Manchester.' 'An angel!' 'Why not? why should there not be heavenly messengers, when heavenly messengers are most wanted?' 'We have received a heavenly message by one greater than the angels,' said the bishop; 'these visits to man ceased with the mightier advent.' 'Then why did angels appear to Mary and her companions at the holy tomb?' inquired Tancred."

The interview was unsatisfactory. The bishop said Tancred was a visionary. His mother, the duchess, was disappointed and indignant. "A visionary!" she angrily exclaimed; "why, so are the Puseyites!" We think so too; and here again we discern the shrewd sense of the author, and his keen perceptions of the ridiculous. Eventually Tancred goes to Jerusalem, where he meets with a Hebrew lady, who thus interrogates him as to his religion:

> "'Pray, are you of those Franks who worship a Jewess; or of those who revile her, break her images, and blaspheme her pictures?' 'I venerate, though I do not adore the Mother of God,' exclaims the hero; and he essays to convert his fair acquaintance. 'The Christian Church would be your guide,' he assures her. '*Which?*' is the lady's keen reply; 'there *are so many* in Jerusalem.' 'If I had no confidence in any Church,' said Tancred, 'I could fall down before God, and beseech Him to enlighten me; and in this land I cannot believe that the appeal to the mercy-seat would be in vain.' 'But human wit ought to be exhausted before we presume to invoke divine interposition,' said the lady."

An observation, the soundness of which — in another sense than his, however — the reader will recognise; he will feel at once that it would have been better for Tancred to have gone to Rome than to Jerusalem. Tancred remains long at the tomb. He does not, however, catch much illumination. His ideas are the same. "Christendom cares nothing for that tomb now; has indeed forgotten its own name, and calls itself 'enlightened Europe.' But enlightened Europe is not happy. Its existence is a fever, which it calls 'progress.' Progress *to what?*" A shrewd question. One is not surprised that the faithful votary during his vigils at the sacred tomb had received solace, but not inspiration. "No voice from heaven had yet sounded; but his spirit was filled with the sanctity of the place."

The fact is, he makes a fool of himself; and we are not sure that the author does not *intend* to make a fool of his hero; in order to "show-up" the folly of his friends, the Puseyites, of whose "visionary" character he is clearly sensible. It is impossible that it could be otherwise. Only in their æsthetic sport does he sincerely sympathize with them. He palpably detects and exposes the anomalies of their theological position. With the hero made a fool of, and left in Palestine until his mamma the duchess came to fetch him, we leave Tancred.

*Sibyl, or the Two Nations,* written in 1845, has somewhat the same spirit, but is made of stronger stuff. It has no Hebraisms, but more decided Catholicisms. It has, however, the alloy of a palpable political purpose, in which it resembles *Coningsby.* The two nations are the rich and the poor; and the author does not conceal his conviction that their fatal separation into hostile classes is the result of the accursed schism which ruined Catholicity in this country. In these bitter terms does he convey his idea of the atrocious transactions of that time, while describing the Bedford family, so severely castigated by Junius. The passage is precisely the history of the rise of the family, in the person of the first "John Russell" whose name was ever heard of in English history.

> "The founder of the family had been a confidential domestic of one of the favorites of Henry VIII, and had contrived to be appointed one of the commissioners for 'visiting and taking the surrender of divers religious houses.' It came to pass that divers of these religious houses surrendered themselves eventually to the use and benefit of honest Baldwin Greymount. The king was touched with the activity and zeal of his commissioner; — not one of them whose reports were so ample and satisfactory, who could baffle a wily prior with more dexterity, or control a proud abbot with more firmness. Nor were they well-digested reports alone that were transmitted to the sovereign; they came accompanied with many rare and curious articles, grateful to the taste of one who was not only a religious reformer, but a *dilettante* of golden candlesticks and costly chalices. Sometimes a jewelled pix, fantastic spoons and patens; occasionally a fair-written and blazoned manuscript — suitable offering for the royal scholar. Greymount was noticed, knighted, might have become a minister; but his was a discreet ambition; of an accumulative rather than of an aspiring character. He served the king faithfully in all domestic matters requiring an unscrupulous agent; fashioned his creed according to the royal freaks, and contrived to save both his head and his estate.
>
> "In 1688, alarmed by the prevalent impression that King James intended to insist upon the restitution of the Church estates to their original purposes, the education of the people, and the maintenance of the poor, the family became warm adherents of 'civil and religious liberty,' and joined the other whig lords and lay impropriators in calling over the Prince of Orange and a Dutch army to inculcate those popular principles, which, somehow or other, the people would never support."

There is no reason to question but that these are the *real* ideas of Disraeli. Elsewhere he has spoken of the revolution as "the conspiracy of an olgarchi." For the system of Church and State then established, he has an undisguised aversion. So shrewd and keen-sighted a man could not fail to see through its hypocrisy and utter unreality, excepting only in what is sordid and selfish. "You lament the old faith," says one of his characters to another; and he answers: "I am not viewing the question as one of faith; it is not as a matter of religion, but as a matter of right that I am considering it. You might have changed, if you thought fit, the religion of the abbots, as you changed the religion of the bishop: but you had no right to deprive men of their property, and property which under their administration so mainly contributed to the welfare of the community; as for *community,* with the monasteries expired the only type we ever had in England of such an intercourse. *There is no community in England;* there is aggregation; but under a dissociating rather than a uniting principle." How true is this! and how forcibly is the *result* of this depicted in the following passage, representing the dreadful state of large masses of our population in *all* our villages or towns.

"It is not that the people are immoral, for immorality implies some forethought; or ignorant, for ignorance is relative; but they are *animals;* unconscious; their minds a blank, and their worst actions only the impulse of gross or savage instinct. There are many who are ignorant of their very names, very few who can spell them. It is rare that you meet with a young person who knows his own age; rarer to find a boy who has seen a book, or the girl who has seen a flower. Ask them the name of their sovereign, and they will give you an unmeaning stare; ask them the name of their religion, and they will laugh; who rules them on earth, or who can save them in heaven, are alike mysteries to them."

It is plain from these extracts, and others that might be given, that no one sees more clearly than Disraeli the miseries and dangers of the present state of things in this country, and it may perhaps be added that he sees the *cause,* — the absence of *faith.* But it is of little consequence that he *sees* a want which he *shares,* and which there seems scarcely much probability that he will *cure.* Like his own Sidonia, he cares for nothing but intellect; and his best ideas are but the homage which intellect (often unconsciously) pays to faith. We grant that his sympathies with Catholicity are more of Hebraism or æstheticism than any thing else; and although it is clear that he has a profound contempt for Protestantism, and an intense scorn for the Established Church, the lesson which he reads — like most lessons of Protestantism — is negative rather than positive; unless we yield to the suspicion his own strange language suggests, that he is still in heart and soul a *Hebrew.* Certainly it cannot be said that he is a Protestant; so that it is a curious phenomenon which he presents — the leader of a great Church party, himself not a believer in the Church; a champion of Protestantism, whose sympathies are undeniable both with Catholicity and Judaism. Strange country, and strange combination of circumstances, in which such a man should have been the life and soul of a government which persecuted the Catholics, and refused to remove political restrictions from the Jews; standing evidence of the utter hollowness of that system of Church and State, which was the result of the Reformation and Revolution; and upon which he, who was the chosen leader of its hereditary supporters, has so freely lavished his most bitter scorn.

## THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—IV.

### CHAPTER V.

#### OF CONSTANTIUS, SACRISTAN OF THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN.

From a certain bishop, a cotemporary of mine, I learned what I now relate, who dwelt for many years in the city of Ancona, in the monastic habit, and there led a life of no ordinary piety, to which some of our own citizens, now advanced in years, who are from the same parts, bear testimony. Near that city is situated the church of blessed Stephen the martyr, in which a man of devout life, Constantius by name, held the office of sacristan, the fame of whose sanctity had reached far and wide; because, despising heartily the things of earth, he labored with his whole mind for the celestial goods alone. One day when the oil gave out, and the servant of God had not wherewith to trim them, he filled all the lamps of the church with water, and prepared the wicks as usual; which, when fire was applied, lighted up, and the water burned as if it had been oil. Consider therefore, Peter, what was the merit of this man, who, forced by necessity, changed the nature of the elements.

Peter. — What I have heard is most wonderful; but I would like to know something of his interior humility, who was outwardly of so great excellence.

Gregory. — Aptly wouldst thou prove the mind by its virtues; for it seems most probable that wonders which are wrought outwardly, should by their own temptation wound the soul within. But if you listen to one thing the venerable Constantius did, you will readily acknowledge his humility.

Peter. — After such an instance of his miraculous deeds, it remains that thou edify me with his humility of mind.

Gregory. — As his reputation for sanctity had extended to a great distance, many from different provinces were anxious to see him. For this purpose came one day a rustic, from some remote place. At the same time it happened that the holy man, standing upon some wooden steps, was trimming the lamps. He was indeed very small, of a frame meagre and insignificant; and when he who had come to see him inquired which was he, and eagerly asked that he should be pointed out to him, they who knew showed him which was the one. But as men of weak minds measure merit by the quality of the body, seeing him to be little and insignificant, he began to doubt if this really was the man. In his rustic mind, between what he had heard and what he saw, there began to be a strife; and he was thinking that he could not be so low at sight, whom in imagination he had held so high. But when he was assured by many that that was the very one, he despised and began to ridicule him, saying, "I thought him a great man, but this one has nothing of a man about him." Which, as Constantius heard, immediately with joy leaving the lamps he was trimming, he descended quickly, and running to embrace the rustic, folded him in his arms with the greatest love, and began to kiss and to thank him that he had so judged of him, saying, "Thou alone hast had thine eyes opened about me." From which is to be inferred of what sincere humility he was, who loved the countryman all the more for that he despised him. For the insult proves what is the secret disposition of the man. Since as the proud by honors, so oftentimes the humble by contempt, are gratified. And when they discover that in the eyes of others, also, they are vile, they rejoice; because they perceive the judgment thereby to be confirmed, which they inwardly hold concerning themselves.

Peter. — I confess, indeed, that great as he was in miracles, this man was yet greater in the humility of his heart.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OF MARCELLINUS, BISHOP OF THE CITY OF ANCONA.

Of the same church of Ancona was bishop Marcellinus, a man of holy life, who was unable to walk through the intense pain of gout in his feet, and was carried about, as indeed was necessary, in the hands of his attendants. One day, through the carelessness of certain persons, the city of Ancona was set on fire; and as it burned furiously, all hastened to extinguish the flames. But they incessantly throwing on water, the fire notwithstanding so increased, that it threatened the detruction of the whole city. And when now it drew nigh to his own neighborhood, and had already consumed no small part of the city, and no one was able to check it, the bishop came, carried by hand; and urged by the necessity in this great danger, commanded his domestics who bore him, saying, "Set me against the fire." Which was accordingly done, and he was placed in that part where the whole force of the flames seemed to incline. But the conflagration began in a wonderful manner to be turned back upon itself, as if by this retreat to declare that it could not pass the bishop. And thus it happened, that the flames, checked by that barrier, slackened and dared touch no other building. Consider, Peter, the sanctity of this man, who, prostrate in sickness, subdued the flames by prayer.

Peter. — I consider and I wonder.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OF NONNOSUS, SUPERIOR OF THE MONASTERY ON MOUNT SORACTE.

Gregory. — I will now tell thee something of a neighboring province, which I received from the venerable bishop Maximian and from Leario, both of whom you have known as veteran monks, and who are yet living. Leario, forsooth, was educated by Anastasius, a most holy man, in a monastery near the city of Nepesia, called Suppentonia. Which Anastasius, indeed, both by proximity of place and excellence of character, as well as zeal of devotion, was closely connected with the venerable Nonnosus, superior of the monastery situated on the mountain of Soracte. The same Nonnosus lived under a very severe father of his monastery, but always endorsed his manners with wonderful equanimity; and both excelled his brethren in mildness, as well as often mitigated the anger of the father by his humility. Now, since the monastery was situated on the very summit of the mountain, there was no field, however small, fit to be cultivated by the brothers as a garden: a very narrow place had formed indeed on the side of the mountain, but it was obstructed by a huge rock, naturally thrown up. On a certain day, as the venerable Nonnosus was thinking that the place might be suitable at least for raising vegetables, were it not for this mass of rock, he reckoned that fifty oxen would not be enough to move it. And since it was to be despaired of by any human labor, he betook himself to the divine assistance, and thereupon spent the whole night in silent prayer. And when in the morning, some of the brothers came to the place, they found the great rock had retreated far away, and had left ample space for the brethren.

Another time, as the same holy man was washing some glass lamps in the chapel, one of them fell from his hands, and was dashed into innumerable pieces; he, fearing the violent anger of the superior, immediately collected all the fragments of the lamp, and placed them before the altar, while, profoundly sighing, he gave himself to prayer. And now when he raised his head from prayer, he found the lamp sound and whole, the fragments of which he had collected in fear. Thus in two miracles he imitated the works of two of the fathers, to wit, in the rock, the deed of Gregory, who moved the mountain: in the restoring of the lamp, the virtue of Donatus, who made the broken chalice to be whole as before.

Peter. — We have, as I see, new miracles after the ancient examples.

Gregory. — Wilt thou hear something of Nonnosus, wherein he imitated the works of Eliseus?

Peter.—I will, and do greatly desire it.

Gregory.—One day, when the old oil of the monastery had given out, and the time was near for the gathering olives, but those of the monastery appeared as if about to yield no oil; it seemed best to the father of the monastery, that the brothers should go around to assist the neighbors in harvesting their olives, whereby they might bring back to the monastery some little oil, in the way of compensation for their labor. To this the man of God, Nonnosus, with great humility objected, lest the brothers, going out into the world, while they sought to make gain of oil, should suffer damage to their souls. But as there appeared to be some few olives on the trees of the monastery, he ordered them to be collected, to be put into the press, and whatever little oil could be obtained to be brought to himself. It was so done, and the brothers carried the oil taken, in a small dish, to the servant of God, which he placed before the altar, and all retiring he prayed. Afterwards, the brethren being summoned, he directed that they should take up the oil, and pouring a very small quantity into each, should divide it among all the jars of the monastery, so that the blessing of the same oil should be, as it were, imparted to each; and then immediately, empty as they were, he caused them to be closed. On the next day, when opened, all were found to be full.

Peter.—Every day do we find fulfilled the words of Truth, saying, "My Father worketh until now, and I work."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OF ANASTASIUS, ABBOT OF THE MONASTERY SUPPENTONIA.

Gregory.—At that time the venerable Anastasius, whom I have mentioned above, was secretary to the holy Roman Church, (which, by the will of God, I serve). He, designing to give himself wholly to the service of God, abandoned his office, chose the monastery, and in that place, which I have before mentioned, called Suppentonia, for many years led a life full of good works, and presided with wisdom over the same house. At that place, forsooth, a huge cliff towers above, while a profound abyss lies below. On a certain night, when now Almighty God had decreed to reward the labors of the venerable Anastasius, a voice was heard from the high rock, which, with prolonged and solemn sound, said, "Anastasius, come!" After which, seven other brothers were also called by name. For a few moments the voice was silent, and then an eighth was called. While thus the congregation heard plainly the voices, there was no doubt but that the decease of those who had been called drew nigh. Within a few days, therefore, first the venerable Anastasius, and then the others in the order in which they had been called from the summit of the rock, were brought out from the prison of flesh. But that brother, in calling whom the voice paused for a little and then named him, lived a few days after the others, and then ended his life, that it might be shown how the pause in the voice signified a further space for him to live. But it was most marvellous, that as the venerable Anastasius was breathing his last, there was a certain brother in the monastery who wished not to live after him: prostrate at his feet, he entreated him with tears, saying, "By Him to whom thou art going, I adjure thee, let me not pass seven days in this world without thee." And before the seventh day he also departed this life, who nevertheless in that night had not been called among the rest; that it might clearly appear, that the intercession of the holy Anastasius could alone have obtained his decease.

Peter. — Since this brother was not called with the rest, and yet by the intercession of the holy man was withdrawn from this light, what else is to be understood but that those who are of great merit before the Lord can obtain sometimes even things that have not been predestined?

Gregory. — By no means can those things be obtained which have not been predestined; but what holy men effect by their prayers has been so predestined, that by prayer it may be obtained. For the predestination of the eternal kingdom itself has been so disposed by Almighty God, that the elect may attain to it with labor; inasmuch as by asking, they may deserve to receive what Almighty God had decreed from eternity to give them.

Peter. — Wilt thou show me more plainly if predestination can be helped by prayers?

Gregory. — What I have stated, Peter, can be easily proved. For surely thou hast known that to Abraham the Lord said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." To whom also he said, "I have made thee a father of many nations." And again he promised, saying, "I will bless thee, and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is by the sea-shore." From which it is evident that Almighty God had predetermined to multiply the seed of Abraham through Isaac, and yet it is written, "Isaac besought the Lord for his wife, because she was barren, and he heard him, and made Rebecca to conceive." If, therefore, the multiplication of the race of Abraham was predestined through Isaac, why did he receive a barren wife? It is evident, then, that predestination is fulfilled by prayers, since he in whom God had predestined to multiply the seed of Abraham, by prayer obtained that he might have offspring.

Peter. — The argument is so plain that there can be no room for doubt.

Gregory. — Shall I tell thee something of the province of Tuscany, that thou mayst know what kind of men have lived there, and how familiarly known to Almighty God?

Peter. — By all means, I do pray thee to do so.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

### CHAPTER XXI.

### *Protestant firmness of mind.*

It must not be supposed that Mary White was forgotten by her mother's family. For a time after her removal from them Margaret wrote frequently to Haraden or his wife, making inquiries after her little relative and sending messages of love from the children; letters to which Mrs. White punctually replied, for Haraden protested he had no time for such things; but after the interchange of several of these epistles, careless and warm-hearted on the one side, elegantly written and gracefully worded on the other, Margaret fancied that her own letters were not greatly valued, and she ceased writing. Margaret was apt to take fancies of this sort. So far as money could go she had been munificently indemnified for any expense which the child might have occasioned her, and for her care and tenderness Haraden frankly said that it would be impossible for him ever to repay her; in matters of this sort Haraden's impulses were good and his acknowledgments were always generous. About a year after Mr. White's marriage Uncle Mike was peacefully gathered to his fathers, and thus the only male relative who would always have kept his eye on the little girl was removed; Margaret's children were growing up around her, she never took a long journey from home, and the intercourse between the two families became less and less frequent. As Haraden was in the habit of going to New York on business from time to time, the Currans once or twice asked him to bring on the child, but Mrs. White always objected to Mary's visiting her mother's relatives. Haraden thought this was hard, but was far too indolent to argue so small a point with a woman who, like his wife, had always perfectly fixed principles of action, and a most New England firmness in adhering to them.

When Mary was five years old, being able at that time to pick her way without much difficulty through a chapter in the New Testament, she received from Mrs. Curran as a birth-day gift a beautiful rosary and a small Catholic prayer-book adapted to her capacity. We have said she received them, when we should rather have said that they were sent; for Mrs. White who had resolved that so far as lay within her power, her step-daughter should be brought up in entire ignorance of her mother's faith, sent these articles also to company with the crucifix and medal which for more than three years she had kept in safe custody; and for this act of what may be considered petty tyranny let her not be too severely judged: she believed that this much dreaded religion was displeasing to God and injurious to men, and she would have considered it a great sin to allow this child through any neglect or apathy on her part to imbibe a single idea that was favorable to it: and, utterly blinded and mistaken as she unhappily was, we really do not see how she could have acted otherwise. Haraden approved of withholding the prayer-book but he would have given the child the rosary, alleging that the beads would please her, and that she would lose or break them before she learned their use; but Victorine knew better the importance of early impressions and followed her own convictions with a persistency worthy of a better cause. Her honesty of intention may be fairly concluded from the fact that she immediately despatched a letter to Mrs. Curran frankly stating that she could not in conscience permit Mary to have or even to see the presents which her cousin had in kindness no doubt sent her, and intimating that it was desirable any future gifts designed for the child should be something wholly disconnected with the ancient faith. Margaret was hardly surprized, but she sent no more presents during that year, and in future confined herself within the prescribed limits. Except in things of this sort, Mrs. White's conduct in regard to Mary was unexceptionable; she had a strong sense of justice, and it was one of her "fixed principles" to make no difference between her own child and Haraden's.

More than a year after this, one bright but keen day in October — the day was so cool that Mrs. White had been cooking all the morning by a fire in the basement — just as the family were sitting down to dinner, a carriage drove up to the door. The Medways from Brookline — intimate friends; they did not often come in this unexpected and unceremonious way. "We must make them stay to dinner," said Mrs. White; and as two of the party were perhaps the prettiest girls in all their circle, Mr. White was nothing loth. They brought into the warm basement room, redolent of roast beef and savory soup, a reviving smell of fresh air, and each fair girl had her nose decidedly tipped with red. They had been shopping all day, and were tolerably cold and tired, and Victorine easily persuaded them that they would drive home more comfortably after having had a good dinner. Soup was already on the table, it was only to set two or three more places, and so they stayed. "By crowding ever so little," Haraden said, "there would be room, for Henry and Mary could wait."

But Henry knew that Mary hated to eat by herself, and if she was to wait he would wait with her, so not caring to hear about the shawls and dresses, which the fair ladies as they satisfied their appetites, proceeded to describe and discuss, the young lad took a book and established himself in a corner of the sofa, while Mary who was hungry and not over fond of books, lounged and tumbled in silent restlessness on the chairs, ottomans and so much of the sofa as her more quiet and studious mate did not occupy. Before soup was dismissed, the front door bell rang, and Miss Mary following the true feminine instinct, crept out of the room just as black Susan emerged from the kitchen to answer the call. Mary had been strictly forbidden to "go to the door," but her aunty was busy with her guests, and we have observed that little girls do not always do exactly as they are told. She had, however, no intention of concealing her disobedience any longer than was necessary to accomplish it, for returning in a moment and approaching Mrs. White, she said in a loud whisper,

"A gentleman to see you, aunty, a gentleman in a *very* long coat, and aunty," she added, putting her fat hand to her mouth, as if to convey the whisper direct to Victorine's ear, it was a very *ugly* coat." Every body heard her of course, and there was a general smile at the expense of the gentleman's "ugly coat." In a moment more Susan came in and in a low tone informed her mistress that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the drawing room. He had asked for Mr. and then for Mrs. White; she had told him they were at dinner, but he would not take any denial and said he would wait till they had finished.

"Are you sure it is a gentleman?" asked Haraden.

"Yes, sir, it is a gentleman," said Susan decidedly, and shewing the faintest glimpse of her large white teeth.

Haraden was just carving a fine piece of beef, and he remarked that the gentleman was extremely welcome to wait as long as he pleased, but for himself he should consider it his first duty to get his dinner; and Victorine seemed at first also inclined to make the stranger wait; but reflecting that Haraden would not have hurried or left his dinner even if there had not been guests, to see the Czar of all the Russias, or the Wandering Jew, or the Man of the Moon, and putting Mary's observation with what Susan had testified, fearing to be guilty of a rudeness, she said at last, "I think I will go, Haraden, and see who it is;" and so left the table.

Mary immediately jumps off one of the chairs to follow her, but she is repulsed with a very peremptory, "Stay there, don't *you* come;" and the little girl, a good deal surprized and abashed, retreated to the sofa to be repaid for her aunty's unusual harshness by a kind smile from Henry, who proceeded by way of diverting her mind to show her some fine engravings in the book he had been reading. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike the boy, for he started and half rose; unconsciously, as he did so, drawing the book from the little girl's hand; but remembering that if he went she would wish to go, and that she had been forbidden, he conquered his curiosity and returned to the engravings. Something had reminded him of that morning in New York so long ago, and of that hand upon his head — he seemed to feel it again : and while he bent over the pictures with his little companion, he secretly wished that his mother would come back, hoping to hear something of the gentleman above stairs. Presently steps were heard descending the hall stairs, the front door was gently opened and closed. Henry sprang to the window, but whoever left the house had turned up the street and the half-blinds prevented his seeing out. Immediately his mother entered, her beautiful face a good deal flushed, and that cold look in her eye which Henry never liked to see there. "Well, my lady," said Haraden, looking up from the plate over which he was bending with epicurean devotion, "what is it? You look as if you had been engaged in an affair of an unpleasant nature;—or had found it difficult to make an amicable settlement with your milliner," said he smiling as he gave her plate to the waiter. But Victorine saw that both the children were eagerly expecting her reply, and promising to satisfy her husband on some future occasion, nothing more was said of the inopportune visitor. Henry seized the first favorable moment to ask his mother what gentleman had called during dinner, but she only chid him for his curiosity and refused to answer his inquiry, and the boy felt certain that it was one whom he had once seen and whom he had often wished to see again ; but following the example of prudent silence which his mother was in the habit of setting him, he kept his convictions to himself and asked no further questions; and neither of the children ever learned, at least until after they ceased to be children, who the visitor was and what was his errand.

But as we are not bound to the same reserve with our readers, we shall tell them at once that it was Father Haly. He had been called to Boston to attend at the bed-side of a brother priest, and he had made it a duty before leaving the city to attempt at least to see Kate O'Connor's child, but he met with a vigorous resistance. Mrs. White thanked him for his kind intentions, but was unwilling that Mary, young as she was, should see a Catholic priest even for the few minutes that Father Haly should stay. She was a child of an active mind, and she was old enough to remember it, and Mrs. White was afraid that it would make a lasting impression. The good priest represented to Mrs. White that Mrs. Curran expected him to bring her an account of Mary Catharine, that she would be greatly disappointed if he did not see her, that he himself had baptized the child and that he had personally a great desire to see her again; he gravely assured the lady, not without a keen sparkling of his bright black eye, that he had not the power to make the little girl a Roman Catholic merely by looking at her, but Mrs. White was inexorable, and Father Haly went away, disappointed indeed, but satisfied that he had done his best, and well-content to have had an opportunity of placing himself in an unpleasant position as an act of charity.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *Young Elford, and his notions.*

We now skip over a number of years, not enough to change very materially the elder personages who have hitherto figured in our plain narrative, but enough to convert Henry Elford into a full-grown young man, and Mary White into a marriageable young woman. We are all aware that those changes are accomplished with a celerity that in every successive instance never fails to astonish. The intermediate period between our last chapter and the time to which our story has arrived requires but a few words.

A short time only after the call of Father Haly, Henry was sent away to a celebrated preparatory school; to school college succeeded: during from six to eight years the growing youth was like an occasional guest in his step-father's house. The study of a profession came next. It is usual in America for young men of fortune to study professions, and that every young man should have some definite calling was one of Mrs. Elford's "fixed principles;" the idea of a man doing nothing but live on his income was repugnant to her feelings and her ideas of Christian duty, and she had brought up her son with very high notions of what society and the world expected, of what God and his conscience would surely require of him.

It was not to be supposed that a seed planted almost in infancy and ever after fostered, watched and nourished with sedulous care, would fail to bring forth fruit, though perhaps it might not fructify precisely as the mother intended. Henry had imbibed his mother's strong sense of justice, and he had, besides an aversion to falsehood and hypocrisy of all sorts, an earnest love of the truth and a fearless pertinacity in following after it, and these are qualities which are apt to lead a man much further than his neighbors think it reasonable or safe or becoming to go. We shall perhaps see how it fell out with Henry Elford.

He had been destined by his mother for the law, a very good profession, she said, for young men of fortune, because it qualifies them to take care of their own property, and a very honorable profession if honorably pursued, and perhaps this prudent mother remembered that the law is a convenient passport to the highest honors in the State. It was a profession for which Henry had little predilection, but he had been accustomed to be guided by his mother's wishes, and then, though he had not a preference for this calling, he was not sure that all things considered he was prepared to choose any other; so to the law he betook himself.

He had quite outlived that delicacy of constitution which had afflicted his childhood; a continued residence at the North had invigorated his frame, and he had become athletic and robust. He had passed through college with honor, though he was more remarkable for the purity of his morals than for the brilliancy of his literary course. He entered with spirit into all healthful amusements and manly sports, but where recreation ran into sinful indulgence, and sport into dissipation, there he stopped short, and neither laughter nor sneers could urge him one step further. After he entered the law school, one of the professors remarked to his mother that though Henry never failed to acquit himself honorably, nevertheless it had been noticed that he seemed more fond of theology than of law, and more anxious to acquire knowledge than to exhibit his acquirements. His mother smiled; she was proud of her boy, and whatever he might choose to do she gave herself no uneasiness. She knew that he was captivated rather by moral than by intellectual excellence. and she did not fear the result of his readings. She would have liked it better if he had had a little more ambition, but he was not meant for a great poet or a great artist of any sort; he had a fine mind, in the improvement of which he was strictly conscientious; he was perfectly free from eccentricities, and so sound a mind in a sound body she took as a guarantee for an honorable career.

It is curious how many years a young man acquiring his education insensibly passes away from the domestic roof, and away from the observation of his dearest friends. And since all this time a vast change is taking place in him, is it wonderful that at the end of this separation he is almost a stranger to his parents? The law school was at Cambridge, and the recesses Henry almost uniformly spent in traveling, so that it was not till he had completed his studies and his majority, had taken possession of his property, and was admitted to the bar, that he took up his residence at home, and was again much in the society of his mother and of Mary White. At that date he was allowed to be a young man of fine abilities; he was wealthy, of a distinguished exterior and captivating manners — of course a favorite. A cheerful, social temper inclined him to mix freely in society, while the reputation, which he had brought home from college, of being a religious young man, added materially to his popularity, because those young ladies who had a similar reputation for piety considered that they had a sort of claim upon him, and the gay fashionables thought it much more of an object to captivate the "pious Mr. Elford" than the young men of their own sort. Thus Henry's life in Boston was by no means a secluded one, nor was his acquaintance limited. It was supposed he would make a great match, and in this general expectation his mother, so fond of him, failed not to participate.

Such was the aspect of affairs when young Elford had been residing at home six or eight months, and just at this point, that our readers may better understand the position, we will introduce them into another room of Mr. White's house — his wife's apartment.

It was on the front of the house over the drawing-room, and at this hour, somewhere near noon, was cheerfully illumined by the sun. It was handsomely furnished, but with more regard to comfort than to show. The large double bed, with its sweeping draperies of blue and buff, the marble-topped dressing-bureau and toilet-glass, the light, abundant muslin window-curtains, just veiling but not excluding the winter sun, the rich warm carpet, the great lumps of Cannel coal blazing and crackling in the open fire-place, the generous easy chairs, severally occupied by the mother and son, altogether made a picture of in-door comfort well calculated to render one oblivious of the bleak easterly wind which outside was sweeping over the snowy Common. Mrs. White's chair was drawn towards the fire, while she busily occupied herself in making up flannel for the poor, and huge piles of the homely material ornamented the workstand by her side and the carpet around. Henry sate more nearly in front of the fire, into which he gazed thoughtfully and tranquilly, his head slightly thrown back, and one hand and arm reposing upon either elbow of his chair. But though this calm and genial interior was further brightened and warmed by works of charity, the lady at least seemed not quite satisfied. She is not so young as when we saw her last, though the few rapid and tranquil years have hardly left a trace upon her beautiful features, but they have made a man of the boy. Either the cold look which formerly characterized Mrs. White's face has become more habitual, or, what is more probable, some recent cause has just called forth the expression. Busily plying her needle, she said:

"You have hardly ever in your life before done any thing that I did not like — except, to be sure, poring over those miserable Oxford books as you do."

"And that surely need not trouble you, my dear mother," her son replied, regarding her with a frank smile, "since I only read to find out the truth."

"I don't see why you can't take your religion, and believe it in the quiet, old fashioned way in which all your friends have believed it before you."

"But I can't, my dear mother."

"You could, if you would not be all the time reading these things."

"But as to the other thing that we were speaking of, dear mother," he replied, after a brief pause, "I do not see why you should particularly dislike it."

"I don't say that I particularly dislike it. I don't particularly like it. It's not what I expected you to do;" and dropping her work for an instant, and contemplating the fine figure and still finer face of her son, Mrs. White thought that he might have chosen among ten thousand precisely to his mind. "I should have expected you to look further from home. Why do you smile?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking of a very homely proverb. There is no consanguinity."

"No, there is no consanguinity," she said coldly, and resuming her work. "But she seems a near relation."

"I dare say, to you," he replied quickly: and then he cast an anxious, furtive glance at his mother, as if he feared to have given her pain. "Do you think her father would object?"

"I dare say not," replied Mrs. White, rather proudly. "Is this the reason that you so religiously persist in calling him *her* father?"

"Not precisely. But as I have a most distinct recollection of my own father, you will not blame me," and the young man hastily averted his gaze, "for giving him the first place."

A faint flush passed slowly over Mrs. White's cheek and brow.

"And as to what you say," she resumed, "about going further and faring worse"——

"I did not say so," he interrupted, smiling.

"No: but that is the proverb you were thinking of. It is very true; but it is also true that you might do better."

"Well, now, my dear mother," returned Henry, eagerly, and rousing himself to an attitude of attention, "how might I do better? Mary is innocent and amiable and good; so much for qualities; but if I am to choose my wife for her possessions," he pursued, smiling with a very wide-awake look, "she is certainly rich enough; she is not a great beauty like Caroline Medway, but she is pretty enough for any reasonable man, and neither is she a great coquette like Caroline Medway."

"She has no intellectual superiority, and not even a fondness for books."

"I know; but she is good and pious. She has a great deal of musical talent, and is as intelligent and well educated as most girls. And I would rather my wife were less brilliant and more amiable. I know, my dear mother, that you would have been better pleased if I had fancied Rosa Carleton, but you may rely upon it I know Rosa Carleton better than you do. She is not to be depended upon; she is not single-hearted like Mary. She is very brilliant and very fond of showing it, and a woman who is fond of displaying her talents and acquirements in all societies is not the sort of woman to make a man happy in his home and at his fireside."

"Well, my dear boy, you are right, of course, about that. And if you feel sure that you shall be happy with Mary *for life*, I certainly do not wish to interfere, and I have no idea that Haraden will either."

Some conversation followed, in which it was settled that Mrs. White should sound the disposition of Mary's father towards the matter in hand, and then the young man left his mother's room.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *Another Wedding.*

HARADEN had no objection, of course. The young people were perfectly independent, and if they could best please themselves by marrying one another, he did not see that it concerned him in any way. His daughter was rich, it is true, but, as Henry said, she was not brilliant. Gentle, docile and diffident, her father, who had seen the world, considered her a very common place little body — he would not have expected her to do better than to marry Henry Elford; indeed, he had never expected her to do as well, and with his usual nonchalant frankness he told her that she had herself decidedly the best of the bargain: a judgment which the young lady would not have presumed to gainsay, even if she had not internally recognized its justice; but she thought, as the color slowly mantled her cheek and brow, that from so near a relation as her own father, if he were going to say any thing about the match, she might have hoped to hear something more flattering than that. She, however, pocketed the indignity, and with characteristic simplicity repeated her father's complimentary speech to Henry the next time she saw him.

As for Mrs. White, although she was disappointed somewhat that Henry should make so unambitious a match, yet after she found that he was resolved, with her wonted sagacity she would have kept her disappointment to herself, even if she had not been too regardful of Mary's feelings to suffer such a sentiment to appear.

Mary, meanwhile, was too much occupied with her own affections and Henry's to trouble herself excessively about the probable opinions or feelings of older people. The old people had had their day, in which they had disposed of her as they liked, and now it was her day, and she was inclined to use her privilege of disposing of herself. She was very far from being insensible to the esteem of others; indeed, a desire for that esteem was perhaps her foible, but if Henry wished to make her his wife she was not likely to refuse him from any over-refined scruples respecting the suitableness of the match in the eyes of others. To her partial judgment, Henry Elford was something akin to perfection: she loved and admired him not so much because he was handsomer and more "talented," as the Boston phrase was, than any body else, but because he was so good and so conscientious. She could not imagine the possibility of his violating his conscience even in the smallest particular.

No doubt she prodigiously overrated him, that is, if we regard the abstract purity of heart which she supposed him to possess; but as regards the majority of young men, and other young men of her society, she certainly did him no more than justice. So if the old adage be true respecting the troubled course of true love, this could not have been a true love, for it ran smoothly enough; and we are inclined rather to fault the proverb than the lovers, especially as we have known other cases which went far to belie the old saying.

It was soon reported that Mary White's fine fortune was no longer in the market, and, what was a far greater calamity, that it was no longer of any use for the fair daughters of the Bay State to set their caps for Henry Elford; the affair was talked of with feeling and vivacity at every tea-table for eight days, and then it became an old story. After an engagement of a reasonable length — for Boston people are always reasonable except when they are slightly deranged — the young couple were married. Every body came to see them, every body congratulated them, for a week or so every body discussed the dress and appearance of the bride and groom, the quality of the cake, the cost of the flowers, the arrangement of the rooms, and then every body forgot all about them. They were married and out of the world, and it was high time to think and talk about other people who were not yet married.

In fact, now that Henry Elford was disposed of, it was allowed on all hands that he had some very singular notions, that he had of late developed some extraordinary eccentricities. What these eccentricities were it would have been difficult to explain; but the quiet old church folks of St. Paul's and Trinity parish, who pursued contentedly the beaten track marked out by their fathers, ever since the first Episcopalian smuggled himself into the colony, gravely shook their heads and averred that the young man had erred and strayed from that path; and if you desired an explanation of these melancholy hints, your ears were assailed by a confused medley of contradictory terms, of which the words Oxford Tracts, altar-cloths, lights, altar and cross, were the prominent known quantities.

But the young bride cared for none of these things. Henry was the most kind and tender of husbands, as he had been the most considerate and respectful of lovers; and when he announced his intention of leaving his home for a while and visiting Europe, she was nothing loth to accompany him, nor did she find the bitterness of parting with her father so great as to mar the delight of visiting with this more congenial and dearer companion those beautiful and famous places of which from her childhood she had read and heard, but which were to her as yet strange and unknown.

Having then provided Mr. and Mrs. Elford with a comfortable state-room on board a fine steam-packet bound for merrie England, we will take leave of them while we say a word on our own behalf. First, then, if we were to cut our story short at this precise point, we think no one would have a right to complain that it is without a moral: the young Catholic girl marries a Protestant and dies; her children are brought up Protestants, they marry Protestants, and such they also live and die; and this is by no means the saddest story that might be told without going beyond the limits of our own free country. But, on the other hand, as we have a lingering tenderness for Kate O'Connor's child, and feel beside a strong interest in Henry Elford, we would rather not stop here; and, moreover, if we had intended to stop here, we would not have disfigured our slight tale with these marriages, and one of them, at least, between parties so nearly connected as to offend the taste, we doubt not, of most of our readers. Any other husband would have answered just as well for Mary White as Henry Elford, and we should have been under no necessity to speak of it at all. Having then committed this grand blunder, we must even go on, and try if it is possible to evoke out of this third marriage results more satisfactory than have appeared from the other two. Besides which, it seems to us that we have tacitly pledged ourselves to other ends, and that we must needs go on, albeit as rapidly as we can.

The objects with which people from this side of the Atlantic visit Europe are as various as the characters of the people themselves. Some go in quest of health, and nobody thinks of envying them, for though they may have much enjoyment, they are seen to carry always their cross. Some go to feed their imaginations amid the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature and the world-renowned spots of history and old romance; some go in search of pictures, sculpture and other works of art; and some to see great men and the places rendered sacred by the presence of the great who are gone; some go merely to say they have been, and others again from a sort of insatiable and extravagant ambition to see every thing that can be seen.

To judge from the leisurely quietness with which Henry Elford passed the entire summer in exploring the rural counties of England and visiting the large towns, he was impelled by neither of the motives mentioned above. He visited, of course, the fine seats of the nobility when they came in his way, but he was chiefly diligent in ferreting out every little gem of a parish church which lay hidden among the green trees, and in examining and learning by heart all the beautiful ruins and fine old cathedrals for which England is famous. He made himself familiar with Oxford and Cambridge, with York and Canterbury, and having spent the first fortnight of October at Morley's, in London, a fortnight devoted principally to the Cathedral, the Abbey, the Tower and the Temple — "I have seen every thing in England that I care for," said he, "I think I shall go to Paris for the winter." He was mistaken; he had not yet seen every thing in England that he cared for.

They had several times attended morning prayers at the Cathedral and the Abbey, and Mrs. Elford observed, though she did not say so, that it seemed to disagree with her husband's temper. The staring, gaping, impertinent audience, gathered for any other purpose than worship, the mercenary obsequiousness of the beadles, the unmeaning formality of the service scrabbled through like a schoolboy's task, the stupid non-committal sermon — one or all of these — seemed to make young Elford angry, very unreasonably, as Mary thought. To her the service seemed beautiful, "if it were only a little more reverently performed," she said, as they followed the crowd out of the choir after church; "but then, Henry," she added, apologetically, "they don't behave half so badly here in London as they did at York." Henry vouchsafed no reply, but made his way scornfully and wrathfully into the street.

The next Sunday they went to St. George's, Hanover Square, and this was incomparably worse. One could get in for nothing, it is true, and there was room enough within for four times as many people as were assembled, but there was something in the air of the place which admonished the interloper not to take possession of a seat without permission, and the fat beadle never dreamed of offering a stranger a seat until he saw the classic head of Victoria glittering in the palm of his hand; then they were at home.

The pews were charmingly comfortable, just the place for a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and St. George, of Hanover Square, seemed to have been napping, not for one hundred but for three hundred years, or else, which was more probable, to have abandoned the place altogether, and the preacher and people too — no, they could not have been asleep all that time, for they were all dressed in the most approved style of the present day, and the preacher, after drawling languidly through the prayers and lessons, delivered himself with immense pomposity of a sermon rich in words and blamelessly innocent of ideas and doctrine.

Mrs. Elford wished they had gone to the Abbey, where at least she would have heard the service chanted. But at all events she heard the lessons, and with these she tried to persuade herself she ought to be content. They were from the bible, a book of which she was fond. "I wonder," said she internally, as she gazed vacantly at the ugly window which is intended no doubt to ornament the chancel, "I wonder what these poor Church of England people would do without the bible, for they do not seem to get a sermon worth hearing once in a life-time."

TO BE CONTINUED.

# IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. VI.

*Killaloe on the Shannon.—The O'Brien Family.—The Road to Galway.—Old Galway and its Marble Walls.—Lough Mask and Lough Cong.—Roderick the Unlucky.—"The Cross of Cong."—The Highlands of Connemara.—General Impressions of Connaught.*

If the Norman Geraldines still retain legendary possession of the left bank of the river Shannon, the O'Briens are equally well entrenched on the right. Whether driving under ruined castles, or crossing the bridges that span the stream, or examining ancient churches, the name or arms of O'Brien were certain to intrude. The dexter hand and arm seemed to "shake its mailed fist," from many

KILLALOE ON THE SHANNON.

an archway, while the half pious, half threatening motto — *Lamhh laidar an aidir* — ("strength of arm from above"), being once translated, was not easily forgotten.

At Killaloe, the interest of the river scenery may be said to centre. Here navigation from the sea ceases; here was the only military ford across the lower Shannon; hard by are the grass-grown trenches of the great Brian's palace, song-famed "Kinkora"; here is the fine old cathedral of St. Molua, the son of a king who preferred the crozier to the crown; and here — pardon the bathos, gentle reader — most delicious salmon are caught, to the great joy of hungry tourists and expert anglers.

Killaloe must be one of the oldest episcopal sees in Ireland, as it dates from the year 639, when Flanan, the first Bishop was appointed by Pope John IV. Our attention was called, in the fine old cathedral (erected by King Donald O'Brien, A. D. 1160), to the arms of the bishopric, which consist of a cross proper four shamrocks (apparently), in the quarterings of the cross, with a key at the top of the shield: the crest is a Latin mitre. If this coat is as old as the see, (or even as old as the cathedral), it affords a curious index to the ecclesiology of Ireland, before Anglo-Norman invasion.

Above this place the Shannon spreads into a highly picturesque lake, on which small steamboats ply daily. A delightful excursion may be made to Portumna, at the farther end of the lake, and return the same evening. In this lake, at Islandmone, is a famous place of resort for pilgrims, who from "Lady Day" in May till "Lady Day" in August, may be seen flitting through the ruined aisles on the island, or crossing over to the shores, in the clumsy *cots*, or ferry boats, used on the lake.

Our purpose being to economize time, and yet make a circuit of the island, we landed at Portumna, and ported from that place to Lougbrea, a town of some 7,000 inhabitants, about half way between the Shannon and Galway. A miniature lake about a mile across, gives its name to the town, which is, at present, and for five centuries has been the property of the Clanrickarde family. The Carmelite convent, pointed out to us from the road, we were told, was the only one in Ireland, the succession of whose priors had never been broken. In the darkest days of Protestant persecution they contrived to exist, in obscure crypts or corners of their once extensive foundation, until, like a neighboring river which loses itself for a time underground, only to re-appear fuller, brighter, and more irresistible than before, so the pious family of Lougbrea emerged some half a century since, with much of their former zeal and power.

Our stay at Lougbrea was but for change of horses and dinner. After three hours drive through a stony and watery valley, we discerned the smoke of Galway, the chief city of Ireland, fronting on the Atlantic. This city and coast is evidently destined by nature, to be a valuable ally to our own country. Its harbor is one of the safest and largest in the British islands; the three Arran islets in the offing act as natural breakwaters, leaving three commerging channels, one of which must always be practicable for ships coming in on any wind; the lofty headlands, on either shore, are visible many miles off at sea; — in short, every sign that nature can give has been given, to invite Atlantic commerce into Galway. While we were there the whole topic was, a line of steamships to New York, but what with the jealousy of Liverpool, and the want of energy among the Irish themselves, the thing has never been fairly tried. And yet, it so clearly on the cards, it must come with time.

Some further details of this curious old city — once the most western in the world, — may not be considered out of place, even in these sketches. The county of which it is the capital, contains a million and a half of acres, of which about a million are cultivated, 80,000 are under lakes, and the rest is made up of mountain and bog-land. The two largest lakes, Mask and Corrib, are connected at Cong, by a subterranean river, and their surplus waters are poured through the city into the inner harbor. Lough Corrib, the lower lake, extends to within a couple of miles of the town, so that the fall of water to the sea, through the city, is short, but powerfully rapid. Across this stream are five or six bridges, of various dates, from the 12th to the last century. The population fluctuated continually during the famine; it was set down for us, in round numbers, at 40,000.

OLD GALWAY.

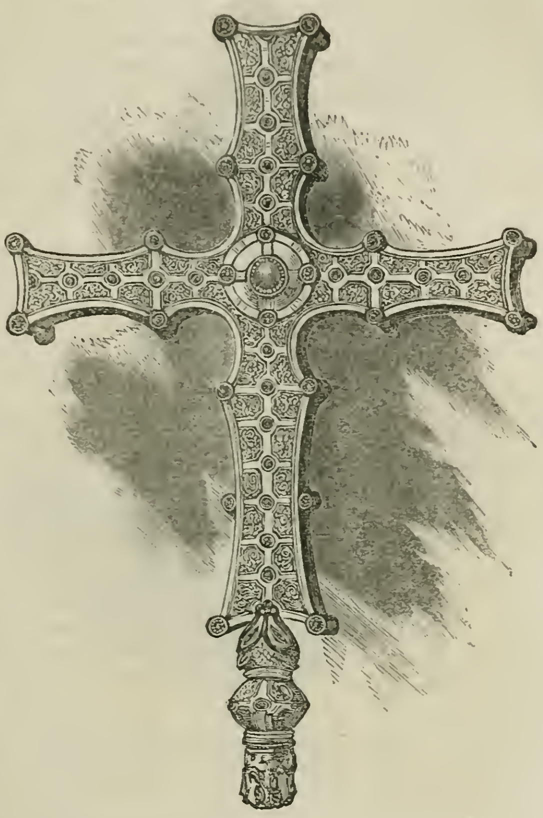
Like most ancient boroughs, there are two towns in Galway — the new and the old. If, as we cheerfully admit, the new is the more comfortable, the old, as our readers may judge by the appended sketch, is the more picturesque. The entire town was made up of streets like this, in what we call "the Middle Ages." Its lofty walls and towers were built of the exquisite green marble, so plentiful in the neighboring hills. Its port was thronged with the ships of Cadiz and Lisbon, and its intimacy was greater with countries beyond sea, than with Ireland. Its armed back was turned upon the mountaineers of Connaught while its embracing arms were stretched to Spain. One of its fond historians of the 17th century, exclaims of it in his exile — "this city has ever appeared to me, what Jerusalem was to Jeremias, — a city of most perfect beauty."* In another place he compares it to Marseilles among the Gauls, "a city of civilization in a barbarous region." Enough of its material splendor remains in its cathedral, college and monasteries, if not to justify, at least to account for these lofty encomiums.

From Galway a similar excursion to that from Killaloe, may be made up Lough Corrib, in a small steamboat. In this trip Cong, with its miserable village and fine old abbey, holds the same position that Portumna does in the other. It appears as if in Ireland you can journey only from one ruined church to another, or from one old war-worn castle to another. It is the past which is real, which is wide-spread; the present only shows its face, here and there, in favorite spots, and then very often, as the mere interpreter of the past. Was there ever so strange a destiny, so mysterious an island?

---

* "Pii Antistitis Icon" — Authore Joanne Lynchæo, Archidiacono Tuamensi.

Here now, at Cong, where we intended to lose ourselves for a day or two, in trout fishing, the mournful ghost of Roderick the Unlucky, the last of the Celtic Kings, rose to beckon us away. In the ruined monastery yonder, he sighed out his soul, deserted by his lieges, his sons, and, worse still, his own self-respect. One comfort only he had. A piece of the true cross, long before sent from Rome to one of his ancestors, had been enshrined by him in a cross of quaint and elegant workmanship. This Cross, well known as that of Cong, he had treasured up in his adversity, and his last hours were spent in prayer before it.*



CROSS OF CONG.

Warned off by the sad shade of Roderick, we crossed the narrow rock that divides Corrib from Mask, and boated up the latter, touching on both sides. To the west, the highlands of Connemara and Joyce's Country were obliging enough to put off their misty shrouds, and show their venerable brows. A scanty vegetation grew about their knees, or girt their loins, while the luxuriant green fern and purple heath supplied them with their other vesture. The cool, deep, dark lake bathed their feet, and the summer winds made music to them. I do not think there is any thing of the kind in the British Isles, any blending of the savagery of Norway and the cosiness of Windermere, to compare with the west and east sides of Lough Mask. The picturesque long cheeks and half Spanish grace of the peasantry add another charm to the whole. Our readers shall judge by a no means unusual sample.

---

*The "Cross of Cong," so creditable to the art-taste of the 12th century, was exhibited last year, at the Dublin Industrial Exhibition, and excited general admiration. It was stated at that time to be the property of the Royal Irish Academy.

A delightful day was ours upon Lough Mask. Thou wilt remember it long, Eugenius! I see thee still spouting Scotch ballads, in spite of the trout leaping athwart your rod. Nor wilt thou forget, my dear companion, with what ceremony we buried the empty bottle, with its mysterious writing, on the strand of Inisdawaur. But night cometh on, and the lights of Ballinrobe yonder invite us to refreshment and rest.

CONNEMARA PEASANT GIRL.

# Gems from our Poets.

Under this heading we propose to give beautiful specimens from the Catholic Poets of America, which have for the most part been already published, but are too little known. We begin with the following exquisite poem from the pen of the Rev. M. A. Wallace.

## THE PRIEST'S CHOICE.

I saw a tomb uprooted from the earth,
  And in that tomb I saw long locks of hair,
And eyeless holes where beauty once had birth,
  And teeth all darkened, and defiled, and bare.

The frame within, tho' once a queenly form,
  Was such a sight as I no more would see,
My heart grew sick to mark the dismal worm,
  Feeding upon that clay so busily!

The sight drew men around it, and they shed
  Full many a bitter tear above that tomb.
And loud they sorrowed that the youthful head
  So soon should moulder in the graveyard's gloom.

Youth! Love! and Beauty! what are ye at last?
  Are ye not told in many a truthful strain?
A sound — a happy dream that soon is passed —
  A sad remembrance, beautiful as vain!

I sighed and passed: but soon I chose the way
  Which now I walk in, and which I shall hold
Till death's deep mists obscure my visual ray,
  And lay me, too, beneath the coffin's mould.

The world regards me as a wretched one,
  Shut out from all the pleasures of my race,
Condemned to wander in my course alone,
  And feel but sadness in the gladdest place.

So let it dream; but I possess a lot
  Which seems, and is immeasurably blest;
I have a rapture which it knoweth not,
  A holy calm — a more than mortal rest.

My God has shower'd His brightest gifts on me;
  He has vouchsafed to call me to His shrine,
That, in the place of love and mystery,
  I may present to Him the "gift divine."

And spirits are my partners, and they speak
  To me a language which is all my bliss;
And mine are visions which in vain we seek,
  Within the sphere of such a world as this.

I soothe the wretched on his bed of death;
  When doubts distract, or clouds of terror roll,
I cheer the moment of his latest breath,
  And paint Heav'n's glories to the parting soul.

Nought intervenes between me and the skies,
  To keep my soul from mounting to her home;
I leave earth's thorns, its troubles, tears, and sighs,
  In light to live, with angel guides to roam.

To God, meantime, I make the sacrifice,
  And bless forever His eternal name,
Singing that while the suns of mortals rise,
  May ev'ry tongue His boundless love proclaim.

# BUTLER'S ANALOGY AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

In the study of history on what comparatively speaking may be called a great scale, it is very interesting to see events assuming the character of regular sequence, one depending on another during a long period, when at first they seemed quite isolated and accidental. This is remarkably the case with that surprising and at first sight, humanly inexplicable movement, by which Almighty God, as we trust, is bringing about the conversion of England.

As an intellectual movement it may be considered to have begun in the eighteenth century, with a thoughtful scholar, by birth a dissenter from the establishment, and afterwards buried for twenty years in a country curacy of the so-called Church of England. During that obscure period of his life, Butler, afterwards Bishop of Durham, wrote his Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, a book aimed in the first instance against scepticism, but which contained the germ of that entire development by which so many thoughtful minds, in the very bosom of the Protestant Church, and nurtured in a Protestant University, have been brought to the threshold of the Catholic faith. The first principles of Protestantism logically carried out, had led the whole educated mind of England to infidelity, every educated and thinking man in England was presumed to be either a Deist or a Papist, when, seizing in his solitude, and drawing forth into shape, the principles by which that high-toned infidelity was shown to be irrational in itself, beset (after all) with greater difficulties than faith, and not in harmony with the admitted facts of nature and the world, Butler, as it were, stumbled upon, or rather necessarily drew forth from its dust, the argument by which rationalism in every form, and consequently Protestantism, which is only a form of rationalism, could be for ever refuted.

That such was the real tendency of Butler's speculations is shown by the discourse which he preached after he became Bishop, on the value of external religion, in which he commended so highly and regretted so frankly the ritual system of the Church, as a necessary method for keeping up the sense of supernatural truths in any large population, in a way most extraordinary at that period. It is also shown by his own steps in that direction, such as his setting up a cross in the oratory of his palace, a thing then unheard of, and which made as much sensation as would now be excited by the Bishop of Durham erecting a tabernacle on his communion-table for the preservation of the consecrated bread. It is confirmed by the report which gained credence at the time, and the falsehood of which is not even now certain, that he was reconciled to the Church of Rome on his death-bed. It was felt by those who were thorough Protestants that Butler's reasoning conducted to Rome, that it could be consistently employed only by a Catholic: which is indeed evident, when we remember that one of his principles, the one on which he oftenest and most unweariedly insisted, was that *we are not judges beforehand what kind of religion God is likely to give us*, or *with what degree or sort of evidence He is likely to accompany it*, nor *to how many persons* of the human race, nor *by what means or agencies* he may choose to make it known, nor *with what fore-known ultimate success*. He also taught and insisted that it was a sufficient answer to any objection raised against a revealed doctrine, to show that as great difficulties, and above all the very same difficulties, environed the undoubted, evident, sensible facts of nature and Providence; and he led the way in England in pointing out those analogies of nature and natural providence which harmonize with and sustain the most difficult mysteries of revelation, such as the endless punishment of the wicked, and making salvation to depend upon faith in a certain creed — the very argument used with so much effect by Catholic divines. Distrust of our own unaided reason, rejection of its competency as an umpire in religion, a willingness to admit mysteries in revelation, the admission of their antecedent probability — these were the fruits of his system; and although it was liable to a rationalistic abuse, and he has had, accordingly, rationalistic followers, yet upon the whole it is plain that here was given an intellectual preparation for the Catholic faith, of no mean value.

Accordingly, the influence of Butler is very obvious in the early writings of the Oxford school, and especially in those of Mr. Newman. At the time of Newman's conversion this influence was made manifest by a feeble attempt of Keble's, to show that the argument of Butler might be employed in favor of the English Protestant Church against secession to Rome. This very attempt showed how much authority that argument possessed over minds nurtured in the university; but it proved a complete failure. Even Mr. Keble's friends complained of its weakness in this "reversed movement." The system of Butler, or rather the argument of Butler (for system he had none) was good as far as it went; it demonstrated the absurdity and untenableness of rationalism; but that was not enough; the soul awakened by it from the dream of an inconsequential rest in tradition, or coquetry with scepticism, demanded a positive faith, sustained by positive evidence: — unity, sanctity, miracles, catholicity, apostolicity, a true, consistent, divine, attested tradition, were required, because they were seen to surround one faith alone, and there was not an objection raised by English Protestantism, which was now detected as English rationalism, against that faith, which Butler's profound argument, graven upon the minds of those Oxford scholars, was not at hand to refute. The dilemma which, when well understood, it presented was, either there is *blind chance* or a *mysterious* κοσμος, — the Catholic Church or CHAOS. It was an argument not only profound, but peculiarly from its source of proof — admitted facts — one of common sense, and so suited to the genius of the English nation. It is one that is destined yet to work great things in being popularly employed in England by the converted scholars who have felt its power. It is very interesting as we began by observing, to watch the cycle, or rather the oscillation, by which at last, intelligence as such returns to the centre of Divine revelation, and points, as it were, to its Divine Author.

Some people think that England will never be converted. We draw from these historical observations touching the intellectual origin of the present movement, a more encouraging inference. We think that England will be converted, but by certain degrees. There is, we infer, in the order of grace, a law that orders things gradually and sweetly, elevating but not violating the order of nature. For example, in Germany in the last age there were many conversions of philosophers and scholars; from them in the next generation the movement extended to the middle class; now, the *people* are flocking in. There is much reason to expect that things will follow the same course in England, but that the process will be more rapid and the effect more universal. Other causes, doubtless, will co-operate; perhaps some great national humiliation to cure that English pride, so deeply ingrained. But a great deal must certainly be done by simple yet cogent reasoning, array of facts, patient correction of the historical errors transmitted by prejudiced or malignant hands from generation to generation. The time it takes for this process — for sound views purified from prejudice to sink down through the mass of a nation — makes one despair; but there is really no reason to despair when we see a feasible human work to be done, to which God will give a blessing and success as it pleases Him.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. THESES DEFENDED DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR 1853-4. By the Students of Rational Philosophy in GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

We have received this pamphlet together with the catalogue of the college for the same year. The theses present a rich and captivating array of subjects, evincing in their arrangement and wording an admirable method, so far as we are able to judge of it, as an amateur. Looking over the catalogue and seeing the rich provision for a careful and thorough intellectual culture which the course offers, we are tempted to wish ourselves young again that we might personally profit by it.

2. HISTORY OF THE LIFE, WRITINGS, AND DOCTRINES OF LUTHER. By *M. Audin.* Translated from the last French edition, by William B. Turnbull, Esq. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This new translation of Audin's Life of Luther is highly spoken of by the English Catholic press. How it compares with that which we already possess from a highly esteemed American source we have no means of judging, not having read the latter; neither can we speak of its fidelity to the original, for the same reason. It appears, however, judging from the first volume, to be extremely well written. The work itself is too well known as a classic on the subject of Luther and the so-called Reformation, to require any commendation from us, but its great value, historical and controversial, and the fact that the former translation is out of print and is likely to be permanently replaced by this; which, we repeat, *strikes* us as excellent; will induce us to recur to it again, with a view of bringing its intrinsic merits more fully before our readers.

3. ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA, by *B. Sestini*, S. J., author of Analytical Geometry and Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Georgetown College. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 12mo.

This work recommends itself to favor by the admirable order of its parts, and the conciseness and clearness with which its principles are expounded. One needs but open the book to perceive that the author has brought to the execution of his task a ripened judgment and well-tried experience. He is not a compiler — his work has the rare merit of originality, and every student of Algebra will thank him for having given in a few pages what has usually occupied a large volume, and for having rendered intelligible what has often proved an enigma to many. The work before us supposes the knowledge of Arithmetical fractions. It contains examples which the ingenious student is to solve — his teacher can easily furnish him with others should those in the text be deemed insufficient. The work is printed in remarkably clear type and with the neatness which characterizes the publications of the house from which it is issued.

4. FIRST TRIENNIAL REPORT OF THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. April 1, 1854. Philadelphia: sold by all Catholic booksellers.

If we have not previously noticed this report, it was because we wished to do it more justice. When we reflect how large a number of persons, even of Catholics, have at some period of their lives made themselves responsible for the sin which deprives the daughters of misfortune of respect and felicity in this life as well as in the next, and that so many of these are doubtless in comfortable worldly circumstances, enjoying (let us hope) peace of conscience in the bosom of their families, together with the respect of the world around them, it would appear as if the existence of such a charity as the House of the Good Shepherd would only need to be known, for contributions to flow in from every side from persons eager to expiate the past and propitiate the righteous judgment of God. When we consider also that this is the only institution of the sort, under Catholic auspices, in all our Atlantic cities, where one would say it is not less needed than elsewhere, to say the least, we feel certain that it must meet, that it must have met with a liberal support. Indeed Divine Providence has succored it remarkably, using as an instrument the untiring zeal and indomitable energy of its chief director, aided by the cordial co-operation of a devoted band of managers, and the prayers of the holy sisterhood who have given themselves to so good a work. It appears by this report, that the Institution owes about $6,500, that it had (on the 1st of April) $1,074,68 in its treasury, and that its property is valued at about $40,000. This property consists of the buildings of the Institution and the ground on which they stand, representing an outlay of say $21,000 (including the outstanding debt). The property, therefore, is worth nearly double what it has cost. The present buildings, which are even beautiful, and very perfect in internal arrangement, will accommodate about one hundred and forty penitents. There is yet no accommodation for Magdalens, or penitents desirous to embrace the religious life, and who, by the rules, are on no account to be admitted to become Sisters of the Good Shepherd. It would of course be fatal to the salutary influence which the Sisters exercise on the penitents, could the latter suppose that the former had aught to reproach themselves with on the score of purity of conduct. The peculiar sweetness and efficacy of the tender office exercised by the Sisters arise from its being discharged by the pure and irreproachable. But we cannot do better than let the Report speak for itself: it will be found more edifying than any thing we can say.

"Religion teaches us, that man is born to sin, and, that, even after this original sin has been effaced by the sacramental waters of baptism, he still retains strong propensities to evil. Man is not then naturally good, and, even when brought up under the influence of good example and of favorable circumstances, he is in danger of becoming bad. This is in accordance with revelation, the teachings of the Church, and the practical experience of men, in all ages. Great natural differences, no doubt, exist among individuals. Some, from the earliest period of their existence, possess mild and amiable dispositions. These, as they grow up, find but little difficulty in controlling their passions, and in maintaining themselves in the path of virtue; while others, and these constitute the majority, exhibit even in their tenderest years, a strong inclination to evil. Others again, no matter how pious the circle, or how favorable the circumstances in which they may have been brought up, find themselves impelled to evil by a torrent of strong passions. The existence of such passions by no means implies that the individual is bad; on the contrary — if properly subdued and chastened by religion — their possessors often become distinguished members of society, and are remarkable no less for the energy and excellence of their character, than the usefulness of their lives. In proportion to the necessities of an individual, God gives his graces to maintain him in the path of virtue; if he prove false to those graces, yield to his passions, and plunge into crime, his condition becomes indeed deplorable, but it is a principle, founded on revelation and the teaching of the Church, that such a person, however lost and abandoned he shall become, is not allowed to despair; worse than he, have been forgiven, and the waters of heaven are sufficiently abundant to wash away the crimes of any, who will in earnest return to truth and duty; and this is the principle on which is founded THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Its aim is nothing less, than to reclaim and thoroughly to reform the most hardened, the most abandoned, and the most loathsome class of the human family — that portion of the female sex, who are objects of public scandal, and who constitute the very lowest dregs of society. It is a house of correction, attempting, by moral means alone, to reform the worst abuses, and to provide a home, — a quiet and happy retreat, for the inmates of houses of public infamy. All the domestic control and government, and all the labor of the reformation and training of the inmates are in the hands of a peculiar order of the Catholic Church. The name of Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd has been given to a class of ladies, whose whole life is devoted to this work of charity. These ladies, therefore, constitute the best, the noblest benefactors of the human family. No others possess the moral courage which they exhibit. No others will throw themselves into the ranks of infamous outcasts, associate with them and become, as it were one with them, in order to gain their affections, to be able the better to bring them to contrition and remorse, to train them, to educate them to useful occupations, and, when thoroughly reformed, to give them a perpetual home, or to send them into the world, safe, useful and virtuous members of society.

"In the middle of the seventeenth century, or to be more exact, in the year 1645, the Rev. Father Eudes, an ecclesiastic of the Catholic Church, found among his penitents, several young women, whom the happy influences of the confessional had drawn from the depths of misery and sin. Seeing them, day after day, exposed to the temptations which had formerly robbed them of their virtue, he grieved to find that all his labors would prove ineffectual, unless he should be able to provide them with some refuge, in which they could be protected from the dangers from which they had escaped, and be encouraged to persevere. He finally invited several ladies, who were distinguished for the piety and disinterestedness of their lives, to form themselves into a community, to be governed by a constitution and a system of rules and regulations, having for their end the laborious, but heroic work, of laboring for the reformation of the fallen of their sex and of encouraging such to persevere in virtue. It was in this way and for this purpose, that the first House of the Good Shepherd was commenced. Similar institutions still bear the name, which was first assumed in allusion to the touching parable, in which our Divine Saviour compared himself to the Good Shepherd, employed in gathering his wandering sheep into the fold. In order ever to keep before their minds, that the end of the laws and discipline of the Institution principally refers to the reformation of abandoned females, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in addition to the ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, bind themselves by a fourth vow, by which, from the time it is taken, they consider their lives as solemnly dedicated to this arduous and self-denying work. From their first foundation, Houses of the Good Shepherd have flourished in different parts of the world, especially in France, if we except a short period during the latter part of the last century and in the early part of the present. At this time, in common with other venerable institutions of piety and charity, these houses were, on account of their great utility to the good order of society, the especial objects of the hostility of the infidel and atheistic revolutionists of France. Amidst the worst persecutions, the three hundred sisters, the number then in France, maintained their vows inviolable, until more peaceable times enabled them to repair the ruins of their cloisters and to live again in community. Even during this unhappy period, they proved themselves most worthy of their name and of the high vocation to which they were called. Many of them were cast into prison, some had the happiness to suffer martyrdom, and thus, with their blood, to seal their fidelity to Christ; while the rest, some in exile, some in the bosom of their families, and some among devoted friends, fulfilled in secret the duties of the religious life. After recovering from this shock, through every difficulty and trial the order gradually extended its institutions, and, during the present century, it has accomplished more for improvement in morals and reformation in society, than during any previous period of its existence. The ancient house, established at Angers, France, has been constituted, in this century, the principal house of the Order, and the Mother Superior of this is the Superior General of the whole congregation of Sisters in all parts of the world. This arrangement has greatly increased its energy and usefulness, and extensive establishments have been formed in the principal cities of Europe. In America, also, successful and flourishing institutions have arisen in Montreal, Louisville, St. Louis and Philadelphia. The number of penitents, accommodated in the different houses, throughout the world, varies from forty to two hundred and fifty. The number in this city amounts at present to forty, but the building, recently completed, will admit of the reception of one hundred more. No department, as yet, has been appropriated to the Magdalens, and hitherto, those of the penitents, wishing to become such and to remain forever under the fostering care of the Institution, have been sent to Louisville, where an order of Magdalens exists. On application at the Institution, as long as any room remains to accommodate them, young women, coming from any part of the country or of any religion whatever, are received, without being questioned, and the same uniform kindness is paid, and the same accommodations and training provided for all, without the least regard to the particular religion, in which they may have been born or educated. As no force is used to compel persons to enter the Institution, so they are under no restraint to remain, but, on application to the Mother Superior, they can, at any time, leave; but, while under protection, they always remain within the enclosures.

"Everywhere, the labors of these excellent and devoted ladies, seem to be attended with the happiest results, not only because great numbers enter their establishments, but because, in most instances, those who enter, are solidly and thoroughly converted. It would seem impossible for any female, how abandoned soever may have been her former life, to remain long under the pious exercises and steady industry, to which they are trained, without being touched with remorse and radically converted.

"Although the Sisters live in a separate house, yet one or more of them are always present, night and day, to direct and control the penitents in all their duties. The book of regulations, by which they are uniformly governed, and through which they control the penitents, requires, that every hour of the whole day should have its regular employment, interspersed with prayer, spiritual reading, instructions and limited recreations. The life of both, especially of the Sisters, is attended with trials and crosses, but, as heaven is not gained without sacrifices, they feel that every day brings its consolations, as well as its trials. St. Augustin says, that, as no one can describe the taste of honey, so none can know the happiness of him who fulfils the obligations of a member of a religious order, except by actual experience. At every step, it is true, he is required to habituate himself to the spirit of self-denial, in thought, in word and in deed, but, trained in this school, he has the best opportunity to carry the practice of the Christian virtues to the highest perfection. No man can procure happiness in this life or in the next, who does not acquire a masterly command over his passions, and it is this superiority, attained by the members of the Order of the Good Shepherd, which crowns with success their labors, and enables them to prove a source of a multitude of blessings to every community, in which they may become established."

5. THE SACRISTAN'S MANUAL; or Handbook of Church Furniture, Ornament, &c. Harmonized with the most approved commentaries on the Roman Ceremonial, and the latest decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. By *J. D. Hilarius Dale.* London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 12mo. pp. 75.

This little work is intended for the use of the province of Westminster, but we understand that it would be useful almost anywhere, as its very plainly worded rules and maxims are either taken from the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, or from sources which, like the decrees of the council of Westminster, or the custom of Rome, justly obtain a great weight even where they are not binding. A great many of the rules would assuredly be read with benefit by many of those who in "Altar associations" exercise no small part of the Sacristan's office, and by their noiseless agency contribute so much (on the mission) to the beauty and decorum of our sanctuaries. The remarks in the preface on the dignity of the sacristan's office we found quite interesting.

6. THE TWO VIEWS OF EPISCOPACY: Old and New. Philadelphia: Stavely & McCalla.

We have perused this pamphlet, emanating from the leaders of the Low Church party in the Episcopal Church, with considerable interest. There is in that Church an authorized association styled the "General P. E. Sunday School Union and Church Book Society," which publishes tracts, little books, &c., for the use of their communion. It is under High Church control, and one of its publications, or perhaps the tone of them all, has called forth this pamphlet. For there is also (it must be said) an opposition society, not recognized by the Church, but patronized, we believe, by most of their bishops, and called the "Society for the diffusion of Evangelical Knowledge," or something to that effect, the aim of which is to produce and circulate a "church literature" diametrically opposite in its character to that of the "Sunday School Union," and favoring Low Church views. Notwithstanding the apparently revolutionary aspect which this movement has, on this statement, we believe that the Low Churchmen are the real representatives of the Protestant Episcopal communion. Thus, the theme of discussion in the present pamphlet, which is the point on which the controversy between the parties turns, is the ecclesiastical theory of their church and its ministry. The well known High Church doctrine is comprised in two points: —

1. That episcopacy and apostolical succession through the episcopal order, are of the essence of the church: — this unchurches all other Protestant denominations.

2. That a second episcopacy in a country where one already exists is unlawful and schismatic: — this is thought to convict the Catholic Church in the United States of schism, it being alleged that the Protestant Episcopacy was established here first. [Improbable as it may seem, there are numerous Episcopalians who are held in their Church by this sole anchor].

Our pamphleteer, who seems to be a well instructed and able man, examines both these positions with much learning and logical force, and shows that they are alike untenable. He really does not leave the Anglicans a place to stand upon. He proves from the history, the ritual, the hymns, canons and legislation of the Church itself, and from the recorded opinions of its founders, that the exclusive validity of episcopal orders is not one of its doctrines, but that non-episcopal Lutherans, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, Hugonots, &c., form, together with the Protestant Episcopalians, one vast Catholic-Protestant, visible church, in which Timothy Dwight, James Montgomery, John Wesley, Philip Doddridge, &c., &c., are shining lights, just as much as Heber, White, Hobart, Milner, Griswold and Bedell. Not satisfied with this, which refutes the first principle of the Anglo-Catholics, he proves that if that principle holds, they themselves are placed in schism by it, as the Moravian Episcopacy was here before them. These conclusions of the able pamphleteer are so evident, that it would be satisfactory to know that they were entertained by the vast majority of Episcopalians, were it not that the principles of the High Church men, illogical as it is for them to hold such, are in the abstract true. That is the misfortune of Protestantism. The more truth any form of it holds, the more inconsistent, illogical and unhistorical it becomes, the more completely it is divorced from its antecedents and forefathers, the more vain, fantastic, and, we must say, ridiculous, it appears. On the other hand, as in the present pamphlet, it becomes consistent only by sinking deeper in the mire of falsehood, and gains logical coherence as well as historical regularity but by enlarging its heterodox sympathies to embrace every shape of error. The bottomless abyss of infidelity is the no-where to which it tends; the bosom of doctrinal annihilation is the only place of its rest. Where the author of this pamphlet undertakes to vindicate the doctrine he favors on its intrinsic merits, nothing can be weaker than his reasoning or more false than his facts. He is obliged to misrepresent the doctrine of his High Church adversaries, in order even to seem to refute it, for if he were to represent it fairly the chances are that his own readers might be enamored of it. The doctrine of regeneration in baptism, and that of justification by inherent righteousness, satisfy too dear a hope, reflect too bright a glory on the goodness and holiness of our God, not to be welcomed, when fairly stated, by every soul that hungers after justice, not to vindicate their own truth in every awakened conscience.

7. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, and what I saw there. By *T. S. Arthur*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

This is a tale of the "Uncle Tom" and "Hot Corn" class, — being intended to subserve the cause of the Maine Liquor Law. Like its prototypes, it contains of course plenty of horrors illustrative of the subject which it takes in hand, and like them, of course, one of the little child-heroines, whom EVA in "Uncle Tom" made so popular. It may be inferred from this statement that the book is not free from a certain sentimentality which is doing as much harm now as the vice of drinking, if not more, as its evil is more disguised, and passes with the credulous for a good. We do not approve the principle of carrying political measures, even of a moral tendency, by the aid of exciting fictions, and think that Mr. Arthur might have turned his unquestionable talent to better account. It is a mode of making capital out of the great moral questions which excite the community, that is becoming quite too common, having been over-stimulated by the success of the before-cited "Uncle Tom." It is as doubtful in ethics as it is illegitimate in literature. The mind is carried off its true balance by such a tale, and, in short, it is a mode of party warfare that doubles all the evils of legislation by popular appeal. We say this with a full admission that restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors are fairly within the scope of legislation, and heartily wishing that something might be done to check, ever so feebly, the torrent of intemperance. But we believe that the evil lies deeper than the advocates of the Maine Law suppose. The passion for stimulus and excitement is one of the most universal features of American life; and dram-drinking is one of its weakest gratifications. Will it always be the fate of those who have taken off the balance wheel of society, to set themselves to stop the motion of the hands by force, when they see that the machine is running down?

# Maga's Own.

We have received from a most estimable missionary priest an account of the prophecies of a nun in the diocese of Ventimiglia, in the kingdom of Sardinia, which are certainly curious at the least. As it happened, on the very day that we received his communication, we had the happiness to become acquainted with the Very Rev. Canon di Vivaldi, missionary apostolic among the Indians of Minnesota, who is a canon of the cathedral of Ventimiglia, and a relative of Sister Rose of Taggia, who uttered these singular prophecies; and we obtained from him a full confirmation of the account, so far as it treats of matters of fact already passed, — as that there was such a person, that she uttered these prophecies, died at such a time, &c. The excellent canon, whose amiable qualities and apostolic zeal are known to so many Catholics in relation to his mission, gave us a much more full and particular account, but as it corresponded in every point of importance with that subjoined, and as, from its being oral, we might fail in reporting it, we deem it unnecessary to add any thing from that source. For ourselves we must say that we attach very little weight to prophecies of this sort, and especially when they have a political bearing. There have been a great many *Bourbon* predictions, and a striking coincidence in some points with subsequent events, does not prove a prophecy to be really divine. But should the remainder of Sister Rose's predictions receive as exact a fulfilment as those of which a few years since her death have witnessed the accomplishment, few would be disposed to question her prophetical illumination.

Extract from an account deposited in the Episcopal court of Ventimiglia of the predictions of Sister Rose Columba Asdente, a Dominican Nun, who died in the monastery of St. Catherine at Taggia, the 6th of June, 1847. (Translated from the Italian).

This good nun throughout her long life, contrived so well to conceal her virtue under the cloak of a sort of half-craziness, that no one remarked any thing extraordinary in her. Her exactness in the fulfilment of her duties was indeed observed, as also her spirit of prayer, her tears, and her mortification, but because all these good acts were accompanied by a certain eccentricity, little account was made of them, and she served almost as a subject of amusement to the other religious. She foretold then, that the successor of Gregory XVI, would be a Pope *pius* in name, and *pious* in life, who would lose his throne, but regain it afterwards by means of Napoleon.

This prediction of hers is asserted on oath by many persons who heard her repeat it frequently; but in particular by the lawyer Philip Ghii, of Taggia, procurator of the monastery, who used frequently to say to Sister Rose in jest: "Well then, so we are soon to see Napoleon rise again." — "You know nothing about it," she used to reply, "yet you shall see the Pope restored to his throne by Napoleon." "Do you see that star?" she would say often to the nuns, pointing to the evening star, "it reminds me of the splendid cross which the Pope will give to Napoleon in token of gratitude after he has re-established him in his rightful dominions.

Monsignor De Albertis, who was bishop of Ventimiglia when His Holiness fled from Rome, wrote to the nuns of Taggia, that he would believe Sister Rose's prophecies, if he should see the Pope restored to his throne by Napoleon; which letter is still preserved by the nuns. — "Poor Louis Philippe," she often said, "he will fly from France, and die an exile in England. Many tri-colored banners will appear with the banner of the Pope, and the priests will be forced to bless them. This will be the signal of the war which will soon after break out."

"The King of Piedmont, Charles Albert, will be the first to join the conflict, he will be conquered and obliged to fly into exile, and will die on the confines of Spain. To him will follow a childish reign, which will terminate by the dethronement of the king." . . . . . (In the original deposition here is added, and *his being stabbed*).

Speaking of Napoleon she said: "the reign of Napoleon will be short, and a legitimate king will ascend the throne of France. In consequence of the dethronement of Napoleon, there will arise," she said, "a great persecution against the Church, which will be the work of her own children."

A persecutor whom she called Antichrist will arise: she spoke of him as then born, and said he will call himself the Redeemer, that many sectaries should join him, they will persecute the Church both with false doctrines and by violence, and shall be so subtile in their malice, that they will deceive many even of the good with their wiles.

Speaking of Taggia itself, she added, "all the religious will not persevere in the convent, but they who remain firm will be crucified upon the Mount (a place within the enclosure of the monastery planted with olives) together with other persons who will take refuge in the convent."

The confessors of the faith, in these troubles will be consoled by pious and learned priests. Speaking again in general, she said, "a few bishops will fall away from the faith, but many others will remain firm, and will suffer much for the Church. Several heretical pastors shall return to the Church, and England shall return to the Catholic unity." She frequently predicted that not only the property of religious, but that of good Catholics also would be confiscated, that the nobles would be imprisoned, and a spirit of wild democracy prevail.

That there would be a great revolution throughout Europe, and that peace would not be restored, till the white flower, the lily of the descendants of St. Louis, should be restored to the throne of France.

That the Russians and Prussians would carry war into Italy, and turn the churches into stables: that horses would be lodged in the new church of her monastery, and because she foresaw that it should serve as a stable for the Muscovite horses, she never would give her vote for its erection. When the new church was built, she repeated, "Never will I hear Mass in that church, for the Russians will stable their horses there." And in fact, she died six days before the church was blessed.

That the persecution would begin with the suppression of the Jesuits, who would arise once more ; and would be anew suppressed never to rise again.

That a fierce tempest would be excited against the Church at last, and only two religious orders, (that is the Dominicans and Capuchins) be left existing: together with the Hospitallers, who would lodge the pilgrims who should go to visit the many martyrs who would be slain during the persecution in Italy.

That Austria, Russia and Prussia would league together against the rebels; and that Prussia would submit to the Church, that the Russians would be admonished by the Sovereign Pontiff, and would become more humane towards Catholics. That at last the Turks would embrace the faith.--The future war which she predicted, she announced with very energetic expressions, saying that a great confusion would arise of nation against nation, with a noise of drums and arms.

In the account of her death it is said that she related every minute circumstance of it, and that Sister Rose Columba would often say, weeping, that many sins inundated Italy, and that terrible evils hovered especially over Italy: that in a word she could not be happy, and that if the nuns could see all that she knew, they would be equally sorrowful. It is well known from other persons acquainted with all her prophecies, that she continually said, that in the persecution against the Church the priests and monks would be cut to pieces like cattle.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the papers announcing a new miraculous picture.* It is a picture of the Madonna, existing in a church of the Minor Conventualists at Civitâ Vecchia, States of the Church, in the chapel of St. Anthony of Padua, and is alleged to have moved its eyes first when some children who had just made their confession for first communion were praying before it. The account further states that the picture was immediately taken down, and placed upon the altar, amid lights, that it has been examined (as usual) by an ecclesiastical commission, aided by painters and physicians, and that the prodigy still continues. It had lasted, by this account, already from the 20th of April, when it was first observed, to the 18th of May. Our courteous friend, the *New York Recorder*, inserts the paragraph, prefixing the following question: — "Does the editor of the METROPOLITAN imagine that the Virgin Mary troubles herself to engage in this small and ridiculous business, or that the Supreme Being seeks honor by such means?"

---

* It may be found in the Metropolitan for August.

In reply, we beg to assure the Recorder that we are as much in the dark as he is in regard to the fact of the alleged miraculous occurrence, which, for aught we know, may be a pure fabrication; or if not, may be a deception, for certainly such deceptions have been practised, seldom, however, without the detection and ruin of their authors, at least in these later times. Of one thing, however, we feel assured, viz., that if such a portent is asserted to be occurring in the Church of the Minor Conventualists at Civitá Vecchia, the Port of Rome, it will be looked into by the authorities of the Church, and that if there be trick, it will most infallibly be discovered, and published, and the authors of it condignly punished.

But making abstraction of the truth or falsehood of this particular account, and of the reality or non-reality of the alleged occurrence, we see nothing "small" or "ridiculous" in the thing itself. Of course not, since we have already avowed that we place a very assured *human* faith in the exactly parallel case of the picture of Rimini, which is so well attested that it does not comport with our notions of the laws of evidence to refuse it credence, of course not, for several reasons.

In the first place, with reference to the unseen world and to the infinite power which thence occasionally and mysteriously darts out its manifestations into this, nothing can be called "small" or "ridiculous." It requires no greater exertion of power for the blessed Virgin to transport a mountain into the sea, than to make the eye of a picture move the eighth of an inch. Great and small have no existence in relation to the omnipotence of God, of which His Blessed Mother disposes according to His will, by her efficacious prayers.

In the second place, we are not judges of what it is appropriate and fitting for Almighty God to do when it pleases Him to work a miracle. The celebrated Butler, a Protestant writer, has shown this at length in a work that all thinking Protestants regard as a master piece of unanswerable reasoning. Now unless we are judges of what is fitting, we cannot pronounce that any particular miracle is "ridiculous," that is, unfitting. In order, indeed, to form a judgment on this point we must know the end for which the miracle is wrought, and unless we can then pronounce in our wisdom, that the end is unworthy of the "Supreme Being," or that the means are disproportionate to the end, we cannot decide that the miracle would be ridiculous. This argument drawn from our ignorance and incompetence to judge the ways of God, becomes stronger when we consider the acknowledged principle of the Divine dealings in the economy of salvation, to confound the wisdom of the wise and to bring to nought the understanding of the prudent" (I Cor. i, 19), and that "*the* FOOLISH *things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise: and the* WEAK *things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong. And the base things of the world, and the things that are* CONTEMPTIBLE *hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are:* THAT NO FLESH SHOULD GLORY IN HIS SIGHT," (I Cor. i, 27–29). Here the principle is plainly avowed of disappointing the proud ideas which men entertain in regard to what is fit and elevated and worthy of the majesty of God, and that for the very purpose of rebuking their self-conceit and imagined wisdom and sagacity. And this being the principle of the Divine dealings, God knows how to carry it out in one age as well as in another, in the present boastful century as well as in those that are past. The fitness and wisdom and dignity of a miracle in these days, therefore, if God saw fit to work one, would perhaps *depend* on its being of such a sort as to obtain from the proud wisdom of man the disparaging character of a "small and ridiculous business," unworthy of the Supreme Being. We say "*perhaps depend*," because we are no judges beforehand of what God would do.

In the third place, although we cannot judge beforehand what sort of miracle God is likely to work in these days, or determine, consequently, whether an alleged supernatural occurrence is a miracle, from its correspondence to our ideas of the fitting, yet when a miracle has evidently occurred, by attentive and humble meditation, we may, if enlightened by our holy faith, discover reasons, which, although not obvious to the proud and wise world, are so to the lowly believer, why this particular prodigy should have been wrought. For example, at a time when the veneration which we Catholics, as a matter of faith, regard as due to the Blessed Mother of our Lord, and the filial confidence which we place in her, are decried as idolatrous, and the relative honor, which, in accordance with the instincts of mere natural reason itself, we pay to the pictures of our Lord, His Mother and the saints reigning above, is stigmatized as superstition, it is not unfitting that Heaven should cheer and animate the piety of the faithful, the object of scorn to a contemptuous world, by a wonder which directly countenances both these devout practices. Has the *Recorder* sufficient confidence in the goodness of his cause, sufficient confidence in the wisdom, the good sense, or even the prejudices of his readers, to publish our answer to his question? It will at least enable them to see how an "intelligent" Catholic reasons on this curious subject.

"A BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBER" asks — "Is it against the principles of the Metropolitan to give in each monthly number —— some plates of fashions for ladies, &c.? — in fact, something to amuse as well as instruct them? * * * A reply will oblige many lady readers."

You ask a difficult question. Not that we have any idea of introducing fashion-plates in the Metropolitan, but because there is so much Puritanism afloat even among ourselves that we are afraid to say why, lest we should seem to countenance it. Those magazines (without naming them) which are established merely to make money, naturally insert a few pages of fashions at the end, because it sells the numbers. A great many purchase these numbers for the fashions alone. The thing directly ministers to a frivolous love of dress, and to a vain delight in knowing about new forms of dress, even in those who cannot afford to adapt their own costume to these expensive and ever-varying modes. That is one reason why we could not have recourse to it. Besides, these very fashions, are often such as we could not advise Christian women to follow. And lastly, if we had fashion plates it would be requisite to employ an editor or editress for that special department — *non omnia possumus omnes*, (which means, the "many lady readers" are informed, that we cannot all attain excellence in every thing), — and whatever people may infer from the frequent descriptions of dress in "Alban" and "Lady Alice," the fashions are a topic on which we are not, to use a familiar term, posted up.

WE TAKE the following verses from a contribution too long for insertion entire. The poet is addressing his Muse:

"There thou standest, with thy finger
On thy pale and silent lips:
And thine eyelids, drooping, linger
O'er the lights that they eclipse:
And thy lovely neck is hidden
By thy heavy falling hair,
As if earth and all its beauty
Were not worth a moment's care.

"Yet those children by the river,
Wearing coronets of flowers,
Are they not as fair as ever,
Laughing through the sunny hours?

And the water-lily, floating
  Near them, on its bed of blue,
Is it not as cool, as fragrant,
  As when time and earth were new?"

— And so on, exceedingly musical and graphic. But the inexorable muse listens not, or replies as follows, discouragingly:

"Yet his hope and fear remaineth,
  Each to each as heretofore;
Sin and death, like constant shadows,
  Cast their darkness on his door.
Wealth to ashes may be hurried,
  Swift by unrestrained fire;
Still beneath the waves are buried
  Blooming child and gray-haired sire!"

Then reminding him that nature, whose beauty he extols, is good or evil according as it is used, she commends him to a better muse:

"A Queen with beauty laden,
Brighter than the evening star!"

This portion of the poem is highly poetical. Even as the poet gazes, the form of the Muse sensibly changes; she becomes invested with new light, new glory: her head is seen surrounded with a saintly halo; flowers are strewn at her sandalled feet; he recognizes the Queen of Angels and breaks forth into a glad hymn.

"Ave Maria! virgin undefiled!
  Blessed for ever by the Light ye bore!
Mother of sorrows, take me for thy child,
  Wandering and well nigh lost, to stray no more.
By thy pure womb for man God left the skies:
By thy meek voice help *us* from earth to rise.

"Sancta Maria! henceforth be my muse!
  More dear to me than dawn to one forlorn:
More dear to me than are the healing dews
  That gem with tears the blossoms of the thorn.
Whate'er of beauty I perceive on earth,
I'll link it with thy name to give it worth!

"Ave Maria! by the myriad lips
  Which move at morning, noon, and hush of eve,
With angel words (that fiends would fain eclipse),
  As hallowed bells toll thrice that 'we believe;' —
A time draws nigh when myriads more of thee
Shall beg a prayer, and bend the stubborn knee.

"Sancta Maria! guardian of the seas!
  By all the whispers that to thee arose
From his large heart, the gifted Genoese,
  As watching distant dawn from plashing brows,
He weltered o'er the dark and tardy brine, —
Mother most dear! this great broad land is thine!

"Ave Maria! on the prairie's breast,
  And by deep streams, and in our forests dark,
And in the city's bosom of unrest,
  The seed is sowing. Oh, thou living ark!
For Jesus' sake still pray that it may grow,
Till His dear will be done in all below."

This piece, of which the idea is very beautiful, is called "A Muse Transformed."

Every great poet, and indeed we may say every great prose writer, has an indiscribable diction and style of thought of his own, which are original in him, but which others easily and involuntarily imitate. To have found imitators is a proof of having made an impression. It is one of the proofs of the genius of our countryman Bryant, that so many feeling poets have caught his style, and even his vein of sentiment. The following, from Putnam's, which is ascribed to Bayard Taylor, is an instance. It is called a "Hymn to Air." Some of the epithets paint with a pencil of fire.

> "What is the scenery of Earth to thine?
> Here all is fixed in everlasting shapes,
> But where the realms of gorgeous Cloudland shine,
> There stretch afar thy sun-illumined capes,
> Embaying reaches of the amber seas
> Of sunset, on whose tranquil bosom lie
> The happy islands of the upper sky,
> The halcyon shores of thine Atlantides."

Further on we have—

> "The taint of sin, the vapors of the world,
> The smokes of godless altars, hang below,
> Staining thy marge, but not a cloud is curled
> Where those supernal tides of ether flow."

Here we have almost every thing—sweetness of the verse, naturalness of the diction, dignity of the images, and that vividness in the latter which results from the exact use of language, or what we call felicity. There is in the same number of this magazine a picturesque and stately poem ascribed to Longfellow—"The Jewish Cemetery at Newport." Thus it opens, so finely that if Longfellow did not write, he might have written it.

> "How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
> Close by the street of this fair seaport town;
> Silent beside the never-silent waves,
> At rest in all this moving up and down!
>
> "The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
> Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
> While underneath such leafy tents they keep
> The long mysterious Exodus of Death.
>
> "And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
> That pave with level flags their burial place,
> Are like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
> And broke by Moses at the mountain's base."

It must be "broke" any how, not broken, as we find it in the copy. Why, even a Hebrew, accustomed to read backward, which must naturally heighten his inborn wariness, would trip over such an unexpected syllable and break his hooked nose on that sepulchral pavement!

We sometimes notice in Putnam's Magazine a singular want of literary tact. In the same number that contains the above poetical flowers, wherewith we have seen fit to enrich our own nosegay, this is exemplified in a paper called "Notes from my Knapsack"—an amusing narrative of the Mexican campaign, but very superficial (that is pardonable) and needlessly irreverent. The writer might know a little of the Mexican missions without any particular disadvantage, before he draws rash conclusions from their present state; and for our part, without feeling any great touchiness on points where our Protestant brethren take a license to be profane, we really do not see the wit, or very clearly the meaning, of describing persons as "Romaically relieved (in the confessional) of the burden of their transgressions." *Romaic* is the language or dialect of the modern Greeks. The latter practise confession, it is true, but in a very slip-shod and perfunctory way, and like Catholics they count penance one of the seven sacra[illegible] military contributor of Putnam was not aware of that. These are bits of knowledge, of some value in the appreciation of the religious world, which are not to be picked up at West Point. But as a rule, all slighting allusions to religious doctrines or practices which others hold sacred are in bad taste in a literary periodical, and should be avoided. They are a breach of good manners, as much as it would be to say the same things in a mixed private circle, where persons of the ridiculed religion were present, which no well bred person is ever guilty of doing. We don't expect theological learning from military men, and can excuse the want of it, but we do expect politeness.

We promised that Maga should babble of green fields this month; — it would have been well to be sure there were green fields whereof to babble. The country is everywhere dried up and parched for want of rain: the meadows are yellow with waiting for the long-desired moisture, and the whole crop-bearing earth faints under the too ardent kisses of the sun. Even on the mountain top where we are writing, the vast undulations of the soil that stretch on every side of us as far as eye can reach, like a sea arrested and fixed in its wildest commotion, with forests for the crests of its waves, except the foliage of the latter and the leaves of the Indian corn standing thirsty in the great fields below, there is nothing that looks like verdure. The wheat is cut, and the golden stubble would be beautiful if emerald-green meadows spread all around it, but alas! the grass is almost as yellow as the stubble. People should pray for rain. We did so at all events, and as if to show that "God sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust," and that no poor sinner need despair who can pray, there came night before last a shower with lightning, and all yesterday morning a rain, not sufficient to satisfy the mountain farmers, their fields or their flocks, but an earnest of something to be left for man and beast, to thank therewith the Creator of all.

We should be glad, had we room, to discourse of our journey, but a very brief diary even would occupy more space than we can afford. We omit therefore, our visit to Frederick city, where we saw the fine church of the Jesuits, and the outside of the great buildings of the novitiate, and the convent of the Visitation with its fine chapel. The interior of the Jesuit church is noble in style and proportion, but like other Italian churches not enriched with marbles and gilding, it lacks the splendor of color necessary to give full effect to the architecture. This, we may hope, will come in time, and meanwhile it has quite a grand effect of space, and a chaste though cold elegance. We omit the magnificent scenery of Harper's Ferry, and the picturesque and imposing bridge which there crosses the Potomac. All the views along the Potomac, which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad here skirts, are extremely beautiful and much wilder than the river-scenery of the North. Here too the crops were suffering from drought. The corn was completely burnt up in many places; it seemed hardly fit for fodder. By and by the road quits the Potomac and breaks off into the interior of Virginia, and arriving at Martinsburg, a finely situated place, we stop to dine. Two gentlemen in Roman collars come to the station just as we are setting off, and we are extremely disposed to address them, although they are perfect strangers. We conclude to wait till the train starts, and they are comfortably seated, but to our disappointment only one of them proceeds with us. We enter into conversation with this ecclesiastic, but the noise and motion, a certain foreign shyness on his part and remains of natural diffidence on ours, prevent our getting so well acquainted as we do afterwards.

Once more we are rushing along the banks of the wild Potomac, in the narrow space between the mountains and the river, and occasionally we penetrate the former by a dark, roaring tunnel. This whole progress was a continual delight from the beauty and novelty of the views. It is perfectly unlike the course of the Hudson as seen on a trip up the Hudson River Railroad, which also runs close along the river-side. No American stream will ever vie in romantic interest or in art-picturesqueness with the castellated Rhine, but in natural beauties the Potomac is no mean rival of that famous river. We can never have ruined feudal castles crowning the heights along our inland waters, with the legendary associations that make those of the Rhine so interesting: whence, then, can we look for an element to supply the charm? Time, which enriches nations and countries both with the monuments and with the ruins of civilization, will gradually impress the wildest country inhabited by man with interesting memorials of his existence. But from the absence of any provision in our laws for the permanence of private property, it is likely that the only solid edifices and the only enduring monuments upon our soil, will be those erected by the two immortal corporations, the State and the Church. Under the works of the state we may include all those which are executed directly or indirectly by the community under the state's sanction; for example, bridges, aqueducts, public ways, rail-way tunnels. Such objects as these, with solid stone station-houses, water-tanks, deep cuttings, &c., will be the monuments hereafter of an age of organized and well-protected industry, as feudal castles are of an age of force and rapine. Everywhere alongside of these, church-towers will rise; convent walls, abbey-church windows, will overlook the varied scene. The monastery, as Cobbet observed, is a proprietor that never dies, and whose estate he might have added (had he written in America) is never divided among his heirs, and which builds, therefore, and improves with an eye to perpetuity. The edifice which it erects to-day, it will be able to live in to-morrow, and the monastery is never a "folly." Are its buildings poor and humble? It will one day be obliged, from mere economy, to take them down and erect those which are spacious, magnificent and durable. Even in the short history of Catholicity in this country we have witnessed this process.

While I make these reflections the cars bring us to Cumberland, where we have determined to alight, and where there is much to see.

# Record of Events.

*From July* 15, *to August* 15, 1854.

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

There is not much that is especially note-worthy in our foreign files; but at home the state of things is painfully interesting in several respects, among which we mark particularly the disposition to anti-Catholic and anti-Irish riots.

Rome: 1. *Anniversary of the election of His Holiness, Pius IX.*—2. *Political Relations.*—3. *The Holy Father at St. Paul's* extra muros.—4. *The Cause of the Blessed John de Britto.*

1. The Holy Father entered on the ninth year of his pontificate the 17th June, being the anniversary of his election, and the 21st that of his coronation. These two days were celebrated by public rejoicings at Rome and in the principal cities of the States of the Church. Cardinal Mattei had the honor of expressing to His Holiness the sentiments of respect and veneration, and affection, which animate the Princes of the Church, and the representatives of the several Powers individually presented their congratulations on the part of their respective Sovereigns. The Ministers of the Pontifical Government, and the members of the highest orders of the Prelacy, had also the honor of a reception by the Holy Father, and the General in command presented to the Sovereign Pontiff the expression of the respectful devotion of the French army of occupation, the discipline and excellent conduct of the troops composing which have, throughout a period of nearly five years, won golden opinions from all classes at Rome; and amongst all the illuminations which, on the evening of the 21st, made the Eternal City one blaze

of light, none was more remarkable than that of the French military circle on the Piazza Colonna. Pius IX, to show a particular mark of his esteem, requested General de Montreal to furnish a list of the officers and men to be decorated with the cross of one of the Orders of pontifical chevaliers; and the anxiety manifested on the occasion furnished the best proof of the high estimation in which these prized tokens of the good will of His Holiness were held.

2. His Holiness has officially and publicly protested against the repeated breaches of faith on the part of the Sardinian government towards the Holy See since 1850, and the Count de Pralormo, minister of this government, has, it is said, demanded his recall, or, at least, leave of absence; and it would appear that in the existing state of the relations between Turin and Rome, a minister from the former court is neither deemed necessary nor desirable.

It is also stated that Count de Leiningen, Envoy of Baden, is about to quit Rome, or has even already taken his departure — intelligence which the rumors for some time in circulation repecting this diplomatist render highly probable.

3. On the 30th June the Holy Father went as usual to celebrate at St. Paul's Without, the commemoration of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The Etat-major of the French army had gladly accepted an invitation to be present at the *fête*, and the three generals of division had the honor of breakfasting with the Sovereign Pontiff. His Holiness takes great interest in the restoration of the noble basilica of this illustrious monastery, and has greatly admired the elegant design and exquisite workmanship of the new *confession* intended to cover the unique tabernacle of the third century, which stands upon the table of the altar enclosing the tomb of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

4. The Sacred Congregation has been authorized to resume the cause of the Blessed John de Britto, beatified last year, all the conditions required for canonization appearing to be fulfilled.

FRANCE: 1. *Erection of a new Seminary by the Government.* — 2. *Religious Profession of a young American Lady.* — 3. *Consecration of Mgr. Gerbet.*

1. An Imperial decree of July 4, opens to the French Minister of Public Instruction and Worships an extraordinary credit of 250,000 francs, for the purchase and construction of a new diocesan seminary at Lyons. This seminary will be erected in a property called the Roman baths.

2. The *Univers* gives the following extract from a letter dated Auch, 22d July: —

"The Archbishop this day clothed with the Ursuline religious habit, in the convent of the priory, a young American lady, Miss Mary Thompson, who found in her own country, at the age of twenty years, the Catholic faith, and who has come to seek in Europe for the antique spirit of the religious and monastic institutions. Miss Thompson belongs to a very honorable family of New Hampshire: all her relations, her mother and her brothers, are still Protestants. Her conversion raised difficulties in her path which would have shaken a courage less than hers. Possessing unusual energy, she has surmounted every obstacle, the opposition of her coreligionists, the censures of the press of New Hampshire, and other more terrible trials which one only finds in the bosom of one's family. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, baptized her in 1847; Mgr. de la Croix, Archbishop of Auch, has given her the white veil of religion with the name of Sister Mary of St. Edmund."

3. The consecration of Mgr. Gerbet, Bishop of Perpignan, took place in the cathedral of Amiens on the 24th of June. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, was the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Bishops of Amiens and Beauvais. Nine other prelates and a great number of clergy were present. The vast cathedral was superbly decorated and overflowing with the multitude of the faithful. At the conclusion the prelates, clergy and people assisted at the inauguration of a fine statue of Peter the Hermit in the place St. Michael. It is the work of a native artist, M. Gideon Forceville, and was presented to the city of Amiens by the Antiquarian Society of Picardy. *Dieu le veut* — the war-cry of the Crusaders — is inscribed on the pedestal.

The first stone of the Church of Notre Dame de la Treille, was laid at Lille on the 1st of July, by the Archbishop of Cambray.

SWITZERLAND: M. Theodore de Mohr, Fédéral Governor of Croire, and distinguished as an historical writer, died at Croire in June, after having renounced Protestantism and having been received into the Church by Mgr. de Carl, Bishop of that city.

GERMANY: *Affairs of Baden.*

In Baden there is said to exist almost a civil war from the resistance of the people to the persecuting measures of the government, and the determination of the latter to dragoon them into submission. The police declare that under existing circumstances they regard all Catholic ecclesiastics and those who support them as enemies of the state. It should be borne in mind that the difficulty in Baden arises solely from the refusal of the Archbishop of Friburg to surrender the reins of ecclesiastical discipline and government into the hands of the civil power.

SPAIN: *The Insurrection.*

All eyes are fastened upon the progress of the insurrection in Spain. The chief of this movement is General O'Donnell, whose name sufficiently bespeaks his descent. Originally a military rising, the flame has now communicated itself to the people. The rallying cry of the insurgents is "Morality and the Constitution." Madrid, by the last advices was in the possession of the insurgents, and the queen had summoned Espartero to form a ministry. That chief was understood to be acting with O'Donnell. The houses of the late ministers and of Queen Christina had been sacked and the furniture destroyed by the people. The Queen Mother herself and the late ministers had fled. There could be little doubt of the ultimate success of the insurrection in excluding the favorites and the former administration from power, but what shape the result would take, whether the queen would be deposed, the Count de Montemolin or her daughter succeed her, was considered yet wholly problematical. A party talked strongly of conferring the crown on the young king of Portugal, but it was not thought that a measure so much at variance with the dynastic and national feelings of the Spaniards would really be entertained by any powerful party, much less succeed.

ENGLAND: 1. *Church of St. Peter's, London.* — 2. *Catholic Affairs.* — 3. *Parliament.*

1. A notice has been printed at the Propaganda in Rome respecting the establishment of St. Peter's of London. It sets forth the project under three heads, 1. the reasons for it; 2. the foundation; 3. the authorization. Under the first head it shows the number of Catholics in London, — about 200,000 — and the defect of church room and spiritual care for so many; the want of schools for at least two-thirds of the children; and the still worse condition of the foreigners dwelling in that city; finally, that there is no obstacle to Catholics in London erecting churches and schools. Under the second head, it relates the plan received by Vincent Palotti, and his sending two priests of his institute to London to execute "the project of a vast church after the model of the most beautiful and ancient Christian basilicas, with schools for the children of foreigners residing in London, and with a re-union of Priests of various nations." £7,500 collected up to 1853 had been applied to the purchase of a site in the very centre of the city of London. Less than £1,000 collected since are deposited for the commencement of the edifice. Under the third head, it is mentioned that His Holiness Pius IX, by several *rescripts*, and His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman have approved the project; that the Holy Father has blessed the plan of the church, and expressed the wish that it shall be called the church of St. Peter, prince of the apostles. Two apostolical missionaries have been chosen to solicit subscriptions for it.

2. As in this country so in England, a considerable portion of the space devoted by the Catholic press to ecclesiastical news, is occupied with full accounts of the annual exhibitions of the numerous Catholic colleges and schools. We find also in every paper descriptions of the building and beautiful decoration of Catholic Churches, which

are opened with the usual imposing ceremonies, amid a great joy and concourse of the faithful. At the same time the work of conversion is steadily going on among what are called in England the better classes of society, and the most earnest efforts are making for "carrying out the mission to the poor." Among these is the introduction of the Confraternity of the Holy Trinity, "the *general* object" of which association in London is, "to carry out as fully as possible, the mission to the poor of London, by helping to build uncostly churches and schools in the localities where they reside."

3. In the House of Commons, Monday, June 12, on a vote of money for government prisons and convict establishments, an item of £550, for the services of chaplains to attend Roman Catholic prisoners, was objected to by Mr. Spooner Lord Palmerston defended the item in a witty and cutting speech, but after a sharp debate the House divided on the amendment of Mr. Spooner, and rejected the appropriation by a majority of 158 to 136 — 22 against the government. Twenty-four Irish liberal members were absent. The ground taken by the opposition was, "that it was a national sin to give the public money for the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion."

In the same House, on Tuesday, June 13, Mr. Scully gave notice of a motion for a commission of inquiry into the endowments, &c., for education in Ireland. Mr. Berkley moved for leave to bring in a bill for the *ballot* in elections, (lost by 194 to 157); and Mr. Sergeant Shee moved for leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the laws relative to the Temporalities of the Church in Ireland. The general outline of the measure proposed was as follows: to save £35,000 now disbursed on surplices, communion plate, bread and wine, candles, &c., for the established Church, and to throw that expense on the members of that communion; to economize £32,000 on the incomes of the archbishops and bishops, by reducing each future archbishop to £4,000 ($20,000) per annum, and each future bishop to £2,500 ($12,000); to combine 394 livings, having a population of only 15,000 of all Protestant denominations, into groups of three or four, giving them £30,000, and saving £50,000 out of £80,000, which those livings now enjoy; and lastly, to reduce the livings throughout Ireland, in dioceses where Protestants are numerous to £400 a year ($2,000), and where they are only a fraction of the population to £300 ($1,500), and by these means to obtain, in union with what is now paid into the hands of the commissioners, from the excess of Episcopal incomes and other sources, (£95,000), a total saving of £229,000, ($1,145,000). This surplus he proposed to distribute among the Protestant curates, the Episcopalian Commission, a Presbyterian Commission and a Catholic Commission, the latter to receive about £84,000, for the purpose of building and repairing churches of their several denominations, and supplying them with the necessaries of worship. Further, he would apply the £600,000 to be realized from the sale of Church Temporalities (perpetuities) to the purchase of glebes and glebe-houses for the real clergy of the people — the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic. It was objected that this motion was against Mr. Shee's oath. Mr. Lucas spurned this suggestion, but signified his disapprobation as not sufficiently sweeping in regard to the enormous grievance of the Irish Establishment: he also objected to the proposition to give a portion of the funds taken from the Established Church to the Roman Catholic Church; and he believed that it was generally disapproved by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The debate was adjourned. By a supposed treachery of the whippers-in the House was very nearly counted out.

### IRELAND: *The University.*

The Archbishops and Bishops in the late council authorized a collection for the University in all the churches and chapels of Ireland. The Catholic University Gazette continues to throw off week after week the most admirable essays from the pen of Dr. Newman on subjects connected with the university, "with a vigor and luxuriance of genius," says the Tablet, "to which English literature hardly affords a parallel." There cannot be a doubt that the illustrious Newman has found his true position, — the position for which Providence and Grace have been so long preparing him.

THE EAST: The Morning Post gives the following account of a military Mass of the French army of the East, in which we omit an observation at the close that seems quite out of place.

"A MILITARY MASS. — The French are advanced with all possible speed by land and sea. At Adrianople, on Sunday, the 18th, they celebrated a military Mass; the ceremony (to which the consular body and the leading Roman Catholic families were nvited to assist) is described as having been brilliant and imposing. A raised altar, supported by a noble forest tree, was elegantly decorated; a picture representing the cross hung from one of the branches, with the inscription, *Hoc Signo Vinces;* four lofty pillars of evergreens were placed at the corners of the altar, and on the right and left were two piles of arms, elegantly constructed of muskets, swords, and bayonets, arranged round two cannon; a band of music stood on each side of the altar; while the infantry were drawn up in a vast square, supported by two squadrons of magnificent cavalry. All those that had been invited assembled at General Bosquet's kiosk, where, also, were General Prim, the aides-de-camp, the general staff, all the officers of the various regiments, and Generals Autmarve, Bonnat, and D'Allonville. At a given signal, the whole body, headed by General Bosquet, on whose arm was the young wife of the Austrian Vice-Consul, moved towards the altar, at which the Abbe Monier, chaplain of the second division, officiated. The music of the two bands in the open air was exquisitely pleasing. At the elevation of the Host a salute of five guns was fired, and three colors, surmounted by the imperial eagle, were dipped, and all the troops presented their arms with bended knees. At this moment the *coup d'œil* was truly imposing. When the Mass was ended, the *Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem Napoleonem* was chanted, and a gun announced the end of the ceremony. It is very gratifying to find that the God of Forces is set before Mahometans by the allied armies as the Giver of all victory. Surely, such a sight as that just described must have struck forcibly even the apathetic Turks."

CANADA: The pastoral letter of the Fathers of the Second Provincial Council of Quebec is published. It urges on the faithful the duty of providing for their children a sound Christian education, warns them against Protestant schools, and advises the formation of parochial libraries. In this connection the letter warns against bad books. It then proceeds to speak of the ravages of Intemperance, applauds the temperance associations among Catholics, and declares that those who violate by unlicensed sale the laws restricting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, are unworthy of being admitted to the sacraments.

The Very Rev. Thomas McGuire, V. G. of Quebec, died July 17th, in the 79th year of his age. This distinguished ecclesiastic was a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

NEWFOUNDLAND. At Harbor Maine, the first profession of a nun in the Presentation Convent. Miss Maher (in religion Sister Mary Joseph Gabriel) was professed by His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mullock on the feast of Corpus Christi. The ceremony attracted great interest.

UNITED STATES: 1. *Consecration of the Bishop of Chicago.* — 2. *Persecution in the Navy.* — 3. *Church in California.* — 4. *Burning of St. Patrick's, Pittsburg.* — 5. *Riot at St. Louis.* — 6. *Burning of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum.* — 7. *Ordinations.* — 8. *Religious Receptions.* — 9. *Churches.* — 10. *Colleges.* — 11. *Ladies' Academies.* — 12. *Obituary.*

1. The consecration of the Rt. Rev. ANTHONY O'REGAN, D. D., Bishop of Chicago, took place in the Cathedral of St. Louis, on Tuesday, July 25th, the Feast of St. James. The Most Rev. Archbishop KENRICK of St. Louis was the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. VANDEVELDE, Bishop of Natchez, (formerly of Chicago); the Rt. Rev. Dr. HENNI, Bishop of Milwaukie, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. LORAS, Bishop of Dubuque. Upwards of sixty priests from the dioceses of St. Louis and Chicago, and the adjoining dioceses, were present, as also the Seminarians from the Seminary at Carondelet, of which Bishop O'REGAN has been for five years the Superior. The

Bishop of Nashville was in the city, but unable to attend on account of sickness. The consecration sermon was preached by the Very Rev. James Duggan of St. Louis, for some time past administrator of the Diocese of Chicago.

2. The N. Y. Freeman's Journal notices the fact that Lieutenant Monroe, grand-nephew of the President, was, on Easter Sunday, suspended from his command on board of one of our ships-of-war, the Vincennes, Commodore Ringold's flag-ship, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, then at Hong Kong, for refusing to order his men to attend the service of the Episcopal Church read by the Commodore's Secretary on board. This case of oppression has been brought before the Secretary of the Navy. The Freeman's Journal "invites most respectfully and sincerely the attention of Gen. Cass in particular, and of all the Senators who have taken part in the discussion on the religious liberties of Americans in foreign countries, to this grievous case of deprivation of religious liberty to American citizens under the American flag." Of course all those religious papers, such as the N. Y. Recorder, the Presbyterian, the N. Y. Evangelist, the Protestant Churchman, &c., who are so zealous in publishing the details of every instance of governmental prosecution of Protestants in foreign countries, will eagerly give publicity to this example of governmental prosecution of Catholics at home; and they will doubtless be equally glad, from their strong sense of justice and their indignant love of religious liberty, to notice, that whereas Protestants abroad are punished for worshipping in public (as is alleged) according to their *own* conscience, Catholics at home are punished for *not* worshipping according to the conscience of others. On the same day that Lieutenant Monroe, grand-nephew of a President of the United States, whose name is associated indelibly with the cause of American liberty, was suspended from his command for this reason, one of the men on board the ship was put in irons for refusing to attend the same service. It is needless to express our confident expectation that our respectable, truth-loving and impartial *exchanges*, will one and all hasten to publish this case, and by their indignant comments on it (which to save trouble may be clipped from their former editorials on the Madiai), evince their appreciation of the maxim that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

3. The Rev. Mr. Cian, a Chinese Catholic priest, has arrived at San Francisco, where a considerable number of the Chinese immigrants are Catholics. At the same time his arrival is viewed with lively pleasure with reference to the pagan Chinese, "by all" (says the *Echo du Pacifique*, quoted in the Catholic Standard) "who deplore the state of degradation in which the majority of the Chinese in California live."

St. Mary's Church, in California street, San Francisco, is going up rapidly, and when completed will be "perhaps the finest structure on the Pacific coast." The *Catholic Standard* of San Francisco, is, as far as we can see, a well-conducted and edifying paper, nearly every number of which contains lengthy extracts from *Brownson's Review* or the *Metropolitan.* It is published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, in Spanish and English.

4. The venerable church of St. Patrick, Pittsburg, Pa., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of Thursday, Aug. 10, a little before day. The fire communicated from a machine shop. The organ was destroyed. The best part of the vestments and plate was saved. The loss is partially covered by insurance. This old church was associated with the beginning of Catholicity in this city. [*Pittsburg Catholic.*]

5. At St. Louis on the afternoon of an election day (Aug. 7) that city became the theatre of one of the largest and most disgraceful mobs that ever took place in the West. It began by a fight at the polls between a party of Americans and a number of Irish. Wherever an Irishman was seen on the street he was pursued and cruelly beaten. Finally the mob were met by a number of Irishmen who gave battle, but the crowd of rioters increasing, they gave way, and retreated to their houses. Here the scene was terrific. The Irish, it is said, fired pistol shots in the crowd who were engaged in breaking in their doors and windows with showers of stones. The mob then proceeded on its way, assailing every coffee-house or tenement supposed to contain foreigners, with a continued storm of missiles. The doors and windows of a great number of houses

were riddled with stones and brickbats. The Irish made a stand in one place, but unsuccessfully, in defence of their dwellings. The military and police restored order for a time, but the riot burst out afresh at about 10 o'clock at night; the military, however, coming to the rescue, the mob was dispersed. At the time of sending this notice to press it was not known how many persons had been killed or wounded; but the number was considerable, especially of the severely wounded.

6. On the 25th of July, the St. Joseph's (German) Catholic Orphan Asylum, Allegheny City, was entirely destroyed by fire. Time was afforded to remove nearly all the furniture. There were about forty orphans, none of whom were injured, but the clothes of the children, except what they had on, were burnt. The building cost $7,000, and was insured for $3,000. It is supposed that the fire was accidental.

7. *Ordinations.*

Diocese of Cincinnati: July 15. By the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. Tonsure and Minors — Mr. John Lynch, a native of Zanesville, in religion Brother Hyacinth, O. S. D. Thursday, Aug. 10. In the Chapel of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati. By the Most Rev. Abp. Purcell. The clerical Tonsure and four Minors — Mr. Wm. James Barney, a native of that city. July 16. Subdeaconship — the same. Sunday, July 16, at St. Peter's, Chillicothe, Deaconship; and Tuesday, 18th, Priesthood, — the same Rev. gentleman. ["One of Rev. Mr. Lynch's sisters, five of whom were nuns of the order of St. Dominic, died of the cholera two weeks ago. She took the disease while waiting on a cholera patient whom she left her convent to attend, at St. Rose's, near Springfield, Ky. His mother, an aged widow, has also joined the community of Dominican Sisters at Somerset, Ohio." *Cath. Tel.*]

Diocese of Pittsburg: July 15. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Connor, in his domestic chapel. Subdeaconship — MM. John C. Farran, Richard C. Christy, and J. B. O'Connor. The 18th: Deaconship — the same Rev. gentlemen.

Diocese of Milwaukie: July 19th. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. Henni. Priesthood — the Rev. Thomas Keenan.

Diocese of Hartford: Sunday, July 2. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Reilly. Sacred Order of Priesthood — the Rev. Michael J. Tully.

8. *Religious Receptions.*

At New Haven, Wednesday, Aug. 2, in St. Mary's Church, Miss Eliza Coleman (in religion Sister Mary Baptiste) and Miss Bridget Dasha (Sister Mary Nicholas) took the solemn vows of the Sisterhood of Mercy and received the black veil from the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Reilly; and Miss Elizabeth Ruddin (now in religion Sister Mary Alphonsus) and Miss Ellen Dennan (Sister Mary Augustine) received the white veil and religious habit. Mass was said by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who also preached the sermon. The ladies to be received were conducted to the altar by the Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy at Providence, assisted by the Superioress of the Convent at New Haven. The sermon of the Bishop was highly calculated to dispel the false and groundless ideas which many of his hearers had, no doubt, hitherto entertained of this act of self-sacrifice. At least a thousand non-catholics were present. [*Abridged from the correspondence of the Freeman's Journal.*]

9. *Churches.*

At South Reading, Mass., Sunday, July 23, the new Church of St. Joseph was dedicated by the Rev. T. O'Shahan of Salem, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien of the Cathedral, who preached the sermon.

At Poughkeepsie, Sunday, July 23, the new Church of St. Peter's, was dedicated by the Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G. of the Diocese of New York. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Curran of St. Andrew's Church, New York. The Rev. Dr. Cummings, of New York, preached the sermon.

At Pottstown, Montgomery Co., Pa., Sunday, July 30, the corner-stone of a new church, under the invocation of St. Aloysius, was laid by the Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, V. G. of the Diocese of Philadelphia.

At Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y., Aug. 1, the corner stone of a new church was laid by the Rev. A. McGeough of Shenectady, before "an assemblage of at least 3,000 persons of all denominations." The Rev. F. P. McFarland of Utica, preached the sermon. The church is to be in the Byzantine style, to seat 1,200 persons, and when finished, is expected to rival any of its class in the country, for beauty and spaciousness.

10. *Colleges.*

St. Joseph's College, Somerset, Ohio, held its third annual commencement on the 6th of July. The audience (on account of the weather) "were collected together in the shade of a majestic old forest that is standing not far from the new college." A fine procession of students, the literary societies in their uniforms, and the members of the community in the white robes of the Dominican order, led by the college band, proceeded from the college to the chosen spot. Orations, interspersed with music and distribution of premiums, were closed by an address from the Hon. W. E. Finch, of Somerset.

St. Francis' Academy, Loretto, Cambria Co., held its examination and exhibition on the 18th July. The Bishop of Pittsburg and a number of the clergy were present and expressed their delight with the examination, and the performances at the exhibition which followed, both of which reflected the greatest credit on the good Franciscan Brothers.

The Fourth Annual Commencement of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, was held on the 11th of July. The Archbishop distributed the premiums, and made one of his characteristic addresses. The commencement altogether is described as "a satisfactory evidence of a year well spent and a delightful promise of future progress."

St. Joseph's College, Susquehanna Co., Pa., lately chartered by an act of the Legislature, held its second annual commencement about the 15th of July.

St. Charles College, Ellicott's Mills, Md., closed its exercises on the 16th, with a distribution. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Le Fevre presided at the distribution, and made an address. Some valuable prizes, some of which were kindly presented by the Archbishop, were awarded, and the ceremony closed "with a beautiful little hymn in French to the Blessed Virgin."

11. *Ladies' Academies.*

St. Mary's Academy, Somerset, Ohio, held its annual exhibition on the 5th of July. The exercises are described in glowing and feeling terms in the Catholic Telegraph by one who "a few short months before was an inmate of those sacred walls," and had experienced the care of the Dominican Sisters.

St. Xavier's Academy, Latrobe, Westmoreland Co., Pa., gave its exhibition on the 20th. It appears to have been a spirited affair. Miss P. Ihmsen, Miss Campbell, and Miss E. McSwiggen bore away the crowns.

The Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, gave its exhibition on the 12th of July. The President of the United States, and Mrs. Pierce; members of the Senate and various Foreign Ministers with their families were present. The President distributed the premiums. It must have been deeply gratifying, especially to the young ladies who were leaving the institution, to receive their crowns and medals from the hand of the Chief Magistrate of their country, and on the part of the President it was certainly a graceful act, especially in these times, and one of a high and noble policy.

The Academy of the Visitation at Frederick City, Md., gave its distribution on the 18th July. We have no details, but the Mirror publishes five solid columns of premiums, with the names of the young ladies — a lively incentive to diligence.

The Academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Eden Hall, near Philadelphia, held its commencement also on the 18th. The premiums were distributed by the Very Rev. Mr. Sourin, V. G. The young ladies delivered several pieces of composition, and the ceremony concluded with music and refreshments, which in that beautiful spot, the weather that it was, must have been very acceptable.

With this we are forced to close our notices of these interesting celebrations, in giving which it has not been our design to give a good-natured puff or advertisement to the schools mentioned, but simply and pleasantly to remind our readers of what ought to be to us all a matter of pride and pleasure, namely, the number and flourishing state of our educational institutions.

12. *Obituary.* It is this month unusually large, from the number of our devoted clergy and religious women, who have fallen victims to their attention upon the sick and dying in the prevailing epidemic.

In New York, July 31, the Rev. John McCabe, of consumption, in the 37th year of his age. He was recently in charge of Cold Spring. His obsequies were performed at the Cathedral, where a solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated by the Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., assisted by the Rev. MM. Farrell and O'Callaghan.

At Saratoga, July 16, the Rev. Joseph Stokes, of the Diocese of Hartford, of consumption. He was for some years engaged in the missions of the Diocese of Charleston.

At St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Boston, on Sunday, July 23, Sister Mary Gregory (daughter of Dr. E. Davis, of Philadelphia). She entered the society in 1828, at sixteen, and has spent twenty-three years on the missions in the duties of a Sister of Charity. She was the first of the Sisterhood who have died in Boston. She has been a severe sufferer for many years, and a patient one.

At the Convent of Mercy, Chicago, Ill., July 8, Mother Mary Agatha (Margaret O'Brien), and Sister Mary Bernard Hughes; on the 9th, Sister Mary Louisa Connors; and on the 11th, Sister Mary Veronica Hickey (at the Hospital of Mercy). These excellent religious have fallen victims to the epidemic. Of Mother Agatha, the Western Tablet gives the following particulars:

"This most excellent religious entered the Order of Mercy in May, 1843, and soon after emigrated with Mother Ward and some other Sisters, to form the first establishment of her Order in America, under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, at Pittsburg. On the 6th of May, 1846, she made her religious profession in the hands of the same Right Rev. Prelate.

"In the course of the same year she removed from Pittsburg, at the head of five Sisters, to Chicago, which has ever since continued to be the field of her labors and the home of her affections. How successful these exertions have been may be learned from the flourishing condition of the community, (now numbering forty-eight members), from the many schools under the direction of the Sisters, and from the excellent establishments founded under her far-seeing wisdom in this city and Galena.

"In the hearts of her numerous friends the memory of Mother Agatha will long be enshrined. They will miss and lament the prudent adviser, the kind comforter, the sympathetic friend. Let us hope that her virtues, and those of her departed Sisters, will be imitated by those who lament their memory. "Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided." *Requiescant in pace.*

At Joliet, the Rev. Michael O'Donnell, of Lockport, Ill., of cholera. This estimable missionary was ordained by Bp. Vandervelde. His brother, the Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, died of the same disease in September, 1852, at Ottawa.

At Chicago, July 31, the Rev. P. J. McLaughlin, of St. Patrick's Church in that city — a laborious and much venerated priest.

Friday, July 21st, the Rev. J. J. Mullen, Pastor of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, aged about 40 years.

At New York, July 27, the Rev. Joseph Marshall, S. J., Professor of Languages at St. Xavier's College in that city, of the prevailing epidemic. Father Marshall was a native of France, and quitted "a brilliant position in his native land, in order to devote his life, on this continent, exclusively to the glory of God and the salvation of souls." [*Celt.*]

At the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, in the 57th year of her age, Sister Melanie. She was born at Namur, entered religion in 1817, and continued to her death (37 years) an edifying and fervent religious. [*Cath. Tel.*]

At New York, Tuesday, July 18th, at the residence of his mother, the Rev. John Whelan, of the Diocese of Little Rock, of cholera, with which he was seized while attending on the Rev. Mr. Farrell, who was sick of the same disease. The funeral was celebrated at St. James' Church, and the remains were then taken to the Cathedral for interment.

At St. John's Hospital, Cincinnati, Saturday, Aug. 5, Sistér Elizabeth (in the world Mary Conroy) in the 35th year of her age. Sister Elizabeth died of cholera, after an illness of eleven hours, having been most unremitting and devoted in her attention to the orphans sick of that disease.

CONVERSION AND DEATH OF LIEUT. TOBY. — It is our painful duty to announce the death of Lt. Wm. C. Toby, who expired at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 1st of August.

Lt. Toby served in the Mexican war, but was better known from his long connection with the press as Legislative, and more recently, Congressional reporter. His letters under the *nom de plume* of "John of York," were greatly admired, and earned for the writer no little celebrity, while his amiable and sociable qualities endeared him to a large circle of acquaintances who will deeply lament his untimely end.

Lt. Toby was engaged during the present session of Congress in reporting for a New York paper, until his failing health compelled him to abandon his desk and seek the means of restoration in travel and recreation. Accordingly he turned his steps towards the Pennsylvania Springs, but on reaching Harrisburg his strength gave way and he was compelled to take to his bed, where he rapidly sunk under his disease, consumption, until death terminated his earthly career.

In his last sickness he was visited by several Protestant ministers, who failed, however, to afford him the consolation he desired, although he had always been a Protestant himself. At length he sent for the Rev. Mr. Maher, the Catholic pastor, who after sufficient conversation, received his profession of faith and admitted him into the Catholic fold. Subsequently, the deceased received all the rites of the Church with much fervor and piety. As he had resided in Harrisburg from time to time, he had many acquaintances and friends there among the Protestant portion of the community, among whom his death-bed conversion has, very naturally, created no little sensation.

The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic Cemetery of St. Patrick's Church, Harrisburg, on the 3d ult. The members of the press attended his funeral in a body, accompanied by a very large number of the citizens generally. The usual military honors were also paid to his remains. His coffin bore the following appropriate inscription:—"Lieut. Wm. C. Toby, late of 4th Infantry U. S. A. Died August 1, 1854. Served with distinction under General Scott, during the war with Mexico." *Requiescat in pace.*

## II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*American Text Books in the Irish University.* — We are pleased to learn that the Ancient and Modern Histories by Professor Fredet, of our city, have been adopted as Text Books in the Irish University. This simple announcement we consider the best evidence of the merits of the works and the distinguished talents of the Rev. author.

Messrs. Webb & Levering, Louisville, Ky., announce as in press "Miscellanea, comprising Reviews, Essays and Lectures on Historical, Theological and Miscellaneous Subjects, by the Rt. Rev. M. J. SPALDING, D. D., Bishop of Louisville." A considerable portion of the interesting and highly valuable papers thus promised us, originally appeared in the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* has discontinued its semi-weekly edition after a year's trial, and Mr. McLeod Murphy has retired from the editorial management. Few of the readers and admirers of the Journal regret the discontinuance of the semi-weekly, as, even during its publication, the "full meal" of the weekly edition was generally found to relish better.

Among the interesting announcements by general publishers, is that of "Prescott's History of Philip II," the first two volumes of which are said to be in a state of forwardness. It would appear scarcely possible that a historian who is not a Catholic could do justice to this most remarkable reign, unless he became a Catholic by writing it, as has happened to some illustrious modern writers.

Charles B. Norton, of New York, advertizes in *Norton's Literary Gazette*, a long list of rare and curious books, in old and scarce editions, some of which are of a nature to interest the Catholic clergy and librarians.

## III. Political and Secular Intelligence.

The news from the seat of war is meagre. Since the Russian assault on Silistria failed, their forces, at first retreating upon Moldavia, have by a countermarch, concentrated apparently for the defence of Bucharest, and with the intention of holding or disputing Wallachia against the allies. It is evident that this counter-movement was necessary, as a diversion, in order to protect the Crimea from an Anglo-French expedition, and that for that purpose it will be effectual as long as Austria does not actively join the coalition. The Russians have suffered extremely in the various actions which have been fought with the advanced guard of the Turks, as well as in the siege of Silistria, and they have lost a very considerable number of general officers. Prince Paskiewitch, the conqueror of Persia and of Warsaw, has retired from the command, some say disgraced, some wounded, but at all events unsuccessful, and Gortschakoff has resumed it. The allies were concentrating upon Giurgevo, north bank of the Danube, which was occupied by the Turks, and a great battle was looked for. The English papers are filled with letters from the army, which, to say the least, are very interesting as pictures of Turkey and military life. A consequence of the union of the French and English troops in the same expedition, has been the reform of the dress of the latter. An easy and comfortable tunic has been substituted for the coat hitherto worn, the stiff stocks have been replaced by soft elastic ones, and low open collars, a new light shako has been adopted, &c., &c. At the various reviews the superior *physique*, the discipline and the machine-like regularity of the English regiments are exceedingly admired by the French and Turkish commanders, while the rapidity, dexterity and intelligence of the French win equal applause. It is talked of that a great number of Turks will be taken into English pay and officered by English officers, — a measure which, if tried, will certainly succeed, as the English have always shown a particular tact in managing that species of force, while the bravery of the Turkish common soldiers requires nothing else but capacity and courage in their officers to make the the finest troops.

The crops in Europe are said to be exceedingly fine almost everywhere, so that in spite of the war the price of breadstuffs has fallen. Many parts of this country have suffered from drought. The corn in many districts is quite ruined.

The cholera has raged with considerable severity during the past month, chiefly in the Atlantic cities and in those of the West. Chicago has particularly suffered. Baltimore has been nearly exempt, owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to its excellent natural drainage, dispensing somewhat with those hygienic measures which our municipal authorities so generally neglect. We have had to record elsewhere the loss of many an estimable clergyman and religious: placed in the front rank in times of pestilence, they are sure to yield a certain number of victims to the destroyer.

THE

# Metropolitan.

**Vol. II. OCTOBER, 1854. No. 9.**

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

We have thought it would be timely to translate for the Metropolitan the following article from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which has since published two others on the same subject. It is already sufficiently known to our readers that the *Civiltà Cattolica* is a semi-monthly periodical published at Rome by Fathers of the Society of Jesus, mostly connected with the Roman College, and who rank among the most eminent men and most distinguished and influential publicists of Europe. The aim of the *Civiltà*, as its name denotes, is to treat of the *Catholic Civilization*, or, in a word, of all those topics where Religion, and eminently, sovereignly, the Catholic Religion, is connected with the temporal civilization of nations, as the generative, vivific, shaping and controlling principle and law of their institutions, literature, manners, education, amusements and industry. Its very object is to combat those false ideas in regard to secular, social and political affairs, which are the misery of Italy in particular, and which, every where diffused by a dangerous propaganda, threaten the Church as well as the State with subversion. It combats them by unceasingly upholding and promulgating just and comprehensive ideas, truly philosophical at the same time that they are religious, and in discussing which the conductors of the *Civiltà* strive to render evident the *true* connection between Religion and Philosophy, between the Church and the State. It was established with this very view, at the suggestion of the Holy Father, after his return to Rome from his sad but glorious exile, and its lucubrations possess a peculiar value, and we may even say, authority, because they may be considered as expressing those views which the Holy See, or at least the Court of Rome, favors and applauds; and on the particular subject of this article, the *Civiltà* itself plainly intimates, that its course has been conformed to the inspirations and high prudence of the Vatican. The view it advocates is remarkable for its moderation; and so skilfully is it presented as to conciliate almost all shades of opinion (at least among Catholics), without compromising one jot of principle; while, as with all that proceeds from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, it generously rises above the sphere of mere politics, to the lofty one of Providence and of the universal justice that really presides over human affairs. It is more for the sake of its principles than of its conclusions (just as we deem them) that we translate and publish it. Those, indeed, who are curious to know the distinctive principles of so eminent a periodical, and its manner of discussing them, will find both in this article sufficiently indicated.

## THE WAR OF THE EAST.

Some have wondered to see the impartiality, and as it were indifference, with which the *Civiltà Cattolica* has hitherto treated the formidable question that agitates so deeply the civilized world. To tell the truth, the dubious oscillation of even the wisest and most Catholic periodicals would suffice to justify us, certain indication as it is, of grave reasons *pro* and *con.* And to this respect which we profess towards our colleagues in the strife of journalism, an additional weight is derived from our programme, of not taking sides for political interests, and from the atmosphere whence we write, so much the more tranquil as that rock is more sublime whence the Vatican immovably regards the raging of political storms, and as that charity is more universal with which It embraces or invites all the nations within the only fold, under the only shepherd.

Nevertheless, since complying with the desire of whoever wonders at the impartiality with which we have hitherto endeavored to write, may place in a clear light the social principles which are ventured in these tempests, — that most weighty object for which our periodical labors, — we think we ought to assume the task of manifesting the intrinsic cause of our past indifference, by pointing out what is the spirit of the movement involved in this grand drama, and what are the elements of right which are controverted in it, and what the hopes, which, from the shores of the future, invite us to hasten their fulfilment with our wishes or our aid.

### Article I. — *The Spirit that is Warring.*

Do you know, then, what in our eyes is the motive principle of the present war, and so the reason of that impartiality or indifference with which we have described its vicissitudes? Let us leave out of view for a moment the treaties, the rights, the passions and other historical elements; let us equally put aside the part which the Western Powers are taking in the struggle; — the mover of the war between the Turks and Russians is, in our point of view, the *Revolution,* namely, that spirit, essentially heterodox, which freeing from the laws of the Creator man who essentially depends upon them, produces in modern society the subversion of all order. This order for man is naturally two-fold, according as he is considered in his body bound up in relations with the visible universe, or in his spirit placed in relation with the universal society of intelligences. To secure the social order of man in the visible world is the direct aim of the temporal authority; to secure it in the moral world, of the spiritual authority: and so, whichever of these two authorities is impugned, the spiritual authority by schism, or the temporal authority by rebellion, the element of disorder is introduced into the world.

Observe, moreover, that as the two substances of which man is composed, are reduced in him to a concrete unity through the subordination of the body to the spirit, nor without such unity and subordination could man either be, or be conceived; so the two orders, becoming necessarily incarnate in a multitude of the same human persons, ought to be reduced to a compound and united order by means of that subordination of force to justice, without which the external order would be a word devoid of sense, contradictory and incomprehensible. Whence you perceive that it is equally a principle of disorder to deny the subordination of the multitude to the ruler, and to deny that of the ruler to justice. Which justice, being among Christians indefectibly joined with the teachings of the Church, the Ruler's independence of the Church, is, in the Christian world (and that is to say, in the civilized world, in the only *ordered* world that can exist at present, since the God-Man has spoken), an element of disorder, like the subject's independence of the ruler.

From these two conceptions of order and subordination it is easy to comprehend our preceding assertion "that the mover of the war in both the contending hosts is the principle of social disorder, the *Revolution:*" it being easy to prove, that on one side combats a temporal power which has freed itself from the authority of the Church, on the other a multitude which has rebelled against the authority of the ruler: on this side the brutality of the Koran, the rebellion of the demagogy or political anarchy; on that, the rebellion of the particular church against the Universal, the disorder of the State independent of the eternal justice interpreted by the Church.*

Which double independence, being, as you well know, the fundamental error of the Protestantism of our day, as embraced either by the lawless multitudes, or by a temporal power that will not recognize a moral limit, you will comprehend that on the Danube are combating in a civil war, so to speak, the two sister independencies, both daughters of Protestantism, and personified in the two contending armies.

And with regard to the Ottoman side, if indeed, as we shall observe, its forms and spirit are modified to-day, still there is no one who is ignorant what hopes it has nourished in the beginning from the assistance of the demagogy, to which the Sultan so courteously gave asylum in 1848 and '49. *Bem* and the other Hungarian and Polish refugees, who taking the turban renounced the cross; Kossuth, who, saved by Turkey, was enabled to take refuge in England and the United States; ought naturally to excite the sympathies of their brethren and friends in favor of their liberator, the Porte. In fact, the Minister of the United States at Constantinople in presenting, a few months since, his credentials to the Sultan, pronounced a discourse which well shows what a reputation of liberalism the Sultan has acquired in the model-Republic. The ambassador congratulated himself on the analogy of sentiments between *the two nations who gave asylum to political refugees*: whence, *thanks,* he said, *to the magnanimous conduct of your Majesty, the devoted exiles of liberty found on these shores an assured peace.*

Nor ought this to excite wonder in any one who is acquainted with the present condition of the Byzantine government, widely diverse from that which the spirit of the Koran had formed, a spirit essentially despotic inasmuch, as Guizot remarks, it interpenetrates inseparably the spiritual with the temporal, placing the first in the dependence of the second, by means of that inexorable sword to which the apostolate of Islamism was confided. Under such inspirations the Sultan ought to be essentially opposed to the demagogy of Europe, not less than the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. But what remains of the Koran at this hour in the Byzantine seraglio, from the dissoluteness of the harem down? The poor Sultan travels for a long time, against the wish of his subjects, in a path of European *popularity*, of mussulman *unpopularity*, a path travelled by him either through deception or necessity under the direction of the philanthropic philosophism, pledged to give us the spectacle of a semi-barbarous society, civilized without the Gospel and without God by the magical voice of philanthropy.

---

* In these expressions of the *Civiltà* we find the doctrine most exactly stated, for which the advocates of the so-called Indirect Temporal Power appear to us to *mean* to contend, but which would be contended for with equal fervor by their adversaries. When you have said that it is a disorder for the State to make herself independent of the eternal justice interpreted by the Church, you have not said that if she makes herself so, her own legitimacy is at an end, or that it is in the power of the Church to suspend or remove her authority. The latter inference (we say it not to controvert any one else, but simply to define our own position) is what we do not admit. The State of Massachusetts, e. g., makes herself independent of the eternal justice interpreted by the Church, in authorizing divorce *a vinculo* between Christians; it is a disorder, but it does not free her Catholic citizens from their allegiance, nor is it therefore necessarily competent to the Church, we contend, on that account to abolish her jurisdiction.

"People will not comprehend at the present day," says in substance the illustrious Le Normant, "that the Catholic Gospel is alike necessary to the salvation of man and to the civilizing of nations. In the last century the voluptuous Epicureans envied the Turks the dissolute softness of their harems. To-day it is *philosophy* which rushes to Turkey to offer the Ottomans, in hatred of Christianity, a regeneration of which they do not comprehend a syllable, and to take their measure, in spite of themselves, for the European civilization, as for the scantier habit which they now wear as a sign of their being linked to the universal system of Europe. But be the zeal of the masters what it may; the scholars are so ill-disposed that they learn nothing; and the indigested lessons lie heavy in their stomach without their being able either to reject or to assimilate them."

The spirit, therefore, of the Turkish government is quite different henceforth from the spirit of Islamism and of the Caliphs. Half-overpowered by a bastard civilization which is neither Gospel nor Koran, the Sultan might well stamp on his coinage *Emperor by the grace of the Princes of Europe*. The remains of mussulman fanaticism which seems at this day the last cry of that despairing Argante, who

Bestemmiava morendo e non languia;*

that fanatical enthusiasm is, as you well know, a pious fervor of the vulgar and ignorant Islam, it is not the mover of the political counsels and of the warlike undertakings of the Porte. The Divan felt its own weakness at the menaced danger, and at first associated in its defence all the refuse of the civilized world, all those sectaries who deceived in their hopes of a political confusion, sought in this war new opportunities of pillage and of bloodshed: and this is the reason why by several Catholic journals, such as the *Bilancia*, the *Wolkshalle*, the Turkish army was regarded as sustaining the demagogy, and as threatening the universal subversion of legitimate governments: —"the Turkish army," says the *Bilancia* of Oct. 27, 1853, "is entirely directed by European officers, and by refugees who fled from the vengeance of the laws in their respective countries in consequence of the revolution of 1848. The most turbulent portion of this emigration is collected on the banks of the Danube, &c." Turkey here truly represented, at the beginning of the contest, the heterodox principle of demagogical disorder, although its own people is any thing but Protestant, as Russia represents the despotic heterodoxy, although the Muscovite nation, too, is any thing but Protestant.

---

* Moriva Argante e tal moria qual visse;
  Bestemmiava morendo e non languia:
  Superbi, formidabili, feroci
  Gli ultimi moti fur, l' ultime voci.

TASSO. *Ger. lib.*

Argante died and died as he had lived,
  He cursed in dying and he never sighed;
  Proud, formidable, fierce, were seen and heard
  Each dying movement, each expiring word.

This second assertion of ours, however, requires further elucidation, rationally and historically; the heterodox spirit engrafted in the Russian movement being far less evident, than is the affluence of the outlaws of all Europe to the camp of the Sultan. In the latter case the facts speak aloud; diplomacy and the reforms of the Koran produce notorious and solemn acts in confirmation. In Russia, on the contrary, the professions of faith are any thing but Lutheran; quite other than rationalistic, apparently, are the proceedings of the government, which seems rather to support itself upon the ancient faith and religious enthusiasm of the so-called *Orthodox Church.*

To vindicate, then, our assertions from the appearance of paradox, we beg you to bear in mind, that the rationalism and the independence of modern heterodoxy have now penetrated, although in different degrees, all the nations of the earth; as is shown by the movements which are every where fermenting, even in those almost inaccessible regions of the Celestial Empire. What wonder that they have found their way into those so much nearer and so much more easy of access, as are Muscovy and Turkey. Observe that these doctrines present themselves under two diverse but sister forms — the *theory* and the *practice* — one of which cannot long be the guest of a people, without preparing it for the friendly reception of the other; since, if the doctrine be introduced under the form of its *practice*, a *speculative* theory becomes necessary to justify it before the conscience; if, on the other hand, the *theory* precedes, the *practice* becomes necessary to give it that body, that reality, for which all theories naturally sigh. With these premises it will be easy to comprehend that Russia is at this moment a true personification of Protestantism under the despotic form, notwithstanding her shows and protestations of ancient faith and of severe orthodoxy; and that, whether you regard the spirit whence the Russo-Greek schism originated, or the changes it underwent under the Reformer who introduced into it the European civilization, or the actual state, to which successive developments have conducted it.

The origin of that schism is known to all: the rebellion of Photius and Cerularius was substantially the same as that of Luther and his followers: except that these last pronounced aloud the formula of the independence which they put in practice, while the former desired only to reduce it to practice as regarded themselves, maintaining for others the principle of submission and dependence. But is it in the power of man to violate the logic of the multitude? Will he long be believed who gives the precept of obedience in the very act of disobeying? Every one sees that the Lutheran principle was already implied in the Photian rebellion: and consequently, that if the people had been enlightened by instruction, and ideas had been free to develop, the Greeks would long since have *protested* against their patriarchs, and perhaps against all tradition and all Scripture; precisely as it has happened in the Hellenic Church, as soon as it had the so-called *liberty of thought* incorporated in a *free press*, which forthwith produced in its bosom that rationalism of which we find it accused by Patterson.

As, however, on the contrary, the proud patriarchs, to maintain their usurped elevation, supported themselves by the sword of Cæsar, they succeeded in repressing the consequences of their rebellion by chaining down the faithful. But by the very fact they found themselves dependent upon Cæsar: and when the schism passed from Byzantium to Moscow, that see no less than this, felt the necessity of resting upon the lay Prince, who thus obtained *practically* the superiority over the ecclesiastical power, in spite of the *theory* by which he was obliged to revere it. Just punishment of their rebellion, by which there came to be authenticated in the Czar that anti-christian despotism which withdraws the Ruler from obedience to the eternal laws of justice and truth; it being the same thing for a fallible man to say, "There is no other justice or truth but that which I judge to be such," and to say, "I am superior to every eternal law of truth and justice." This servility of the clergy was reproved in the Czar Ivan I, by the generous King Stephen Batori, who wrote to that prince from Wilna, "Hear what has been preached in the churches and erected into a dogma!—*Holy and sacred is the will of the Czar!* And priests, either prompted by flattery or by fear, have dared to proclaim this doctrine in the sight of God."—The Church, you see, was enslaved in fact.

But the practice, we have already said, quickly calls in her sister theory; the fact wishes to be legitimated by the right; and the right soon obeyed the call, when that call came from the potent voice of Peter I, who was, you know, the Reformer of the Muscovites, and who, to overcome the opposition of his recalcitrant clergy, the superiority of the laity over the Church having been established as a law, by the erection of a synod after the fashion of the Calvinists, could afterwards by favor of this synod transfuse the principle into the whole multitude.*

See then the rebellion of the temporal power against the spiritual, added to the rebellion of the schism against the Roman Church, and both solemnly authenticated by the laws and by the new institution: it remained only to penetrate the spirit of Russia with this rebellion; and as regards the reforming Peter I, history sufficiently informs us, that the Protestant temper inspired by Lefort was confirmed by his travels, principally in Holland, was exalted by his despotic authority and pushed to its extreme by the perspicacity of his mind, so that in a short time he became a perfect libertine, a derider of every thing that is most sacred in religion. The spirit of the first Reformer went on developing itself successively in the lay society; and as the philosophism of Voltaire is a development of the Protestant spirit, this too displayed itself in Russia in the court of Catharine II, almost at the same time as in the Tuileries; so that the Russian policy was governed from that time forward by the same spirit which agitates the whole European society, it not being possible for a prince, let him be personally ever so pious, to withdraw himself from the influence of the atmosphere in which he lives, and of the officials, of whose arm he makes use in his government. And these influences exercised, they say, upon the reigning Emperor, a decisively Protestant action from his infancy, passed under the nurture of the baroness, now Princess Lieven, a Lutheran, who could not naturally inspire him with other sentiments. Add his marriage with a Prussian princess, that must have confirmed the sentiments instilled by education, until the revolutions of 1848 made the Sovereign of Russia understand the analogy between the independence of Protestantism and the rebellion of demagogism. His aversion for the last seems, they say, to have rebounded upon the Protestant inspirations, and to have turned the Emperor Nicholas towards sentiments more conformable to Russian orthodoxy. And even in the rest of that court the unbelief is not so universal and omnipotent to-day as it was in the court of Catherine, and there are found in it high personages endued with sincere sentiments of religion. But precisely because they are more conscientious, these are the very persons with whom the superiority of the laic over the ecclesiastical power has the greatest need to take an absolutely dogmatical form in order to justify the practice already introduced; whence it happens, says the *Revue des deux mondes,* "that the school which formerly took for its leader the Count de Maistre in his book *du Pape,* has come down little by little, by a sort of national logic, to find out that the true Pope is the Czar."

---

* "He causes this supreme chief of the hierarchy (the Patriarch of Moscow) to be replaced by a synod which trembles in receiving his orders: so that Peter commands at once soldiers, civil functionaries and priests; he accumulates all the powers in his own hands." Saint Prosper Aine. *History of Russia and Poland.*

And such in fact is the formula which guides in Russia all those yet Christian souls which have been able to withdraw themselves from Voltairianism and Rationalism; in the journey of Nicolas to Rome they saw, says the *Revue,* a *new Charlemagne:* but who, differing from the former, in bringing to Rome material succor, brought with it the authentic consecration of the Papal authority: *it is he who comes to consecrate the Papacy.*

So true it is that all those who surround the Russian autocrat ought to inspire him perpetually with that sentiment which may be called the fundamental disorder of Rulers (independence of the Church), as the demagogues of the West inspire the multitude with the fundamental principle of social disorder (the independence of the subject towards Authority).*

To this spirit of the rulers of the lay society there ought to be an element of opposition in the clergy, to whom the incredulity or arrogance of the aristocracy leaves the necessary influences over the common people, confident as they are of keeping it a docile and servile instrument of the government. But what? The clergy itself (besides that it is miserably fallen in opinion by its immorality), according to the testimony of a man who knew the society of St. Petersburg thoroughly, *drinks down Calvinism by full draughts.*

We shall not follow Count de Maistre in the proof of his proposition, this quotation sufficing to show how the doctrines of Protestantism go on developing in that country, both in the nobility and the clergy, in support of the practical independence of the particular Church on the Universal, and of the lay power in regard to the ecclesiastical. This is not saying that the heterodox dogma has already arrived in Russia as in Athens, at a complete self-explanation, to which it will never attain in St. Petersburg so long as the Autocrat, preserving entire control over the spiritual, shall perceive how important it is for his interest to maintain in theory the dogma of Authority, of which he enjoys all the fruits for his own profit. But directly that the light of an instruction less restricted by the government shall succeed in making its way among the people, these germs must produce their natural fruit.

In fact, liberalism, if we may believe the *Revue des deux mondes,* goes on unfolding itself under the color of nationality among the learned and the poets of Russia; who, discussing or chanting the primitive institutions of the Sclaves, endeavor to awaken in the people democratic recollections far from acceptable to the autocratic absolutism. Slow, certainly, will be the fermentation of these seeds of independence: but, "meanwhile," nobly writes that illustrious thinker, the Count Avogadro della Motta, — "meanwhile is actually and secretly increasing another socialism, which also desires to make over the world in its own fashion, and this

---

*Thus the first step of Kossuth, on landing on our shores, was to appeal from the *government* of the United States to the *people.*

is panslavism, or the idea of uniting in a single social body, religious and political, the whole Slavonic race, in order to render it politically predominant . . . . there is a democratic panslavism, but in the midst of populations so rude and uncultivated, subtile speculations upon democratic liberty and the unity of race cannot hope to find a large audience. If any one idea of those now promulgated by the demagogues can reach the mind of the common people which is there bowed under the empire of religion and of the Cæsarean autocracy, it is solely the idea of nationality and of conquest; for the multitude in Russia there cannot be any persuasive socialism but the aggrandizement of the empire, or any communism but that of military booty; the government knows how to avail itself of these tendencies for its own profit, and while it unceasingly combats the democratic foe, has for a long time been organizing an imperial panslavism, and properly Russian, which is formidable in a far different sense from the former.*

See then how the Photian rebellion, big with the heterodox independence, caused the latter to spring up under the form of lay despotism on the throne of the Czar; this independence of fact translated itself into organization of the State and legal slavery of the Church; the legal slavery penetrated into minds more or less imbued with Calvinistic or Lutheran ideas, and formed the national spirit to the adoration of Cæsar, in whose hands henceforth is placed that omnipotence over faith, over discipline, which was conceded by Grotius and by all Protestant publicists to the supreme ruler. We trust thus to have placed in the light of full evidence our second assertion, that the Russian side there upon the Danube, is a personification of the principle of disorder, or, of independence applied to a particular Church rebelling against the Universal, and to the lay power self-emancipated from the dominion of objective justice and from the Church, by making *subjective* in a laic, truth, justice and religion.

This does not forbid that the personal rectitude of the Czar has been able to present itself for a long time to Europe as a support of social order. Every one sees that personal character may offer here, too, practical exceptions to disappoint our theories, as in spite of the Koran we have formerly seen the Arabs become learned,

---

*Thus writes that profound philosopher (Della Motta) and proceeds further to demonstrate how this Slavonic socialism is propagated by the Russian government among the Sclave subjects of the neighboring powers, accustoming them to regard the Czar as the centre of their religion and the hope of their entire political existence. But why, some one of our readers will perhaps ask, why call by the name of socialism this reunion of the Slavonic nations under a head hostile to socialism? The answer cannot be difficult or involved, if the reader only calls to mind (says the Civiltà) what we have on so many occasions explained, enforced and inculcated: — that a true socialism is that unlimited centralization, by which from the epoch of the first French revolution many of the governments of Europe, having confiscated to the advantage of the State-God all the living forces of the nation, its riches by imports, its labor by the conscription, its intellect by the monopoly of instruction, &c., have concentrated in their own hands every material and moral treasure, arrogating to themselves the office of dividing it afterwards, *according to their own equitable decision*, among the citizens. Pre-supposing this idea of despotic socialism, where shall we ever find it more fully incarnate in fact, than in that government, where despotism has reduced every thing to a military form, not the temporal only, but the spiritual, concentrating in fine the very consciences of men in the conscience of the Supreme Autocrat, and guiding them all by means of a clergy whose servility has reduced the very sacrament of penance to a tool of the police?

the Caliphs play the part of Mæcenases, and in spite of logic may see every day a misbeliever upright and a Catholic immoral. What marvel that in Russia good princes have been clement and gracious in spite of the legal despotism, defenders of the Pope despite the rebellion of the schism, supporters of order despite the principle of disorder?

But to fortify them in discharging this last function, necessarily concurred the fact that monarchy has in itself a spontaneous tendency to order, whenever interest does not draw it into excesses. In the present case, the material tendencies of interest itself were towards order, from the moment when the spirit of anarchy, the heterodox opposite of despotism, assumed in Western Europe those gigantic dimensions which actually represented in communism, form at the present hour the terror of society. Russia felt from that moment that the war was hers: and as always uses to happen in civil wars and fraternal discords, the despotic heterodoxy was the bitterest enemy of the demagogical heterodoxy: and since in Russia, to the highest degree of despotism is united the greatest amount of material force, she found herself naturally at the head of that which was called the party of order, because it believed it was combatting in favor of the element of authority.

But suppose for a moment that every personal corrective is removed; suppose that the same interest which took the semblance of order, should need the aid of a rebellion; and nothing will be opposed in the way of principles to prevent Russia from becoming the propagator of popular insurrections in a hostile country, or from accepting as an auxiliary and an ally that demagogism which she before persecuted as a hostile conspiracy.

This is why no European publicist thinks improbable at this moment (be it true or false, matters not) the charge brought by certain journals against Russia, that by her gold and her emissaries she is the mover of the insurrection among the Epirots and Kophts, and consequently an accomplice of those seditious sectaries, whose villainous breath is never wanting at the outburst of these storms. Such an imputation would pass for incredible, if Russia really represented in the eyes of politicians the principle of order. On the contrary, they evidently regard her as the possible accomplice of such a revolt. Russia, then, represents in their eyes quite another principle, the principle of interest, or of the reason of State, or of enmity to the Papacy, which is all one; that principle which is never scrupulous about means when it is a question of acquiring greatness and power: that principle by which each potentate says, "All is lawful for the good of the State; and *I am the State.*" It is this principle which produces such a sympathy between despotism and demagogism, rebels as they both are against the Church: and Russia herself is aware of this secret affinity between the autocracy of schism and the demagogic impiety: and while in Greece she enrolls auxiliaries for her warfare on land, for her naval warfare whither do you think she confidently goes to seek them? In the bosom of the *Model-Republic,** in the United States of America. Nor will that band of heroes who have escaped the armies of France, the gallies, the scaffold, show itself averse to accepting the gold of the Cossacks, after having consumed in debauchery, not to say the gold and silver, but even the copper of the Roman princes. So more than one among the anarchical journals of Switzerland has undertaken to patronize the cause of Russia, well comprehending that between religious and political rebellion there exists an intimate sympathy and connection of interests.

---

* The *Model-Liberty* is the expression of the *Civiltà*. We have used the more familiar expression, though it is less exact; for the *Civiltà* does not mean to sneer at the Republican form of government, or to deny that that of the United States may be considered as a very good model of one, but at the assumption of the European liberals that no people can possess *liberty* without one similar to it, or rather without such an insubordination of the people as, even in America, through the prevalence of false doctrines, has nearly neutralized our excellent constitution.

Russia, therefore, despotic as Turkey by her principles, recurs like her to the demagogic arms. On both sides aid is sought of the sectaries of revolt, on both sides are stirred up political revolutions, by both sides ruin is prepared for the Church, by schism if the Russian side should conquer, or by a universal overturning if the demagogy triumph.

What wonder that Catholic journalism either does not take sides with either of the contending parties, as precisely happens with our periodical, or is divided between them, some seeing a peril where the others behold a hope?

What wonder that the trooping thither of the demagogists makes one side fear the victory of the Turk; and that the astute, enraged, and inexorable war of the schism upon the Catholics, renders the other fearful of the success of Russia?

Were it not that the Porte, separating itself henceforth from the interests of the anarchical faction, seems to seek a better support in the validity of its own right and in the arms of the Western Powers. And this is why the indifference of Catholics is about to cease, and these Powers enter, as if in spite of themselves, into this conflict, — shunned by them for a long time with a firm neutrality, — in order to assure to the Turk the faith of treaties, to Europe its political equilibrium, to the Catholics their ancient right, as regards the Holy Places: and so with regard to those Powers also, we must now give a brief attention to the *spirit* which appears to be incorporated in their movement.

What, then, in such a state of affairs, is the Providential position of these Powers, in the eyes of a Catholic philosophy? We speak, you observe, of the *providential position* preordained by the decrees which govern the destinies of the human race without men being aware of them; not wishing to penetrate the intentions of the Cabinets, and much less the consciences of diplomatists, and admitting even in the Cabinets of Catholic Princes, even in that which most vaunts among diplomatists its justice, loyalty and religion, the possibility of a game of interests and passions which are far from Catholic. Human frailty, human malice, we know very well, penetrate every where: but every where Providence knows how to use them as the instrument of its designs for the triumph of that principle which it desires to promulgate more solemnly and to cause to reign upon earth.

This is the sense in which we now seek for the principle providentially represented by the Western Powers, represented willingly, with indifference to it, or even against their will: and we answer that they represent precisely the Catholic principle, which we shall be able to reduce to its *supreme universality*, in a formula contrary to the Protestant formula, by saying that it is the superiority of right over force, of the Church or of the spirit over the matter, of the spiritual over the temporal, of God over humanity.

Nor let it seem strange to you that we should suppose a principle to be providentially defended by a potentate, while his agents are personally either indifferent or hostile to it. *L'homme s'agite et Dieu le mène,* says the old French proverb, analogous to our *Man proposes and God disposes.* And how does Providence contrive to dispose otherwise of what man proposes, respecting the while his free will? It has many means at its disposal, being able to move him, both instinctively by the efficacy of grace, and morally by the evidence of duty, and materially by the mechanical forces of nature. Many times, also, it avails itself of interest, now private, now public, by which instrumentality we saw it in the beginning of this century twice unite the born defenders of schism and of heresy in re-erecting the throne of the Vatican, replacing upon it the successor of Peter and restoring his kingdom and sceptre. What in that occasion did those potentates represent, granting that in their persons they were either schismatical, or heretical or misbelieving? No one will deny that they represented, without knowing or wishing it, the principle of legitimate authority in the two-fold order, temporal and spiritual.

Now in this sense we say that this same principle of order, the Western Powers, willingly or unwillingly, are led to represent.

And precisely to render this representation confided to them by Heaven more visible, Providence seems to have directed all the preliminary steps by which it guided the three Western Powers to interpose in this great battlefield: and the first was that question of the Holy Places, where France, though sustained by right and incited by the fervent Catholics, contained herself notwithstanding with such reserve, that it appeared to some, and they said it openly, more than prudence, weakness; but which, were it the one or the other, in the hand of Providence wonderfully served to justify the future war by the preceding mildness. To the discretion of Napoleon a lively contrast was offered in Constantinople by the haughtiness of Menschikoff, opportunely disclaimed at St. Petersburgh by Nesselrode, in order that, disapproved by its very author, might stand forth in brighter colors the overbearing pride of the powerful who made these demands, and the right of the weak who resisted them. But right and force were yet combatting in Constantinople, and now the latter seized its thunders by the passage of the Pruth. To the invasion of the Principalities the West answered by the mission of the fleet; to the disaster of Sinope, by the invasion of the Black Sea; to the imperious declarations of Russia, always by new protocols and conciliatory propositions; to the last rejection of these, by that letter of Napoleon which repeated to the Czar: "*The Empire is peace*, and upon you will fall all the guilt of war." — Tolerance of an unjust invasion, reverence for the inviolability of treaties, a spirit of conciliation to pacify the disputants, respect for human life and for the peace of society, such are the sentiments, surely most worthy of the Catholic spirit, which appear in all the steps of the Western diplomacy.

Were we wrong to say it was the Providential mission of these Powers to represent the Catholic principle in the strife, or in their neutrality? that neutrality maintained by them as long as it was possible, as if to say that they have no concern in the civil war between the despotic Protestantism and the anarchical Protestantism; that in neither of the twain do they recognize the interests of the Catholic cause, or hope for it any triumph. And observe how, to deliver in behalf of Catholicism this oracle, have been principally chosen two rulers who have inaugurated their reign by restoring in Rome upon the pontifical throne, the great antagonist of schism, and as if by protesting in the face of the world that every Catholic army is the born defender of the Vicar of Christ. The same Emperors, while abroad they re-erected in such guise the living personification of the Catholic principle, the two superiorities of the spiritual over the temporal and of the prince over the subject, violated by the Mazzinian demagogy; in the interior of their realms, decreed the liberty of the Church, in those two nations precisely where her subjugation had been most solemnly aggravated, under the Protestant and Febronian form in Germany by Frederick and Joseph II; under the Gallican and persecuting form in France by the *Grand Monarque* and by Jacobinism. Yes, in these two nations see the new liberating princes bend the knee to the Church, and break her chains, exerting themselves to enthrone the spirit over matter, revelation as the guide of reason, order as a boundary to the revolution; as if they wished, in this manner, to assume the more decided and evident physiognomy of that Catholicism of which they were to become representatives, and to assume it with precisely that characteristic trait which is most opposed to the double Protestantism that makes war upon the Danube, shouting for material liberty and endeavoring to subjugate the spiritual authority.

With these two princes there is associated, it is true, a third power very different from them, inasmuch as it hitherto appears as the exciter of every European convulsion, the protectress and asylum of demagogic impiety. But observe the irresistible necessity of things! Scarcely has this power chosen to assume a neutral part in the Eastern contest, before it finds itself constrained to put on less heterodox forms: and as there ferments in its bosom a powerful element of individual return to Catholicism, so a greater conformity to Catholicism seems to be engrafted in its political procedure.

Certain it is, that in associating itself to the French and German neutrality, the English government is either urged forward by a spirit very different from that which hitherto had moved it, or by a Providence which constrains it, in its own despite, to abandon a path surely unworthy of the greatness and loyalty of the English people, and of that Catholic spirit which is fermenting the mass and preparing (God knows when) its regeneration. In fact, while the House of Commons, under the influence of Protestant fanaticism, rabidly attacks the monasteries and the nuns, the government undertakes their defence, endeavors to temper the fury of fanaticism, announces by the mouth of Russell a sort of abandonment of the Italian propaganda, and grants the Irish soldiers the consolation of Catholic chaplains: first flowers, we trust, of a spring that now buds forth in that land so long desolated by the winter of schism and heresy.

The conjunction of this nation with those two Catholic nations in that mediating neutrality which sought to save the lives of men and the peace of the nations, has proceeded, and still proceeds, taking measures vastly more belligerent, since the publication of the secret correspondence has manifested the peril of the liberties of Europe: and in this, which may be called the second act of the drama, the Western Powers take, in a certain manner, against the schism that menaces to-day, that attitude which crusading Europe took in the middle age against the Mussulman invasion. And the reason of the abandoned neutrality, and of the warlike attitude, is precisely that Catholic sentiment of which the diplomatists themselves do not know perhaps how to render themselves a sufficient account, but which is well hinted at by an acute statesman, in an article in the *Revue des deux mondes* on the Papacy: — "All that yet remains," says he, "of positive Christianity in the West is attaching itself, either explicitly, or by affinities more or less avowed, to Roman Catholicism, of which the Papacy, such as centuries have made it, is evidently the keystone and the condition of existence."

If the Papacy is the keystone and base of Catholicism, and Catholicism is the only remains of Western unity, all the European Powers ought to comprehend, that to abandon the nations whether Greek or Slavonic, or of whatever race, to the influence of St. Petersburg, is to cut them off from the intercourse of occidental unity by that wall of brass which already separates from it, now through force, now through superstition, the present subjects of the Russian autocracy, essential antagonist of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Now the race of Japhet invincibly tends to *invade the tents of Sem,* according to the most ancient prophecy, gathering into one fraternal civilization with itself, those nations, to which commerce now unites it, as in other times the Catholic traditions united it. Thus material interests blend here with religious to hurl upon the Danube the Christianity of the West.

From what has been hitherto said, the reader sees that on those banks confront each other henceforth, besides the bloody spectre of Islamism in its agony, the spirit of schismatic despotism and that of Christian liberty; laid in wait for, both, by the raging anarchy that stands in an ambush, watching for the favorable moment to turn to its own advantage the discomfiture of whoever is to succumb, and the weakness of the conqueror, be he who he may.

Having considered the *spirit* of the movement, let us now examine the *Rights.*

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### *English Developments.*

Meanwhile, Henry had left Morley's, having pretty thoroughly exhausted the locality, and had taken rooms for a month in Russel Square, that he might be near the British Museum, to which he wished to devote a short time before leaving for Paris. This was an agreeable variety; Mr. and Mrs. Elford enjoyed much the quiet menage, a sort of play-housekeeping, the visits to the Museum of a morning, and the pleasant afternoon walks in Regent's Park, which though not half so fine as Hyde Park, is for that reason much less frequented and "more enjoyable." In one of these afternoon strolls, after walking briskly, their faces set towards the Park, having arrived at a certain point, Henry stopped abruptly and said:

"It looks a good deal like rain, Mary, I think we won't go to the Park to-day; let us go down this street," turning to the right; "it will vary our walk."

It varied the walk, indeed, for they had never been there before, but otherwise Mary could not imagine any thing particularly inviting about the narrow, dingy street into which they had turned. However, after walking down no very great distance, the young man stopped before an open door, looked in a moment, and then beckoning his wife to follow, entered. It was a small, dark room full of benches; they went about half way down and took seats. The room itself had a very contraband appearance, amazingly like a dissenting chapel, except that it was terminated by a chancel more resembling, on the other hand, a Roman Catholic chapel, Mary fancied; but there was no lamp burning within the sanctuary, as in this latter case she thought there would have been; and perceiving that she was in a Puseyite place of worship, she sate quiet and respectful. Henry at least—

---

* Copyright secured for the benefit of the author.

she knew so much—believed that Puseyism was the real orthodox Church of Englandism, and that the dismal, formal, irreverent worship which she saw every where was only a kind of miserable backsliding, a falling away from early love and early fervor. At all events she was content to sit a while leisurely examining and admiring the beautiful chancel and altar, with its candlesticks, cross and exquisite, tri-pannelled picture. There were twenty or thirty people in the room, more kept dropping in, and as they came one by one they knelt and prayed: not the little bob of the head which one always sees in an Episcopal church, but reverently each one knelt for a little and seemed to be in prayer. Of all things in a church Mary liked reverence, and she felt a strong sympathy with these people, and an awe which she could not have explained.

Presently the sexton went into the chancel, and with a bit of wax taper fastened to the end of a rod, lighted the two wax candles upon the altar, and those in a bronze corona which hung from the chancel ceiling; in a moment more a side-door of the chancel opened, and the clergymen and choir boys, all vested in surplices of spotless white, entered and took their places. It was the simple vesper service of the English prayer book, only chanted reverently, sweetly and with great spirit. The lessons were read carefully and feelingly by one of the clergymen, a gentleman with a most mild and winning countenance, and a singularly sweet and tranquil voice; and the psalms of the "Anglican office" were chanted to the Gregorian tones in full voice alternately by the two divisions of the choir, the congregation always taking a part. The prayers were also "intoned," and always ended with the full deep "Amen" of the choir. It was a beautiful service and beautifully performed, and Mary found it very soothing, she could not have told why, but she was not wont to trouble herself much about the why and wherefore of her feelings. It resembled neither the service of York Minster nor of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was quite unlike any thing which she had seen or heard. "It seems," said she internally, "exactly like St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, but it is in some way quite different; St. Paul's Knightsbridge seems a show place after all, but this," she added, gazing around upon the dingy walls and close gloomy benches, "this is not a show place."

"Henry, what place is this?" she whispered, as they arrived at the door after service.

"This is Malvern Chapel," he replied, looking her in the face with a peculiar expression. Mary returned his glance in perfect good faith. She had interested herself so very little in Henry's Puseyite tendencies, that she even did not know what Malvern Chapel was. And so they had stumbled into this famous Puseyite chapel, or rather she had, for Henry Elford was not a man to stumble into any place, least of all a place of worship; wherever he went, he went with his eyes wide open, and in this case he knew perfectly well where he was going before he left Russel Square. This, then, is Malvern Chapel, the nursery of Romanism, the cradle of Popery, the last, brightest, fairest refuge of the English Puseyite, before he sets his face fairly *homeward.* Mary had not hitherto cared for Puseyism or any other *ism*, but once having tasted the forbidden fruit like another Eve, she craved it again. The next day when they started for their walk, she proposed going to Malvern Chapel to hear the vesper service, and Henry did not object. And the next Sunday they went all day, and when they found that morning and evening prayers were sung there daily, they went often, very often, and at the end of the month Henry Elford renewed his rooms for the entire winter, and said no more about going to Paris. He had found something in England that he cared for.

And Sunday after Sunday, instead of attending the parish church of Russel Square, as any sound and sober Episcopalian would have done, Henry Elford took his young wife, who knew no better than to follow his lead, to the little church in Malvern street, where she saw Heaven knows what dangerous eccentricities in worship, and heard for doctrine a heap of things which wiser heads than Mary White's have found it very difficult to reconcile with the thirty-nine articles.

During festival seasons Malvern Chapel was as beautiful as fresh flowers and lights could make it. Fortunately for Puseyism, London enjoys the benefit of a perpetual fog; when therefore the chapel was so utterly dark, (which was at least one-third of the time), that the choir could not see their notes or the reader his text without the aid of lamps, the little church was thoroughly lighted, the candles were lit upon the altar and in the corona which hung from the chancel ceiling, and the solemnity of the scene was enhanced by the soft religious glow shed over the kneeling reverent crowd, the white-vested choir and clergy assembled in the beautiful chancel, over the stalls and mosaic floor, the delicately stained windows, and the altar with its flowers and costly service, and rich antependium exquisitely wrought in cherubim of gold and crimson like the curtain of the ancient tabernacle which hung before the Holy of Holies. But the Holy of Holies was not there, though numbers of the little throng believed that it was, and our American friends were of these, and having never seen Catholic worship in their lives, they could not miss the swinging censer and the cloud of incense which, in all churches of the faith, rolls up before *His* lowly dwelling-place. These sermons too were not the aimless and vague discourses which the good people of Hanover Square were nodding under. Here was an intelligible doctrine enforced and insisted upon, the authority of the Church, the efficacy of the sacraments, the necessity of good works; and the preacher believed what he said, and the people believed what they heard; here there was reverence and devotion, and altogether it was like another religion, and whether this religion were a reality or a sham, both clergy and people treated it as a reality, and certainly it was no sham to her, Mary Elford, but the most real thing she ever had known in her life.

It became a matter of course that they should go there; they ceased to consider on Sunday morning, "where shall we attend church to-day?" there was a sort of necessity upon them; they had tried all the most distinguished churches, and had at one time or another heard all the most popular preachers, and every thing else than this little chapel had become utterly flat, stale and unprofitable.

Mrs. Elford had been delighted thus far with her stay in England; she had been every day receiving new ideas, much faster indeed than she knew how to place them. She was not stupid by any means, but she had been brought up in a rather hum-drum place, and with a somewhat contracted set of ideas: but since her arrival in England she had gradually waked up to the fact that the world is bigger than Boston, and that there are a great many different ways of thinking in the world; and what right had she to take for granted without knowing any thing about the matter, that her "Aunty" and the good church people among whom she had always lived were altogether right in their theology, and that Henry and his friends were altogether wrong? She began to dip into his wicked books, the Oxford Tracts, and there she found the *rationale* of all the strange things which she saw and heard at Malvern Chapel.

And certainly the religion of these English Puseyites was quite a different religion from that of her friends at home; and if Henry believed all these things, as apparently he did, no wonder that Dr. Stein, her quondam pastor at St. Paul's, had called him a heretic. But suppose Dr. Stein were himself the heretic rather than Henry? that was a question which could not be dismissed with a smile as a very good joke. In regard to some things it might be a curious problem whether we are actually what we think we are, or something quite different; but in religion there are no curious problems of this sort: it is a serious matter here to be entirely wrong; and which of all these people is in the right? She suddenly found that all her ideas were *renversées*, and many things which had always been to her certainties, had, merely by reading a few pages of a book, become to her uncertainties. Is truth, real truth, of such a volatile and evanescent nature? Meanwhile the pleasant services of Malvern Chapel stole day by day into her heart: the sweet music, the simple earnest sermons, the frequent communions, and, most of all, the mysterious fact that some of these people were in the habit of confessing their sins, as to a priest. That struck a chord some where in her heart, and sometimes she thought that she would be glad if she could confess all the sins of her life, and purchase by the humiliation a real certainty in place of the vague hope which now she had that they were all forgiven. But the possibility of such a thing in her case hardly entered her head; it seemed beyond the region of possibilities.

Thus tranquilly passed the winter; the spring opened pleasantly. Regent's Park, which had been a sufficiently comfortable promenade during the colder season, began to look really inviting, with the fresh grass and softly clothed trees. Our friends extended their rambles, and sometimes rested themselves upon the benches which are sparsely placed beside the gravelled walks.

"Henry," said Mrs. Elford one day, as they sate thus under the trees, "do you suppose that Mr. Rupert confesses his sins?"

"I dare say he does," returned Henry with a half smile.

"And Mr. Grantley and Mr. Battersea, and the other gentlemen with whom you breakfasted the other day?"

"I did not ask them, dear, of course," he replied, curiously scanning her features, "but I have no doubt they do."

"I wonder who Mr. Rupert confesses to," Mary said.

Henry was silent a moment.

"They say Dr. Pusey hears a great many confessions," said he at length: "it is quite likely that many of the clergy go to him. Come." And he rose.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes; at last Mary said, "You believe all these things that are in the Oxford Tracts, Henry; I wonder that you don't go to some one of these clergymen and confess your sins."

Henry Elford, without replying, glanced again curiously at his wife, who was looking earnestly in his face, and again they walked on in silence. Presently he said:

"When I confess my sins, I want to be very sure to confess them to a clergyman who can give me absolution for them."

"Well," said she promptly, "and do you not believe that the clergy have power to pronounce absolution? I am sure you always speak as if you did, and I am sure it is in the Prayer Book."

"If you mean to ask me, Mary," said Henry after a moment's pause, "whether I believe that the Son of Man has given power to his ministers on earth to forgive sins, most assuredly I do;" and again he looked fixedly in her face.

But Mary did not understand his look; she saw that she only divined half his thoughts, but she did not wish to pry into them further than he wished her to go.

She supposed that he did not wish to confess, and wisely concluding that it was no business of hers, she said no more about it.

Thus talking, they turned their steps homeward; towards a home which had been the scene of much quiet enjoyment, but which they were soon to leave, for in two weeks from the date of this conversation, the Elfords were packed and booked for Ostend.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### *The Continent.*

Mary Elford would not have had any one see into her heart and witness the trouble which she felt at leaving Malvern Chapel, and it would be a great shame in us to betray her confidence. She had gone once with Henry during the last week to take a final look at the glorious old abbey, and they arranged it so that they were present at morning prayers, and she could not conceal from herself the disgust which she felt at the blank formality of the service, while Henry seemed really suffering, although he followed and joined in the worship with the greatest apparent devotion. Certainly this must be a different religion from the one which she believed in, and which had been to her all winter the source of so much comfort and delight. Here she felt no tenderness, no devotion, and not the faintest shadow of reverence; on the contrary, the service only made her angry, and she could not help acknowledging a great contempt for the whole affair. How to explain it? "The fault is in me, I dare say," said Mrs. Elford, "but it seems as if it could not be all in me." And how to help it? Total abstinence from this religious worship which only served to "rile her up," appeared the only remedy. She had been praying all winter that she might have a better temper when she went to the common Church of England service, and for all her praying she only grew worse.

And now, as she stood with her husband on the deck of the crowded, comfortless steamboat which was conveying them to Ostend, her eyes fixed regretfully on the fair land she was leaving, she said slowly and absently,

"I suppose there are no Puseyite churches on the continent, Henry?"

"You will hardly find another Malvern Chapel on the continent, my darling, if that is what you wish to ask," returned Henry with an amused smile; "but you will find plenty of Roman Catholic churches and chapels."

"Yes, but Henry, would you think it right to go on Sunday to a Roman Catholic church, if there was English service in the same town?"

Mary looked earnestly in her husband's face, but either he had not made up his mind on this momentous point, or he did not care to speak his mind; seeing which, she did not repeat her question; but being in a communicative mood, and not choosing to be silent, she went on to tell him, in part at least, how badly she felt at leaving Malvern Chapel, how it vexed and provoked her to go to the ordinary Episcopal churches, how she had struggled against these feelings and how struggling only made the matter worse; a recital at which Henry, having attentively heard the case, only laughed and good-naturedly told her she was a little fool. So sincere and conscientious as Henry was too, and so earnest in his own religion! She was very much puzzled: but these Puseyites are always puzzling. But really feeling for the apparent desolateness of his young wife at bidding adieu to the only place where she found herself able to worship God in comfort, Henry fetching a stool to the side of the deck, made her sit down, while he, producing his guide-book and map, turned her thoughts in a different direction by pointing out to her some of the beautiful and remarkable places which they were expecting to visit.

As the season was advancing, they postponed Paris for a future occasion. They travelled slowly through Belgium and down the Rhine, passing a week here, and a day there, among the quaint old cities which lie along the route, now turning aside for a cathedral and now for a battle-field, and arriving in Switzerland just in time to take advantage of the brief and tardy Alpine summer. They ascended the Righi to sleep under a feather bed, and to see the thickest mist that ever veiled a mountain prospect; they made the tour of the Oberland, and spent a week in the fair valley of Meiringen; they listened to the roar of the avalanche on the Wengern Alp, and to the soft whirr of Staubbach in the vale of Lauterbrunnen; after resting a while at Geneva, they visited Chamouni and the Mer de Glace, and ate strawberries on the Tête Noire for the last time before descending into the broad valley of the Rhone, level and green and sunny, which brings you to the foot of the last barrier that divides Central Europe from the South.

Slowly and painfully you are dragged by panting horses up the magnificent height of the Simplon, but Italy lies beyond, and what a descent! The blood must be cold indeed that does not warm as the vettura sways and rocks in the mad rush down these fearfully smooth slopes, where the prospect terrifies the eye, and where a false step or a frightened horse would plunge you into a savage abyss and sure destruction, and the vetturino glances curiously within, to see whether the grand scene around and the frightful chasm beneath suffice to stir the dull pulses of the *forestieri* — but on, on, sweeping and tearing down the mountain side, and your heart throbs wildly, less with the excitement of that furious descent than at the consciousness of approaching with every bound the fair and ancient land, the Paradise of travellers, Italy, sacred with recollections, venerable with ruins, glorious with art, green with the vine and the olive.

To say that the Elfords were not disappointed in their summer tour would be saying much, for they had anticipated not a little; and yet it would be perhaps as true of them as of travellers ever; the charms of foreign travel are very great in themselves, and then they are heightened rather than diminished by the difficulties, the fatigues, the thousand nameless inconveniences and discomforts by which they are purchased. To have no supper or a very bad dinner, to be landed by your vetturino in a wretched albergo, to be lighted to a comfortless room by a dripping, broken candle, and kept awake, after you have retired, like Gulliver by squadrons of hungry Lilliputians — all these are enormous grievances at the time, but they are not without abundant compensation, and they serve to enliven many an hour afterwards.

Thus the six week-days which were devoted to travel and sight-seeing were always days of great enjoyment; but it was sometimes problematical whether the Sunday would be found equally so. If it was too stormy to go out, or if, as in the smaller towns and more retired spots, there was no English service, Mrs. Elford, at least, was certain to pass the day happily: she remained quietly in her own apartment with her Bible and Prayer Book, in which, being of a religious turn of mind, she always found a wealth of interest and devotion: sometimes they went into the Catholic church and watched the people passing to and from their prayers before the Blessed Sacrament; or they listened to a sermon in French or German, of the excellence and orthodoxy of which Mary was always persuaded, although she generally understood very little of it. But when this day was passed in the larger cities, Henry always made it his first duty to ascertain whether the service of the Church of England were any where held; and in this case it must be confessed that our American friends, fresh from Malvern Chapel, and full of Oxford notions, frequently found Sunday a weariness. It was tiresome to spend the heat of the day in a room so crowded with chairs as to render kneeling almost impossible, merely to hear an Episcopal minister say "Dearly beloved brethren," &c., "which I could have read myself at home," the lady would sometimes say, "much better than he read it:" or if it chanced to be "Communion Sunday," this only aggravated the dreariness; for whereas the preacher often had so happy a faculty of "beating about the bush," that young Mrs. Elford, who was no theologian, was able to hear the entire sermon without forming any idea of the doctrine it was intended to inculcate, — on the other hand, any body, however simple, can understand an action; and as soon as the Church of England clergyman undertook to "administer the communion," it became as plain as daylight that he was a Calvinist, and directly our young friend began to writhe and fret; she did not feel at home worshipping with the disciples of Calvin, whom she had long ago set down as a heretic. She could not have explained her feelings, indeed, but this is the process through which her mind went, and always with the same result of wretchedness and discomfort. And finding it always the same trial of temper and of patience, whether in Ghent or Brussels, in Cologne or Geneva, she began always on Saturday to hope that there would be no English service for them to attend on Sunday, or that at all events some thing would prevent their going. Dangerous and unmistakable symptoms these of a malady for which there is but one only cure!

The pleasantest part of the autumn having been judiciously divided between Genoa, Milan and Florence, our travellers arrived in Rome just as that city was enjoying the regular November deluge. They stopped at the Angleterre, but having been told that the way to be comfortable in Rome is to live in private apartments, they improved the brief periods of suspension in the pouring rain of the first week, to look about and make arrangements for permanent winter lodgings. A fine apartment in the Piazza di Spagna being vacant, they secured it; it is the centre of the foreign quarter, although not central to the city, but as in Rome one always drives about, it is of little consequence whether your position is a central one or not. Our friends, unaccustomed to the climate, were somewhat disheartened by the incessant rain, but aware that the treasures of art within their reach were not to be exhausted in one winter or even in two, they were not disposed to waste time in waiting for fair weather.

They left the hotel and removed to their rooms, and had just settled themselves cosily there, when the *tramontana* came sweeping down from the Appenines, lifting the heavy mists, driving away the clouds and drying up the well-washed streets; the sun shone out and lighted up the red roofs, and the broad green tops of the pine trees; the Italians crept from their houses, gay carriages rolled through the streets, the little Pifféreri came down to sun and stretch themselves upon the Scalinata, and amid these smiling auspices the winter's work began.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### *The Holy City.*

Some persons may ask had young Mrs. Elford when she arrived in England any suspicion that the Catholic was the true religion? Not the slightest. In her education the Catholic religion had been simply ignored. Mrs. White could not help feeling that there was a peculiar "danger," as she would have expressed it, that her step-daughter would one day become a Catholic. She was a woman of strong prejudices, but abuse, whether of persons or things, was not her forte, she was too much of a lady for that; the only weapon which she saw fit to use was silent contempt: the Catholic religion was never therefore mentioned in the family, and Mary had never in her life seen a Catholic that she knew of, except a certain Mrs. Flanaghan, who used sometimes to wash for her aunty when she was a little girl; and yet she had contrived to imbibe, she could not have told how, from her associates or her books or the sermons which she heard at church, all the vulgar prejudices against the old faith of Christians, so that she sincerely believed the absurd calumnies and misrepresentations which are rife against the professors of that faith, and without having really any bitterness in her heart, was constantly in the habit of giving her money with open-handed generosity "to prevent the spread of Popery in the Valley of the Mississippi," and for similar laudable ends: and the willing offering in cases like this is not always thrown away, for we may well believe that the Lord of the Church, accepting the intention, may resolve to possess himself not only of the silver and gold which are always His own, but of the heart and the faith of the cheerful giver.

But having seen in the old churches and cathedrals of England, chapels and monuments and remains of various kinds of which Catholicism only furnishes a satisfactory explanation, it was impossible that her point of view should not have slightly changed; never after could she look upon the ancient Church from the same height of cool indifference. If she admired the cathedrals of York or Winchester and asked, "why were the people in old times so very different from the people now? why did they spend money to build these splendid cathedrals while people now-a-days are contented with a few miserable meeting-houses?" Henry would say, "The Church of Rome is building just such cathedrals as this on the continent of Europe at this very moment." If she regretted any beautiful practice which has fallen into disuse, he would say, "The Church of Rome does so *now*, just as she did three hundred years ago." Strangely enough this mysterious old Church seems to partake of the nature of Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and whom she claims at least for her founder. So meditated this young American lady, but she did not make her meditation aloud.

She went to London, as we have related, attended Puseyite churches and became interested in reading the Oxford Tracts, and insensibly, as week followed week, without any will or even knowledge of her own, the Church of Rome waxed before her eyes fairer and more pure, and she began to feel indignant and offended when any thing was said against it, as if something had touched herself. Once in a while the question would arise startlingly in her mind—What if the Church of Rome be the true Church after all? "She is *a* true Church," says the Puseyite, "and so are we." "But no! the Church of Rome has erred, and is full of superstition and corruption," cries the Church of England. But the Church of Rome declares that she has never erred and cannot err, and that the Church of

England is no Church at all. "And they are both exceedingly in the wrong," cries the Puseyite again, "Rome is not half so corrupt as England pretends, but she is not more infallible than England herself; and the Church of England is a very good Church too, at least our little Puseyite division of it." A very perplexed controversy truly: much too perplexed to be rightly understood by so ignorant and unlettered a person as Mrs. Henry Elford. But Henry was clever and intelligent enough, and he had been studying this controversy for years. "And he remains in the Church of England," said Mary, "and surely it would be very conceited and presumptuous in me to be entertaining doubts of this sort, when so many wiser and better people than myself are satisfied." But *all* the wiser and better people were not satisfied, for several distinguished clergymen of the Church of England had recently become Catholics, and it would appear moreover from some remarks which Henry had once or twice let drop, that he had sometimes doubts. But Mrs. Elford had unbounded faith in her husband's purity of intention no less than in his intellectual acumen, and so she committed herself and him to an Almighty Guide, with the prayer that they might always be led aright. And thus they had completed their summer tour and arrived in Rome.

To the stranger in Rome the business of the day is sight-seeing, and no where in the world can sight-seeing be so satisfactory, and no where are the fatigue and labor of sight-seeing so paid and overpaid. Our good friend, il Signore dottore Romani, says that Rome is the city of the dead, and who can doubt it? but it is as truly the city of the living. The living and the dead are gathered together in the Galleries, in the Capital, in the Vatican, in the Colosseum; and the Christians who ages ago were flung to the lions, are listening to the Miserere sung by the Christians of to-day in the arena where they shed their blood. The living and the dead are together, crowding the churches, thronging the basilicas, bowing before the altars, and sending up together one silent, joyful cry of the heart from the midst of the holy sacrifice or the solemn benediction. No where in this world, we believe, is there a more living, real, exultant life than in old Rome; and who are more living than those whom we call the dead?

But to thousands of strangers who visit Rome, particularly if they are Protestants, there is nothing of all this: they see a crowd of palaces and ruins, of churches and convents, a wide, straggling, dirty city, running over with art, indeed, and overrun with superstition and beggary. But the Elfords, though not Catholics, were not Protestants to this degree; to them there was from the first, a mysterious life in Rome, which they could feel, though they could not comprehend it. They had not come thither, we are ready to allow, resolved to regard with enmity and scorn every thing which they might see; and where is the particular merit and advantage, we should like to ask, of visiting any place with this pre-determined prejudice? The Elfords had their eyes and ears and other faculties wide awake, and they fully intended to make a reasonable use of them.

They began immediately to make themselves acquainted with Rome, although as they intended to remain until after Easter, they resolved to take things quietly. An entire winter in Rome seems in prospect a long time; only those who have lived there know how quickly it passes. Every day they visited either the Vatican or St. Peter's or the Borghese, or some one of the palaces or galleries, churches or basilicas, which make Rome the resort of travellers of all descriptions from every land under heaven; and as the padrona of whom they had taken apartments had directions to give them notice in case of any grand religious ceremonial, a week never passed in which they were not present at a solemn function in some one of the churches. The English chaplain at Rome was accustomed at that time, whatever may be the case at present, to hold an early service on Sunday at eight o'clock or thereabouts, and another at half-past ten; the Elfords always attended one of these, and having thus satisfied their consciences in this particular, they felt at liberty to visit at pleasure any churches in the city afterwards.

And often as they returned from the English place of worship just outside the Porta del Popolo, early in the morning before going home to breakfast, they would stop in at the Augustinian church which is near the gate, or at one of the votive churches which, facing the Piazza del Popolo at either corner of the Corso, divide that principal avenue of the city from the Ripetta on the one hand and the Babuino on the other; they would stop in at one of these churches, we say, and hear a low mass, Henry following the priest with his Latin Missal, and now and then explaining in a single word to his wife what was going on at the altar. Henry was very fond of attending a low mass, for being perfectly familiar with Latin, and having studied extensively the ancient liturgies, he comprehended the divine rite as well as it is possible for a Protestant to do, and no doubt it was to him edifying; but Mary, who understood it very imperfectly, frequently found it tiresome, and wished that Henry would do some thing else of a morning besides going to low mass; she was generally tired and hungry, and wanted her breakfast; and yet, little as she was disposed to appreciate the rite, she never could watch the apparently silent priest without awe and reverence; it was nothing in the mere external service, nothing which she could hear or see which produced this sentiment: the congregation consisted often of half a dozen poor peasants, with here and there a ragged beggar; the church was often dirty even within the sanctury, and the celebrant sometimes either was or appeared to be greatly in want of reverence and devotion, and yet she could not divest herself of the feeling that here God was worshipped in a manner worthy of His divine majesty, and that in spite of the languor and negligence and apparent indevotion of the earthly assistants, Heaven looked on appeased. And often after attending the English even-song, they would take a turn on Monte Pincio, carefully timing their walk so as not to be too late for the *Prière de Soir* at the Trinita de'Monti, where the sweet singing of the nuns attracts numbers of strangers every Sunday evening; and they were always courteously admitted without the promise usually exacted of the *Inglesi*, that they will kneel and conduct themselves with decorum, for Henry Elford was known to kneel in all the churches with the exterior at least of deep devotion.

And sometimes as the sweet voices of the nuns filled the beautiful and spacious chapel, Mrs. Elford was able to distinguish verses or suffrages addressed to our Blessed Lady, and then she knew that as an intelligent and well-instructed Protestant she ought to have been angry and indignant, but not being of an over-credulous temper, she could not quite persuade herself that these sensible and well-educated ladies did not know the difference between the Blessed Virgin and Almighty God, or that they would be so absurd as to pay divine honors to a creature, however pure and exalted. Moreover it will be remembered that Mrs. Henry Elford had never known a mother's love, and though she had no cause to complain of her "aunty," as she was accustomed to call Henry's mother, she had not lived in this world nearly twenty years without pining for the one thing which she had not; and she had always felt that the Mother of our Redeemer now in Heaven, would keep before Him the case of those children from whom He had seen fit to take away the earthly mother: and her name was Mary, too, and she had thought that her name as well as her orphan state would plead for her in heaven. To her orphan heart the words of our divine Lord upon the cross, "Woman, behold thy Son!" were not so utterly unmeaning as they seem to Protestants in general. So bowing her head on such occasions during the Litany or hymn, she would express her intention of honoring our Blessed Lady just so much as her divine Son would have her honored in heaven and on earth.

Nor only on Sunday. Almost every day as they returned from their walk, they would steal into some silent and deserted church, and kneeling before the altar where the softly-glimmering lamp told of the Divine Presence, implore guidance and protection for themselves in this foreign land, and for their friends at home blessing and peace. And sometimes instead of the empty church they would find an assembled crowd, and the Italian priest preaching the Advent, or the Jesuit father pronouncing the eulogy of some saint whose spotless life and labors and miracles have glorified the faith. And sometimes they found the church darkened, and the Blessed Sacrament exposed amid the blaze of a thousand lights, and the silent priests kneeling like statues within the sanctuary, and without the prostrate crowd and the soft whispered prayer and the faint stifled sob, and little children coming in to kneel and mothers holding up their infants, and the ceaseless passing and repassing of hundreds with noiseless tread, hardly disturbing the still silence. How often did this Protestant couple from that far western city, for the conversion of which good Bishop Cheverus, no doubt, sent up many a prayer and offered many a mass,—how often did they kneel in Rome during the Holy Sacrifice, how often did they receive there, and not altogether, perhaps, without thankfulness and devotion, the benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament!

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—VII.

(Campagna di Roma).

The ancient capital of the world stands midway in an undulating, irregular plain, extending from the Appenines to the Mediterranean, from the hills of Etruria to Terracina. An air of unchequered desolation, like a mourning mantle, covers this expanse. Bereft of cities, towns and villages, but filled with ruins of temples, villas, aqueducts, and mediæval towers, void of the signs of life, except where the lonely shepherd tends his flock or the mounted herdsman and his scarcely wilder cattle roam over the green wilderness, it presents to the eye and heart of the traveler, a subject of interest, which will be viewed according to his education and sensibilities, under different aspects. If he is capable of deducing great principles from the spectacle of mighty contrasts,

In this, this land of shadows where we live
More in times past than present, where the ground,
League upon league, like one great cemetery,
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments,

he feels the moral harmony which exists between this dreary tract and the fallen queen who mourns within its borders. What was the Campagna in the plenitude of Roman sovereignty? Strabo, Varro and Pliny depict its flourishing condition, when fruitful groves, luxuriant fields and a salubrious climate made it a paradise.

But a curse hung over this domain of pagan pride and wickedness. And when the hand of God had crushed out the life blood from its very heart, it was not only natural that the body should share its perishable state, but seemingly meet that the evidences of his supremacy and justice should be perpetuated in wide spread ruin, as a warning to the world. The Almighty had dealt thus with the haughty realms which begirt Nineveh, Petra, Heliopolis and Jerusalem. Why? "The Lord of hosts designed it to pull down the pride of all glory and bring to disgrace all the glorious ones of earth."

The Christian who inherits the benefits of this marvelous change, in all that affects the interests of the soul, cannot fail, as he wanders over the Campagna, to ponder the memorials of the victory of a divine principle over conflicting powers; and as the figure of this world passes away in broken temples and shrines of heathen antiquity and the Niobe of nations sits desolate in the vast necropolis where her children are entombed, to magnify God in the visible triumph of his religion, stable and immortal, as its author. But when, moreover, he regards Rome as the peaceful metropolis of Catholicity, whence the voice of teaching and of government is sent to the extremities of the earth — the asylum of the persecuted and unhappy who flee to her quiet shades for comfort and protection — the cloister of the penitent and saintly who seek undisturbed communion with God — the city of the soul, whence men derive religious sentiments and sublime inspirations to exalt and guide them — the repository of the holy dead who sleep beneath her altars, he acknowledges that the solitude and silence which surround her are admirably apposite to her character and functions; conducive to prayer and the habits of contemplative life, suggestive of grave and solemn thoughts on the destiny of man: nay even as the home of the scholar and artist, whom the Catholic Church so sedulously fosters, in her appreciation of every adjunct that can give grace and dignity to life, the visiter may consider the quietude of the Campagna as eminently favorable to philosophic studies, the pursuits of science and letters, the exquisite creations of art, which find least encouragement in the tumult of manufactural cities, in the sordidness of multitudes bent solely on the acquisitions of wealth. And in this latter sense, with the images of classic beauty floating before the mind and memories of ancient story thronging around the heart, it is not wonderful that the man of taste and feeling is unwilling to plough up the graves and demolish the homesteads of the great rulers of the empire of thought, to sacrifice the relics of monumental grandeur which time and the elements have spared, to transform *Roma Antiqua* into a modern city with latest improvements and its environs into corn fields and pleasure gardens; to run railroads through the forum, to build industrial establishments on the Palatine, to border the Appian Way with steam mills, and surrender the Campagna, stripped of its natural beauty and robbed of its glorious souvenirs, to the noise of the loom and the jenny, the smoke and the clank of the forge, the dull familiarities of a thousand inventions of this money making age.

But if we consider these ideas somewhat extravagant and concede to the utilitarian that the Campagna is deficient in population and productiveness, we protest against the injustice of a second class of travelers who clamor against Papal dominion and find in "these poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned," a fertile theme of denunciation. Are the Popes responsible for the waste and ruins which arrest the wayfarer and excite his sympathies? Did they create the *aira cattiva (the bad air)*, depopulate the country, and change a fruitful soil into a desert? According to the statement of Roman writers, this territory was affected by the malaria at an early age. Pliny tells us that in his day, Latiuns was almost a wilderness, and Lucan speaks of the "rus vacuum," where, as in some of our southern States, it was hazardous to pass a night. Tacitus makes mention of the noxious air of the Vatican, and Horace gives an idea of autumnal fevers and their deadly effects:

> "Adduxit febres testamentaque resignat."

Great efforts were made to obviate or modify these evils produced by the inundations of the Tiber and the mountain torrents; and immense sums were expended by Appius Claudius, Julius Cæsar, and the succeeding emperors, in constructing the famous Via Appia and cutting canals through the Campagna. But on the downfall of the empire, these gigantic works fell to ruin; and in the sixth century, after the Tiber had overflowed its banks and formed stagnant pools, a remarkable deterioration of the country and climate occurred. A tract, where twenty-three cities had flourished in the midst of beautiful and exuberant landscapes, was converted into the baneful Pontine Marshes. Where in the convulsions of the feudal times, were the power and the treasures to arrest these mischiefs? The Popes, with that wise and high-minded policy which studies, apart from the benefits of religion, the civil welfare of society, endeavored according to their means and influence to drain the lands and prevent future inundations. Boniface VIII, Martin V, Sixtus V and their successors, especially Pius VI, made Italy largely their debtor by their noble efforts to accomplish these ends. The supreme Pontiffs did more. Schemes of triple amelioration were projected by Pius VII and Leo XII, to correct the unwholesome atmosphere, introduce agriculture, and colonize the Campagna. But exclusive of the limited resources of the Roman principality, the numerous demands of Christendom on its exchequer, the impoverishment of the country effected by invasion and rebellion, these plans of improvement were defeated or discouraged by the great proprietors, whose vested rights, more than their prejudices, the Popes were obliged to respect. As at a remote period, so now, nine-tenths of the land are used for pasturage; and like our western prairies, the necessary grazing grounds for deer and buffaloes, these commons give scarcely more than an adequate sustenance to some ninety thousand sheep and large herds of cattle. Most of the soil is in the possession of Torlonia and Borghese, who careless of cultivation and unwilling to subdivide their lands and lease with long tenures, oppose these enterprises which tend to overcome the prevailing evils. Thus an examination of the pages of history exhibits not only the injustice of the charge which imputes to Papal misgovernment and the influence of the Catholic religion, a condition of country attributable to the nature of the soil, confirmed distemperature of climate, feudal distribution of property, thinness of population, want of means and local circumstances over which the Pontiffs have no control, but the high merits of those discerning and philanthropic rulers who have devised excellent measures and employed all the powers which they possessed to expel the malaria and cover the desert with the fruits of human industry.

### (LEGENDS OF THE CAMPAGNA).

The Christian traveller finds additional interest in the environs of Rome; which, illustrated by heroic deeds and hallowed by the tombs of the martyrs, offer sweet and noble traditions from primitive times. Not only the catacombs, but the extramural churches, the lonely chapels, the convents, the monuments of the hill sides and the valleys recall the history of a "holy ground," consecrated by the generous loyalty and sacrifices of our saintly fathers. How many spots fraught with memories of sublime and touching incidents attract our gaze, so that we may say with Cicero, but in a happier sense, we meet at every step a chronicle of greatness: "Quacumque ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus!" On the confines of the Campagna stands Mons Soracte, rendered familiar to collegians by the odes of Horace; but no less celebrated by its Christian traditions under the name of Sant' Oreste, than by its classical recollections. At the mouth of the Tiber is Ostia, where St. Monica breathed her last sigh in the arms of her penitent and illustrious son, whom her persevering prayers had regained to God. Still farther are the Appii Forum and Tres Tabernæ, whither, as we learn from the Acts of the Apostles, the brethren went to meet St. Paul, on his approach to Rome.

In the immediate vicinity ofthe holy city are the ancient and venerable churches — of St. Sebastian, crowded with precious relics and honored, as St. Gregory testifies, by the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were there first deposited — of St. Lawrence, one of the greatest heroes of primitive Christianity and patrons of Rome — of St. Agnes, the model of virginal purity and theme of exalted praise by the holy fathers. These churches adjoin the catacombs. The two last are edifices of the Constantine age; distinguished by the peculiarities of the *Basilica Civica* of the Romans. On the Ostian Way is one of the great patriarchal churches in honor of the Apostle of the Gentiles; a magnificent structure, in whose vault, beneath the high altar, repose portions of the sacred remains of St. Peter and St. Paul. At no great distance we find the church of Tre fontani, where the latter was decapitated; and where, as the legend tells, the three fountains were successively and miraculously formed by three rebounds of the martyr's head, when it had been severed from his body. . . . A local tradition renders exceedingly interesting the church of "Domine quo vadis," which stands not far from the gate of St. Sebastian. As St. Ambrose and other ancient writers relate, St. Peter had been entreated by the Christians to withdraw for their sakes from the city, in order to escape the persecution commenced by Nero. Having yielded to their affectionate importunities, strengthened by the counsel of Scripture: "When they shall persecute you in this city, flee into another," though he longed to shed his blood in the cause of Christ, he had already passed the ramparts, when he met the Son of God entering the city. Amazed at the apparition, he accosted the Saviour with the question, "Domine, quo vadis" — "Lord, whither goest thou?" "I go to Rome," was the reply, "to be crucified anew." Reminded by these words of the prophecy, with which Jesus Christ had predicted his crucifixion, the apostle immediately retraced his steps and a short time afterwards was cast into the Mamerline prison. Commemorative of this encounter, a chapel was built on the very spot, where our Lord had left the print of his feet in the solid stone. The original impression is preserved in St. Sebastian's; a fac-simile, in *Domine quo vadis*. . . . The moral beauty of the tradition is pathetic, whatever may be thought of the historic reality. But this should not be discarded lightly. The Catholic Church does not impose on us the necessity of assenting to these traditions as to positive articles of faith. The certainty of the latter is revealed by the Almighty; and therefore we are bound to believe them: the authenticity of the former must be established by testimony of whose reliableness reason is the judge. But a reasonable man will not deny and reject these traditions, simply because they are transmitted by the Catholic Church or because error has sometimes been embraced as truth: but examining them calmly and deliberately, as he would testimony on any other subject, he will decide by the nature of the evidence which sustains them.

In regard to the traditions of Rome and its vicinity, to which we now allude, eighteen centuries point to the same facts and the same monuments. If they are not traceable to the first century, it seems passing strange, that at a remote day, a reminiscence could be invented and a belief produced, without elements of antiquity to warrant universal credence. . . . But let us consider these legends in their relations to the Christian world. They mark an epoch of tears and blood. Persecution, which robbed the sufferers of all that they prized in this world and aimed at all that they cherished in another, made its effects memorable for those who came within its grasp. The purity of their religion, the fidelity of their attachment, the fervor of their sympathy rendered worthy of note and remembrance and veneration, every word, act and place in the last episodes of the lives of the martyrs. These were the habitual themes of an existence, animated by one heart and one soul. Childhood, with a living tenacity, kept in its heart the tragedies which it had beheld or of which it had heard, in the stillness and dread, and long watchings of the catacombs. All treasured the virtues which were there recounted and extolled; and they who needed example and exhortation for the hour of their own trials, were reminded by many tokens, of the constancy and triumphs of their brethren. The eminence of the victims, the visit to the prison, the presence at the scene of torture and death, the gathering of relics, the silent burial of the dead, the stealthy or open pilgrimages to the consecrated ground, the written records of the time, the place and the person, with other impressive circumstances, served to perpetuate from age to age and give authenticity to these Christian traditions. For instance, could the contemporaries of St. Peter and St. Paul, to whose zeal they owed their hopes of heaven, be indifferent to the incidents of their lives in those days of common peril, or ignorant of events and places which signalized their martyrdom? Could their successors pass and repass certain localities without calling attention to the facts which familiarized their history, or communicating to other hearts, the sympathy and admiration which they felt within their own? Could generation after generation, which gloried in the name of Catholic, look with an incurious eye on these mementoes of the struggles and victories of their ancestral faith, or neglect these arguments and illustrations of their saintly heritage? "Your children shall ask you, saying: what mean these stones? You shall answer: they were set as a monument for the children of Israel for ever. And they are there until this present day." — (*Jos.* iv.) Let it also be borne in mind, that tradition of places is not so liable to be distorted as tradition of facts. Society changes, but the earth is the same. Nations come and disappear; dynasties are established and overthrown; empires rise and fall: but the hills of Rome — the Campagna — the catacombs beneath — the firm-set monuments above — all speak with a voice of ages, and with unvarying tones that do not deceive.

We cannot therefore deny the traditions which designate many of these revered spots in and around Rome, without doing violence to common sense and human testimony, under the misguidance of prejudice; since dispassionate scrutiny will convince us, as Gibbon admits, that "the Christians fixed by unquestionable traditions the scene of each memorable event." Many indeed, even if antiquity was not a trusty sponsor, may see no evil in these legends, which elevate the mind and purify the heart; willing to abide by the principle which a distinguished convert feelingly mentioned to me, as we knelt on the marble floor of Tre fontaine; "in this age of unbelief, it is better to believe too much than too little."

(The three Chapels.)

As in the physical world, all great things spring, by humble process, from small beginnings, so in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the wisdom of men is confounded and the strength of the mighty made void, by the weak and contemptible agencies which God has chosen to accomplish his magnificent designs. Not only in himself, but in his "apostles whom he set forth the last, as it were, men destinated to death," the cross, though foolishness to the Gentiles, is the wisdom and power of God. How admirably is this exemplified in St. Peter? His name and character are luminously impressed on the soil and monuments and fortress of Rome. Her destiny is his; her glory is his triumph. And yet it was by the cross, with all its ignominies and pains, that God has magnified him exceedingly even in this world. Let us follow the great apostle in the events which marked the close of his career, and visit the three Chapels which eternize his name and victories.

On the eastern edge of the *Clivus Asyli* or right ascent to the capitol, near the ancient temple of Concord, stands the church of St. Giuseppe. Beneath it are two prisons; the lower of which, or the Mamertine, dates from the reigns of Ancus Martius and Servius Tullius. Both are built of huge, rough blocks of peperino, compacted on the sides with iron cramps and slightly arched above. Modern descents by stairways have been cut, one from the interior of the church, the other from the front: but formerly, prisoners were let down into these dens, through an opening in the middle of the roof and floor. Even now the upper prison is obscure; but the Tullian is horribly dark: and we can conceive the dismay and misery of the state prisoners, who in the time of the republic and the empire, were here incarcerated, in advance of a bloody death. Among them history records the names of Jugurtha, Cethegus and Lentulus, accomplices of Catiline, and Sejanus, minister of Tiberius. When during my college days I read Sallust's account of the appalling end of the Numidian, I pictured to myself this gloomy and hideous abode, now involved in profound darkness and now exposed in its horrors by the torch of the jailor. "The appearance of it from the filth, darkness and smell is terrific." The reality equals the idea presented to the mind by the historian. Those thick, impenetrable walls which figure the hard and immoveable hearts of the rulers who built and used them; that continual darkness, which announces the lasting gloom of the grave; that depth in the damp earth, which buries the soul in despair, separated from human charities; that silence and solitude which overwhelm the prisoner, dependent on the visible world for comfort and support — all this rushed forcibly on my mind as I peered through the obscurity by a dim light, at the unhewn walls and low ceiling, in that small chamber, which seemed hollowed out of the solid rock. But wonderfully changed are the character and destination of that dungeon, since it was occupied by St. Peter. Here, as we read above the entrance, the blessed apostle, after the apparition of the Saviour on the Appian Way, was confined with St. Paul, for nine months previous to their martyrdom. It is used as a subterranean chapel, and the divine sacrifice is offered on a small altar slab. * A bas-relief, gilt and enclosed in glass, representing the miraculous baptism of the Roman jailors, St. Processus and St. Martinian, is imbedded in the wall immediately over the altar. A crucifix, two candles, the missal, the wine and water, these are the only extras. At the gospel side is a marble pillar protected by an iron grate; at its base, a spring of pure, sweet water: and above we read the following inscription, which explains one of the touching legends of the Mamertine prison: "Questa è la Colonna dove stando legati i SS. Apostoli Pietro e Paolo convertirno i SS. Martiri Processo e Martiniano custodi delle carceri ed altri xlvii alla fede di Christo, quali battezzorno coll'acqua di guesto fonte scaturita miracolo-samente." . . . The basso-relievo, of which I have made mention, images the scene. St. Peter is baptizing one of the kneeling figures; and St. Paul, with his bold, characteristic face and outstretched hand, is preaching the Gospel of Christ to eager listeners. Even at home we read of this event with lively interest, and imagine that dreary dungeon sanctified by the presence and the acts of these magnanimous disciples of the Son of God: but stand on that floor where the power and mercy of God were manifested; kneel on the rock once touched by these glorious martyrs; look at that pillar and that spring, the enduring monuments of faith and love; listen to the words of the priest who invites Jesus Christ to descend on that lonely altar; and when faith assures you that in obedience to the voice of man and in fulfilment of his own promise, the Saviour is present in the midst of the few assembled in his name, that dismal pit is transfigured in the brightness of heavenly visions, and in the sense of your privilege, your heart exclaims with raptures of gratitude and devotion, even as the prince of the apostles, "Lord it is good for us to be here!" . . . From the Mamertine prison, St. Peter and St. Paul were led out to die; the latter at Tre fontani, the former on Montorio. An inscription on the Ostian Way marks the spot where these brothers who "even in death were not divided," exchanged their touching adieus.* We follow St. Peter to the scene of his final tribulation. Montorio, or the golden mountain, is a bold, abrupt jut of the Janiculum, from whose parapet the eye embraces the extent and prominent features of modern Rome. It seems a fitting eminence whence the eagle spirit of the martyr should soar to heaven. Adjoining the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, is the chapel of singular beauty, which Bramante built at the expense of the king of Spain. It rests on a tri-graded basement, with a peristyle of sixteen granite columns of the Doric order, supporting an entablature and balustrade. It is similar in its circular cella and colonade to the temple of Vesta. It is adorned with a painting of St. Peter, and with bas-reliefs illustrative of his life and death. By two small flights of stairs you reach a lower chapel, some ten or twelve feet wide and eight or nine feet high. The ceiling is in stucco, figured with medallions and arabesques, gilded and handsomely colored. The circular wall is encrusted with variegated marbles. The floor is marble, mainly white and blue, inlaid in different forms. Two diminutive pillars edge a niche, in which stands a statue of St. Peter, and over the arch two angels are leaning gracefully. The altar is plain, as well as its adjuncts; and on its marble front we read these words in uncial letters:

---

* Erected by the late amiable and holy primate of Lorraine, Forbin-Janson, whose virtues endeared him to our countrymen, during his brief visit to the United States.

SACELLUM. APOSTOLOR. PRINCIPIS.
MARTYRIO. SACRUM.
FERDINAND. HISPAN. REX. ET.
HELISABE. REGINA. CATHOLICI.
POST. ERECTAM. AB. EIS. ÆDEM.
POSS. AN. SAL. XRIANE. MDIL.

---

* In questo luogo si separarono S. Pietro et Pavolo andando al Martirio et dice Pavolo a Pietro:

La pace sia con teco fundamento
Della chiesa et pastore di tulli
Li agnelli di Christo:
Et Pietro a Pavolo
Va in pace, predicatore dei buoni
Et guida de la salute dei justi.

*(Dionysius in Ep. ad Timotheum.)*

Around the architrave of the pilasters are the words, "Ad honorem et gloriam martyrii principis apostolorum." . . . Before the altar, in the middle of the floor is a circular opening, over which is suspended, in an iron fender, a burning lamp. Through this aperture the pilgrim can reach the earth with a staff and obtain a few sands o' 'he golden mountain. Here was planted the cross, on which St. Peter was crucified; here he sealed with blood, the declaration of unceasing attachment; "Lord thou knowest that I love thee!" . . Who can visit without solemn thoughts and lively emotions, this retired and holy place, where the Vicar of Christ "suffered torments, and to the unwise seemed to die, and his departure was taken for misery and utter destruction; but his hope is full of immortality, and he is in peace: he shall judge nations and rule over people?" The skeptic who reveres only classic antiquity and disdains traditions, unless they are pagan; who reads to doubt and examines to disbelieve, may smile at the religious feeling which prompts us to bend before that humble altar; but convinced of the truth of our blessed faith and happy in its sweet and tranquil joys, we pity more than we blame, for we think with Johnson, that "that man is not to be envied, whose piety does not grow warmer on the sacred soil of Rome."

And now the martyr's spirit is with God: but his body remains in the precincts of Rome. It is her treasure and defence. We advert briefly to the chapel where it reposes. Enter one of the grand piers, which sustain the dome of St. Peter's; descend a flight of winding stairs, where the light is swallowed up in total darkness; grope your way at length by a glimmer through a circular corridor, and lo! you find yourself in the Vatican crypt, the primitive catacombs, the holiest reliquary of the metropolis of Christendom. . . . The chapel is small, cruciform and vaulted. The richest marbles decorate the sides, and golden traceries broider the roof. In the extremities of the transept are marble tablets, one of which is used as a credence table. The altar occupies the head of the nave, opposite the entrance. The front is a superb Mosaic, with the inverted cross, in glorious memory of the death by which St. Peter humbly imitated his Lord's. Above the altar in the upright wall are two ancient pictures of the busts of the apostles; and behind these are enshrined their bodies, with the exception of the heads preserved at St. John Lateran's, and portions of the sacred remains, as we have already said, at St. Paul's, beyond the city. A rich lamp hangs from the vault. . . It was our happiness to offer the divine sacrifice in that subterranean chapel, as we did likewise on Montorio, and in the Mamertine. The solemn silence was broken only by the voice of the priest and the server; no bell was sounded. The faint light — the depth and solitude of the crypt — the adjacent catacombs — the grand basilic above the martyred dead — the awful mysteries of religion — the few silent worshippers — the presence of God and his "friends made exceedingly honorable" — what considerations to thrill the soul of the Christian "whose conversation is in heaven," as he kneels before that "glorious sepulchre!" Even had I space, I could not mirror the thoughts or interpret the feelings of that hour. Rome has elsewhere her magnificent spectacles, her imposing monuments, her grand historic recollections, her princes and heroes; but the life and the death of the poor fisherman eclipse all other glory; and the humble disciple, beloved and venerated, is crowned with the holiness and beatitude of his master.

Nil tamen hoc habnisse viro præclarius in se,
Nec sanctum magis, et mirum carumque videtur.

H.

# IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. VII.

*Athlone.—The Military System under which Ireland exists.—A Ride along the Upper Shannon.—Auburn and Oliver Goldsmith.—Sligo Abbey.—Benbulben—Lough Erne.—Lough Derg.—Crossing the Mountains.—Donegal Castle.—The O'Donnell Family.*

As in our foray through Ireland we had followed no regular plan, but drove from point to point of interest, often on information received at the last stopping-place, the reader will hardly be surprised at any thing that may happen to him,—should he faithfully continue in our company. From Ballinrobe, on Lough Mask, we struck across the country eastward, almost in a straight line, for the river Shannon, but at the half-ruined town of Roscommon we deflected south, to pay a flying vist to Athlone, famous of old as *the pass*, "out of Ireland and into Connaught."

In the sketch, the reader has a view of the old citadel, or "castle," a stronghold often pieced and patched, the age of any part of which it would be difficult to tell. Of all the tales of war, told on the spot, we had made some notes; of Peter Levis, the apostate monk, who was its chief engineer in Elizabeth's reign; of Lord Dillon, who defended it against Cromwell; of the gallant Sir Richard Grace, who twice successfully defended it for King James II; of Marshal St. Ruth, and his dashing second, Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, we have before us, due record. But we are not writing history, only excursions, and it will be enough to say here, that such men were, who lived, moved, had (or lost) their being, in or about the ancient borough of Athlone.

ATHLONE.

The living town is the largest on the Shannon except Limerick. It is divided by the broad, but fordable river, and contains some 12,000 inhabitants. The most notable fact about it is, that it may be called the centre of the military system, by which the present rulers hold forcible possession of this fine island. If the reader will run his eye across the central plain of Ireland from Dublin, *via* Nanbridge, Naas, Bin, Athlone and Loughrea, to Galway, (lately prepared for the reception of a new and more powerful garrison), he will see at a glance, the main line of the English military occupation. This line is the diameter of a complete set of coast defences, including such strong points as Dungannon and Spike Island in the South, Newport in the West, and an unbroken chain of Martello towers, each within sight of two or more of the same sort, along shore. When we think of 40,000 or 50,000 regulars, 15,000 or 20,000 constabulary, and a numerous party of loyalists among the civilians, with such defences as these, and such resources as the British government can command, we have a striking, but melancholy explanation of why Ireland should so long have sighed in vain for national independence.

Having satisfied our curiosity at Athlone, we started on a pleasant morning along the eastern bank of the Upper Shannon, and in about an hour halted at "sweet Auburn," Oliver Goldsmith's "loveliest village of the plain." This village, now very small and obscure, is chiefly remembered as the scene of the finest pastoral in the English language. The landscape of the poem can be distinctly traced, but the hawthorn-tree has been long since carried away in relics. The "decent church" still "tops the neighboring hill," but the village ale-house, and the village school are only known to tradition. It was not generally understood, (I believe), until Carey's "Lives of the Poets" came out, that "The Deserted Village" was one of Oliver's earliest works, or, at least, one of the earliest he designed. In the year of grace, 1751, (heigho! for the century gone!), he returned from Trinity College, to spend a few days with his relatives. This journey has been traced with inimitable humor and care, by John Forster, his best biographer. On reaching Auburn, where his brother-in-law, Hodgson, lived, he witnessed with intense pain, one of those wholesale ejectments of the peasantry, since so familiar in Ireland. The landlord was a Major Napper, and it is a pity Oliver had not some of the gall of Pope in him, that he might have immortalized to endless infamy, one specimen of those despicable despots, the Irish proprietary.

Auburn stands near the boundary of the counties Westmeath and Longford. Across the river is the fine pastoral county of Roscommon. All three have claimed Goldsmith as their own. One says Lissoy was his birth-place; another, Pallas; the third Gilphin. It is now universally conceded to the first named village, which is not a little proud of its laurels. Strange fate of genius! With what truth might it not be said in this case, as the satirist says of old Homer—

> "Three *counties* now contend for *Goldsmith* dead,
> Through which the living *Goldsmith* begged his bread!"

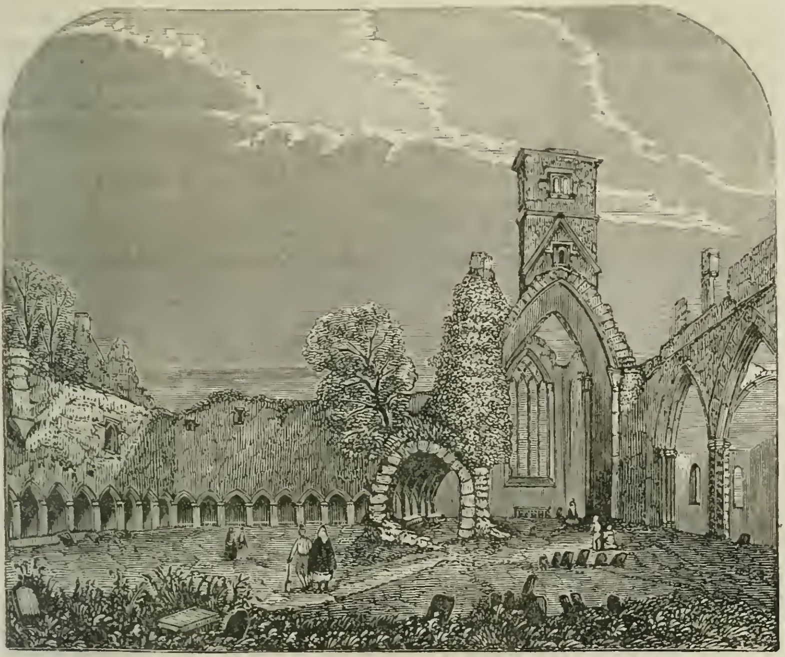
If he did not absolutely beg his bread, it was only because he had relatives on whom he could quarter himself in his dependency.

Still following the left banks of the river, we skirted the fertile fields of Longford, then crossed the stream near the town of the same name, took to the right bank and held on through the grazing glades of Roscommon, until we came to Monastic Boyle, in the north-west corner of that county. Finding nothing here of special interest, we left the next day for Sligo,* and after a rather long ride— some twenty miles — reached Sligo that evening.

---

*To avoid too much sameness, we have omitted the statistics of Sligo in the text. It is the county town, 103¾ miles north-west from Dublin, and contained in 1841, 15,521 inhabitants. It connects with the Atlantic by a bay some five miles long, but rendered difficult of navigation by sand-banks. The familiar craft in all Irish ports were here before us; viz: an emigrant ship, with passengers for America; a coastwise steamer, with produce for England or Scotland, and colliers bringing in coals from Whitehaven or Newcastle.

Here we spent a very profitable forenoon, in inspecting the ruins of the famous Dominican abbey, which a recent writer has thus capitally described:



SLIGO ABBEY.

"The abbey was founded in 1257, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice. In 1270, however, it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterwards re-erected; again it underwent a similar fate, 1415; but during the following year a bull was issued, granting indulgences to all who contributed to its restoration; it was speedily rebuilt; and from this era we are to date the foundation of the present structure. The remains of this edifice attest its former splendor. 'The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully-carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying-place.'"

A moonlight ride, by the base of Ossian's "Benbulben," and other sea-coast mountains, brought us to a small watering place, famous in its neighborhood, (called Bundoran), from which we continued our route so as to catch a glimpse of Lough Erne, at Beleek, and to cross the famous Lough Derg, which we have already mentioned, as a place of pilgrimage. No two lakes could possibly form a greater contrast than these, though divided only by a narrow mountain range.

Lough Erne, with its clear sparkling waters, and countless green, embowered islets, looked like a terrestrial Paradise; Lough Derg, inky, turbid, set deep in a socket of bare hills, with its one or two stony islands, was not an unfit picture of purgatory. Its solitude would have been dismally complete, but for the stir of life on the island of the station. As we were ferried across, we could see groups of men and women kneeling devoutly before the stone crosses raised at intervals, or flitting barefoot to and fro from point to point. Our other engagements did not permit us to tarry long, and as we could not share, we did not feel free to spy upon the pious exercises of that devout peasantry.

To gain the shores of Lough Derg, we had to leave our horses behind at the other side of the mountains, and now that we were rowed across the lake, we had to make the best of our way on foot, some six or seven miles, into the next town, which was Donegal. A pilgrim returning from "*the* island" proffered to be our

DONEGAL CASTLE.

guide, so far. As we went along we were struck at occasional remarks interchanged between our new friend and the people we met.

"Were you at the Island?" they would ask.

"*I hope I was,*" was the invariable answer.

"God send you the benefit of your station."

"Amen. May God bless you."

We afterwards learned that the blessing of a returning penitent was considered very precious, as that of a person free from mortal sin. Further, that it was not considered proper for the penitent who had made such a retreat to speak of it to others, but only to treasure it up in his own breast.

It was one of those peculiar summer evenings which one only experiences on the western coast of Ireland. A cold breeze seemed to blow directly from the sunset, always half invisible for clouds. The distant Atlantic — once again before us — assumed, by anticipation, the bleak color of the night. A few sheep here and there, were straggling down to the lowlands for shelter, and the very cows were pushing at the barn-gates for admission. An occasional shot of sunshine showed us far beneath, the little town of Donegal, with its fine old castle rising up from the loyal trees which still stand by it, even in ruins.

"What castle is that?" we asked our guide.

"That, sir, is the O'Donnells' castle."

"And who were the O'Donnells, pray?"

"The O'Donnells, sir? Why they were the ancient kings that lived here long ago, before Cromwell, bad luck to him! (the Lord pardon me for cursin), druv them out."

"And what became of them, then?"

"Ay! you may ask that. But I'll tell you, as I heard it from my own father, and his father remembered the battle o' the Boyne. One o' them went to Spain, and married the king's daughter, no less; and one more ov 'em went to — to — Austria, — and were Lords and Dukes there; and another stock of the old kings went to Baltimore, in America — if you ever heard of it."

"Yes," said we smiling, "we have heard of it. But here we are at the *White Swan.* Come, come, step in a moment. We will not part you just yet."

## A LATE VERY INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

[Communicated by the Very Rev. Chas. H. Stonestreet, S. J., Prov. *Georgetown College,* D. C.]

Fr. Joseph Marchi, of the Society of Jesus, the distinguished ecclesiastical antiquary of Rome, who in the year 1852 discovered in that portion of the Catacombs which lies between the cemetery of Callixtus at St. Sebastian and the City of Rome, the tomb of the holy Pope St. Cornelius with the inscription ΚΟΡΝΕΛΙΟΣ ΕΠ. (*μαρτυρ*) and who, 1853, in the same place found the tomb of the holy Pope St. Eusebius, has lately discovered in the same cemetery the sepulchres of the holy Popes Sixtus, Anterus, Fabian, Lucius, and Eutychianus. The spot and range of these tombs perfectly correspond with what is said of them by Anastasius Bibliothecarius. On the 11th of May the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX went in person to visit these sacred relics, and testified much satisfaction.

In a letter lately received from Rome a Latin inscription placed upon the spot by St. Damasus is mentioned. It is as follows:

HIC CONGESTA IACET QUAERIS SI TURBA PIORUM
CORPORA SANCTORUM RETINENT VENERANDA SEPULCRA
SUBLIMES ANIMAS RAPUIT SIBI REGIA COELI
HIC COMITES XISTI PORTANT QUI EX OSTE TROPAEA
HIC NUMERUS PROCERUM SERVANT QUI ALTARIA CHRISTI.
HIC POSITUS LONGA VIXIT QUI IN PACE SACERDOS
HIC CONFESSORES SANCTI QUOS GRACIA MISIT
HIC IUVENES PUERIQUE, SENES CASTIQUE NEPOTES
QUEIS MAGE VIRGINEUM PLACUIT RETINERE PUDOREM
HIC FATEOR DAMASUS VOLUI MEA CONDERE MEMBRA
SED CINERES TIMUI SANCTOS VEXARE PIORUM

## TRANSLATION.

Here lies a number of the pious. If you seek for them: these venerable tombs contain their mortal remains, Heaven has taken to itself their lofty souls. Here are the companions of Xistus who bear the palm of victory which they have wrested from the enemy. Here lies a number of noble souls who watch over the altars of Christ. Here reposes a priest who enjoyed a length of peace. Here holy confessors sent by Greece. Here youths and boys, old men and chaste descendants, who preferred to preserve their original purity. Here I Damasus confess that I have desired to be buried; but I feared to trouble the sacred ashes of the saints.

Respectfully,

C. H. STONESTREET, S. J.

Since the above note from the Very Rev. Fr. Stonestreet was in type, we have received the CIIId number of the *Civiltà Cattolica,* in which are several additional details respecting the above interesting discovery, from a paper read by the Chevalier de Rossi (the associate of the labors and discoveries of Father Marchi) before a learned and select audience in the Hall of the *Sapienza* at Rome. Among the discoveries mentioned are many new ones of prayers and invocations addressed to the martyrs, which Dr. Kip in his recent work denies to exist in the catacombs, following too hastily the worthless authority of the Rev. Henry Seymour. Thus an Elaphius writes — "Remember Elaphius;" a man named Dionysius addresses the martyrs whose inscription he makes, — "Remember Dionysius!" Another writes, — "Seek peace for your parent and his brethren!" another, "Seek that Verecundus with his may navigate well!" besides abundant prayers for the departed, not only in the second but the *third person* singular, on which Dr. Kip lays so singular a stress: — as *Vivat in Domino, Vivat in Deo,* &c.

In regard to the inscription by Damasus given by Father Stonestreet, it is mentioned that it was found in no fewer than *one hundred and twelve fragments,* and it would appear (so far as we can judge by comparing his communication with the particulars given in the *Civiltà*) that the names of the Popes above therein cited, all of whom flourished before Constantine, were appended to the inscription, as those of the PIORVM whose sacred ashes Damasus feared to disturb.

# Gems from our Poets.

## REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Among the truest of American poets, this accomplished writer would have attained a high rank had he not had the misfortune to be a Catholic and a priest. We do not mean simply that the efforts of his genius would have been better appreciated had he been a Protestant, or even a simple layman, although that is certainly true, but that the encouragement and admiration he would have received, joined to the stimulus of emulation and the purely literary society into which he would naturally have been admitted, would have produced greater and more continued efforts. Singing for a larger audience, the notes of the bard would have aspired more, and he would have strained the powers which he seems to have used but sportively. There are few sweeter strains in the Catholic anthology of the English tongue than some of Dr. Pise's sacred lyrics, few more spirited than others. By birth he is an American, and on the mother's side of Anglo-American descent: but his paternal ancestry is Italian, evidence of which is seen in that striking and noble physiognomy, which in youth is said to have been so singularly beautiful. The early associations of Dr. Pise are with Maryland, as he was born in Annapolis, and in youth was a *protégé* (we believe) of Charles Carroll of Carrollton; but he has for many years exercised his sacred duties in the diocese and city of New York, and more lately in those of Brooklyn. Besides his poems, which are chiefly of a fugitive character, he is well known as the author of many other interesting, learned and elegant works, of fiction, controversy and history.

All are familiar with the beautiful and spirited hymn to St. Rose of Lima, from his pen, beginning,

"First flow'ret of the desert wild!
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—
Rose of America—all hail!"

It is in the *Lyra Catholica,* so we do not quote it. But even more beautiful is that on First Communion, in "The Pleasures of Religion and other Poems," (A. D. 1834), and entitled,

### "HE COMES TO REST WITHIN MY HEART."

He comes to rest within my heart,
As meek as infancy;
Oh, what shall ever tear apart
This loving Guest from me!

As on the softly-blooming flowers
The dews descend at even,
So grace upon my heart in showers,
Descends from holy Heaven.

And as the flow'ret bathed in dew
Breathes odours from its breast,
So shall my favored bosom too,
Breathe fervour to my guest.

He comes to rest within my heart,
  As meek as infancy:
Oh, what shall ever tear apart
  This loving Guest from me!

Greater simplicity joined with sweeter unction and a finer poetic grace, can scarcely be met, than in these exquisite lines. This is vague and easy praise. But observe, I pray you, the perfect felicity of the versification, without the least effort or the most trifling irregularity of rhyme or measure; observe the happy effect of the alliteration in the third stanza, in rendering its sweet close as it were voluptuously perfect. MORRIS, who is the best and most admired of American song-writers, has, in our judgment, produced nothing to compare with it as a mere lyrical composition: and the sentiment is infinitely above all that they have ever written in their happiest moods.

Pise belongs to the classic school of English poets, in which every line is rich with sense and sound, not to that more recent one which makes you wade through an ocean of dull prose to reach one little islet of poetry, however exquisite, when you have reached it. The following might have been written in the time of Addison:

"*Pietas autem ad omnia utilis est.*"—I Tim. iv, 8.

### PIETY.

She comes from beside Jehovah's throne,
With a beauty and "usefulness" all her own;
With her robe of "variety" streaming down,
  Like the rainbow tints on the clouds of Even:
And yet, like Aurora fresh and bright,
And fair as the Moon on a cloudless night,
And strong as an army arrayed for fight,
  She descends to Earth from the Gates of Heaven.

Her eyes are like those of the gentle Dove—
Her accents are sweet with the breath of love:
Her smiles are for all—whether rich or poor,
And her blessings are scattered at every door:
Her ears are open to every call,
And she stoops from Heaven—all to all.

Behold her a shepherdess on the plain,
  A meek-eyed Recluse in the grotto's shade:
The lowliest cottage she does not disdain,
  Nor flees from the palace in pomp arrayed.

Where the din of the busy town is loud,
You will find her mixed with the stirring crowd:
Where the Hermit dwells on the silent hill,
  She is there by his side, in the solitude:
She sits on the turf of the crystal rill,
  Where the laborer eats his rustic food,
And yet where the sumptuous fare is spread
She does not refuse her spirit to shed.

She is grave with the Matron grave and sage,
With the Damsel she sports of tender age,
With the serious serious—and yet gay,
When the hour to be serious has past away.

With the weeping she weeps, with the laughing laughs,
With the sorrowing, of their chalice quaffs:
With the Statesman looks to the public weal,
And with the Apostle burns with zeal.
The fountain of wisdom she is to the wise,
  With the Soldier all nerve in the battle-hour;
With the Holy Seer she scans the skies,
  And sings with the Poet in shady bower.

Like the genial rays of the vernal sun
Painting all things they shine upon,
Scattering abroad their hues and dyes
With infinite, lovely varieties:
Those rays on the dewy grass are green,
White in the jessamine, red in the rose;
The hyacinth smiles on their azure sheen,
And tinged with their yellow the sun-flower glows:
Still the light which diffuses its rays upon
Green, white, red, and azure, and yellow, are one.

So Piety, though all varied on Earth,
Now melting with grief, and now dimpling with mirth,
  Now urging the Warrior on to the plain,
Now keeping watch with the Hermit lone,
  Now soothing the pang of a Mother's pain,
Now mourning with some disconsolate one,
  Now clad in Poverty's ragged weeds,
Now robed in ermine and purple rich,
  Is the same — when the heart is glad or bleeds —
With all conditions — she recks not which: —
With all who seek it, her spirit will rest,
And "without distinction" all may be blest.

This very pretty piece is from the *Catholic Register* of 1839. Its varied and easy melody will not escape the notice of those who delight in those things. Here follows another, a little impromptu, from the *Catholic Expositor*, 1842, which was edited by Dr. Pise, in connection with the lamented Varela.

### LINES ON RECEIVING A ROSE FROM A CHILD.

She gave me a Rose, — 'twas the prettiest that grew
  In her fragrant and elegant bower:
And her innocent grace and coy artlessness threw
  A fresh charm on that beautiful flower:
I took it, as Adam, when Paradise smiled,
  Might have taken a bud from an Angel of Light:
For no spirit was gentler than that of this child,
  And no blossom more pure to the sight.

This is charming; Tom Moore couldn't have twined it with a finer grace, do you think? But Pise has higher powers than mere sweetness of verse and liveliness of fancy. Not often, but here and there, flashes out in his poetry a line of real strength and power that shows of what he is capable, while in the whole which is produced, is seen that roundness and completeness of idea, which distinguishes chiefly the poet from the skilful versifier. We think that these qualities are all to be seen in a piece which we now quote from the same source as the above, and the same date.

### HYMN.

I.

My God! yon matin-ray
  Which, like a dimple bright,
Glows on Aurora's cheek,
  As shrinks the shadowy night,
Tells of those guiltless hours
I passed in childhood's bowers,
  So innocently-gay.

II.

My God! yon flaming sun
  High in his noon-day car
Drawn by the steeds of Heaven,
  Flinging their red manes far,
Bids the reflecting soul
Think how the swift hours roll—
  How soon life's prime is done.

III.

My God! yon gem of Eve
  Upon the twilight brow
Of Hesper glimmering faint,
  Tells all is fading now;
Shadows are gathering fast:—
Look, mortal, look thy last,
  And take thy long, long leave!

IV.

My God! if morning bright,
  When peace crowned all the hours,
Hath from me past away,
  And with it childhood's flowers;
And if my manhood's noon
Goes from me—ah! how soon!
  While gathers sombre night,—

V.

Oh! as the last dim ray
  Still flickers in the skies,
My God! close not thine ear,
  Turn not away thine eyes:
My prayer, my prayer ascends,
As life's last taper ends—
  Spare—as I pass away!

That a native-born American Catholic could have written lines so finely inspired as these, would be incredible to many of our Protestant men of letters who cultivate the coy muses. So limited is the circulation of Catholic literary publications that few probably, even of Catholics, have ever read these elegant and forcible lyrics, or are aware of their existence. It would, indeed, we suspect, dear reader, be difficult to convince many among ourselves that any thing of a literary nature written by one of ourselves can possess any considerable merit. Our opinion is the diametrical opposite of this, and so we conclude by citing another tender, brilliant and fanciful poem of Dr. Pise, also from the *Catholic Expositor* for 1842. If less striking than the rest, it is not less melodious and facile.

### THE BIRD OF PARADISE AND THE CHERUB.

*Suggested by the death of a lovely infant.*

I.

List! List! — the Bird of Paradise
  Carols her sweet hymn forth:
And from the blest bowers of the skies
  Comes down upon the Earth,
He comes to bear a message bright
To a sweet Cherub — the delight
  Of those that gave her birth.

II.

He perched upon the gentle child
  Whilst smiling she reposed,
Bearing upon her features mild
  And lovely — as she dozed —
The impress of her mother dear,
Who watched her slumber with a tear,
  And her meek eyelids closed.

III.

And to the Cherub thus he sung
  The tidings brought from Heaven:
"Come with me, innocent and young,
  And thou shalt be, ere even,
In bowers of Peace and groves of Bliss —
Thou art not made for worlds like this,
  Far better will be given!

IV.

Come to the realms of Paradise,
  Where angels weave their wreaths
From flowers ambrosial of the skies,
  On which Spring ever breathes.
And *such* a Spring! — not like the one
Which now so brightly smiles upon
  The meadows and the heaths.

V.

Come to the everlasting Spring
  Where flowers undying bloom,
Where we of Paradise, will sing
  While fond ones deck thy tomb.
There wilt thou, spotless Cherub, twine
A garland for those friends of thine
  Whom Love shall thither bring."

VI.

The Cherub heard the message-bird —
The Bird of Paradise: —
And calmly, when the message heard,
She closed her meek blue eyes:
And in an instant, winged her flight
To Elysian groves of Love and Light
Amid the holy skies.

Perhaps it is necessary to add that these poems, like *all* poetry, to be appreciated should be read by a reader. Poetry cannot read itself, and we have known a man who had no music in his soul, vow that he had dislocated his jaws in trying to read verse that to a good ear was rather noticeable for its varied and musical rhythm.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. History of the Life, Writings, and Doctrines of Luther. By *M. Audin.* Translated from the last French edition, by William B. Turnbull, Esq. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. (Second Notice).

The magnificent manner in which the French, and especially the French clergy, are filling up every vacuum which exists in their national literature on subjects connected with Catholicity, has excited the admiration of scholars of every country. One of the first and most needed contributions of this sort is the Life of Luther by M. Audin, justly characterized by an English critic as "one of the best historical biographies ever composed." Even the Germans, whose unwearied industry in historical investigation has placed them in advance of every other nation in works of this kind, have acknowledged with enthusiasm that Audin's Life of Luther is fully equal in accuracy and exhaustive research to their very best works, while it possesses a clearness of arrangement, a condensation, and an interesting vivacity of style, peculiarly French, in which their own biographies are not unfrequently deficient.

England has also lately felt the necessity of creating for itself an adequate Catholic literature in its own language, and has set itself to supply the want. But the temptation has been irresistible to supply it mostly by translations from those admirable French and German works which by no talent or industry could be surpassed, and which were ready to their hand. Hence, among other enterprises, this of Dolman's *Library of Translations*, of which the first volume of the Life of Luther forms the third volume; and if all the remaining volumes of the contemplated series are as well executed, it will confer the most precious service upon English readers. In the language of the able critic before quoted, "Mr. Turnbull's translation is worthy of the fame acquired by Audin; and no man can sit down to its perusal without being gratified with the taste, skill, judgment and tact, exhibited in the translation — so that it is" (as he specifies) "in point of fact, a book more suited to female perusal than the original."

This is high but just praise. Nor ought we to overlook altogether in our commendations the beautiful getting up of the volume, uniform, of course, with the rest of the series, and which, with other efforts of the same kind, indicates truly a new era in the Catholic book trade of England. Apart from its value as the only reliable account of the Life and Writings of Luther in existence, few books offer a more captivating charm to the mere lover of personal and literary history; nor can we help anticipating from its publication in so attractive an English form, an important influence upon the opinions of at least the reading public. But it is especially the duty of Catholics to encourage such enterprises, whether Protestants will read such works as these or not. It is a thing accomplished when they are found, as they ought to be, in the library of every Catholic gentleman. If they are in *your* library, one and another of your intelligent neighbors will by and by be reading them. If you are well acquainted with their contents yourself, by and by, in sheer self-defence, to be on a par with you in information, others will be obliged to buy and read also. English history for the last three hundred years has been a conspiracy against truth. True, and the new Catholic historical literature has countermined this falsehood with truth, laboriously excavated. The truth is in our histories — in Lingard, in Audin: it need but to be read. But unless we Catholics buy and read such works ourselves, it is in vain to expect that they will be bought and read by others.

2. Discours prononcé a la Cathédrale de Saint-Louis (Nouvelle-Orléans, 1846) a l'occasion de l'anniversaire du 8 Janvier. Par l'Abbé *A. Rouquette*, de la Louisiane. Paris: Librairie de Sauvaignat. 1846.
3. Wild Flowers, Sacred Poetry by the Abbé *Adrian Rouquette*, author of "Les Savanes," French Poems. New Orleans: T. O'Donnell. F. Lelièvre. 1848.

We acknowledge with lively pleasure the receipt of these two librettes (if we may be pardoned the word), which must have been noticed in their day by the Catholic press. The former is an elegant, scholarly and impassioned piece of pulpit eloquence, which we can easily fancy as having produced all the effect, when delivered, that is recounted in the appendix, taken from the newspapers of the day. Of the little collection of English Poems, by an author whose native tongue seems to have been the French, we shall give our readers some specimens hereafter, that will be sure to be welcome, if already known, and a surprise, if, as happened to ourselves, they have never before met with them. And by the way, considering the patriotic theme of the Discourse — the victory of New Orleans, — and the very patriotic complexion of the poetry — witness the piece entitled "America, my Country!" — and the perfectly local coloring of both, one is tempted to ask, "In what respect is the Abbé Rouquette not a Native-American?" And yet, in language, in race, in religion, in the fire of his oratory, in the impetuous delicacy of his poetical sentiments, (as, if we may credit the N. O. Bulletin, in the lineaments and character of his national and southern physiognomy) can there be a greater contrast to the man of Massachusetts or New Hampshire? And yet this sermon, animated with the fervor and adorned with the graces of French oratory, but breathing the most ardent American patriotism and the most high-toned American *legality*, was preached in a cathedral of St. Louis, in the new world, by a priest of the faith of St. Louis, without a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins! If the modern theories of race were true, between this man and us there should be no bond of national sympathy. And yet there is the greatest, in defiance of the theory. Why so? Because the true country, as M. Rouquette observes, is not in the common soil, but in the laws and the manners, and in the spirit that informs, defines and quickens them — the spirit of religion. Hence a true national unity outside of the Catholic faith is impossible, and Catholicism is the true, though unseen and unacknowledged, bond of American nationality. "But I have pronounced the word *country*," cries M. Rouquette. — "Gentlemen, what is country, the love of country, true patriotism? What is country? Shall I speak to you of the rivers, of the plains, and of the forests, of the soil in a word? But all that is not the country of the man, it is the country of the ox, of the buffalo, and of the bird. To man, an intelligent and moral being, created in the image of God, yes, to man quite another sort of country is necessary. With these rivers, these plains and these forests, before and above all these things, he needs common joys, common perils and common interests, manners, laws, traditions, virtues, churches: he needs a God profoundly feared, profoundly loved."

In New England and the parts settled by New Englanders, they fancy they have such a unity of laws, religion, churches, manners, &c; and they wish to force every other element in the country to become fused with that: having tried in vain the propagandism of persuasion and missionary societies, they wish now to try that of force; but their own New England unity itself is already broken by Unitarianism, Methodism, Mormonism, Episcopalianism, Fourierism, Spiritualism, Abolitionism, Womanism, and what-not-ism, into ten thousand fragments. To the most superficial glance is evident the impossibility of constituting or restoring a true moral community — a community of thoughts, of ideas, and of sentiments — except in Catholicism, without which, therefore, we have not a country. We have been much impressed while reading these, and the work next noticed, with the importance of the part which the French genius and languge will play in forming our ideas and moulding our future national character.

4. THE GLORIES OF THE HOLY ANGELS. Translated from the French of the Venerable *H. M. Boudon*, Archdeacon of Evreux. Philadelphia: H. & C. McGrath.

This delightful little book furnishes a plan for devoting the month of October to the honor of the Holy Angels, and also a plan of an Association for their perpetual veneration. The prayers, litanies and meditations are well calculated to excite devotion, and they have the merit of great brevity.

5. LA THEBAIDE EN AMERIQUE, ou Apologie de la Vie Solitaire et Contemplative. Par L'Abbé *Adrien Rouquette* (de la Louisiane). Nouvelle-Orleans. T. O'Donnell. 1852.

No doubt this work, too, has received attention from the Catholic press at the time of its publication, but as that is yet recent, and as no Catholic monthly then existed, it may well claim a notice from the *Metropolitan*. We may say that it, too, is a poem, for it has all the charm and the impassioned style of poetry. From the richness of quotation, from every source, and especially of English poetry (of which the author has evidently been an ardent cultivator), it affords a striking parallel to the works of Digby; but the text by which the vast array of apt and delightful extracts is combined together, is widely different in its oratorical impetuosity from the calm tone of the "Ages of Faith." A very beautiful feature (in which it strikingly resembles the works of the English writer), is the new meaning it gives to the passages it quotes, often making them illustrative of higher truths than the poets themselves saw. Thus, numerous passages are quoted from Byron, with the utmost felicity, and with the effect of showing for what that great soul really longed, that English life could not supply, and what great common want, expressed with unparalleled vigor, has made his poetry so popular.

*La Thébaïde* is the Apology of the Solitary and Contemplative Life, especially with reference to America — that occidental Thebaid, as the author eloquently says, with its lonely lakes and islets, its rocks and forests, its mountains and vast savannahs, made expressly for the recluse and the hermit. It would enamour any fervent religious soul, and almost any poetic one, of solitude and the eremitic life, to read this eloquent defence of it, with the abundant testimonies in its favor which the author collects from every source. The views which it opens are of great originality, and richly suggestive; the style is admirable for force and clearness, and full of poetical beauties of the highest order. We take almost at hazard a passage from the dedication:

"It is to you (it is dedicated), sensitive and delicate natures, superior and intuitive organizations, dreamy and melancholic characters, profound and sealed hearts, whose mystery of love and intelligence God alone penetrates; it is to you who cannot sympathize and place yourselves in unison with a society cold and prosaic, egoistic and hard; you who aspire with ardour to repose and isolation; who feel the need of dwelling within yourselves and of nourishing yourselves in secret with your mysterious tears; you whom God has created to live a tranquil and contemplative life, a life of prayer and of study; and who seek in vain in the world the spiritual aliment, the *dew of light*, the celestial atmosphere you require, in your mystical and virgin exaltation; you who are like those inaccessible flowers, immaculute daughters of the snow, that demand the subtile air of the highest mountains, and which cannot grow and unfold with all their brilliancy but in an atmosphere where the mephitic vapors of earth and the exhalations of marshes do not arrive till they have been purified by an etherial fluid.

* * * * * * * *

"It is to you (he says again), who fear to be carried away by the rapid torrent of new ideas and submerged by the miry waters of the deluge of corruption; you who are weary of the roaring ebb and flow of so many passions and contrary systems which dispute between them the hearts and minds of men, all uncertain and tossed in the midst of the *tohu-bohu*, the *brouhaha* and the *go-ahead* of this age of steam!

"'And when they think they lead, they are most led.'—*Byron.*

"'As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shelves o'er which they ride.'—*Scott.*"

In short we can commend this volume as equally delightful and edifying, to any one, Catholic or not, who can read French with tolerable facility.

6. The Oath of Office. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By *Charles James Cannon*, with a portrait of the author. New York: William Taylor & Co.

This is published as No. II of a series called "The American Drama." The author is not an untried hand in this description of literature, having already published several dramas, of which we have heard the poetical merits and skilful plot mentioned in terms of praise. The scene of the present is laid in Galway, and the time is in the 15th century. The principle character is Lynch, mayor of Galway, who, (according to an historical account, we believe), condemned and executed his own son for murder. It is on this filial crime and parental justice that the action turns. The cause of the former is unfounded jealousy, and the victim is the bosom friend of the murderer. The Irish foster-brother of the last, his wild cousins, the Blakes of the Hills, his mother and his betrothed, are the other personages.

Excellence is comparative, and if we had read any other modern dramas we should be better able to pass a critical judgment on the merits of this. Unfortunately we can only compare it with the tragedies of Shakespeare, with which it does not pretend to vie. The only modern play, even, that we know any thing of, is the *Lady of Lyons*, which is of another species, and which, again, we know only by seeing it performed. We should think the *Oath of Office* would make a good acting play. The *mise en scene* would be effective, if it followed the author's directions; the plot is simple and telling—makes a forcible, tragic impression, in spite of a certain cruel abruptness at first, especially in the killing of *Gomez* by *Walter*, which really seems quite too unprovoked. The jealousy of the latter is but feebly accounted for, and his sudden penitence is no less vexatious than his crime—in *reading* the play; but it would have a better effect, we have no doubt, on the stage. The style on the whole is more prosaic, and the sentiments placed in the mouth of the characters are more trite, than we should have expected from Mr. Cannon; but this rather tame level is relieved here and there by a flash of genuine poetry, and lines or passages of genuine melody. One of the best of these is that where Lynch is picturing the sorrow and disappointment of the parents of the murdered Gomez:

"Whose eager gaze is bent towards our shores,
While fancy makes of every wave, that lifts
Its snowy crest above the dark green sea,
The ship that to their longing arms shall bring
The treasure they had given unto my keeping."

But the very attempt to construct a sincere tragedy out of Irish historical materials is meritorious, and the Blakes of the Hills, and *Tirlogh*, the Irish foster-brother, seem to us to be characterized with the truth and vigor which Mr. Cannon's Tales exhibit in a less shackled form, and one more readily appreciable in these non-theatrical times.

7. Fifty Years in both Hemispheres; or Reminiscences of the Life of a former Merchant. By *Vincent Nolte*, late of New Orleans. Translated from the German, New York: Redfield.

This is an amusing specimen of the anecdotical autobiography of one of those men, of whom there are some in every epoch, that have the luck to be on the back-stairs during all the great transactions of their time, and who thus see and, verily, describe history, not as it appears to those who get a public and full-dressed front view of it, but in the situation where every thing mortal sometimes is found — ***sans culottes.*** Those who take pleasure in contemplating greatness in this attitude, which, certes, levels all things, will find considerable amusement in this gossiping story of half a century, passed between the old world and the new. It is not a book that we could recommend for indiscriminate perusal, it partakes too much of the scandalous chronicle; but some of the background pictures of noted historical events and situations, such as the French invasion of Italy and the Hundred Days, are extremely graphic and interesting.

8. THE PRINCIPLES OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY. By *J. Stevenson Bushnan*, M. D. With one hundred and two illustrations on wood. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This is a *popular* treatise on the functions of organic life, in the strict sense of the term. Prefixed to it is a general view of the great departments of Human Knowledge. It seems a good deal to comprise in a volume of 234 pages, index included, but from a cursory examination we judge that it contains as much detail as most people will care for. The illustrations are very good.

9. THE YOUTH OF JEFFERSON: A Chronicle of College Scrapes at Williamsburg, in Virginia, A. D. 1764. New York: Redfield.

No one would suppose from the very unattractive title of this volume that it contained so much entertaining matter. It has two titles, you observe, and neither is appropriate. Jefferson figures in the tale, but in a subordinate character, and contributes nothing to the action, except as a mar-plot. The scene is laid at college, among college youths, but college scrapes in it there are scarcely any deserving the name, nor would they, probably, be noticed by the reader. It is just a brief, lively dashing sketch of ante-revolution costume and manners, enlivened by a pretty "Arcadian" love story or two, and an old, improbable *Rosalind* disguise — in spite of its familiarity and improbability, always interesting. Slight as the performance is, it indicates talent and practised skill in writing "quite above the common."

10. NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. By the late *John Wilson*. With Memoirs and Notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. Five vols., 12mo.

The wittiest and most famous series of Magazine papers the world ever saw, edited by the model of editors. It was John Wilson who first called the *Maga* into existence, indeed, and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine is, in sober truth, alone rightfully and originally proprietor of that well-invented name, which we have somewhat extended and (we flatter ourselves) not unhappily spiritualized and exalted into a sort of personality. And it is with the *Noctes*, as all the world knows, that the fame of KIT NORTH (the fabled editor of the Maga) is associated. They belong now to the classical literature of our language; they are a legacy, and one of the richest literary ones, of the last age of British genius.

No doubt the wit of the *Noctes* may be excepted to not unreasonably as heathenish, as purely humanitarian, as the reflex of a joyous, not animal, but merely natural, life; there is not a perception of the supernatural, some will say, in the Scottish humorist, and so on. We confess that Kit North is somewhat of an Edinburgh heathen, a heathen of the modern Athens, aptly so called; a heathen like Scott, like Burns, like the Scotch metaphysicians, novelists, poets, all. But even heathendom has its dim supernatural traditions; and Nature itself is a work of God on which there are inscribed notes and revelations of Divinity. We sometimes weary of Wilson's humor, but on the whole he introduced a new and more generous spirit into criticism, he filled it with a life and sap it never had before, from the warmth of his appreciation, and from its exquisite delicacy, which opened to the readers a new world of beauties and new sources of enjoyment in books. By protesting against cant, with a laugh full of healthy reason, Wilson kept the English mind in a sounder state. "Blackwood" too has shown during its long and always successful course (thirty-two years), what a brilliant and effective fight can be maintained for an unpopular cause, but with an element of truth in it, by a combination of literary talent. Its career suggests many thoughts respecting the true method of conducting a Catholic magazine, so as to make it an effective supporter of the cause to which we are devoted. Such considerations, however, would be out of place here. We content ourselves with lauding the tact and enterprise of Mr. Redfield in bringing out these volumes, and the taste, the minute knowledge and above all the genial spirit, with which the task of the editor has been accomplished.

11. LETTER OF WM. MEADE ADDISON, of Baltimore, upon RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN AMERICA. "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" Washington: 1854. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"Roman Catholics the Authors of Religious Toleration in America" is the title which we find prefixed to this letter on its first page. The author is a member of the Episcopal Church: his testimony is therefore the more unexceptionable because impartial. The letter is written with a remarkable clearness. The introductory part, in which the writer recalls his opponent to the true state of the question, is particularly lucid and forcible. As he there observes, the question has been made a double one, of *fact* and of *motive*, and generally those who combat the claim of the Maryland Colonists to be the authors of Religious Toleration in America, in lieu of contesting the fact, apply themselves to the suggestion or assertion of merely selfish motives on their part as the ground of their action. The author nobly answers to this that where an action is good in itself, good he calls it, without discussing its motives; and that from the constitution of things by an all-wise Being, good is always attended with advantage to the doer, and so to do good is always our interest. Ought we thence to conclude that all good actions spring from selfishness? He then proceeds to prove, by a close historical argument, that the real authors of Maryland Toleration were the Catholic Proprietary and Colonists. The disputed question of priority between Maryland and Rhode Island in the establishment of the so-called freedom of consience, he does not undertake to examine, but leaves it to the testimony of Story and Bancroft, which is in favor of the Catholic colony. We consider that our thanks are due to Mr. Addison for his interesting and able letter, and especially at the present time.

The question has been debated among ourselves whether the policy of Maryland, granting it necessary in their circumstances, was in itself defensible or laudable. The origin of this debate, we conceive, is a confusion into which almost all modern Protestants fall, and which many Catholics adopt at their hands without further inquiry, between toleration, such as the founders of Maryland established, and what even Mr. Addison calls the "inalienable prerogative of men to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences."* But that the old Marylanders adopted no such principle as the last is evident from the fact that they granted no toleration to Deists or Unitarians. Nor should we gain any thing for ourselves as Catholics by showing (if we could) that a handful of our ancestors were the first to adopt a principle which our Church then repudiated and now repudiates; which, if it be unchangeable as we believe, it must ever repudiate. The founders of Maryland are not entitled, in our opinion (sustained by their undoubted acts), to the doubtful honor of having discovered a principle incompatible with any just or salutary government, and which (thank God!) we Catholics at this day do not need for our defence: they did but discern and apply a rule of political justice always recognized and acted on by their Church, viz: that civil and political rights already existing are sacred and inviolable. It is on this principle, and not any pretended right of men in society to indulge in all the pernicious vagaries of a perverted conscience, that we denounce the penal laws of England as iniquitous, and those who would revive them here in the shape of political proscription, *of whatever Christian sect*, as a band of audacious and persecuting revolutionists.

---

* The toleration inaugurated in America by our Catholic forefathers, does not include, we suppose, the right of the Brahmins to set up here the cruel rites of Juggernaut, or the obscene ones of Vishnoo: it would not protect the Chinese in infanticide or the Mormons in polygamy.

# Maga in the Mountains.

Some body will say that we are taking a quick lesson from "Christopher in the Tent," republished after thirty years by Dr. Mackenzie; but we repudiate the charge of plagiarism —Maga repudiates it with a shake of the head — for our caption does but represent a fact: Maga is really and literally in the mountains. — "The Editor is there," you reply, "but not Maga!" — "You're wrong — Maga herself is *here*. Here is her sanctum — here are her exchanges littering the wild carpet of moss and dry leaves — here her portfolios — her communications — the pile of odious books to be noticed — the flocks of letters wing their way here like wild pigeons (we wish they were, for that sport would be better than it is) — and hence take flight her numbered and inspected articles for the printer, here are read, or dipped into, her "books sent," here is patiently compiled her Record, here are revised her proofs, under a roof of quivering leaves, overlooking, not chimney tops and tile, but woods and rich bottoms, copses where pheasants lurk, and the haunts of the nut-dropping squirrel.

Yes: Maga and we are alone in the mountains — we don't pretend to a great company like ancient Christopher: one of our contributors at most is with us; one of the gentlest, whose graceful pen, come one more moon, will serve Maga and us no more for the present. And truth to say, there is a slight vein of poetical exaggeration in our above description of our mountain sanctum; those leaves over-head and under foot must be taken with a grain of salt; it is true by a figure of speech, but not in strictness of ordinary language. Let no one imagine us camping out in a shanty of poles and bark, by the bank of a rocky stream, with a bed of fresh balsam boughs, and a roaring fire of logs at our feet the night, depending for subsistence upon the venison we shoot and the trout we catch: we have lived so before now, and in the pages of "The Forest" you may find a description of the same, not without some touch of truth, but at present, we confess, our literal and actual abode is a sort of hotel farm-house — a farm-house by the roadside, with a swinging sign and vast rambling stables, and accommodation for man and beast.

A shanty of poles and bark, quotha? No, no; not such is our sanctum, but a light, well-curtained bed-room, with the door opening upon a pleasant verandah, with a balcony (if you like) of low trellis-work, and overlooking garden, orchard, farm-yard and all the homely but pleasant back-side view of "an agricultural residence." Innumerable broods of chickens, shanghais, guinea-fowl, (crying "come back,") turkeys, ducks, now and then a stray porker, who is driven back to his own domain by a vengeful hound, with loud uproar, and a shed with long ranges of bee-hives, ever-humming: — this is what we see from our open door, or our shady seat in the corner of the aforesaid balcony, which in this country is called a two-storied piazza. And as for the interior accommodation of our quarters, in the country you could not expect better: a room *da marito e moglie*, as the Italians say — with a spacious bed in each corner, (one for the editor and the other for the contributor), while Maga lies (at night) snugly in a corner, on the thick rag carpet, with the N. Y. Freeman's Journal for a blanket. I was afraid she would take cold, but she vows there's no danger; so much natural warmth there is in that capacious sheet, that she ran more risk of taking fire — which *would* be a calamity. But Maga, happily, is not of a touch-paper nature; her nature is sparkling, but not inflammable; it was the *printed blanket* took fire, made dry as tinder by this rainless summer, and one night, ere we were aware, was found all in a light blaze: but Maga suffered no injury, she only laughed at the accident.

There is an unusual degree of pleasure attending the laborious task of editorship at this distance, with no companions who know any thing about it, and where from the remoteness and the deep seclusion of the spot, the weekly exchanges come like visitors to a solitude, ever welcome. There is also the great pleasure of tranquillity: it is only the editor of a monthly that could command it, indeed, to whom the loss of a day or two's time, by some perverse accident, in the transmission of matter or of proofs, is not of so great importance. Breathing the pure air, feeling the quiet of the country, the coolness of the mountains, refreshed by the immense extension of meadow-verdure and forest-shade that fills these endless glades of the mighty Alleghany — the shattered nerves regain their tone — the brain cools, the heart beats more equably, and with the restored harmony of the physical man, the intellectual and moral acquires a healthier play, and meditates more tranquil and more certain flights. It would not do for always, doubtless; but it does excellently well for the summer months, and for the beautiful autumn.

We have enjoyed, by the way, in consequence of this ruralizing, another rare pleasure in editorial life: — that of perusing an article in Maga for the first time in print. Truly we had great confidence in the writer to say it should be so, and our leading article (as people say) into the bargain. We were really quite curious to peruse it. It was excellent, and as one always disagrees in some point, with every thing we did not do or authorize ourselves, we had the pleasure of dissenting from here and there a shade of opinion (agreeing in the substance) as if it had been somebody *else's* magazine we were reading — exquisite pleasure!

Even in such an unexampled drought as this, with a sky like brass, the valley portions of these mountain glades are somewhat green — in ordinary years they are always moist, so that the sportsman needs to cross them with care. And they are not only broken with thick bushes, marking the course of runs or streamlets, but, even on their best cleared and grassiest expanse, are studded with magnificent sugar-maples, which have been left on account of their rich product, and which give the "bottoms" (as they are called) the appearance of a stately English park. Reclining under one of these superb trees, with our gun beside us, we read the September number of Maga.

"What think you, Maga," said we, at length, "of our learned contributors observations on Journalism? Does'nt he set too high a standard?"

MAGA. — How so?

EDITOR. — Why who can take such (— excuse me —) such pains with every trashy book that an unprincipled or mercenary publisher may think fit to lay on our table for notice? Not I, for one. A careless dip into most of 'em, and a careless line to notice, is all they're worth, or my conscience can give. It aint possible to do more, my dear Maga, with the clean majority."

MAGA. — Tut, tut. Who said it was? The learned contributor, sir, has merely intended that you and every other editor should give to every book he notices so much of a reading as is necessary to determine its true character. Now tell me, pray, how long will it take you to do this for the light works of fiction of which the Appletons or Redfield send you so many?"

EDITOR. — Ten minutes, I think, divided equally between the beginning, the middle and the end of a novel is enough for me to find out if it is worth anybody's reading, or safe for anybody to read.

MAGA. — Good. And how long will it take you to express that opinion on paper, when you've formed it?

EDITOR. — Five minutes by the watch, at the outside.

MAGA. — Surely then, there's nothing unreasonable demanded of you. How much is one quarter of an hour of your working time worth?

EDITOR. — Mine is precious, Maga. It is skilled labor I give, and though the time be short, the mental action, you wot, is energetic. More than three hours *per diem* no man ought to work as I work, Maga, you well know; and those three hours should procure a generous wage —

MAGA. — The Holy Book says *Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.*

EDITOR. — Those fifteen minutes ought to be worth about 83 or 84 cents, at a most moderate computation.

MAGA: (with a smile). — The exact wholesale price of a novel that retails for $1 25, as most of them do.

EDITOR. — And not one in fifty of 'em will sell at auction for 83 mills, my good Maga. No, no. The notice, Maga, is not given out of justice to the publisher who sends you books. What do the extra copies cost him which he lays out upon the press? The press-work, paper and binding. On such a volume as you have specified, it is but twenty-five or thirty cents, and at auction (as I said before) it will hardly fetch that. The notice is for the information of the public; and you are paid for it by them; though, I confess, that the very desirable and valuable books you sometimes receive, make it worth your while to notice *them* — but don't compensate for the time wasted on the others. That I insist upon.

Maga. — And exactly that, some slight and scarcely perceptible differences excepted, is what our honorable contributor here designs to say.

"Well," replied we, "I have another fault to find with him on this point. He does not discriminate sufficiently between the obligations of different sorts of Journals in this particular — between the duties of a weekly, for example, and that of a monthly periodical."

Maga. — How is that?

Editor. — Why hear what my friend, the Rambler, judiciously says on this point in his August number. (*Reads*) "There can be no doubt that a monthly periodical possesses peculiar advantages for exercising the functions of literary criticism in comparison with quarterly or weekly journals. A quarterly appears at such long intervals that it cannot keep up with the stream of new publications, while if it attempted to notice all those of any pretensions, it would overwhelm its readers with a flood of criticism. Quarterlies, accordingly, are periodical collections of essays, rather than reviews of current literature. As to weekly criticism, able and brilliant as much of it unquestionably is — "

Maga laughs: — "Go on!" she says: "No matter!"

Editor (*reading*) — unquestionably is, no one who is acquainted with its character will deny that it bears the marks of the breathless haste with which it is prepared, and that a very considerable proportion of it is altogether shallow and untrustworthy. A monthly journal steers clear of both these disadvantages. It can notice books before the gloss of novelty is worn off; it can offer a fair *resumè* of the books of the day without overloading the digestion of the reader; and it can do its work with such an amount of leisure and reflection as may permit a *bonâ fide* examination of the books that are criticised." — Those, now, are just sentiments. The "Review of Current Literature" belongs specially to the monthly magazine, and it is from the monthly magazine that the public has a right to expect a careful, considerate and true account of the prominent books of the day, be they of what sort they may. It may be a brief account, but it must be a sufficient one to guide those who are to purchase books, and it ought to be wholly independent of any publisher's influence, as the *Rambler* very justly remarks. Otherwise, the literary notice is but an advertisement in disguise, and will be justly branded by every right-minded person as an imposition on the readers.

Maga. (With a slight, conscious smile). All that meets with my hearty approbation.

It may easily be seen that my gun was mostly an excuse for stealing away with Maga to this lovely spot, and amusing myself with her conversation. We had brought a number of papers besides the latest *Metropolitan* and *Rambler*, and among others I at last unfolded the celebrated "N. Y. Bulldog." *

How pleasant to be spoken of in print it must be to some people, if (as one would suppose) they like to be well abused rather than not noticed at all! The editor of the "Bulldog" has an attack upon us, which we read aloud to Maga, who evidently rather enjoys it.

Maga. — Poor Bulldog! But what makes him growl so fiercely, sir! He must have been severely bitten by your article.

Editor. — You forget it is not mine (I could almost wish it were). But as you say, Maga, it must have touched him nearly. When you hear the tiger in Barnum's menagerie utter that deep, rolling thunder that thrills your nervous system in your own despite, you know, of course, that the keeper is stirring him up with his long pole. I was so busy in applying our learned contributor's observations to *myself*, that I really overlooked its possible application to others. Bulldog is a good Christian in that he takes the sermon to himself, but he is not a good Christian in that he begins to rail at the preacher.

Maga. — I thought just now, sir, that he had your example to encourage him in that.

Editor. — Not at all, dear Maga — you essentially misunderstood me — I was only enjoying the privilege of criticism. But our friend Joseph Andrews Bulldog, Esq., is evidently ever so little in a state of excitement.

Maga *(with curiosity)*. — Joseph Andrews?

Editor. — So called from his immaculate personal and editorial purity; the former of which is so scrupulous that 'tis supposed he never washes his hands, but he makes an act of contrition after it, for any sins he may have committed in touching his own nude fingers; and the latter is so outrageously delicate that any such peccant matter as novels that fall in his way, he will hardly touch with a pair of tongs, and that only to put it in the fire.

Maga, (*blushing*). — *You* may call that purity, but *I* call it prudery. Can it be true, though?

---

* Lest any one should suppose this name to be an invention of our own, and so to savour of a rudeness foreign to our character, we would observe that it is taken in good faith from the paper itself alluded to, and that in using it we only copy the humour of the editor, who will not complain that we apply to him a designation by which he wittily pleases to characterize himself.

Editor. — Why the first story is, I own, a slight poetical exaggeration of one of our friend's editorials, almost too long ago to smile over now. Before you were born, most gracious of the Magas, we laughed at this pleasantry among ourselves; and therefore I playfully said "Joseph Andrews" just now, because *he* was, you know, Maga, a singularly innocent young man, although I doubt *(with a smile)* if he would have looked askance at that brown sandalled foot, Maga, so graciously placed on the green sward, beneath the moss-cushioned rock where thou sittest.

Maga, *(quite puzzled)*. — You speak in riddles.

Editor. — Let it pass. *You* are not so squeamish, Maga, nor I neither; in regard either to real life, or what we read in books, which are its pictures. And though we know, as well as others, what trash most *novels* are, we are too sensible of their vast influence to despise them. A young man like Bulldog (for his youth is his best excuse) thinks to annihilate these light-winged persecutors by one fierce snap of contempt; they but buzz around him the more. Hear our friend the *Rambler* again, speaking like all sensible people who have some bowels of compassion for their kind, and who know the world. "The world does not exactly gather its precise opinions, or deliberately shape its conduct, from the product of the circulating library; but there can be no doubt that there is not a novel reader in the kingdom whose views of life and feelings towards his fellow-creatures are not more or less colored by the novels he peruses." — Take the Maine-law question, whereupon Bulldog himself has pronounced, perhaps: Mr. Arthur's *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*, which we noticed last month, will have more influence on its decision than all the editorials Bulldog can write between now and the *next* election. Yet there is doubtless more sense in one sentence of the Bulldog editorials, than in Mr. Arthur's whole book.

Maga. — Bulldog is not unfrequently very sound and sensible in the substance of what he says.

Editor. — No doubt of it, Maga! No man is on the right side oftener than this very, impetuous, overbearing, uncomfortable and dangerous Bulldog. I say dangerous, for though his bark is more than his bite, it has the bad effect of irritating the neighbors and passers-by, who form the worst opinion of a household that keeps such a pest on its premises, as he is to them, often when they mean no offence. I expect nothing less than that some night, not content with keeping him off with a stick, they'll be throwing stones at the windows, or rushing in, in a fury, to smash the furniture and perhaps injure the family.

Maga. — Our contributor has some beautiful things on that subject, sir, — to wit, on the need we have now "of a mode of discussion blending (as he happily says) the 'suaviter in modo' with the 'fortiter in re.'" I admire that passage much. But wherein has Bulldog offended against the rules laid down by our friend?

Editor. — For one thing, in this very instance of criticism, which he takes up so sharply. To give, for example, (as I remember Bulldog doing) a list of books on his table, and just add by way of notice — "A parcel of Protestant trash, which any one may have by applying at this office!" — that, Maga, is to make, perhaps, a hundred new foes to Catholicity, and doubly embitter the old. People who are entirely disinterested pronounce it brutal, and they lay the brutality to the door of Catholicism. The irritated publishers swear vengeance, and the next thing we hear of is a long illustrated paper in the "Magazine of the Million," showing off and misrepresenting the horrors of the Inquisition, with cuts of thumbscrews and trap-doors and what not, to inflame tens of thousands against us, and render other credulous thousands indifferent to our calamities. No editor, I care not what his talents, or orthodoxy, or good intentions, or natural causticity of temper, may be, has a right thus to compromise the interests of the Church and of his brethren, in order to indite a single sentence of stinging contempt, which makes a few — a very few — of Bulldog's least cultivated supporters laugh, but makes the judicious grieve, the indifferent exclaim at the "ungentlemanly" coarseness of Catholic periodicals, the mortal and visible enemy curse, and the *invisible* one, who sits grinning by, lash his forked tail with infernal delight.

Maga. — Well he may — well he may — to see his work done by one of his sworn foes.

Editor. — It is the more pity, because this man is capable of nobler things, and no layman in the country has a nobler opportunity. In this very number, Maga, there is the next article —

Maga. — I was just reading it. It is brief but stirring, and shows a bold, true spirit, sir.

Editor. — Give me my scissors, for I will put it into the Record. I was just going to do it, when my eye fell on the other. But see, Maga, it is gathering for a shower. Oh, thrice welcome to this parched earth! Hear how the corn rustles in the field behind us, as if with gladness. We must seek a better shelter than this spreading maple, and yonder hospitable farm house under the orchard-crowned hill-side shall afford it

# Record of Events.

*From August* 15, *to Sept.* 10, 1854.

## I. Affairs of the Catholic Church.

Abroad we observe the extraordinary political events in Spain, the alliance of Austria with the Western Powers, the proclamation of a General Jubilee, and the expected convocation of Bishops at Rome to take part in the deliberations on the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. At home, new riots and sacrileges, murders of the faithful, accompanied by the public calamities of drought, tornadoes, pestilences and conflagrations.

Rome: 1. *General Jubilee and prospective assembling of the Bishops of Christendom.* — 2. *Execution of Constantini.* — 3. *Harvests in the Roman States.* — 4. *Archæological Discoveries.* — 5. *New Festivals.*

1. We have just received intelligence of an event which completes our joy. The Vicar of Jesus Christ publishes an Universal Jubilee, which is to take place in October or November next. We give the text of the letter which has reached us from Rome:

"Perhaps at this moment you have already received notice of the Universal Jubilee which his Holiness has published in order to obtain: 1st. Peace among Christian Princes. 2d. The allaying of the spirit of revolt and sedition. 3d. The removal of the scourges of cholera and famine. 4th. The light of the Holy Ghost on the Pope in the dogmatic decision of the Immaculate Conception. Moreover an invitation from the holy Father, convening all the bishops of the Catholic world to assist at a solemn assembly in Rome, relative to the promulgation of the belief of the Church on this point. All this for October and November next, the Pope desiring, if nothing occurs to prevent it, to publish the *decretum fidei* at the first Vespers of the Festival of the Immaculate Conception, the 7th December."

Thus, at the moment in which war, plague, and famine desolate mankind, the holy and inspired voice of the common father of Christianity is raised to call the faithful people to prayer, and to open the celestial treasures. There is in all this a symptom of great and Divine mercies. May we be able to merit them by worthily preparing ourselves for the "acceptable time and the day of salvation" which approaches.—*Ami de la Religion.*

A letter from Rome, dated August 20th, appears in the *Bien Public*, (Belgian paper), from which we translate the following:

"The French journals are too hasty in announcing the convocation of the bishops of Christendom to meet at Rome to assist at the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin. Here is the whole matter:

"The Holy Father, wishing to concentrate around him every light in the consideration of that grave question, has invited, for the month of November, some bishops of each nation to take part in the deliberations which will take place on the occasion of the definition, as a dogma of faith, of the general belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, and to assist, if it is to take place, in the promulgation of the dogmatical decree. The promulgation will be made, if it be possible, on the 8th of December. I do not know who will be the bishops of Belgium who will repair to Rome. I think that, besides his Eminence the Cardinal of Malines, the oldest bishop will be invited.

"The Pope has, besides, invited all the faithful to address fervent prayers to Heaven, as well to obtain the cessation of the scourges, plague, famine, war, revolutions, persecution, &c., as to beg the light of the Holy Ghost on the important question of the Immaculate Conception. To this effect he has published on the 1st of August, a plenary indulgence in form of Jubilee to be gained in the three months to be fixed by each bishop."—*Tablet*

2. The execution of Constantini, one of the assassins of Count Rossi, took place on the 22d July. Grandoni, another of them, condemned to death, anticipated his punishment by hanging himself in his cell. Constantini died blaspheming. It was Constantini who struck on the shoulder of the unfortunate minister the blow agreed upon to make him turn aside his head, and thus present his throat to the assassin's dagger.

3. The harvests of every kind in the Roman States have by the blessing of God, been most abundant.

4. The last numbers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* contain a full account of fresh and interesting archæological discoveries, of one of which an account will be found elsewhere in this number of the *Metropolitan.*

5. A recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, of the 18th May, establishes by a *motu proprio* of His Holiness, Pius IX, that the feasts of the holy Bishops and Martyrs Timothy, Policarp and Ignatius are to be celebrated in all the Catholic world, under the rite of the lesser doubles; and the Feast of St. Titus, Confessor and Bishop, is instituted for all the Church with the same rite, to be celebrated on the first day vacant after the 4th of January, which will always happen after the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

SARDINIA: Advices state that the insurrectionary movement of July the 22d, at Genoa, is ascertained to have originated with the Mazzinian party. But it does not appear that their recent discomfiture at Parma has been sufficient to damp their ardor for intrigue, or their talent for conspiracy, as they are still plotting further outbreaks in other parts of the Italian peninsula. Garibaldi, being aware of this, and finding that his name had been and is still made use of for such mischievous purposes, has thought it proper to publish a few lines in the Genoese papers, disclaiming any connection with the party of Mazzini, and warning the youth of Italy to be on their guard against the seductive language of men who are either cheaters or cheated, and whose actions can only tend to bring discredit or ruin on the national cause. This protest, while doing much credit to the good sense of Garibaldi, and evincing his desire to act fairly and openly to all parties, has had the effect of dealing a heavy blow to the Mazzinians.

FRANCE: 1. *The fête Napoleon.* — 2. *Sisters of Charity in the Baltic fleet.*

1. The *fête* Napoleon (Aug. 15) passed off quietly and splendidly in Paris. The Emperor was absent. He has acquired great popularity in Bayonne, where he is ruralizing with the Empress, winning golden opinions from a population before unfriendly and sullen. The Basques receive them with enthusiasm. At the review of the troops in Paris on the 15th, Lieutenant Bonaparte, of Baltimore, grandson of Prince Jerome, was present among the staff of Marshal Magnan.

The papers are giving an extract from the Emperor's speech at Bayonne, but not the whole of it, which is equally worthy of being cited. We take it, with some apt remarks, from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

> "SHOWING A ROYAL HEART. — We must say that Louis Napoleon has done more than all the Western monarchs, of this century besides, to raise the idea of monarchy and kingly right from the disgrace of imbecility into which it had fallen. A short time ago we published, without comment, his proclamation rapping some of his great marshals terribly over the knuckles for not paying more attention to the health and comfort of the common soldiers. The following, which we translate from the *Univers*, is his speech on the Festival of the Assumption, anniversary of Napoleon I, made at Bayonne, in reply to the discourse of the Bishop of that place. It is every syllable of it the speech of an Emperor — of one that deserves as well as possesses the throne of monarchial France — because he acknowledges the duty of protecting, as well as the duty of being obeyed, by a people whom he looks on as his children:
>
> "'MONSEIGNEUR:— Custom has willed it that there should be one day in the year for every nation to celebrate the *fête* of its sovereign. In view of this general manifestation, and of the prayers which are addressed to heaven throughout the whole of France, it is the duty of the sovereign in his turn to retire within himself, in order to ascertain whether he has done every thing that depended on him to merit this concert of homage and aspirations. It is his duty, above all, to come to the foot of the altar to implore Heaven, by the intercession of its sacred ministers, to bless his efforts, to enlighten his conscience, and to give him constantly strength to do good and combat evil.

"'My presence on this day at Bayonne is a fact which I mention with pleasure, for it proves that France, calm and happy, no longer feels any of those apprehensions which oblige the head of the State to be always armed, and on the alert in the capital; and it proves that France can support a distant war without her internal life ceasing to be free and regular.

"'I thank you, Monseigneur, for the prayers you address to Heaven for me. But please also to invoke God's protection for our armies; *for to pray for those who fight, as for those that suffer, is still to pray for me!*'"

2. Five Sisters of Charity have set off for Boulogne to form part of the expeditions to the Baltic. They are to be placed on board the hospital ships, where they are to attend on the sick. The finest of these vessels is as large as a 100-gun ship, and any one going on board might imagine it was one of the finest hospitals in Paris. Nothing was wanting, not even the chapel.

SPAIN: The insurrection has proved successful, and the Cortes have been summoned by Espartero, as first minister of Isabella II, under the republican constitution of 1837, which recognizes only one chamber. This is a revolutionary measure, but the end is not yet. In every part of Spain there are commotions, attended in some cases by violence and bloodshed. The agitations of Espartero, caused by the difficulty of his position, are said to effect his health. Queen Christina was for a time a state-prisoner at the Escurial. The Junta and the populace would not allow her to fly to France, but insisted on her being brought to trial, a demand to which the ministers acceded, but the Queen was finally allowed to escape, her property being sequestrated. At Valladolid the Junta proclaimed the expulsion of the Jesuits — a fine specimen of the sort of liberty prepared for the world by the party of the revolution! The Cortes will be a constituent assembly, and it is said that the question of dynasty will be discussed. So corrupt, since the expulsion of the Jesuits by Charles III, has been the conduct of Queens of Spain, that it would be difficult to find the true heir of the Spanish crown, if Isabella II were dethroned. The Basques desire Don Carlos. At Valencia there were republican movements. All Spain is in confusion, and the end is not yet.

AUSTRIA: 1. *The Catholic Alliance.* — 2. *Energy of the Emperor.* — 3. *New Catholic Journal.*

1. The Austrian Catholic alliance with Catholic France is an accomplished fact. The Russian Embassador is making preparations for leaving Vienna. Baron Meyendorff has set out for St. Petersburg, and Prince Gortschakoff will follow in a few days. The other attachés to the embassy are putting their affairs in order, to expedite their departure. It is probable that the Russians will abandon Moldavia, like Wallachia, to avoid the new stroke which menaces them; but it is too late.

2. The Emperor Francis Joseph will return from Ischl after the 3d of August. Every morning he presides at military exercises. One can judge of his energetic character and of his goodness, from the following fact: — It is nearly a fortnight ago that a great fire broke out in the convent of the Benedictines. Besides a religious house, the order has a college and a great number of small houses which they let to families at a low rent. This important house was found in flames. The emperor hearing the news, left Laxenburg, and went to the scene of disorder, put himself in person at the head of his troops, and mounted a ladder himself to render assistance. An instant after the emperor had quitted his post, the ladder fell with a great noise, set on fire by the flames. These details are running from mouth to mouth in Vienna.

3. In the month of August, a new Catholic journal was started in Vienna. It is entitled the *Catholic Literary Gazette*, which appears every day: it has for assistants MM. Philipps, Hurser, Dollingar, and all the celebrated German Catholics; and for editor in chief, Dr. Brischar, known by his works and his zeal in favor of the liberty of the Church. Two numbers have appeared; and if the journal continues as it has begun, it will enjoy a legitimate authority in the whole of Germany.

The other Catholic journal of Vienna, the *Ami du Peuple*, announces that the general German Catholic Society will meet on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of September, at Cologne.

The President of this Association at Vienna, is Count O'Donnell, the uncle of him who saved the life of the emperor in 1852. — *Univers.*

[We may add that the Count is a near relative of General Leopold O'Donnell, who plays so conspicuous a part in Spain at present, and that the family are descendants of the ancient Irish sept of the O'Donnells of Castlebar, in the county of Mayo, who can trace their origin to a date earlier than the O'Neils, or even the chivalrous "Brian the Brave." — *Ed. C. S.*]

GERMANY: The present impression is that the intrigues of Prussia are at the bottom of the obstinacy of the Badenese government. The ministry of the interior of that power has issued an extraordinary circular to the presidents of provinces, in which they are informed of a *combination of the Catholic clergy with the democracy to excite the minds of the people against Russia!* In regard to this combination we take from the *Propagateur Catholique*, and translate for the benefit of our readers, the following language of the *Gazette de Carlsruhe.*

"To oppose Russia is, according to those who seek in the actual crisis to prevent Germany from sharing the politics of the Western Powers, to wish to make a part with the Revolution. Let us now see what is the position of the different revolutionary parties in the present circumstances, and prove that all their sympathies are with Russia.

"The Red propaganda makes, in fact, no secret of its projects: Kossuth earnestly advises the English people not to ally itself with Austria; Victor Hugo addresses an ode to the Cossacks and desires their entrance into Paris; Bruns Bauer and all the ultra-democratic press of Brussels and of Geneva breathe ardent wishes for the success of Russia; Mazzini and his followers hold the same language in Italy. The articles of the *Union*, published at Turin and edited by Bianchi Giovani, tend to the same result. A Russian refugee, Alexander Herzen, well known in the revolutionary party, has put forth a brochure entitled: *Social State of Russia*, in which, after speaking of the agricultural republics of the Cossacks from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, he declares that Russia alone can regenerate conservative Europe, and that in that country alone have socialism and the republican cause preserved living germs. He engages the Czar to incorporate Turkey with his States, and to make Constantinople the capital of his empire; he goes further, and sees the possibility of establishing a Slavonic-Russian empire, with Vienna for its capital, &c.

"We have to-day the extraordinary spectacle of seeing the revolution place all its hopes upon a State which, in the past has been hated by it, and which it considered as its most implacable enemy.

"The men of the movement know perfectly well that a general overturning is not possible if Russia finds herself isolated in the presence of the united powers of Europe. There cannot result thence anything but a simple war, ending, probably, in the annihilation of Russian influence. But the revolution has no chance of success if Central Europe and Western Europe remain closely allied; it is only in the case that Germany should not march with the West that the revolutionary soil could produce something. Such is the light in which the industrial and monetary world regard it. War ordinarily depresses the Stock Exchange, yet we have seen in certain conjunctures of the Eastern question, the funds rise, although the worst news was spread. The cause of this phenomenon was the confidence felt in the future union of the four powers.

"If the party of the revolution has nothing to gain by a war between Russia and the rest of Europe, it is not so with the hopes which it reposes on Russia herself.

"Has not that power favored the insurrection in Greece, in Epirus, in Thessaly and in Montenegro? Has it not, and it is no secret to any one, sought to develop the ideas of panslavism in Austria? On the contrary the four Powers have put an end to the intrigues of the refugees in Turkey. Has not the revolutionary party in consequence, a right to count on the support of Russia? Must it not, besides, perceive the possibility of a confusion which will permit it to raise its head again? From all this it results, that in the present circumstances, it is a necessity for the four powers, that a perfect agreement, which alone can preserve them from the revolution, should continue to reign between them."

To this we may add, in confirmation, that in this country even such moderate *ideal* republicans of the *vieille école* as Mr. Brownson; and the sincere but perhaps too ardent and exclusive Irish patriots, like McGee, who see every thing under the view of Ireland's future redemption and independence, through the downfall of England; and of course the sympathizers with Kossuth and Mazzini, antipathic as they are in every other respect, alike make no secret of their pro-Russian sympathies, alike hoping, happen what may to the rest of the world, that the Western Powers, or England at least, will come to harm in this war. It is a matter, however, in which we cis-atlantic Catholics can well afford to differ, particularly as we can exercise little or no influence upon the events, which ere long will demonstrate who of us all is wisest.

ENGLAND: 1. *Libel Suit against Cardinal Wiseman.* — 2. *Degree conferred on Father Faber*

1. Mr. Boyle, a Catholic Priest, has brought an action against Cardinal Wiseman for a malicious libel, on the ground of a letter published over the Cardinal's signature in the *Univers*, in regard to the establishment of the Hierarchy, in which the personal history of Mr. B. was traced in terms of great severity. The damages were laid at £10,000. The defendant plead "Not Guilty." The counsel for the plaintiff made an opening speech full of appeals to the anti-catholic prejudices of England, and especially to those existing against the Cardinal, in consequence of the establishment of the hierarchy, but as the fact of publication could not be proved without the evidence of the Cardinal himself, and the Court refused even to allow him to be sworn to give evidence against himself, in a case which might become a criminal prosecution, the plaintiff, to the great joy of all right-thinking persons, (whatever the merits of the case might be) was non-suited.

2. The Holy See has granted the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology to the Very Rev. Father Faber, partly, it is thought, in acknowledgment of the services rendered to religion by the publication of "All for Jesus."

IRELAND: 1. *Synod of Tuam.* — 2. *Mt. Melleray.* — 3. *Industrial Legislation.*

1. The Provincial Synod for Connaught was opened with great splendor in St. Jarlath's Cathedral, Tuam, by his Grace the Archbishop, on the 15th of August.

2. On the 1st August took place the annual Academic Exhibition at Mt. Melleray. It was a very interesting occasion: the following description of Mt. Melleray, from the account in the Cath. Standard, will be read with interest:

"The progress made by the Irish branch of the great Cistercian family, since, on their exile from France, they sought and found a home in their native island, is one of the most interesting facts in the religious history of the country. Expelled from the land of their adoption by a despot — who, perhaps, as a judgment for that first act of his worthless reign, was doomed to spend his last days in ignominious banishment — they wandered for a time scattered about through Ireland, and, at length, after a temporary sojourn in Kerry, they settled among the high range of mountains lying between Tipperary and Waterford. On the wild hillside they built their home, and in a district previously untenanted, and scarcely habitable by man, they spread around them on every side the blessings of civilization and religion. The noble quadrangle, comprising church, monastery, cloister, and house of retreat, with its lofty bell-tower and spire, by the aid of the charity of this great Catholic nation, speedily arose. Three hundred acres of the most sterile soil in Ireland was made, though grudgingly, to yield subsistence for man. Where the scream of the wild fowl alone was wont to disturb the solitude, the constant pealing of the great convent bell, and the Divine office chanted by choirs of holy monks, now break upon the stillness. Cultivated fields, pine plantations, dense shrubberies, gardens, and beehives there gladden the sight of the traveler. There the rich are strengthened against the temptations of their state, and there the poor are relieved, and have 'the Gospel preached to them.'"

3. Mr. Lucas made on the 31st July a very important speech in the House, on the subject of Industrial Legislation for Ireland. As usual with propositions for the benefit of Ireland, it was given the go-by by the government, but it excited profound attention, and was full of interesting facts bearing on the practicability of the scheme.

INDIA: The Rt. Rev. Dr. PERSICO, Coadjutor to the Bishop of Bombay, was consecrated in the Cathedral of Madras, on Whit-Sunday. His Lordship was secretary to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hartmann. The Apostolic Vicariate of Bombay has been divided by the Holy See into two, to be called respectively the Northern and Southern Vicariates, the spiritual wants of which are to be administered by two orders — the Jesuits and Capuchins.

Halifax: On Tuesday, August 8th, a High Mass of Requiem was offered up in St. Mary's, Halifax, at the request of the Micmac Indians, great numbers of whom were at this time encamped in the neighborhood of the city, for the repose of all their faithful departed, according to one of their pious customs. The Micmacs sang the various parts of the mass themselves, "with admirable precision and effect," says the *Halifax Catholic.* A private letter dated Sydney, Cape Breton, July 27, gives an interesting account of the condition of the same tribe.

"I passed in the vicinity of St. Peter's Island on the day preceding, or the Vigil of St. Anne's Day, a festival observed by the Indians of Cape Breton from the date of their conversion at the Island. The Rev. Mr. Gerroir and Dr. Schulte were in spiritual attendance; and from every woodland spot and by-path, as I rode for thirty miles, groups of the aborigines, from the tottering veteran of four-score to the infant of three or four years, were seen pursuing their way to the scene of their religious assemblage. It was a spectacle that testifies strongly to the perseverance of this primitive race in the faith of their early missionaries; and the uniform kindness of the farmers on the road, some of whom I met with their vehicles, transporting the canoes of the Indians to the nearest waters of (that splendid scene) the Bras d'Or Lake, speaks eminently to their credit. The late fertilizing rains, with an immediate succession of warm weather, will, I trust, amply realize, as appearances now promise, the labors of husbandry in this fine Island."—*Halifax Catholic.*

We also find the following in the same paper:

"Four matrimonial alliances, the parties being members of the Micmac tribe of Indians, were solemnized at St. Mary's Cathedral church, in this city, during yesterday forenoon. The youngest bride of the lot was just turned 'sweet fifteen,' and, without flattery, they were all pretty girls. They were becomingly dressed in the picturesque costume peculiar to these primitive children of the forest, and their appearance at church and on the streets attracted much attention. At the same time and place there were four children (each two days old) christened, *the whole being at one birth,* and the mother a good looking Micmac matron, whose encampment is located close to the rail road track, near the Three Mile House Hotel. The little ones are all apparently healthy. After the ceremony they were tumbled into a blanket, heads and points, and carried off to their 'green-wood home.'"

Canada: On Sunday, September 3d, His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, held an ordination in the private chapel of St. Michale's Palace, when the sacred order of Priesthood was conferred on the Rev. P. Crinran. On Friday, September 8th, His Lordship, the Bishop of Montreal, laid the corner-stone of the new Seminary of the Mountain, to be built on the spot where the first missions to Canada were established by the French. On 1st September the corner-stone of a new church was laid at Aylmer, L. C., with great ceremony, high mass being celebrated, and His Lordship, the Bishop of Bytown, being present.

United States: 1. *Provincial Council.* — 2. *Installation of Bishop O'Regan.* — 3. *Sisters of the Love of God.* — 4. *Bp. Fitzpatrick's Return.* — 5. *Pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor of Detroit.* — 6. *Xaverian Brothers at Louisville.* — 7. *Arrival of Bp. Lamy.* — 8 *Holy Cross College.* — 9. *Mr. Brownson.* — 10. *Ordinations.* — 11. *Receptions.* — 12. *Churches.* — 13. *Riots.* — 14. *Obituary.* — 15. *Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father the Pope.* — 16. *Pastoral of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore.*

1. We understand that the Most Reverend Archbishop has summoned the Bishops of this province to meet in Council, in the Metropolitan Church, on the first Sunday of November. The immediate occasion of this call is the vacancy in the See of Savannah, which can be more effectually provided for in Council than otherwise.

2. The Rt. Rev. Anthony O'Regan, D. D., Bishop of Chicago, was installed in the Cathedral of that city on Sunday, the 3d of September. A new residence is about to be built for the Bishop on the site of the old, which the Tablet terms a "shanty." The site is one of the finest in the "Garden City," and the residence designed will be worthy of it. It is an undertaking of the clergy and laity of Chicago.

3. We have missed receiving a promised account of Canon De Vivaldi's proposed new Order, and in default of it, take the following, which is better than any thing we could say, from the *Catholic Telegraph.*

**Sisters of the Love of God.**—We have received from the Founder, Very Rev. Canon Francis De Vivaldi, a copy of the "Rules and Constitution of the Sisters of the Love of God," printed very neatly, by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. The object of this Sisterhood is thus stated in the Constitution:

"The end of the Sisters of the Love of God, shall be to labor for their own salvation by works of Christian charity, and for the eternal salvation, instruction, and civilization of the wives and daughters of Pagans, especially in the new world."

Besides the three ordinary religious vows, the Sisters of this Order make a fourth, "of consecration to the service of the foreign missions, especially among the Indians of North America;" and, "by this fourth vow they are bound to practice all those works of Christian charity which have for their object the conversion and religious instruction of the heathen, under pain of sin."

Catholic charity alone would have conceived possible the foundation of this Order. The fur-trading philanthropy of the world would never have dreamed of that spirit of self-sacrifice which is required in order that educated, talented, accomplished ladies be induced to bury themselves in a seclusion as complete and more painful than that of the loneliest hermitage. But Catholic charity has conceived it, and will realise it. Already five young ladies of the Academy of St. Xavier's, in Pennsylvania, and various others in other parts of the Union, have offered to be among the first members of this heroic Sisterhood. The first house will be opened as soon as the Very Rev. Founder, now engaged in collecting, shall have obtained a sum sufficient to purchase a small farm of Congress land, and to build a cheap house for the accommodation of the Sisters. The humble occupation of these religious will be to teach the children and women of the savages all that pertains, not only to religion, but to civilized life; and their life will pass in toiling thus among those whom they can never hope to elevate to companionship.

We sympathise most heartily in any enterprise for the benefit of the poor red men; and in this, which is so full of promise, we have the deepest interest.

4. The Rt. Rev. Bp. Fitzpatrick has reached his diocese from Rome, whence he bore and imparted the blessing of the Holy Father to his people. The message of Pope IX to them was, says the Pilot, *to persevere under afflictions.*

5. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Zela, coadjutor, &c., administrator of Detroit, has issued on the 30th August, a Pastoral on the subject of mothers overlaying their infant children.

6. A colony of six Xaverian Brothers from Bruges, Belgium, have arrived in Louisville, and will superintend the new schools at St. Patrick's Chapel.

7. The Rt. Rev. Bp. Lamy of Santa Fé has arrived from Europe, accompanied by nine priests, deacons and subdeacons for his mission, and three young men.

8. The Rev. Peter J. Blenkensop, S. J., has been appointed President of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.

9. Mr. Brownson has accepted conditionally the chair offered him in the Irish University, and is engaged in preparing his first course of lectures. The salary is said to be $3,000 (£600, we suppose). It will not interfere with the Review.

10. *Ordinations.*

**Archdiocese of Baltimore.** — The Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore held an Ordination in St. Mary's Seminary on Friday in Ember week, at which Peter McGirr, of the diocese of Hartford received Tonsure; Matthew Carroll, of the diocese of Pittsburg, and Dwight Edwards Lyman, of the diocese of Baltimore, received Tonsure and Minor Orders, and Patrick Conway, of the diocese of Toronto, was promoted to Subdeaconship.

On Saturday in Ember week, Matthew Carroll was made Subdeacon, Patrick Conway, Deacon, and Rev. Jacob Ambrose Walters, of the diocese of Baltimore, was raised to the Priesthood.

**Diocese of New York:** Saturday, Aug. 12. At St. Patrick's Cathedral. By the Most Rev. Abp. Hughes. Tonsure and Minors — MM. John Campbell, Francis

McNeirney, Edward Lynch and John A. Kelley. Subdeaconship — the above named gentlemen, together with MM. Cornelius Canning and Philip McMahon. Tuesday, Aug. 15 (Feast of Assumption); Deaconship — the same reverend gentlemen. Thursday, Aug. 17. Priesthood — the same, together with the Rev. Francis Joseph Baldauf. The Rev. MM. Baldauf, Campbell, Lynch and McNeirney belong to the Diocese of New York; Rev. MM. Canning, Kelley and McMahon to that of Newark.

Diocese of Pittsburg: Tuesday, Aug. 29th. At Loretto, Cambria Co. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Connor. Priesthood — Rev. R. Christy, a native of Loretto (the mission of Father Gallitzin), and the Rev. H. McMurdie, of Mount St. Mary's College, a native of England, and a convert.

11. *Receptions.*

On the 28th of August. At the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, Sister Mary Bernardine (Millard) was admitted to the religious profession, for the rank of choir sister.

On the 16th Aug. Chapel of Convent of the Visitation, Mt. de Sales, near Baltimore. Sister Mary Francis de Sales, and Sister Mary Francis made their solemn profession of the three religious vows; the latter as domestic sister.

On the 28th Aug. At the Chapel of the Franciscan Monastery, Loretto, Cambria Co., the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Connor professed the following Brothers: — Brother Ambrose (J. McCloskey); Brother Philip (J. Cassidy); and Brother Bernard (J. Devereaux); and admitted to the habit Mr. Edward Gold (Brother Anthony), and Mr. Ignatius Linn (Brother Felix).

Sept. 2. Chapel of the Visitation, Frederick City, Md. Sister Jane Frances and Mary Alexius made their religious profession, and Miss Mary Constance Pelletier, of Boston, Mass., received the white veil with the name of Sister Mary Louise. The Rev. Father F. B. Villiger, S. J. received their vows and preached on the occasion.

12. *Churches.*

Aug. 20. At Louisville, Ky., the Church of St. Martin was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Spalding. At the close of the ceremony the Bishop blessed the fine new bell of the church, weighing nearly a thousand pounds.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 3. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville laid the corner stone of a church for the Germans, to be dedicated to God under the invocation of St. Peter. When completed it will be the sixth Catholic Church in Louisville, besides the chapels.

Sunday, Sept. 3. At Hoboken, N. J., the corner-stone of the new church of our Lady of Grace was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark.

At Emper, Clearfield Co., Pa., Diocese of Erie, on the Feast of St. Stanislaus, the corner-stone of the Church of St. Stanislaus was blessed by the Rev. T. Ledwith.

13. *Riots.*

At Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., Aug 4. Gabriel Orr preached and excited a riotous assemblage, which went the same night to the Catholic Church and attempted to burn it. They only succeeded in tearing down some of the fixtures of the Altar, which they threw out of the window; the fire going out, after partially burning one of the seats. The village authorities called a meeting the next evening, in which the act was denounced and an engagement made to bring the perpetrators to justice. We notice that Orr has since in another town been arrested and bound over to keep the peace.

On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the American Protestant Association of New Jersey, consisting chiefly of Irishmen and Germans, had a great parade in Newark, lodges from New York and Brooklyn, similarly composed, being present, making up the number to 1,500 and upwards. The members of the Lodges were armed with revolvers, and pistols, which they discharged on their march. At a certain point it is alleged that they were hooted by some Catholic Irishmen, and that a stone was thrown by a workman from a neighboring factory, whereupon the procession fired pistols at the crowd, and being near a church (St. Mary's, German) attacked it, riddled the doors and windows, broke into the interior, and completely destroyed it with all its costly furniture. The priests, who lived in rooms communicating with the church, were at dinner and were forced to fly for their lives. One Irishman, named McCarthy, was pursued by one of these ruffians and murdered by shooting him with a pistol. He died the same night. The fences of the church were torn down, the windows and doors scattered, the shrubbery crushed; and in the interior, the altar overturned, the sacred utensils and sacerdotal vestments strewn about and trampled on, the organ broken up, and a beautiful and costly Munich Madonna, with a crucifix corresponding, the pictures, the altar-piece, and lastly a splendid font for holy water, were all ruined. For this bloodshed and sacrilege a heavy account must one day be rendered to the all-seeing Providence.

14. *Obituary.*[*]

On the 17th of August the Rev. Michael Gilbridge, late pastor of Waterloo, N. Y.

On the 31st of August, at the archiepiscopal residence, New Orleans, the Rev. Plaiede Vuillermoz, deacon, aged 25 years. He was a native of the diocese of Lyons, and was about to be ordained priest, when he fell a victim to yellow fever after ten days illness.—*Prop. Cath.*

## ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE,

### PROCLAIMING A JUBILEE.

*To our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Grace and Communion with the Holy Apostolic See.*

### PIUS IX., P.P.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction!—In looking with the solicitude and the sentiments of Our Apostolic charity over the whole Catholic world, we can hardly express, Venerable Brethren, with what profound sorrow we are penetrated when we see Christian and civil society troubled on all sides in a lamentable manner, tormented, and as it were borne down by the saddest calamities. You are not ignorant of it. The Christian nations are at this moment afflicted and disturbed by fierce wars, by intestine feuds, by pestilential maladies, by fearful commotions, and by other overwhelming misfortunes. What is most to be deplored is, that among so many misfortunes and catastrophes to be bewailed, the children of darkness, who, in their generation are wiser than children of light, endeavor more and more, by every kind of diabolic artifice, by machinations and conspiracies, to pursue a bitter war against the Catholic Church and its salutary doctrine; to overthrow and to ruin the authority of every legitimate power; to pervert and corrupt everywhere minds and hearts; to propagate in all places the deadly poison of *indifferentism* and *infidelity;* to confound all laws divine and human; to create and foster quarrels, discord, revolts and impious insurrections, stopping at no crime or no evil doing, and not shrinking from any attempt to annihilate — if it were possible — our holy religion, and even to utterly destroy all human society.

Therefore, it is, that in the midst of conjunctures so critical — recollecting that by the special mercy of God we possess the resource of prayer to obtain all the benefits of which we have need, and to assuage the evils which we dread — we have not ceased to raise our eyes towards the high and holy mountain whence we expect all help will come. And we have not, in the humility of our heart, become wearied in invoking and in supplicating God, rich in mercy, by constant and fervent prayers, that He may deign to make war disappear from one end of the earth to the other; that, after having appeased the dissensions existing among Christian princes, He may restore to their people peace, concord and tranquility; that He may inspire these princes themselves with an increasing zeal, more and more devoted to the defence and propagation of Catholic faith and doctrine, which are the chief sources of the happiness of nations, in fine, that He may deliver both sovereigns and nations from all the scourges that afflict them, and that He may cause them to rejoice by bestowing on them all true prosperity; that He may give to the erring the gift of His heavenly grace to bring them back from the way of perdition to the path of truth and justice, and to convert them sincerely to their God. Already in our well-beloved city we have prescribed prayers to implore the Divine mercy;

---

[*] The obituary of Lieut. Toby, and account of his conversion, in our September No., should have been credited to the *Catholic Herald.*

nevertheless, according to the example of our illustrious predecessors, we have also resolved to have recourse to your prayers and to those of the whole Church.

It is for that purpose, Venerable Brethren, that we address to you these letters, to earnestly demand of your eminent and approved piety, that you use all possible zeal and care to exhort the faithful confided to your charge, through the motives already expressed, to put off, by a sincere penitence the burden of their transgressions, and to endeavor, by supplications, by fastings, by alms, and by other works of piety, to appease the wrath of God, whom the crimes of men have incensed.

Explain to the faithful, as your fervent piety and wisdom will inspire you, how abundant are the mercies of God for all those who invoke Him; what power there is in prayer, if we close up all access against the enemy of our salvation, to draw near to the Lord. "Prayer" — to borrow the language of St. John Chrysostom — "is the source, is the root, is the mother of countless blessings; the power of prayer quenches the flames, curbs the fury of lions, suspends wars, appeases combats, calms the tempests, puts the demons to flight, opens the gates of heaven, breaks the bonds of death, drives away diseases, averts misfortunes, strengthens tottering cities, removes the scourges of Heaven and defeats the attacks of men; there is no evil which prayer does not dissipate."*

We earnestly desire, Venerable Brethren, that whilst fervent prayers are addressed to the Father of Mercies for the causes announced above, you do not cease, according to the wish of Our Encyclical letters of 2d of February, 1849, dated from Gaeta, to implore, in concert with all the faithful, by supplications and vows more ardent than ever, the bounty of the same Father, that He may deign to enlighten our soul with the light of His Holy Spirit, and that we may, on the question of the Conception of the Most Holy Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, soon give a decision which may be to the glory of God, and of that same Virgin, our well-beloved Mother.

That the faithful confided to your care may bring to these prayers a more ardent fervor, and that they may derive more abundant fruits therefrom, we have been pleased to open the heavenly treasures — the dispensation of which has been confided to us by the Most High — and to dispense them abroad. Therefore, relying on the mercy of God Almighty, and on the authority of His Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and in virtue of that power of binding and loosing which the Lord has given to us, notwithstanding Our unworthiness, we, by these presents, grant to all and each of the faithful of your dioceses, of both sexes, who within a space of three months to be fixed by each of you in advance, and to commence from the day that each of you shall determine shall have confessed their sins with humility, and with a sincere detestation, and, purified by sacramental absolution, shall have reverently received the Sacrament of the Eucharist and devoutly visited three churches designated by you, or one of them at three different times, praying with devotion for some time according to Our intention for the exaltation and prosperity of our Holy Mother, the Church, and of the Apostolic See — for the extirpation of heresies — for peace and concord among Christian princes — for the peace and unity of the whole Christian people, and who, besides, in the same interval, shall have fasted once, and given alms to the poor, as their piety dictates, an indulgence in form of a jubilee, which they may apply in the way of suffrage to the souls in purgatory.

Desirous of facilitating the gain of this indulgence to nuns and others living in perpetual seclusion, as well as to those who are detained in prison, or whom corporeal infirmity or other impediment may prevent fulfilling all the works of piety mentioned above, we accord to confessors the power of commuting those works to other works of piety, or of proroguing in their favor the jubilee for a short time; we also accord to them the faculty of dispensing with the communion of children who have not yet been admitted to the first Communion. Therefore, we empower you, on this occasion only, and during the space of three months, above designated, to grant to the Confessors of your Dioceses all the powers conceded by Us in the jubilee, made known by Our Encyclical letter on the 21st November, 1851 — letters addressed to you, printed, and beginning with these words, "In virtue of Our other;" always, however, making the same exceptions as we made in those letters. Besides, we grant you permission to accord to the faithful of your Dioceses, as well laymen as secular and regular ecclesiastics, of whatever institution, even those that may have need of a special designation, the right to choose as Confessor on this occasion whatever Priest they may wish, whether secular or regular, among the approved clergy, and to accord the same right to nuns, even to those who are exempt from the jurisdiction of the Ordinary, and to other women who live in cloisters.

To work, therefore, Venerable Brethren! you who are called to share in Our solicitude, and who have been constituted the Watchmen of the walls of Jerusalem. Cease not to pray with us, and day and night to mingle with your constant thanksgivings, with humility and earnestness, your cries and your supplications towards the Lord our God — to implore His divine mercy, that his propitious hand may turn away the scourges brought upon us by our transgressions, and in all pity may scatter over all the riches of His bounty. We doubt not that you will be earnest in responding in the most perfect manner to the desires and to the requests which we have just expressed to you. We are fully persuaded, also, that, above all, the ecclesiastics, the religious orders, and the women, consecrated to God, as well as all the laical faithful, who, in leading a pious life, walk worthily in the way of their vocation, will uninterruptedly and with the most ardent zeal address their suppliant prayers to God. And that our prayers may find a more easy access to God, forget not Venerable Brethren to invoke the suffrages of those who have already won the crown and the palm of victory ; and above all let our prayers be perseveringly addressed to Mary, Mother of God, the Virgin Immaculate; to her whose intercession is the most favorable and the most powerful before God, to her who is the Mother of Grace and Mercy; let us also demand the protection of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints who reign with Jesus Christ in the heavens.

---

* St. Chrysostom, XV. Homily on the Incomprehensible Nature of God. Against the Anomeans.

And again, let nothing be nearer to your heart, and consider nothing as more important than the employment of all the efforts of your zeal in continually exhorting the faithful committed to your care, in giving them your warnings, and your encouragements, that they may be daily more and more established in firmness and strength, in the profession of the Catholic religion ; that they may fly with the most earnest care the snares, the ambuscades, and the frauds of men, who seek to ruin them, and that they may endeavor to march with an increasing joy in the path of God's commandments, abstaining with all possible zeal from sins, which are the source of all the evils that afflict mankind. Therefore, leave nothing undone to stimulate as much as possible the zeal of pastors in particular, that they, acquitting themselves carefully and religiously of the duty of their charge, may not cease to inculcate in the minds of the Christians confided to them, the holy lessons and prescriptions of our divine faith, perfecting them therein, nourishing them carefully by the administration of the sacraments, and exhorting all the world to embrace sound doctrine.

In conclusion, as a pledge of all heavenly gifts, and as an evidence of the very ardent charity that we have for you, receive the Apostolic benediction, which we give you from the bottom of our heart, and with love to you, Venerable Brethren, to all the Clergy and faithful laity confided to your guardianship.

Given at St. Peter's, at Rome, August 1, 1854, the ninth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS IX., POPE.

---

## FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE,

## ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

TO THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.

*Venerable brethren of the Clergy, and beloved brethren of the Laity:—*

It becomes our duty to announce to you an extraordinary indulgence in the form of a Jubilee, which our Holy Father Pius IX, by his Apostolic letters of the 1st of August last, directed to all the prelates of the Catholic Church, has graciously proclaimed. The physical as well as moral evils, which at this time particularly are so widely spread throughout the world — pestilence in various forms, civil discord and war, together with the ravings of impiety, and the scandals which, alas! abound among the professors of Christianity, fill his heart with affliction, and move him to sound the spiritual trumpet, summoning all to return to their allegiance to God. Justly does he ascribe the calamities which deluge society to the sins of men; wherefore he seeks to remedy them, by urging them to correct the evil of their ways, and to flee to divine mercy for forgiveness. God is at all times willing to grant pardon to the penitent; but there are seasons of special mercy and grace, when sinners are more powerfully moved to penance. This is never more manifest than when the successor of Peter casts his nets into the deep to draw souls to Christ. To encourage repentance, he opens the treasures of the Church, and in virtue of the power of binding and loosing, which he has received from Christ, he offers plenary indulgence to the penitent, that is the entire remission of the temporal punishment due to sin according to the wise dispensation of divine justice, after the guilt has been washed away. The infinite merits of Christ, our only Saviour, are applied to this effect, and the good works, labors and sufferings of the martyrs and saints, which derive all their value from His grace, are offered up in union with them, as a motive and occasion of their application, that our deficiencies may be supplied from their abundance. Hasten then, brethren, to avail yourselves of the proffered boon: come forward in these days of mercy, and sue for pardon: "Be converted and do penance for all your iniquities; and iniquity shall not be your ruin."*

---

* Ezech. xviii, 30.

The conditions for obtaining this indulgence are, after having made an humble confession, with sincere detestation of sin, and received sacramental absolution, and the Holy Eucharist, to visit three churches appointed by the Bishop, or one church three times, and to pray therein during some space of time in conformity with the intentions of His Holiness, for the welfare of the Catholic Church, for the peace and concord of Christian rulers, and for the peace and unity of all the Christian people. A fast is to be observed on a day chosen by each one, and an alms is to be given to the poor, according to each one's devotion. All these exercises are to be performed at any time within the space of three months designated by the Bishop of each diocess. We, therefore, in virtue of the authority committed to us, appoint three months to commence with the first day of October next, and to end on the first day of January, as the time within which the said indulgence may be gained by the faithful of the diocess of Baltimore: and we appoint our Metropolitan church, the Church of St. Alphonsus, and the Church of St. Vincent in this city, and the Churches of St. Peter, St. Matthew, and St. Patrick in the city of Washington, as the churches to be visited by the faithful residing in each city respectively. Wherever only one church is in any town, city, or district, the visit of it three times will be sufficient to gain the indulgence. In all cases wherein any of the conditions become impracticable, or very inconvenient, we authorize the parish priest, or the confessor, to commute them, provided that the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist be received by all who are capable of them, and that prayers be offered up in conformity with the intentions of the Holy Father. Prayer, brethren, is a most sure means of disarming divine justice provoked by the sins of men. When with contrite and humble hearts we approach the throne of mercy, our supplications find acceptance. Let us, then, cast ourselves before God, acknowledging the justice of His chastisements, and offering in atonement the blood of our mediator Christ Jesus, which "cleanseth us from all iniquity." From the depth of our hearts let us cry: "Hear, O Lord, and have mercy, for Thou art a merciful God, and have pity on us, for we have sinned before Thee. For Thou remainest for ever, and shall we perish everlastingly?"*

The Sovereign Pontiff desires, brethren, your prayers for light to direct him in the discharge of the most solemn function of his high office, namely, the definition of a doctrine, which, although cherished and professed in the Church has not hitherto been maintained as a necessary article of Catholic faith. All the truths of revelation were taught by the Apostles, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and preserved always in the Church as a sacred deposit from which nothing should be taken, and whereto nothing should be added. Nevertheless, even the great mysteries of the Trinity and Incarnation, which were always most prominent among these doctrines, were not propounded from the beginning in all their details and consequences with that precision with which they were subsequently defined, when the subtleties of innovators compelled the pastors of the Church to guard them against the adulterations of human error. The divine maternity of the ever Blessed Virgin was declared, in conjunction with the dogma of one person in two natures of our Lord Jesus Christ, when the blasphemy of Nestorius was exploded, and every believer in the Incarnation was required to acknowledge Mary as the Mother of God. Holy, pure, immaculate she was always styled, not only in the writings of the Fathers, but in the liturgy, whilst the holy sacrifice was offered up, and the application of the blood of our Victim was sought for sinners: yet no solemn and formal declaration was made of her exemption from that stain of sin, which infects all the posterity of Adam. When attention was particularly directed to this point, the devout mind easily recognised a privilege which is so immediately connected with the honor of our Lord, although some hesitated to admit such an exemption for the want of an explicit and formal declaration of it in the divine Scriptures, or in the writings of the ancient fathers. With great wisdom, the rulers of the Church suffered the discussion to proceed, forbidding either party to anticipate the judgment of the supreme tribunal, but giving their favor to what appeared most consonant to Christian piety, without venturing on the premature decision of a controversy so important in its bearings. This liberty of sentiment thus tolerated and allowed, did not imply a pledge that no definition of the doctrine in question should ever emanate, much less an avowal that no revelation existed which would authorize such a definition. The Pontiffs, on the contrary, expressly limited these provisional measures to such time as they should issue a final decision, which they manifested no eagerness to pronounce. Ages have thus been permitted to roll by. In the meantime the pious sentiment has sunk deeper and deeper in the minds of the faithful, and the feeling of the whole Church is now so manifest in reference to this privilege of the Mother of our Lord, that dissent is no longer perceptible. This is no doubtful indication of the teaching of the Holy Ghost, who abides in the Church to lead her into all truth. Our present venerable Pontiff, during his exile at Gaeta, called the attention of all the Bishops throughout the world to this subject, and invited them to communicate to him the tradition and sentiments of their respective churches, and to express their judgment as to the propriety of issuing a solemn definition of faith, in order to eliminate forever all doubt and hesitation. The matter has since engaged the attention of several councils, especially of the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore, and has been thoroughly canvassed by learned divines in treatises written expressly on this subject; and in assemblies held at Rome. As the time approaches for final action, the Holy Father again solicits the prayers of the Christian world, that the light of the Holy Ghost may be vouchsafed to him, that he may determine and decree as may be expedient for the divine glory and the welfare of the Church. After the mature investigations that have been made, and the multiplied evidences that have been furnished of the general sentiment and judgment of the body of Bishops, the belief of this prerogative may well be regarded as flowing from the mystery of the Incarnation; but its formal proposition, as an article of faith, still depends on that secret impulse which the Divine Spirit may vouchsafe to the Vicegerent of Jesus Christ. His definition, if issued, will not create this article, but will give form and sanction to that sentiment which has hitherto been cherished by the spontaneous piety of the faithful under the guidance of ancient tradition, and the influence of the Spirit of God. We take this occasion, brethren, to recommend to your most earnest prayers the peace, prosperity, and happiness of these United States, and of all our fellow-citizens. It is not our province, as pastors of the Church, to meddle with political interests: but it is our duty to exhort you to continue faithful to the Constitution and Government under which you have the happiness to live, obedient to the laws, respectful to all the civil authorities, and to prove yourselves by your conduct peaceful and orderly citizens. Be not concerned at the suspicions cast on your loyalty and patriotism, and the efforts made to proscribe you, and check the progress of our holy religion. "Who is he that can hurt you, if you be zealous of good? But if also you suffer any thing for justice sake, blessed are ye. And be not afraid of their fear, and be not troubled. But sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts."* Pursue then the peaceful paths of industry, regardless of political partizanship — shun the use of intoxicating liquors — avoid secret societies — practise your religion — teach it to your children — take every opportunity to perform kind offices towards your fellow-citizens, whatever wrongs you may endure, and pray that God may lead all to the knowledge of the truth. This course of conduct is your best defence — your only security: whilst it will vindicate most effectually the honor of the Church. Keep far away from scenes of danger, from tumult and bloody strife. In the retirement of your chambers, and at the foot of the altar, pour out your hearts in prayer, that God may turn away His anger, and in the day of His just visitation may remember mercy. Implore Him to relieve our country from pestilence, which now strews the land with victims, from the disorders of the elements which spread terror and destruction — but above all from the maddening influence of the demon of civil discord. Ask him to continue and perpetuate those free institutions which have hitherto united in social brotherhood and concord the millions of men of various nations and creeds that from the Atlantic to the Pacific bask in the sunshine of liberty. Pray that to all may be imparted the still greater blessings of faith and love, that we may with one heart and one mouth glorify God and fulfil his law, in order to our salvation. "See, therefore, brethren, how you walk circumspectly: not as unwise, but as wise, redeeming the time, for the days are evil." "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory in Christ Jesus, after you have suffered a little, will Himself perfect you, and confirm you, and establish you. To Him be glory and empire for ever and ever. Amen."†

---

* Eph. v, 15.

Given under our hand at our residence, at Baltimore, on the Feast of the Dolors of the Blessed Virgin, in the year of our Lord 1854.

† FRANCIS PATRICK,
*Archbishop of Baltimore.*

THOMAS FOLEY, Secretary.

## II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PERHAPS the most interesting item of this month is the decision of the House of Lords that no American can hold or obtain a copyright in England. The day after this decision, at six o'clock, A. M., the printers in London were at work upon cheap reprints of American works. One house meaning to anticipate the piracy of one of their valuable publications, proceeded at an early hour to their printers, to get out a cheap edition themselves, but found them already at work upon it. The contract between Mr. Bentley and the American historian, Prescott, for his forthcoming history of Philip II, for which Bentley was to have paid £1,000 a volume, or $30,000 for the six volumes, is of course knocked in the head. The decision is final, and there can be no more enjoyment of copyright in England by American authors, until our government grants the reciprocal right here, which is now, as indeed it always was, as much a matter of self-interest, as of justice and enlightened liberality.

---

* 1 Peter iii, 13.

† I Peter v, 10.

THE

# Metropolitan.

**Vol. II. NOVEMBER, 1854. No. 10.**

## THE WAR OF THE EAST.

### Article II.— *The Rights.*

The spirit by which an enterprise is moved, is one thing: the means of right by which it is attempted to conduct it to a term, are another: the spirit in such a case should be regarded as the axiom, the indemonstrable principle which determines the ultimate end, the immutable end of the operation; while the rights are freely adopted by whoever undertakes an affair, and used in proportion to the end which that spirit proposes. It will be useful, then, now to examine the means, after having considered already the spirit in which they are adopted.*

With this intention, it may be observed, that the Oriental question presents itself under four different aspects in its four phases of progressive transformation; restricted at first to the debate upon the Holy Places, afterwards extended to the Russian protectorate by the mission of Menschikoff; then transformed into a European question by the intervention of all the ambassadors of the Powers; and finally bursting forth in a *quasi* universal war by the disaster of Sinope, by the armed intervention of England and France, and by the menacing insurrection of the Greek populations. In these four successive periods, every reader will certainly demand of us what are the rights boasted by each of the actors in the terrible tragedy: and we shall try to satisfy them in the best manner that the limits of our programme allow, limits by which politics, as we have often said, can be brought forward only as incorporated in facts,† or subtilized in theoretical principles, or enchained, and so to speak, forcibly dragged forth by religious interests. If not that these interests being equally balanced on both sides, and on both sides in danger, cannot give us an absolute bias, but rather counsel us to propose either historically or theoretically those reasons which the two contending parties promulgate in the face of Europe, as they are presented to us in the documents which appear most solid and authentic.

---

*The *Civiltà* here regards the rights pretended or claimed by the various Powers in the contest, as so many moral instruments by which their ultimate aim is sought to be realized.

†Alluding to the "Record" of the *Civiltà*.

But with regard to the Holy Places we think it useless to occupy our readers anew after all that has been said by the articles in reply to the *Greco-Russ* "PAROLE."* From those articles our readers will have been able to judge with what truth Col. Rose, English *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, has praised the moderation of Lavalette, the Envoy of France, writing at the date of January 21, 1853, that the concession obtained by the Latins in regard to the Church of Bethlehem was nothing in comparison to what they might have exacted; as Count de Nesselrode himself acknowledged in fact, according to the despatch of Sir Hamilton Seymour, English Minister at St. Petersburg, relating his interview of the 6th of April with the Chancellor of Russia. The condescension of the French Ambassador on this occasion was such, that Lord John Russell, writing to the British Ministers at Paris and Constantinople, Cowley and Rose, on the 19th of February, 1853, was forced to pronounce that he had lessened a little the dignity of France. And in truth, whoever considers that the Latins possessed by the ancient capitulations of 1740 (Art. 33) *nineteen* Sanctuaries as their exclusive property, and that in 1850 *nine* of these had passed into the hands of the Greeks, who went on continually extending their conquests, will be obliged to own that France used in defence of the Catholics, neither exorbitant demands nor violence, yielding rather even where her right to insist would have been irrefragable and evident. We pass over then, the first stage of the question, passing at once to the special scope of the mission of Menschikoff, already known to our readers, who demanded in his plan of a secret treaty, that "in order to remove all doubts and differences in regard to the rights and privileges of those who profess the greco-russ religion, that religion should be protected in all the churches; the representatives of the imperial court should have the right, as in past times, to send orders to the churches and ecclesiastics, as well in Constantinople as in other places and cities; and that its counsels should be well received as proceeding from a neighboring and friendly government." In making such a demand of the Divan, the first support invoked by Russia is the treaty of Kainardgi, and this in fact is invoked anew in the last *Memorandum* inserted in the Journal of St. Petersburg of the 19th of February, (3d of March in the Gregorian Calendar): where: "the demand of Menschikoff (it is said) contained nothing new or threatening to the security of the Sultan, being supported by treaties in which the Turks promised to protect the religion and the churches of the Greeks. In insisting for the maintenance of their privileges secured *ab antiquo*, nothing was asked but what was already implied in the treaty of Kainardgi." Such is the special foundation offered by the *Memorandum* in favor of its cause.

Even without having under their eye the entire text of that treaty, which, says De Hammer,† was to serve henceforth as a base to all the relations between Russia and the Porte, the opponents will be enabled to observe that the very phrase of the *Memorandum* shows some hesitation in maintaining its own right; since it is not pretended that the Menschikoff note demanded the sáme thing which the treaty conceded, but that which was judged to be *implicitly* contained in it. Now the force of a right declared in an agreement is one thing, that of a right which one only of the parties judges to be implied in it, is another. But the very words of the treaty, cited in the *Revue des deux mondes*, demonstrate that the demands of the Russian ambassador far exceed the convention of Kainardgi; since in art. 7, "the Porte promises to protect the Christian religion and its churches, and it shall be allowed to the ministers of Russia to remonstrate in favor of the new church spoken of in art. 14." And lo! the text of that art. 14: — "Besides the chapel erected in the house of the minister, it is permitted to the Court of Russia, to build in Galata, in the street Bey-Oglou, a public Church of the Greek rite, which shall be always under the protection of the Russian Minister, and defended from all, &c." If these and nothing else are the expressions of the treaty of Kainardgi, (the complete text of which we have not been able to find) the adversaries of Russia will sustain that the sense of the Menschikoff note is not implied in it, it being one thing for the Porte to promise itself to protect the Christians and the churches, another for it to concede to a foreign minister to give them orders: it being equally one thing that this minister should be permitted to protect a temple built by himself, another that he should be able to extend an efficacious protection every where. The text, then, of the treaty, and the sense which it implies, did not oblige the Porte to yield to the ambassador.

---

* A *brochure* so entitled, which was answered at length in the *Civiltà*.

† DE HAMMER. Histoire de l' Empire Ottoman. p. 636.

The latter, however, the *Memorandum* would resume, could invoke in favor of Russia another right, in the affinity between the Greek and the Russian schism: which certainly gives Russia a great influence in Turkey, an influence, however, which cannot, according to the expression of the *Memorandum*, be called a political protectorate. Now what value has such a right in the eye of reason?

In the view of a Catholic it is clear that there cannot be conceded a *right to protect a schism*, since there cannot be a right to protect that which has no right to exist. But since it is one thing to protect a schism against the Church, and another to protect the schismatics against the Turk, let us exclude for a moment the theological reason of the case, and reducing the question to one of pure international right, let us ask if it be the right of a Prince to protect his own religion in a foreign country. In such a question our principles are already known to our readers. Assuming the truth of the religion, and consequently the unity of the Church in which all the faithful are brethren, we cannot see how one of those brethren who is môre powerful, can be forbidden to fly to the succor of a brother oppressed, without violating the sentiments of nature and of religion.

If the religion of the Russian were true and legitimate, the right could not be denied him to intervene in favor of the faithful oppressed: and since in reasoning of a pure natural right, we must suppose adhesion to a true religion and not to a false, the universal principle on which Russia rests, could not, *abstractly speaking*, be refuted. But take notice, that in this case, as in a thousand others, excluding Catholic institutions and retaining what they presuppose, renders that perilous and pernicious which was instituted by the Divine Founder of the Church for the security and advantage of the nations.

When the Redeemer called them all into one fold, he did not establish as its only pastor a Czar followed by 500,000 bayonets, but a weak old man followed by the successors of those apostles who were sent to unite the nations by their teachings and not by arms.* Now under the guidance of such a shepherd the Catholic Princes who profess themselves his sons, can hardly abuse this right of protection, which they are bound to interpret not at their own pleasure, but according to the form of Roman teaching: which is officially obliged, prompted by justice, counselled by interest, never to permit that a Christian Prince, under pretence of protecting, should destroy the peace of the Christians in an unbelieving country, and the equilibrium of the Catholic Powers in the bosom of the Church.

---

* Docete omnes gentes.

In such a condition of society, the right which religion concedes of protecting the oppressed brethren, does not *per se* conduct to irreparable disorders and violence. But the Russian Church being ***Protestantized***, as we have seen, under the subjection of the lay power, the Czar at the head of his armies is constituted the judge of the need of his co-religionists, and arbiter of the assistance that he pleases to afford them. The lots being placed in a hand materially so robust, every one sees that it is most easy for persecution to be discovered in every little altercation, for religion to be found the continual cause of such differences, for the defence of religion to exceed by far the assault made upon it, and to arrive at last at the defence of those who do not ask, rather fear to be defended. With such and so menacing a prospect, what wonder that the Russian protectorate has terrified the Sultan? This protectorate, it is said, is not political. Grant that is not in the intentions of the reigning Emperor; but his intentions do not change the nature of things. The patriarchs, by the present constitution of Turkey, are the supreme magistrates of the Christian nations; so that to leave Russia the right to send her orders to the churches and to obtain their execution, would be to concede to her the sovereignty over three-fourths of the population in European Turkey: a necessary consequence of that schismatical transformation by which Christianity in Russia, becoming *national,* ceased to be Catholic. The Catholic Powers, too, France, Austria, sometimes take under their protection the Christians of the Levant: but the last do not on that account become in the eyes of the Turks, Austrians, or French, because the existence of Catholicism is independent of the respective nationalities, although it embraces them all: on the contrary, the Russian schism being essentially under the dominion of the Czar, constitutes at once a religious communion and a national communion. The Catholic protection, therefore, takes by its own nature a religious aspect; the Russian protectorate takes a political aspect: nor can the principles which militate in favor of Catholic princes be applied without grave inconveniences to the totally different situation of a schismatical sovereign.

The reasons deduced both from the treaty of Kainardgi and from similarity of religion, belong to the second stage of the question, which was debated between Prince Menschikoff and the Porte. But of a different nature still were those which constrained the Western Powers to intervene, and transported the question to the European field.

The independence of the Ottoman Empire, by force of the treaty of Vienna and of others which followed it, is become a part of that European equilibrium, on which, in default of the moral security of loyalty, reposes in our days the tranquillity of Europe. All the European Powers, then, feel the ground rock under their feet, from the moment they suspect that the pressure of the colossal power of Russia may destroy the independence of the Porte; resting on those treaties, the Western Powers have therefore thought themselves justified in opposing the note of Prince Menschikoff, and in sustaining Turkey in her independence. To this right the *Memorandum* opposes the repeated protestations of the Czar that he rejects all idea of conquest, that he occupies the Principalities but temporarily, that he wishes merely to acquire a moral force with a view to ulterior negotiations. Thus the *Memorandum*: which concedes, without perceiving it, that very point which principally stimulates the Western Powers to the war, viz: that Russia wishes to acquire a moral force which would destroy the equilibrium among the European Powers; that she wishes, in fine, that which we shall see, in its proper place, to have been proposed by Nesselrode to the Grand Duke Constantine in the memorial of 1850, that Turkey shall not be able to *will* or *nill* except what Russia *wills* or *nills*. The Western Powers will not, therefore, hold for good and effective the Russian protestations of not desiring a conquest. Turkey, too, will ask if it can be called negotiating between friendly powers to secure one's triumph beforehand, by the pledge of two provinces invaded with peace on the lips. A contract *de re honesta* ought to leave liberty to the contracting parties; now what is my liberty in contracting, when to make sure of the justice of the future contract, you begin by invading my territory contrary to all justice? What sort of contract would he make who should first take your purse and then ask an alms?

Such are the reasons which Turkey can oppose. Then as to the confidence which the *Memorandum* pretends ought to be shewn by the Western Powers, it seems greater than can be demanded not merely by justice, but even by equity: nor certainly are political affairs wont to be conducted in that manner, wherein, forsooth, the contracting governments are not proprietors who dispose of their own property, but guardians who defend the interests of the nations they govern. A proprietor may well *confide*, as it is lawful for him to risk what is his own; but the guardian cannot in good faith risk the interests of his ward. The whole question, then, is reduced to knowing whether the confidence of the Western Powers in the loyalty of Russia would not expose the European nations to any peril, in the case that that Power wished to deceive them: or, in other words, whether the warlike demonstrations of Russia were such, that in case she wished to violate her faith given, she could preclude every means of resistance on the part of the Powers opposed. So long as Russia did not acquire such a preponderance *de facto*, confidence might be laudable. But if Russia, even before the repulse given to her ambassador, prepared, in order to give greater force to his embassy, means to frustrate all opposition on the part of the Western Powers, we see not how she could exact from them an unlimited confidence in her own loyalty, be it even supposed sincere and unalterable by the good will of the Czar: above all when we reflect on the constant traditions of Russian policy, and especially upon the political testament of Peter the Great, and the memorial of the Minister Pozzo-di-Borgo, which will be cited in the following article.

Hence is refuted also the reason which is wont to be drawn from the fact that the Russians are Christians, the Turks unbelievers. When a Frederick II took into his pay those Mahometans who have left *Nocera*[*] the surname of *Pagan*, in order to march against the Pope, if the other Christian princes had been able to deprive him of such auxiliaries by captivating for themselves the friendship of the Sultan, would you have accused them of leaguing with the infidels against a Christian prince? Now this is precisely the situation of the Western Powers while they oppose themselves to the aggrandizement of a prince who openly professes a desire to engage the Sultan to himself in order to promote the omnipotence of schism: they draw to themselves *pagan auxiliaries*, who, become vassals of Russia, would close the East to the Catholics and threaten the West.

A greater force might be attributed in the *Memorandum* to the reasons drawn from former examples. The burning of the Turkish fleet at Navarino was the work of England and France, who declared themselves at peace with Turkey: France was at peace with the Pope when Col. Cubières occupied Ancona, and

---

[*] *Nocera dei Pagani* (Nocera of the Pagans) a pretty town of the kingdom of Naples, back of the mountains of Sorrentum — famous for its vineyards, where the vines are trained on lofty elms, and for the abundance of their purple harvest. — Ed. Met.

England was at peace with Greece when she blockaded the Piræus and seized its ships as a pledge. What wonder that Russia takes in pledge the Danubian provinces?

We know not what will be answered to such arguments *ad hominem:* but certainly if, deploring the acts of injustice past, it should be answered that these ought not to serve as a rule for the future, the reply might heal the principles of international policy, and initiate in this an epoch of justice and good faith for which all right minds cannot do less than sigh. But as on the other hand diplomacy rarely makes an act of contrition, even for Easter, we suppose that it will rather be answered, that the pledge seized against one's own debtor ought to be such as to inflict no injury on a third party: and that all the European Powers are injured when without their consent a territory is invaded which they have guaranteed to Turkey, not so much for the good of that Power as for the tranquillity of Europe.

The *Memorandum* next invokes the authority of its adversaries themselves, who in so many notes and counter-notes, wherewith the Congress of Vienna endeavored to pacify the controversy, never denied Russia its right to a satisfaction for past wrongs and a guarantee to the Greeks against wrongs future. To which the adversaries will reply with Lord Redcliffe (Letter to Prince Menschikoff, *Pera*, May 8, 1853): that they had at first presumed greater discretion in the demands of Russia, nor could they anticipate the exorbitant claims more recently manifested; and that it is usual for every friendly arbiter not to deny point-blank those pretensions which are put forward by each of the litigants as unalterable conditions of a reconciliation, without intending thereby to concede their reasonableness as a thing beyond all doubt.

The final argument of the Russian *Memorandum* brings us to the *fourth* stage of the question, by sustaining that the first infractions of the pacts were initiated by the Western Powers: whose proceedings related at length, according to its own sense, by the *Memorandum*, are concluded therein by saying, that the controversy has arrived at its present extremity, because the allied Powers have presupposed from the beginning the ambition of the Czar, and proceeding from step to step, have rendered it impossible for all parties to recede.

To this argument the adversaries reply by a comparison of dates which we will insert in the note, in the words of the *Revue des deux mondes:* * from which they intend to prove, that Russia provoked the war, that the Western Powers were provoked to it in spite of all their reluctance.

---

* Engaged perhaps imprudently at the outset in this strife, Russia has plunged herself into it irretrievably by her obstinacy. . . . . . On the 14th of May, 1853, M. de Nesselrode at St. Petersburg still declared that all was finished. Now what was Prince Menschikoff doing at that time in Constantinople? He was laying down an imperious ultimatum; he declared his mission ended on the 18th of May, and on the 21st he quitted Constantinople. Thus it has been from the commencement down to the moment when Russia, changing her language without quitting the path of subterfuge, has been fain to say that she acts under an exaggerated pressure of Europe. Was it the pressure of Europe then, which led to the ultimatum of Menschikoff? Is it by the mission of the fleets to Renika, ordered and notified on the 2d of June, that we are to explain the invasion of the principalities announced on the 31st of May by M. Nesselrode in his letter to Pechir Pacha? Is it the presence of our fleets in the Bosphorus which could provoke the attack of Sinope? and, in a word, was the presence of Europe exercised to any degree when the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople coincided with the military preparations on the Pruth and the naval armaments of Russia in the ports of the Black Sea? — (*Revue*, p. 1051).

Such are the chief arguments which are presented on both sides, scattered in various articles, but principally in the Russian *Memorandum* and the *Revue des deux mondes;* the value of which we remit to the judgment of our readers, who will be able to confront the dates variously cited by the two contending parties, in the Record of the *Civiltà* for 1853: . . . . . . it being understood that in the distance in which we find ourselves from St. Petersburg, and in the consequent inability to hear its reclamations except in the columns, sometimes not free from suspicion, of the Western journals, we remit to their equity the ultimate sentence, exhorting them to preserve so much suspense in the judgments of the intellect, than an access to the Tribunal may remain open to both parties, if they should pretend to allege new documents in favor of their cause.

While this cause is carried before the tribunal of all Europe, lo! starts up from the mountainous regions of Epirus and Thessaly a third litigant who hopes perchance from the conflict of the other two to draw some unexpected advantages; concerning whom our readers will also desire to know what are his rights, certainly meriting as well as the others to be pondered. The Greeks, can they vaunt some sort of right against the Turkish oppression? Are they enemies repressed, who rise again, or impatient subjects who rebel? Has prescription a place in political affairs? and if it has, is it found in the constitution of the Byzantine empire, or does it affix its seal to the Mussulman conquests? And that war which the crusades formerly waged, is it become unlawful since the discomfiture of Lepanto, since the treaty of Westphalia, since the Hatti-Scherif of Mahmond, and the successive reforms of Abdul-Medjid? Here are many problems to excite the curiosity of some readers, and in regard to which the development of theoretical principles, with some sample of their historical application, might be pleasing; we, looking at the limits of an article, shall touch only the principal points.

And starting from that great fact of the crusades which for the Voltairians of the past century was a theme so fruitful in reproaches and blasphemous declamation, down to 1821: and which at that epoch became in the mouths of the Philhellenists so dear an argument against the retrogrades who were averse to the tumults of rebels; starting, we say, from this fact: what is, we ask, the basis on which Christianity rested, when periodically at the voice now of an hermit, now of a monk, now of a prince, now of a pontiff, it rose suddenly in arms *as one man*, and hurled itself with so marvellous enthusiasm upon the Mussulman ranks? There is not a reader who does not already know the usual answer of calumnious impiety, triumphantly repeated by all the *theophobic* historians with that leaven of irony, sarcasm, contumely, derision, wherein the addition is a thousand times more than the lump. "The barbarous and gothic ignorance of the middle ages precipitated itself," they say, "upon the East to convert the Turks at the point of the sword." And here tears, and lamentations and regrets over the religious intolerance of Catholicism, which unchained that ferocity, blessed that scimetar and spilled that blood. You, gentle reader, who are already accustomed to purify this sort of falsehoods with a good forty days in quarantine, will understand that the Catholic doctrines of the middle ages are to be fished up from quite other documents than in Raynal, in Voltaire, and Montesquieu: nor will it displease you consequently to see them here reduced to a severe formula by that angelic hand which, *performing* (according to the expression of a Pope) *as many miracles as it wrote articles,* seemed to dictate the code of Catholic theology. Hear, then, what was in this matter the doctrine of the middle age.

The Doctor of Aquinas in the XIIIth century demands if it be lawful to propagate the Gospel by the sword, compelling the unbelievers to the faith; and he first distinguishes two sorts of unbelievers: the one like the Pagans and Jews, who never voluntarily embrace the faith; the others like heretics and apostates, who, having given their word to the Church, have obliged themselves following Christ to obey her. These certainly ought not to be suffered to fail in their word given. But in regard to the first "ON NO ACCOUNT *ought they to be forced to embrace the faith:* they ought, however, to be compelled by the faithful, as far as it is in the power of the latter, not to impede the faith by blasphemies, by evil persuasions, or open persecutions. And this is why," pursues the holy Doctor, "the faithful often wage war against the infidels, not to constrain them to believe (which is not even attempted after the victory, each prisoner being free to believe or disbelieve), but only to constrain them not to impede the conversion or perseverance of those who freely adhere to the Gospel."

In which connection, the holy Doctor, recalling by way of objection certain passages of the Gospel, and the doctrines of SS. Chrysostom and Augustine, repeated to-day by many in favor of political toleration, answers his own objection by various passages from St. Augustine himself, who retracts his former opinion, convinced, he says, by facts, of the utility of compulsion, and from the necessity that an Absalom perish lest he should overthrow the whole house of David.*

Such were the doctrines of the middle ages briefly summed in rigorous formula by the most exact and most accurate head that the scholastic theology ever dwelt in: and starting from the basis of this doctrine, it was easy to infer the crusades as a practical consequence by this argument. "War is lawful against the unbelievers, when they violently impede the profession of Catholicity in him who has embraced or desires to embrace it: now to use violence against Catholicism is, among the Mussulmans, not only a continuous *fact*, with so many slaves of their piracy, but rather a living *duty* in force of that Koran which at this hour they inviolably profess: therefore war against them is for Christians a perennial right, interrupted only by truces or armistices, by pacts which suspend hostilities without destroying the state of war, and the right consequently to resume them, when the pacts are fulfilled." We candidly confess that this argument seems to us in itself irrefragable, whatever may have been the excesses which in practice have rendered the conduct of the crusades culpable and barbarous, drawing upon their heads those maledictions of Heaven with which they were before menaced by the Pontiffs, and which rendered abortive the gigantic efforts of Christianity.

But does this question remain to-day under the same conditions as respects the Turks? One of the conditions is certainly and strangely altered, since, eclipsed at Lepanto, the Ottoman Crescent has become impotent against the European civilization. Nor is there, we believe, a man of sense who fears the fall of Europe by a Mussulman invasion. But if the peril of civilization is past, does habitual persecution at least endure in the Mahometan States? Not even this can be said, answers the illustrious Le Normant, discussing the question of the East: the Christian populations are henceforth freed from fear: "There are in general no arbitrary executions, there is no example of a rich man despoiled of his fortune." Behold then, a first difference which removes from the present case the application of those principles which determined the enterprises of the crusaders: Turkey is not to-day either so persecuting that she afflicts, nor so powerful that she menaces Christianity.

---

* If the subject-matter permitted us (says the *Civiltà* in a note) we would here point out how the doctrine of the Doctor of Hippo admits reasonable limits in what the moderns call intolerance. [The long and short of which is, that to be tolerated in the profession of an error is not a natural right, but it may be an acquired one, which could not be violated without gross injustice. — ED. MET.]

But suppose her the same as in the time of Mahomet II, is it the same international right which governs the European nations? Miserably torn into a thousand irreligious parties, they have agreed among themselves to banish religion from all the diplomatic relations; and this apostasy has equalized the Cabinet of Constantinople with those of the other European powers, who have no longer found in Mahometan infidelity any reason which should forbid their treating with the Turk on a footing of parity. Peaces, not truces, confederacies, alliances have been formed a hundred times with the Porte, which has been in such guise invited to the banquet of European civilization. Shall we after so many pledges of friendship treat it still as an enemy? And were it such in truth, shall we deny, with a rigorism unknown to the middle age, that there survives even in war a certain right, and that pacts are sacred, even in the presence of enemies?

The rights, then, of Christianity against the Turk, present themselves now under quite a different aspect from the middle age; as well by the cessation of hostility and loss of power in the Mussulman government, as by the political indifference embraced by the governments of Europe. And lo! the reason why, while the Muscovite pope is inflamed with that zeal which the French minister reproves as interested and inconsistent, and from religious zeal is turning Christianity upside-down, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, heir of heavenly meekness, proceeds even towards the Sultan with forms of diplomatic urbanity animated by sincere charity, forms which widely differ from the severity displayed in the middle ages by the promoters of the crusades.

But if the respective conditions are changed between the European powers and the Porte, is that oppression changed which might appear to some to authorize the insurrection of the Greek population against the Mussulman oppressor? The Greek nation could never mix with its conquerors: continuing in the separation it protested perpetually against the yoke: the perpetual protest kept alive the right to shake off the yoke, and the state of *quasi*-perpetual war. Then on the part of the Greeks at least survives the right of revolt.

Thus reason those for whom insurrection is a right, massacres are a jest, tumults a hope: and these certainly do not grasp the scales of Themis there to weigh the decisions before rushing to arms and imbruing their hands in blood. They think they have a right to suffer nothing, and to shake every yoke off their backs as soon as they feel its weight, and feel themselves strong enough to break it. But without undertaking at present to unfold our own opinion, which we reserve for the articles to be published in regard to the sovereignty of the people, all publicists who are not mere demagogues, even those who argue most in favor of the subject oppressed, all before the revolt require at least three conditions, — the public form of the deliberation, preceding remonstrances, the incorrigibility of the oppressor.

Now where in our present case is the public deliberation, which nevertheless would be so easy in the present organization of the Christian populations dominated by the Turk? The stationary forms of that semi-barbarous civilization, borrowed as they are from the ancient oriental type, have left, down to the present day, to each of the *Rayah* nations a form of government of its own under its respective Patriarch; and the Greeks, too, have a patriarch, by means of whom the unanimous thought of the nation could be clothed with a form of public deliberation. Now who has thought of deliberating in such a form? True it is that the deliberation would be vain from the non-existence of unanimity among the Greeks, and from there being on the contrary a strong party and of the more far-seeing persons,* who comprehend to a wonder what a mistake it would be to exchange for the yoke of a powerful autocrat that most fragile one wherewith the Porte loads them with its dying hand. They comprehend that to change lords would be for them not only a riveting of their chains, but a true political and religious death, by the absorption of the Greek nation in the Slave, and of the Byzantine patriarchate in the synod of St. Petersburg. The certainty of such a future renders impossible unanimity in deliberation, unanimity in insurrection; the protest made by the schismatic patriarch against the threat of Russian protection being on the contrary notorious. Therefore the first condition of justifiable insurrection is wanting — the public form of deliberation.†

But we cannot say that remonstrances are equally wanting: which if they were not formally presented by the Greeks, for a long time have been promoted by the intervention of the European powers. But this precisely is the very reason which militates against the right of insurrection; as well because the large concessions in favor of the *rayahs* which the mediators have already obtained, show the favorable dispositions of the Sultan, the fanaticism of the *Ulemas* and the *Dervishes* resisting in vain: as because the power of the mediators would secure a still more prosperous future, even were the Sultan less willing to grant mitigations.

In such a condition of times, at the rising of an aurora so full of promise, to shroud the horizon with storms, and overwhelm society in the midst of tumults, cannot be the plan except of that infernal spirit who makes the names of patriotism and of religious zeal serve the interests of a party and the furies of impiety. In fact we have seen with joy, but without surprise, not a few facts on the part of the Catholic population, Maronites, Albanians, &c., which place in a beautiful light the fidelity of the Catholic subject to the unbelieving Lord, and prove that there yet lives in Catholicism the ancient spirit which gave the Thebans power to pour out their blood with equal generosity, now on the battle field for their country, now in martyrdom for their faith.

Such are the reasons which we have been able to abridge from the public documents of the various parties, and which we leave to the judgment of our readers, to pass to a part of our subject which is more obscure and more agreeable also, by prophesying in regard to the future hopes.

---

* De l'Orient par un Oriental. p. 18.

† It will not escape the notice of our readers that this condition placed by the *Civiltà* as necessary to legitimate attempts at revolution, and which has been wanting in almost all the European revolutions (we do not stop to ask why), was perfectly satisfied in our own, —which is almost the only one that has proved permanently successful or that Providence has seemed visibly to protect, —in the solemn deliberations of the first American Congress. In fact, all the conditions were present in the case of our heroic ancestors; public deliberation, prolonged and reiterated remonstrances, and an incorrigible oppressor. — Ed. Met.

# THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—V.

## CHAPTER IX.

### OF BONIFACE, BISHOP OF THE CITY OF FERENTI.

Gregory.—There was a man of devout life, Boniface by name, who, in the city of Ferenti, held the office of bishop, and adorned it by his virtues. Gaudentius the priest, who is still living, tells many miracles of him. Having been reared in his obedience, he can speak so much the more correctly, as he happened to be present at many of them. This church was in a state of great poverty, which is commonly a pledge of humility to the well disposed, and had nothing for revenue but barely one vineyard, which was one day so devastated by a storm of hail, that only a small number of the vines were left, with here and there a few poor little clusters remaining upon them. Entering then the vineyard, the most reverend Boniface returned thanks to Almighty God, for that with all his poverty, he could learn to be yet further straitened. When now the time was come for what remained of the grapes to be near their maturity, he appointed a keeper as usual, and ordered him to tend them with all vigilance; and on a certain day directed Constantius the priest, his nephew, to get ready all the casks and barrels in the house prepared with pitch as heretofore. When his nephew heard this, he was greatly astonished, as it seemed a folly to be preparing vessels for wine, when there was none to be had; nevertheless he did not presume to ask why he commanded it, but obeying the order, prepared every thing as usual. Then the man of God having entered the vineyard, gathered the clusters, bore them to the press, and ordering all to retire, remained alone with one little boy, whom he placed in the press, and made to tread out what few bunches there were. When some little wine flowed from them, he received it with his own hands in a small dish, and divided it for a blessing among all the casks and vessels, so that they seemed as if scarcely moistened by it. Immediately after this, calling the priest, he directed the poor to be summoned. Thereupon, the wine in the press began so to increase, that it filled all the vessels which the poor people had brought. When he saw these well satisfied, he ordered the boy to come down from the press, closed the building, secured it with his own seal, and shortly after retired to the church. The third day, he called the priest Constantius, and after prayer opened the storehouse, and found all the vessels into which he had poured the scanty liquor, flowing copiously with wine, so that the whole floor would have been overflowed if the bishop had entered it somewhat later. He then sternly commanded the priest that he should not make known this miracle to any one during his life; fearing truly, lest vexed with human applause, he should then be empty within, when outwardly he appeared to men great: even following the example of the Master, who, that he might shew us the way of humility, himself commanded his disciples, saying, "that the things which they had seen, they should tell to no man till the Son of Man should be risen from the dead?"

Peter.—Let me ask, since it seems not out of place, why it was, that our Redeemer, when he restored sight to the two blind men, commanded that they should tell no man, and they going forth published it abroad in all that country. Could the only begotten Son, co-eternal with the Father and the Holy Ghost, have willed what he could not bring to pass, so that a miracle which he wished to be kept secret, could not by any means be concealed?

Gregory. — Our Redeemer, in all that he did in the mortal body, furnished us an example for our own works, that following in his steps, according to the humble measure of our ability, we journey on with innocence the way of this present laborious life. For doing the miracle, he commanded it to be kept secret, and yet it could not be hid; that the elect forsooth following his example, in the great works which they do, should have the will to lie hid, but in order to profit others, should be discovered against their will; forasmuch as it is the part of humility to desire their works to remain secret, and of great utility that they cannot be so. Therefore, the Lord did not will any thing to be done, and was at the same time unable to accomplish it; but what his members ought to will, or what may be done with them even against their will, he has shown by the example he gave in his office of Teacher.

Peter. — I am well pleased with your discourse.

Gregory. — Yet a little further let us pursue the acts of the Bishop Boniface. Another time then, the day of Blessed Proculus the Martyr drew nigh. In the same place dwelt a nobleman by the name of Fortunatus, who earnestly prayed the holy man that after he had celebrated the mass of the blessed Martyr, he would come to give a blessing to his house. The man of God could not in charity refuse what Fortunatus so sincerely desired. Mass therefore being finished, when he had come to the table of Fortunatus, and before he had begun to pray to God, all at once (as some are wont to get their living by their buffoonery), there stood before the door a man with his ape, and struck up his cymbals. Hearing which sound, the holy man indignantly said: "Alas! alas! the miserable creature is dead, he is dead. I come to your board, and have not yet opened my lips to bless God, and he coming with his ape, rattles his drunken cymbals." He added however and said: "Go, and for charity give him food and drink; but know that he is a dead man." The unhappy man, after he had received bread and wine within the house, thought to pass the door, but a heavy rock fell suddenly from the roof, and struck him upon the head. Prostrated by the blow they bore him away in their hands half dead; and the next day, according to the sentence of the holy man, he ended his life. In this, Peter, is to be considered, what great reverence must be shown to holy men; for they are the temples of God: and when the holy man is moved to anger, who else is aroused but the Habitant of that temple? So therefore the anger of the just is to be feared, inasmuch as it is evident that He is present in their hearts, who is not weak to inflict whatever punishment he may choose.

Another time the aforesaid Constantius, his nephew, sold his horse for twelve pieces of gold, and, placing them in his chest, went away about some business. When all at once came to the bishop's house a number of poor people, who importunately prayed the holy bishop to give them some assistance in their necessity. But the man of God because he had nothing to give, was troubled in mind, lest they should be compelled to go away empty. Suddenly he remembered that his nephew, the priest, had sold the horse he used to ride, and had the price of it then in his safe. In the absence therefore of his nephew, he went to his chest, with pious violence broke the lock, took away the twelve pieces and divided them as seemed best among the poor people. Constantius returning from his affairs discovered his chest broken open, and the price of the horse he had deposited there nowhere to be found. He began therefore in a loud voice to scold, and with great rage to cry: "Every one else can live here; I alone cannot live in this house." At which words came together the bishop, and all the rest who were in the house. And when the man of God endeavored to soothe him with kind words, he with brawling answers kept on, saying: "Every body else can live with thee, but I alone can have no place. Give me back my money." Moved by which words the bishop entered the church of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and standing with uplifted hands, his robes being wide spread, he entreated that she would give him wherewith to appease the wrath of the angry priest. And suddenly, as he turned his eyes to his robes, between his outstretched arms, he found in his bosom twelve gold pieces, glittering as if they had been just drawn from the furnace. Shortly after, going forth from the church, he placed them in the hands of the angry priest, saying: "Behold the money which thou wast asking for; but know this, that after my death thou wilt not be the bishop of this church, on account of thy avarice." From which plain-speaking it is inferred, that the priest was laying by the same money, in order to make his way to the episcopate. But the word of the holy man prevailed, for Constantius ended his days in the office of presbyter.

Another time, two Goths came to him for hospitality, who said they were journeying in haste to Ravenna. To whom he gave, with his own hand, a small wooden flask full of wine for their refreshment on the road; this the Goths made use of, till they reached Ravenna. They abode some days in the city and drank daily of the wine they had received from the holy man. And so until they returned to the same venerable Father at Ferenti, every day they drank of it, and yet the wine of the little flask never failed them; as if in that wooden vessel the bishop had given them, the wine were not so much increased as generated.

Lately also an aged ecclesiastic from the same parts, was relating some things which ought not to be passed in silence. He says that on a certain day having entered the garden, he found it covered with a multitude of caterpillars; when seeing every plant about to be destroyed, turning to the caterpillars, he said: "I adjure you in the name of God our Lord Jesus Christ, go hence, and eat not of these herbs." Immediately at the word of the man of God, they all went off, so that not one remained within the limits of the garden.

But what wonder that we find these things in the time of his episcopate, when he had advanced before Almighty God both in rank and virtue, since the same ecclesiastic testifies that he wrought still more wonderful, while yet a little boy. For he says, in the time when the child was living with his mother, he would after having gone from home, not unfrequently return without his linen, and often without his tunic: for as often as he found any one in nakedness, he would clothe him, despoiling himself, that he might be clad in the sight of God with the merit of good works. For this, his mother was wont frequently to chide him, saying it was not right, that he who was himself needy should give away his clothes to the poor. One day, having entered her store-room, she found almost all the wheat which she had laid by for the support of the whole year, to have been bestowed by her son upon the poor. And when she was beating and tearing herself with her own hands because she had lost as it were the sustenance of the year, the child of God, Boniface, approached and with what words he could, tried to console her. But when she would receive no consolation, he begged her that she would go forth from the granary, in which there was some little of the wheat yet remaining. The holy child then betook himself to prayer, and shortly after, going out, led back his mother to the store room, which was found filled with wheat more than it had been before, when she was rejoicing that she had laid up supplies for that whole year. At which miracle the mother herself, moved with compunction, began to urge him to give away, who could so speedily obtain what he asked. Moreover, she was wont to keep chickens in the porch of her house, but a fox from the neighboring county would often steal them away. One day as the boy Boniface stood in the porch, the fox came as usual and bore off a hen. He in haste entered the church, and prostrating himself in prayer, said artlessly: "Does it please thee, O Lord, that I cannot eat of my mother's food? Behold a fox devours the hens she keeps." Then arising from prayer he went forth from the church. Soon after the fox returned, released the hen he held in his mouth, and himself fell dying before him on the earth.

PETER. — It is most wonderful how God condescends to hear the prayers of those who trust in him, even in the meanest matters.

GREGORY. — This is designed, Peter, by the dispensation of our Creator, that from the little we should hope for greater things. The holy and ingenious child was heard in mean things, that he might learn in little how much he could presume with God in great petitions.

PETER. — I am well pleased with your words.

## CHAPTER X.

### OF FORTUNATUS, BISHOP OF THE SOCIETY OF TODI.

There was another man of devout life in those parts, Fortunatus by name, bishop of the church of Todi, who was illustrious by his great virtue in expelling spirits, so that sometimes he cast out legions of devils from the possessed, and intent as he was in continual prayer, overcame multitudes of them in their attacks against himself. A most familiar friend of his was Julian, almoner of our church, who not long since deceased in this city. By whose account I learned this which I relate, for often with the liberty of a friend he was present at his deeds, and his memory afterward, kept as the sweetness of honey in his mouth, for our instruction.

A certain noble matron in the neighboring parts of Tuscany, had a daughter-in-law, who a short time after she had been married to her son, was invited together with her mother-in-law, to the dedication of the church of Blessed Sebastian, the Martyr. The night before she was to walk in the procession to the dedication of the church, through weakness of the flesh, she did not observe abstinence with her husband; and when, the morning being come, the carnal act disturbed her conscience, but shame forbade to be absent from the procession, fearing more the face of men than the judgment of God, she proceeded with her mother-in-law to the church. But presently, when the relics of the Blessed Sebastian entered the oratory, an evil spirit seized the daughter-in-law, and began to vex her before all the people. A priest of the church, when he beheld her thus terribly afflicted, brought immediately one of the cloths of the altar and covered her with it; but at the same time the demon suddenly entered him also. And because he presumed to attempt something beyond his strength, he was thus compelled in this vexation to know it. Then the bystanders taking in their hands the young woman, bore her away to her own house. And when the evil spirit continued to torment her grievously, her relations loving her with an earthly love, and persecuting her therewith, delivered her up to the sorcerers for the restoration of her health that her soul might be utterly destroyed, while they endeavored by magic arts to profit for a time her body. Accordingly she was led to the river and dipped in the water; and there for a long time the sorcerers labored by their incantations, to cast out the devil who had possessed her. But by the wonderful judgment of Almighty God, while by perverse acts one demon is driven from her, a legion suddenly entered her. From this time she began to be agitated with as many convulsions, to cry with as many voices and screams, as she was beset by spirits. Then counsel being taken, her parents confessing their infidelity, brought her to the venerable Bishop Fortunatus, and left her with him. Who receiving her, gave himself many days and nights to prayer, and so much more earnestly, as he found in that one body the force of a legion to be set against him. After some days he returned her sound and whole, as if the devil had never held power over her.

Another time, the servant of Almighty God cast out an unclean spirit from a certain possessed man. And now, when evening coming on, the malignant spirit perceived the hour to be favorable to secrecy, pretending himself to be a stranger in the place, he began to go about the streets in the city and cry: "O what a holy man is the Bishop Fortunatus! see what he has done; he has driven out a pilgrim from his house! I wander about seeking a shelter in his city and cannot find it." There was then sitting before his fire, with his wife and little son, a certain person, who, hearing the voice and asking what the bishop had done to him, invited him into his house, and made him sit down with them near the embers. After they had conversed together some time, the malignant spirit entered into his little son, hurled him amidst the coals, and there shortly deprived him of life. The unhappy and now childless man discovered then, both whom he had been entertaining, and whom the bishop had driven out.

Peter. — What does this mean, that the evil spirit should dare to commit murder in the house of one, who believing him a pilgrim, had invited him to partake of his hospitality?

Gregory. — Many things, Peter, seem good, but are not so, because not done with a good intention. Whence in the Gospel the Truth says: "If thy eye be evil, thy whole body shall be darksome." Because when the intention which goes before is perverse, every work which follows is wrong, although it may seem to be right. So this man, who was made childless while he seemed to be exercising hospitality, I suppose to have been delighted, not by the piety of his own deed, but by the disparagement of the bishop; since the punishment following, shewed that the undertaking was not without fault. For there are some who strive to do good for this very purpose, that they may darken the fair deeds of their fellows; nor are nourished by the good they do, but by the praises of their goodness with which they oppress others. Wherefore, I imagine that this man, who received the evil spirit to hospitality, was bent rather upon ostentation than on a good work; that he might appear to have done better than the bishop, forasmuch as he entertained him whom the man of God, Fortunatus, had repulsed.

Peter. — It is so; for the result proved that there was not a pure intention in the action.

Gregory. — Another time, a certain person who had lost his eye-sight having been led to him, asked and obtained the help of his intercession. For when the man of God, with prayer, had made the sign of the cross upon his eyes, being suddenly restored to light, the night of their darkness passed away. Again, a horse belonging to a certain soldier had run mad, so that he could scarcely be held by many men; and whomsoever he could attack, he would tear them with his teeth. He was conducted then by a great number, bound as best might be, to the man of God. Who presently stretching forth his hand and making the sign of the cross over his head, converted all his fury into gentleness, so that afterward he was found more docile than even before his madness. The same soldier then determined that his horse, which he saw at the command of a miraculous power thus quickly changed from its fury, should be presented to the holy man. And when the latter refused to receive it, but the soldier still persisted in his entreaties that he would not despise his offering, the saint taking a middle course, consented to his request, and yet refused to receive any compensation for the miraculous work; for first he gave him the full price, and afterward accepted the horse he offered him. For since he saw that if he did not take the animal, the other would be grieved, out of charity he bought what was of no use to him.

Nor ought I to suppress what I learned some twelve days since of the virtues of this man. A certain poor old man was brought before me, and as the conversation of the aged is always pleasant to me, I questioned him particularly from whence he was; he replied that he was from the city of Todi. To whom I said: "Pray, Father, tell me didst thou know the Bishop Fortunatus?" said he: "I knew him, and that well." I then added: "Tell me, I beg, if thou has known any miracles of his, and inform me, who am very desirous to know it, what kind of man he was." He answered: "That man was far different from those we see now-a-days. For whatever he asked of Almighty God he obtained it, even as he asked. I will relate one miracle of his which now comes to my mind. On a certain day the Goths came near the city of Todi, on their way to the region of Ravenna, and stole away two little boys from an estate which was subject to the city of Todi. When this was announced to the most holy man Fortunatus, he immediately sent and called the same Goths to come before him. Addressing them blandly he endeavored first to soothe their roughness, and afterward added: "Whatever price you wish, I will give, only restore the children whom you have taken, and of your grace do me this great favor." Then he who seemed chief among them said: "Whatever else you command we are ready to do, but the children we will not by any means return." The venerable man then gently reproved him, saying: "Thou grievest me my son, and hearest not thy Father; grieve me not, lest it be not expedient for thee." But the Goth in the fierceness of his heart refusing, departed. The next day, when about to set out, he came again to the bishop, and the bishop in the same words once more asked for the children. And when he would in no manner consent to restore them, the bishop sorrowfully said: "I know that it is not profitable for thee to leave me in sorrow." Which words the Goth despised, and having returned to his lodging, he sent forward the boys about whom had been the controversy, on horse-back with his men. He himself mounting his horse, followed immediately after. But when he had entered the city, just before the Church of Blessed Peter the Apostle, his horse stumbled, and he falling with him, his hip bone was fractured. When lifted up he was carried by hand to the tavern. And immediately he called back the two boys he had sent forward and despatched a messenger to the venerable Fortunatus, saying: "I pray thee, Father, send to me thy deacon." When the deacon had come to him where he was reclining, he called before him the boys, whom he had declared to the bishop that he would never restore, and returned them to the deacon, saying: "Go and say to my lord, the bishop; because thou hast cursed me, behold I am stricken. Take the boys whom thou requirest, and intercede, I beseech thee, for me." Taking charge therefore of the boys, the deacon conducted them back to the venerable Fortunatus, who immediately gave him blessed water, saying: "Go quickly, and cast it upon the fallen man." The deacon went, and coming to the Goth, sprinkled the holy water upon his body. Wonderful and most stupendous! no sooner did the blessed water touch the hip of the Goth, than the fracture was made whole and the hip restored to its former strength, so that in the same hour he arose from his couch, and mounting his horse, went upon his journey, as though he had never received the least injury. And thus it happened, that he who would not dutifully restore the boys for a price to the holy man, was forced by his chastisement to give them without price. This history being finished, the old man was desirous to tell more about him. But because there were some present, who were waiting for instruction, and the hour of the day was now getting late, it was not permitted me to hear longer the deeds of the venerable Fortunatus, which, if it were permitted, I could wish to hear always.

But another day the same old man related of him something yet more wonderful, saying: In the same city of Todi, dwelt with his two sisters one Marcellus, a man of devout life, who fell sick with some complaint, and in the afternoon of the Holy Paschal Saturday, departed this life. As the corpse was to be carried to some distance, it could not be buried the same day; and while there was this delay of fulfilling the last rites, his sisters in their grief for his death, hastened weeping to the venerable Fortunatus and earnestly entreated him, saying: "We know that thou livest the life of the apostles, thou cleanest the lepers, thou enlightenest the blind, come, and restore our dead brother to life." But when he learned that their brother was dead, he himself began to weep, and answered them: "Leave me, and say not such words, for it is the will of Almighty God, which no man can resist." They therefore departing, the bishop remained filled with sorrow for his death. But on the next Lord's day, before the dawn of light, calling his two deacons, he proceeded to the house of the deceased, and coming to where the corpse lay, he betook himself to prayer. Prayer being finished, he sat down beside the body and in a low voice called the deceased by name, saying: "Brother Marcellus." He, as if roused from a light slumber by the voice, immediately opened his eyes, and looking upon the bishop, said: "What hast thou done? Oh, what hast thou done?" To whom the bishop answered: "What have I done!" But he: "Yesterday there came two, who casting me forth from the body, led me into a good place, but to-day one was sent who said: Carry him back, for Fortunatus the bishop has come to his house." Which words ended, he immediately recovered from his infirmity and continued a longer time in life. Nor yet is it to be supposed that he lost the place he had obtained, for there can be no doubt that with the prayers of his intercessor, he could live a better life after that death, when even before it, he strove to please Almighty God.

But why speak more of his life when even now his corpse can furnish so many proofs of his virtues. To release the possessed, to heal the sick, whenever it is asked with faith, this which he was accustomed to do incessantly while living, he continues to do even at his tomb. But I would wish, Peter, to bring back my narration to the Valerian province, concerning which I happened to hear many admirable miracles, from the lips of the venerable Fortunatus, whom I mentioned before, as Abbot in those parts. Who even now often visits me, and while he relates the deeds of the ancients, refreshes me with new consolation.

## CHAPTER XI.

### OF MARTYRIUS, MONK OF THE PROVINCE OF VALERIA.

In the same province, there was a devout servant of Almighty God, Martyrius by name, who gave the following proof of virtue. When upon a time his brethren had made bread and had forgotten to imprint upon it the sign of the cross, (for in that province it is the custom, while yet raw, to sign the bread with a wooden stamp, so that it appears divided in quarters) the servant of God came near, and learned from them that this had not been done. And whereas the bread was now covered up with the ashes and coals, saying: "Why did you not sign it?" he made with his finger the sign of the cross over the embers. Whereupon there was a loud sound from the bread, as if some huge vessel had burst in the fire. When, after baking, the bread was drawn from the hearth, it was found signed with that cross which no contact, but faith had made.

## CHAPTER XII.

### OF SEVERUS, PRIEST OF THE SAME PROVINCE.

In those parts there is a valley, commonly called Interocrina, where dwelt a man of admirable life, Severus by name, and priest of the church of Blessed Mary, ever-Virgin Mother of God. A certain householder, when he drew nigh to his end, sent for him one day in great haste, begging that he would come as quickly as possible, and by his prayers make intercession for his sins, that penance for his evil deeds being done, he should go forth of the body, free from guilt. The priest chanced to be busy pruning his vines, and said to those coming: "Go on before, and I will follow you directly." And as he perceived there was some little yet to be done at the work he was engaged in, he tarried a short time to finish it, and then proceeded to the sick man. While thus on his way, they who came at the first, returning, met him, saying: "Father why didst thou delay? give thyself no further trouble, for he is now dead." Hearing which, he trembled, and with loud cries declared himself to be his murderer. And so he went mourning to the body of the deceased, and cast himself upon the earth with tears before his bed. And when he might weep bitterly, and strike his head upon the ground and proclaim himself guilty of his death, suddenly he who had been dead returned to life. Which those who stood around observing, with exclamations of wonder, began to weep still more for joy. And when they asked him where he had been, or how he had returned, he says: "Most hideous were the men who led me away, and from their mouths and nostrils issued fire, intolerable. And while they were bringing me through dark places, suddenly a youth of beautiful countenance, accompanied by others, met us in the way, and said to those dragging me off: Carry him back, for Severus weeps, and the Lord hath given him to his tears." Severus forsooth immediately rose up, and granted the penitent the help of his intercession. And when for seven days, the sick man thus brought back to life, had done penance for his past offences, on the eighth day he went forth from the body rejoicing. Consider, Peter, I pray thee, this Severus, how tenderly the Lord loved him, when he would not leave him, even for a short time, in anguish.

Peter. — Truly admirable are these things, which I find have until now lain hidden from me. But what shall we say is the reason, that such men are not now to be found?

Gregory. — I imagine, Peter, that many such even in these times are not wanting; nor, though they do not such wonders, therefore are they not such men. For the true estimate of life is to be found in the virtue of works, not in the display of signs. And many, even if they do not work wonders, are yet not unequal to those who do so.

Peter. — How can it be shown, if it please thee, that there may be some who do no miracles, and yet are not unlike those who do?

Gregory. — Knowest thou not that Paul the Apostle, is to Peter the first of the Apostles, as a brother, in his rank of Apostolic Prince?

Peter. — I know it, certainly, nor is it to be doubted that though the least of the Apostles, he yet labored more than all.

Gregory. — As you may well remember, Peter walked upon the sea, Paul was shipwrecked in the sea; and thus in one and the same element, Paul could not make way with his ship, where Peter travelled on foot. It is evident then that while the virtue of each was not the same in respect to the miracle, the merit of both is alike in heaven.

Peter. — I confess I am well pleased with what you say; for surely I know that the life and not the signs must be sought after. But since the wonders which are done bear testimony of the good life, I beseech thee if any yet remain, to relate them, and me thirsting, refresh with the examples of good men.

Gregory. — I would wish, to the praise of the Redeemer, to relate some of the miracles of the venerable Benedict. But for this I perceive the time to-day will not suffice. We shall be able therefore to speak more at large of these, if we begin them on another occasion.

# Heathen Philosophy.

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF A HUSBANDMAN.

Take old Amyntas to thy heart, dear Earth!
Remembering his many toils for thee.
How on thee he did raise the olive-tree,
And thy soft slopes with mantling vines adorn.
How oft he filled thy lap with foodful corn,
And leading to thee fertilizing streams,
Made thee to plants and harvest fruits give birth.
For this do thou all softly lie, O Earth!
Upon the head that now so hoary seems,
And with spring-plants do thou him flower-adorn.

J. V. H.

# KATE O'CONNOR.

## A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### *Struggles and Misgivings.*

One day, not a great while after the Elfords arrived in Rome (it was about the middle of Advent), Henry and his wife had been in the Villa Borghese most of the afternoon, and as usual, before going home, they refreshed themselves by walking for a while through the lawn-like grounds which even in winter never lose their beauty. One always meets some of the clergy in these grounds; it is a favorite promenade, and the Elfords presently encountered a little group of them walking together. One sees so many priests in Rome that one never notices them, and yet for two or three reasons Henry did notice these clergymen as they passed. One of them was a tall distinguished-looking man, evidently an Italian, whom Henry remembered to have met a day or two before on Monte Pincio. Next him walked a young man, tall and slender, who coughed slightly, and by his fair hair and blue eyes was not an Italian; Henry thought it an American face. The third was smaller than the other two, and older, judging by the sprinkling of grey in his closely cut hair. He was speaking English as they walked slowly by; there was something in the features and utterance which reminded one of Ireland and young Elford saw him fix his eyes with a startled expression upon Mary as he passed.

"Did you see that priest, Mary?" Henry asked, after they had gone by.

"Which? the one"—

"The one who walked in the grass."

"No, but the one nearest you was very handsome; we met him on Monte Pincio the other day."

The next day the Elfords had been visiting some of the mosaic and cameo shops, and as they walked up the Corso they saw people thronging into the church of San Carlo. It needed no more to excite Henry's curiosity: "Let us go in and see what it is," said he, and they ascended the steps; an old man and woman on the platform above were letting chairs to the people as they entered; Henry also gave two or three bajocchi and had a couple of chairs taken in for himself and Mary. There was to be a sermon, of course, by all this provision for sitting, and the Elfords, placing their chairs conveniently in front of the pulpit, composed themselves to expect the preacher. Very shortly he entered from the sanctuary and ascended the pulpit; it was the same fine looking Italian whom they had met the day before in the Villa Borghese and last week also on the Pincian hill; he was preaching the Advent during that season in San Carlo. He preached in Italian, and his eloquence and thought and grace of manner quite captivated Henry, but

---

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
J. V. HUNTINGTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

the lady as usual took the goodness of the sermon pretty much on trust. She understood Italian very well when she saw the character in good plain type before her eye, but her ear was confused by the rapidity of the utterance and the unfamiliar accent. As they left the church after sermon, Henry inquired of a well-dressed Italian who dipped his finger at the same moment with himself into the benitier, what was the name of the preacher. It was Padre Caravigna, reputed one of the most eloquent preachers in Rome: he preached in San Carlo two or three times a week and Henry resolved to attend his sermons: Mrs. Elford always persisted in going too, though she understood the language so imperfectly, and from that time they went pretty regularly until Christmas, when the sermons ceased.

One day just after Padre Caravigna had commenced preaching, two priests entered the church from the front door on the Corso, and bringing chairs, seated themselves just on the edge of the crowd to listen. They were the two whom the Elfords had first seen walking in the Villa Borghese with Padre Caravigna, and again Henry noticed that the older priest looked earnestly at them and particularly at his wife. His curiosity was somewhat excited, and after the sermon he waited a little to see what became of them, but as soon as Padre Caravigna descended the pulpit, they rose, joined him as he went towards the sanctuary and all three disappeared together. Young Elford resolved that if he ever saw that priest again, he would contrive some way of finding out who he was, but he was there no more: Christmas came, the sermons were over, and they left off going to San Carlo; other things occupied his attention and the circumstance was forgotten.

We have said that Mary Elford was not handsome, but she had a remarkable face and in some respects a beautiful one, at least it was beautiful sometimes. She extremely resembled her mother, with her low, broad forehead, large deep blue eyes, and a nose decidedly *retroussé*. Not only was her expression like her mother's, but her face was full of Irish characteristics.

On Christmas eve the Elfords went to San Luigi dei Francesi to hear the matins and the midnight mass, and having thus made acquaintance with this fine church they were disposed to go there again. The next Sunday afternoon they dropped in at vespers instead of attending the English service, and after that Mrs. Elford rebelled entirely against the English even-song, and Henry, glad of so agreeable an opportunity of playing the obedient husband, took his wife to San Luigi very frequently during the winter. Mary was delighted with the congregational singing of the psalms, in which she soon began to join, with the beautiful benediction, which always seemed more beautiful and solemn there than any where else, and with the sweet litany of Loretto, which hardly scandalized her, though she generally kept her seat while it was sung. She was much pleased to see the young Frenchwomen with their neat dresses and white muslin caps, and they in turn seemed to regard these strangers as regular attendants, and if there was a crowd, as sometimes happened, would make room for them in the place which they appeared always to prefer. Some of their own friends were in the habit of going to San Luigi of a Sunday afternoon: Mr. Carter, for example, an English clergyman with whom Henry was intimate, and his two sisters, thorough-bred, amiable, cultivated women, a good deal older than our Mary, to be sure, but none the less companionable on that account. These amiable ladies were either not afraid of the scandal of going to a Catholic church, or they modestly thought that their absence from the English congregation outside the gates would not be observed. At San Luigi the Elfords also frequently saw Count Rossi, who was afterwards during the revolution so barbarously murdered.

On New Year's eve our American friends went to the Gesù, the great church of the Jesuit fathers in the piazza di Venezia, to hear the grand *Te Deum* intoned by the Holy Father himself. The Carters were already there, and trying their best to keep seats for them. The cardinals were mostly present, and many of the clergy, and before the service began, the immense church was filled to overflowing. It was a blaze of light, and within the sanctuary the lights were reflected from a million points of the most magnificent marbles in the world. Some of their English friends told them that the bishop of ——, in America, was present, and a gentleman whom they did not know, very kindly undertook to point him out, but the crowd was so great that it was no easy matter even to see the Pope, distinguished as he was; and they wholly failed in seeing this prelate from their own country, of whom they had so often heard. After the *Te Deum* the Holy Father gave the benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament: the reverence and devotion of the vast crowd were infectious, and as Mrs. Elford dropped on her knees her eyes were brimful of tears, and she could hardly keep from sobbing. She saw that her English friends were inclined to smile at her enthusiasm, but she did not care; her Irish blood was all astir: as the Holy Father passed by in the procession, she would have given a year's income to have kissed the hem of his garment.

Thus as the season advanced, festival followed festival, one beautiful service was succeeded by another equally beautiful or more so, and the Elfords lived on in Rome as tranquilly as if they had been born there and expected to die there.

Meanwhile, not the English chaplain was more regularly in his place within the chancel at early service on Sunday morning, than the Elfords in their seats for the same service; but why they went perhaps they would hardly have explained. Was it from habit and custom? or was it for example's sake? or was it because they found it a comfort and delight? We rather suspect that they felt a perishing need of *something*, this early English service seemed the best thing within their reach, and therefore they availed themselves of it with starving avidity. Towards each other they maintained a curious reserve: Mary never objected to go to the English chapel when Henry proposed it, and he never said after coming away that he had found it a terrible bore; but sometimes in the secret of her heart Mary said, "We can't live in Rome always, and what will become of me when we go away?" She felt afraid that unless she could be a Catholic, she never again could have any comfort in any religion; she had become so accustomed to benedictions and chantings, and above all to that ever burning lamp and that ever present CHRIST, that she did not see how she could ever live again without them. She could go on Sunday, if she must, to the naked and empty churches of her own country, but as for taking comfort in them she never could. If it had pleased God to give her a lot among Catholics! —— but apparently it had not. She had been brought up in the English Church, and she supposed she would have to die there. She knew that she loved the Church of Rome the best, and she had been taught that even in that secret feeling there was treason and disloyalty. And so kneeling before those Roman altars, and before that present God in whom she believed, she prayed to be forgiven if there was sin in her heart, and to be comforted at least in some way, if she were destined to be driven from that sacred presence. Do not wonder, gentle reader, at her dullness of apprehension; she had read Oxford Tracts and Puseyite Sermons, arguments and treatises on this side and that, until she knew nothing except that the world seemed to her a confused conglomeration of different religions, each claiming to be true and denouncing all the rest, and this to her was the height of misery. She longed for something certain. She longed to hear that *voice admonishing her behind her back,* "This is the way, walk ye in it, and go not aside neither to the right hand nor to the left." And if she were to listen to the voice which she heard in this city, it was clear and intelligible enough. Rome at least was Catholic — Rome was one — and Rome — there is no denying it — is the centre of calm.

But this young wife was perfectly dependent upon her husband. Mrs. Haraden White, as we have seen, had a will of her own, and she had done her best to bring up Mary to have no will, and she had succeeded so well that our Mary's schoolmates always laughed at her because she had no will. Then as Mary knew Henry to be intellectually very superior, so she had in some way got an idea, whether justly or not, that she was herself intellectually inferior, and she would have thought it a piece of simple insanity to think or act in any great matter without consulting him. And knowing well that *folle* and *petite* as she was, she had an influence over him, and half-suspecting that he was himself vibrating over the same chaos of uncertainty, she dared not open her lips upon subjects which so much occupied her heart, lest she should influence him against his duty and his conscience. Thus she resolved to remain quietly performing, as well as she was able, the wifely duties which devolved upon her, and praying that Henry might be led aright. And though Mary Elford had no will of her own, it was always observed that when she once made a resolution, she invariably acted upon it.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### *Nature heaving under the breath of Grace.*

The season advanced almost imperceptibly, the sun grew warmer and the air softer, the laburnums on Monte Pincio put forth their tiny leaves of sparkling green, which never seemed to grow, — moons were to wax and wane before those delicate leaflets should arrive at perfection. After Epiphany numbers of the transient population dropped off in search of gayer abodes, until the Carnival should recall them again to Rome.

The Elfords remained, visiting as usual churches and galleries, and enjoying the lull. Henry too read very frequently at the Vatican and Augustinian libraries, so that during the reading hours, that is, from eight until twelve, Mrs. Elford was much alone. At these times she remained in her own room with her books and work, or she walked on the Pincian Hill, where she always met English ladies also enjoying by themselves the fresh air and sunshine, or again she stole into one of the churches to say her prayers and look at the altar with its crucifix and picture and ever-burning lamp and tabernacle.

About this time her features began to assume a pensive cast; from being gay, perhaps a little volatile, she became, without any apparent cause, habitually sober and quiet; she was not sad or unhappy, far from it, but her mood was grown suddenly passive and tranquil; nothing troubled her and scarcely any thing gave her joy, and yet had you asked her she would have said that she never in her life had been so happy before. She visited churches and galleries and was happy; she sate silent on Monte Pincio, listlessly drinking in the lovely scene, the hills, the grand dome of St. Peter's, the Campagna stretching away like a blue sea in the distance, here and there bridged over by the grey aqueducts, and was happy; and alone in her quiet room with no companion but a book which many would have found dull, still she was content and free. Desire and will were gone, she came and went at the will of others without care or preference. And yet there were times when her still heart beat again, and there were accidents apparently the most trivial which called the color into her cheek and a moist sparkle into her eye.

Why did she envy the poor decrepit creatures whom she saw hobbling about the confessionals? Why did she take a sort of comfort in being crowded aside and jostled by the Italian peasantry as a foreigner and a heretic? In the Gesù with Henry, as they walked softly around, thinking themselves alone, why did her heart throb so as one of the fathers, suddenly emerging from the confessional, passed rapidly into the sanctuary? Or at St. Peter's, or Santa Maria Maggiore, as they stood admiring some grand mosaic picture or apostolic statue or chapel rich in marbles, if a priest walked by unaware of her presence and almost touching her with his wide-flowing mantle, why did her eyes fill with tears? Or if entering a door, or going through a narrow aisle, she encountered the birretta and black robe, why did she tremble as she stepped aside? It was the child of the Church, yearning, though she knew it not, for her home and her Father's house.

Meanwhile it was plain that something was troubling Henry. He was silent and gloomy, had lost his appetite and spirits, and from being the most gentle and even-tempered of men, had grown fitful, exacting and petulant; in commenting on her trifling faults (for what wife is without faults, be she ever so loving?), he had remórselessly used expressions which he knew well must cut her to the heart. Once or twice she had crept away alone to cry out in her grief; once or twice she had been tempted to ask that Heavenly Father in whom she always trusted why He had kept her alive to suffer so: but now that was past and her heart was still, she saw that Henry was still unhappy and sometimes unkind, but she felt no pain. She did not love him less, she would have moved heaven and earth to relieve his suffering, to give him back tranquillity, her tender, only, beloved companion, but for herself she was as tranquil as the sky which hung in a pale sunny haze over the Sabine hills. A strange atmosphere of peace, just wrapping her round, seemed to separate her from those with whom she walked and talked and exchanged smiles and greeting; they came close to her but they did not touch her, they were with her but she was not with them. A firm believer always in the unseen world, she felt that a spell from that world was upon her; but why upon her and not upon Henry, and why upon her now and never before? she could not tell; but curiosity also, with desire and will, was laid to sleep: she had only one fear — to break the sweet spell of peace in which she lived, and to feel her pulses beat again with the world's pulses that were around her.

And of course, it was broken. She waked out of her waking dream and came back to common life, and began again to feel and fear and suffer. The Carnival began and Rome was full once more. The Elfords, with their friends the Carters, took a balcony and mingled in the strange scene and shared the fun. They took a carriage one of the days and drove through the Corso, alternately pelted and pelting with confetti and bouquets. Another day of the wild Saturnalia, in the cool of the afternoon — it was the *tra-montana* — Henry and Mary walked through the Via Condotti into the Corso, and so making their way among masks and harlequins and dominos, through the confetti boys and flower girls, who running and screaming crowded the unequal sidewalks, arrived at the Piazza di Venezia where all was still. They stopped a moment to shake the white dust of the Carnival off their clothes, and then they approached the great church which had been so often the terminus of their walk. A few poor peasants ascended the steps and entered before them; one or two Roman ladies in black and veiled were crossing the Piazza towards the church, as our friends lifted aside the heavy leathern door-screen and found themselves within. All was dark except the sanctuary. What a contrast between the wild cry and laughter and mockery of the Corso to-day, and the hush of this noble church with its darkened nave and blazing altar, its throng of still worshippers and kneeling priests keeping the watch of the *Quarant 'Ore.* Pagan Rome in the Corso and Christian Rome in the Gesù, and yet thousands visit Italy calling themselves Christians, who profess that they can see no difference, and who really appear to feel none, and who scorn and deride the one as well as the other. The Elfords remained a while to pray, and then through quiet and deserted bye-streets made their way home.

During Lent instructions appropriate to the season were given in various churches, and among others at San Luigi by the excellent abbé who was then connected with that church and who has since returned to France as a bishop. The Elfords attended many of these sermons, and even Mary understood French well enough to reap edification from discourses so full of unction, devotion and charity. Henry was still exceedingly interested, but his abstraction and gloom increased day by day. Sometimes for hours he would not speak, while a dark shadow rested always upon his fine features. He scarcely ate and scarcely slept; at times he passed the night over some huge Latin book which he had-picked up at auction, and again he strode up and down the room all night like a troubled spirit. Evidently his health was suffering, and his young wife began to suffer too. What was worse, he brooked no interference or even sympathy, and Mary's gentle attempts to comfort and divert him, only met with unkindness and increased reserve, while he professed to think it exceedingly strange and unreasonable in his wife to find any alteration in him. She became alarmed about him, but had no help; sometimes she thought he had ceased to love her, and then she was tempted to wish for death. How many silent tears she shed which were carefully concealed from him who ought to have wiped them away! how much agony of heart she suffered, to which he was recklessly indifferent, if indeed he was aware of it at all! And she used to be so happy, and Henry had always before been so kind: what had come between them all at once to make them both miserable? she at least had not changed, but a black cloud seemed to have suddenly overspread the blue heaven of her happy married life.

Henry had several times expressed a wish to become acquainted with Padre Caravigna, and also with the French abbé whose sermons they were hearing at San Luigi, and Mr. Carter, being acquainted with both these clergymen, promised to introduce him to them; but Mr. Carter was taken unexpectedly ill, and this became impossible. He however gave young Elford the address of Padre Caravigna and advised him to call without an introduction if he desired to see him. The same week our friends were together one day in the Gesù, no one was there apparently except a single ecclesiastic, moving silently about the sanctuary, arranging some trifling things where order and decorum had previously been to all appearance perfect. The Elfords stood on the lower step outside the rail, admiring the altar, which is perhaps the most magnificent in Rome, when a light quick tread caused them to look down the church: a priest, hat in hand, was advancing towards the sanctuary, just before reaching which he naturally knelt upon the pavement, and then rising stepped within the rail.

He saw the Elfords of course, and for an instant the quiet, observant glance of his dark eyes rested upon them. With a slight inclination of the head, as if in apology for his frank regard, he approached the lay-brother who stood above near the altar, whispered a few words, and both left the sanctuary passing into the convent together. It was the same priest whom Henry had seen during Advent with Padre Caravigna, and respecting whom his curiosity had been before awakened. "He looked at us as if he knew us," said Mary in a whisper, as they turned from the altar and went down the church.

"Yes, I wish I knew who he is; we have seen him several times before; he was with Padre Caravigna last Christmas. I mean to go and see Padre Caravigna."

Mary lifted her eyes earnestly to her husband's face, but said nothing. They left the church and went home. It was a beautiful afternoon; Mary took some worsted work that she was engaged upon, and sate in a west window to watch the sunset. Henry paced the room several times up and down after his wont in silence; but after a few turns, contrary to his wont he came and sate in the window by his wife. She greeted him with an affectionate smile, made some remark about the beautiful sunset, but observing he did not look out or pay any attention to what she had said, she began to arrange her crewels.

After a moment's silence Henry said, "Did it ever occur to you, Mary, that perhaps the Church of Rome is the true Church after all?"

"What a queer question! How could it help occurring to me?"

"And those who say that it is are at least three-quarters of the Christian world."

"Yes," said Mary, musingly.

"And if the Church of Rome speaks truth, Mary, we who are out of her pale can't be saved; at least without a degree of ignorance which you and I can't plead."

"Certainly," said she promptly, turning upon him with startled suddenness and fixing her eyes upon his as if she would read him through.

"Don't look at me so; you remind me of my mother."

"And you ought not to dislike that," replied the young wife turning away her eyes, "for besides that she is your mother, she is certainly the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Yes; but that particular look of hers I never did like."

"Well, as to what you were saying about the Church of Rome, Henry, you know perfectly well that I depend on you. Intellectually, you are perfectly qualified to judge such a question as that, and I am not — you have studied the controversy and I have not; and you know that I depend on you because I have a confidence that you are truthful and earnest and sincere, and that you wish above all things to save your soul," said she turning upon him again that fixed look, and slowly measuring her words in the peculiar way which one always noticed in her father.

"It's not an easy question to decide," returned the young man evasively.

For the first time in her life it flashed across Mary's mind that perhaps Henry was blinded and held back by some worldly consideration, and that there was possibly a peril to her in leaning upon him as she did. "But what can I do?" she asked, helplessly communing with herself. So many things had been said on both sides, and she had heard so much more fully the English side, that she felt as ignorant as a child in regard to this great question on which perhaps her salvation hung. Henry clearly expected her to say something; what should she say? should she advise him to go and consult Padre Caravigna? but perhaps that would be a dangerous thing for him to do; should she advise him to wait a while and study the controversy a little more thoroughly? but perhaps he ought not to wait any longer and study any more. At last she said firmly:

"I know, Henry, that it's not an easy question, but it seems to me if I had your clear head and your theological knowledge, I should be able to settle my doubts in some way. And this one thing I do know," she added vehemently, "that I do not care a straw what religion I follow, providing it is only the true religion: I would be a Mormon or a Mahometan or a Roman Catholic without a moment's hesitation, if I thought either of those religions the one which Jesus Christ came to establish. I want to save my soul and go to heaven, for that is what God made me for, and that is the only thing in this world that I care for, and if I thought the religion of Juggernaut was the true religion, I would become a worshipper of Juggernaut to-morrow and nothing in this world should hold me back."

Henry gazed at her with a mixture of surprise and admiration, as after this generous outburst of an honest will, she silently resumed her work.

For a few minutes he sate without speaking and full of thought, and then again began to pace the room. Meanwhile the sun went down, tea was announced, and the subject was not recalled.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *Port at last!*

That night Henry Elford did not pretend even to retire to rest, and Mary, disturbed partly by her husband's vigil, and partly by confused agitating thoughts which troubled her own mind, slept but little. All night the dressing-room between her chamber and the saloon was partially brightened by the light from Henry's lamp. Now and then she heard a book moved and leaf turned and then again for half an hour at a time that muffled tread. Supposing religious anxiety to be the cause of Henry's unhappiness, she was herself so differently constituted that she could not comprehend it. That the same doubts and misgivings which had occasioned her to shed at her prayers a few quiet tears and utter a few gentle sighs, committing herself afterwards to the care of Heaven in perfect confidence that Heaven would help one so helpless — that these same doubts, we say, acting upon a man of Henry Elford's sensitive and poetical organization, of an extremely delicate conscience, and at the same time thoroughly self-dependent and full of resources — should produce such an agonizing conflict was something which she could not understand. But if he was unhappy from whatever cause, her loving heart could not rest, and sleep fled from her pillow; and the next morning what with her unrefreshing night, and the sirocco which had been blowing ever since sunset, she felt quite ill. After breakfast she took a book and lay upon the sofa to rest her aching head.

Presently Henry came in with his hat and gloves and sate by her side. His face was excessively pale. "Mary, dear," said he in a hollow voice and with a strangely excited look, "I am going to see Padre Caravigna, and I did not like to go without telling you."

She comprehended instantly and the color fled away from her cheeks. "I hope that you'll be very sure that you are right, Henry."

"Why, dear? Do you think that I should be doing wrong?"

"No, dear Henry, I don't mean to say so. I would not for the world say any thing that could bias you either way, I only want you to be sure that you are following your conscience and not self-will or your own imagination or any such thing. It is a great step for you to take and you ought to be very sure that you are right before you take it."

"I have thought of nothing else the last month," returned the young man, throwing himself back with an air of exhaustion, and running his fingers through the thick brown hair which lay heavy and damp upon his forehead; "you know I did not sleep a wink last night: I was thinking all the time, suppose I were taken violently ill, with Roman fever, for instance, like Mr. Carter."

"Well?" said Mary, looking up in his face.

"I should send for a Catholic priest and reconcile myself to the Church."

"O, very well, then," said Mary, her face clearing up, and the color beginning to come back; "if that is the way you feel, that is enough; the thing that you would do if you expected to die, is the thing that you ought to do now."

"And then that sermon yesterday morning — I suppose you did not quite take in the drift of it?"

"Not quite."

"It left no doubt on my mind — not the least. It is a perfect folly, a perfect absurdity for such as we are to be trying to get our religion out of the Bible. We must go to the living, teaching Church and ask her to tell us what the Bible means, and what we are to believe. There is no other way if we expect to believe the truth, and if we don't believe the truth we never can be saved; at least I never can;" but seeing that as soon as he began to use arguments of this sort, his young wife's face grew perplexed, he kissed her fondly three or four times, bade her pray for him, and left the room.

She was alone with her meditations, which for a few minutes she pursued with a vague terror. Some people love change and novelty, but Mary did not. Constitutionally, like her father, she loathed change and loved repose. She always shrank instinctively from new people, new places, new habits, and clung lovingly to the old; and now she saw at a stride before her the greatest change, as it seemed to her, that a human being can make in this life, and she felt at first the same horror and repugnance which we all naturally feel at an exchange of worlds. But gradually as the tumult of the first surprise subsided, and she began to look around her from this new point of view, the change seemed less. Externally and intellectually she was a Protestant, but her heart and her soul were with the old religion. Her pulses were beating fast with the undying life of the Church Catholic; that she knew, for she felt it at every throb. Thought flew quickly and feeling more quickly still, and as she sat there alone anxiously expecting the moment of her husband's return, hope and fear took possession of her soul: hope that she was to be after all received into the bosom of this glorious Mother — this tranquil home, and fear lest reason or conscience or duty or some other worshipful abstraction might snatch from her the real happiness which seemed almost within her grasp. Poor timid creature! she was not to be so cruelly disappointed, and she had yet to learn how very little we have to dread from conscience and duty and right reason.

Mary Elford expected her husband long and anxiously before he came, but he came at last. He took a chair and sate in the window beside her, his manly face and voice all tremulous and quivering, but a glad, bright look in his eye which she had not seen there for weeks. But quietly and perhaps coldly disposing herself to listen, she waited for him to tell his story before she said a word.

He had been to see Padre Caravigna, who after a few minutes conversation proposed to go with him to see the bishop of——. That distinguished American prelate was in Rome to-day, he said, and it was always uncertain where he would be on a future day, and by all means it was best to be introduced to him immediately. So they had called upon the bishop, and Henry had been introduced as an American who was desirous of being received into the Catholic Church.

"And what did the bishop say?" asked Mary quickly.

"He said, 'Thank God. I have no doubt you will save your soul.'"

Mary smiled. It seemed to her that she recognized in those few words the true Christian bishop, watching not for credit nor for conquest, but for souls. And yet this was the man of whose cunning statesmanship and vast ambition she had heard so much.

Henry went on to tell his now eagerly listening wife, that after a good deal of conversation, he had inquired about the priest whom he had several times seen with Padre Caravigna. It was an American clergyman by the name of Haly, who had accompanied the bishop of ———, as his secretary. He was sent for to the bishop's apartment, and introduced to Mr. Elford, whom he had already often seen. He had been struck with Mrs. Elford's face, as they had occasionally met, had suspected who the Elford's were, and should have taken measures to see them, but he was informed that they were to remain in Rome until after Easter, and since New Year, business had called him away.

In short, Mary Elford now learned what we all know: that her mother had been a Catholic, and she herself had been baptized by this Catholic priest whom she had several times met in Rome, and who now promised to call and see her. She awaited his visit in a tremour of fear and delight. It was Father Haly just as we saw him last at Kate O'Connor's funeral, except that the years as they passed, had sprinkled their grey sands upon his hair. His hard, but regular and consoling labors upon the mission had left his constitution unimpaired. It was the same "gentleman in the ugly coat," whom Mary White had encountered years before in the hall of her father's house; it was the same "gentleman in black" who twenty years ago laid his hand in blessing upon Henry Elford's head; and the blessing had surely remained, and in spite of all plans of worldly prudence and motherly foresight to the contrary, the stray lamb and the chosen child of grace had been gathered into the fold.

Henry took his wife to see the bishop of ——, and in the course of a week they both prepared themselves to make their first confession to Father Haly. Henry's gloom had disappeared like dew under the sunshine. Before Easter they were both received into the Catholic Church, and that festal season was to them a season of joy and delight hitherto utterly unknown. Their kind English friends in Rome and London, and their friends at home were perfectly aghast of course, when they learned that Henry Elford and his wife had joined the Church of Rome.

The blank terror and astonishment which Protestants always feel when those whom they really care for "turn Catholics," contrasts singularly and paintully with the peace, tranquillity and joy which the converts themselves are experiencing at the same time. Now for the first time it appeared to them that they began to live, and now they had something to live for: to live one single day a Catholic in a state of grace, was sufficient in itself, if that day were to be their last. What then would it be to live many days and many years, if God should give them years, Catholics in a state of grace?

We shall not detain our readers any longer. The travellers completed at leisure their European tour, and returned home. They were of course perfectly well received by their former friends, the good Protestants of Boston, and by their new Catholic acquaintances. The mortal sin of Popery was readily forgiven to a man who like Mr. Elford was able to cover offences of that heinous nature with reliable bank notes and certificates of state stock, while the prudent Catholics of New York, among whom they established themselves, finding that they purchased a house on the Fifth avenue and came to church on rainy Sundays in their own carriage, never doubted that Mr. and Mrs. Elford were an acquisition to their society.

But let us not grudge them the consideration which wealth was able to procure them. No doubt they had trials enough, though they were exempt from the trials of poverty: it is impossible for people educated as the Elfords had been, to become Catholics and live as such in the United States without tasting the wormwood and feeling the cross.

Our story is ended. We have brought our friends a weary road, but they have found their home at last; that safe and happy home in the Catholic Church where who is so blessed as to arrive, can only look back with joy and thankfulness upon the pains and perils of the voyage thither. We think we have shown that the child-like trust with which the dying mother abandoned her infant to the love and care of an Almighty and unseen Father was not misplaced; and if her prayers for her husband were not answered in his conversion, it was his own fault, he had his opportunity; and He who bestows His gifts where they may best serve His own glory, and Who of two men working the same field, chooses one and leaves the other, lavished upon Henry Elford, who had no Catholic friend to pray for him, those precious graces which his father-in-law despised.

If any of our readers are charitably disposed to think that so estimable and in many respects excellent a woman as Henry's mother must have become a Catholic at last, we are sorry to disappoint them, but she never did. She lived a Protestant and died as she had lived and never received the grace of faith; and Haraden also, as he had lived without God, so he died without religion, and his faithless life was terminated by a hopeless death and a grand funeral.

Mary Elford failed not to meet again in her new place of residence the cousin whose kind arms had sheltered her infancy, and, no doubt, her Irish heart, true to the instincts of kindred and affection, repaid in blossoming womanhood the tenderness which had shielded and cherished her frail bud of life.

THE END.

# Gems from our Poets.

## THE REV. ADRIAN ROUQUETTE, OF LOUISIANA.

The Abbé Adrian Rouquette is a native of New Orleans, and as his name informs us, of French Creole extraction, belonging to a distinguished Louisianian family. He made his studies in France, at the Royal College of Nantes, with a view to embracing the profession of the law, which he studied for some years; then, renouncing the world, which at first had for him great attractions, he entered the seminary of the diocese of New Orleans, to fit himself for the ecclesiastical state, and on the eighth of September, 1844, received the subdeaconship from the hands of Mgr. Blanc, being the first creole who had embraced the sacred career of the ministry since the cession of Louisiana to the United States. He was ordained priest in July, 1845, by the same prelate, being still the first creole priest since the cession, and the second Louisianian who had received the holy dignity. M. l'abbé Rouquette is, therefore, still young. He is attached to the Cathedral of New Orleans, and is the Secretary of His Grace the Archbishop.

The first poetry published by the young Louisianian, then but a student, was a volume of French Poems, under the title of "Les Savanes," which was published at Paris, in 1841, and was received by the literary celebrities of the French capital with an "unanimous cry of sympathy and encouragement." — "You are the bard of Louisiana," writes to him Brizeux, the "Ossian of Armorica," "but France also claims you and places you among her Poets." — I have recognized in your poetry," says Barthelemy, the Juvenal of Marseilles, "an abundant facility, and a lofty religious philosophy." — Sainte-Beuve happily says, "I have taken pleasure in respiring in your *Savanes*, all sorts of perfumes full of youth and of freedom." We regret that we have never seen this doubtless charming volume, but we can easily fancy it all that is said of it.

The other works of M. Rouquette, so far as known to us, are his beautiful and poetical treatise on the Solitary Life, entitled *La Thébaïde en Amérique*, and noticed by us last month; a discourse on the victory of New Orleans, delivered on occasion of its celebration; and a slender volume of English Poems, called "Wild Flowers." The latter are exquisite productions, and in spite of their modest title, of a rare finish. The English is, we suppose, not the writer's native tongue, but he is perfect master of its melody, and as we have elsewhere remarked, is evidently conversant in an unusual degree with its poetical literature. And that he is a poet by nature and necessity, appears in every line, and more strikingly in his prose than in his verse, the poetical beauties of the former seeming from their very form, more the effect of an irrepressible impulse. — "I was then," he writes in his preface, "as if irresistibly, though pleasingly, impelled to write in that *unknown* language; — an ethereal and serene atmosphere, a burning and luminous fluid, a mysterious dew of light, *ros lucis*, as sayeth the prophet Isaias, descending from heaven, pervaded my nervous, faint and feverish frame, and penetrated my very heart's core; — I felt oppressed; — I took my pen and wrote: — and thus was brought to light this little book of poetry; — thus bloomed spontaneously these *Wild Flowers*, which I now usher into the world." — "In that flowery and sunny month" (May) he adds, "I at last retired to Bayou Lacombe, my Thebaïs, the land of my mother and my boyhood's land, — my shelter and my nook; I fled from the dusty and tumultous city, there to roam and muse, amidst balmy shrubs and odoriferous plants, in the lonely, ever-green and harmonious groves of aged oaks, dark cedars and lofty pines; — and there it was, during the lingering hours of twilight, while the mystic and mellowing hues of the sky were blending into slow-coming darkness, there it was that I felt the mysterious working of a poetical rapture, and was visited by the mild and swaying Messenger."

This is poetry, all will agree, and makes us anticipate no common result from the union of that passionate sentiment with the sensible form of verse, the body of poesy. Doubtless it is a rare art that knows how to *embody* the fleeting soul of poetry, — a rare vigor and manliness of soul are supposed in him who can *hold* the burning metal till it is wrought into shape by his workman's hammer. With most, in the mechanical process of versification, the fine spirit escapes, there remains only a hard and lifeless structure. This difficulty, which the true poet feels, the Abbé Rouquette thus expresses.

### TO MY FRIEND.

> * * * * * But what is writ, is writ, —
> Would it were worthier! But I am not now
> That which I have been. —Byron.

Oh! that I could your language write,
    As you do mine,
In mystic, sacred words I might
    My soul inshrine;

Again I might, in golden rhymes,
    Let flow my thought;
But I have been in distant climes,
    And *there* forgot!

Oh! that I could your language rule,
    As I did once,
With graceful stress, as when at school,
    Each word pronounce;

In hallowed songs of joy or gloom
    Our souls would blend,
And every verse would spring and bloom
    At my command.

But now, in vain, although to please,
    Attention strives
To wake the words, like clust'ring bees,
    In mem'ry's hives:

As when at school, I speak no more
    Your mother tongue;
Nor can I sing a tuneful lore
    As once I sung!

A fragment-like address to his muse, in blank verse, attests that the French poet does not feel in English the difficulty which he would experience in his own language, of writing poetry without rhyme.

Crowned with a beaming diadem of stars,
In sweeping robe of snowy white attired,
And with a stainless lily in thy hand,
My Muse, my only friend, my vestal bride,
Art thou a child of Eve, of sinful flesh;
A vulgar, mortal-born and wedded child?

"No," cries the priest-poet, who, like all poets (for the unction changes not, but consecrates the nature), has felt the power of that brilliant yet soft image, the reflex of what is noblest in ourselves, where all that is gross and carnal is excluded, and the pure sympathy for what is divine in nature alone is incorporated — sees it, feels it, not despairing but consoled — "that nympholepsy of a fond despair," — because in the hour of his inspiration it comes like a spirit visitant, like the fabled Egeria, to utter prophecies and deliver laws.

And as thou comest on, my raptured soul
Thy coming greets, as that of spirits fair,
Of smiling messengers from worlds above.
* * * * *
Hail then, my only friend, my virgin bride:
I bow and stoop in silence at thy feet,
Subdued and conquered by the awful spell
Of holiness and mild virginity;
Unworthy most to greet, admire and praise,
I bow and stoop in silent humbleness.

One of the most beautiful and characteristic poems in the collection (we wish we had room for it) is that on "Virginal Chastity," full of beautiful thoughts and expressed in a style of which the dignity is uniformly sustained. Since we cannot quote the whole, take the following as a specimen —

Thou art what lilies seem in blooming fields;
What seem, — O most unmeet comparisons! —
'Mongst noblest birds the eagle and the dove,
Stars in the skies, the snow on highest mounts,
The glittering dew on desert flow'rs untouched,
Pearls in the deep, midst metals virgin gold; —
Veiled in thy beauty, humble though a queen,
Thou art, among thy wedded rivals proud,
What sparkling diamonds seem midst lesser gems; —
And e'en, — why not thy excellence proclaim? —
Thou art above the angel, far above;
For wrapped in flesh, and lured by carnal lust,
On earth still tempted, and victorious still,
Thou stands't upright, undaunted heroine!
By sin unstained, thou leads't an angel's life,
Less happy, yet by virtue more than *he;*
Yes, more than *he*, a spirit pure and safe,
From passion free, and settled now in bliss!

We cannot say of this passage, with the poet himself —

"My voice how faint; unechoed, all my notes;
How scattered by the wind my leafless flow'rs!"

We have room only for one more specimen of this fine native poet, an ornament alike to the Church and to our country, drawing his blood from the latter, and from the former his purest inspirations, most happily exemplified in the following—

## TO MY FRIEND * * * * *

### THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

> Qui non accépit crucem suam, et
> Sequitur me, non est me dignus.
>
> (St. Matt. x, 38).

Sweet flow'r of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood,

Thou risest tall
Midst struggling weeds that droop:—
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop. . . . . .

Dark-colored flow'r,
How solemn, awful, sad!—
I feel thy power,
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,
Thou art the emblem dear
Of woes divine;
The flower I most revere! . . . .

The lily white,
The purple passion flow'r;
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive-bower.

Such is our life,—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends and many foes! . . . . .

My friend, away
All wailings here below:
The royal way
To realms above is wo!

To suffer much
Has been the fate of Saints;
Our fate is such:—
Away, away all plaints!

Some of our readers (without describing them more particularly, we may observe that they are among the chief admirers and readers of poetry) may like to know something about the personal appearance of this bard who sings so sweetly, yet so loftily and simply, among the fragrant groves of Louisiana. Not that it can possibly be of any consequence to them, for, as we have seen, he is vowed to a higher service than theirs, and feeds his soul with holier loves than this dark planet bounds; but still we feel a certain curiosity, which the following may gratify, taken from a New Orleans secular paper.

"A youthful-looking priest, with a degree of nervous agitation natural to his years, crossed the sanctuary, and kneeling before the bishop for his blessing, quickly ascended the pulpit. We know not when we have been more deeply interested in the appearance of a Christian minister. His long, black, luxuriant locks fell back in curls from a wide, though not elevated forehead, beneath which glowed dark and eloquent eyes, full of fire and expression, and set in arched eyebrows, black as his hair, imparting a striking Italian character to the upper portion of his face. His nose was well defined, yet delicate, such as we often see in the paintings of the ancient masters. His face was thin, colorless and of a clear olive tint, while around his mouth there constantly hung an expression of peculiar sweetness. The whole head was statuesque in lineament and intellectual in expression."—In speaking, "during his exordium, which was modest, yet full of grace, he could be heard with difficulty; but as he proceeded and became excited by his subject, his voice increased in volume without losing its musical tone, his eyes flashed, the muscles of his face quivered with emotion, and gracious smiles, like the undulations that move on the surface of a transparent lake, played on his eloquent lips; and his gesticulation, unstudied, energetic, and yet highly graceful, rendered still more lively and captivating the expression of his soul and his intelligence stirring beneath their mortal coil."

This is a poetical description of a poet, orator and priest. Philarète Chasles likewise describes his modesty, his diffidence, the feebleness of his voice (sonorous and vibrating as it is) at his exordium, then his kindling fervor, and his passionate, varying and impetuous eloquence, as he proceeds, and pronounces him "the orator of the Louisianian youth." We trust that amid the laborious duties of the mission, the Abbé Rouquette may yet find leisure now and then to cultivate the sacred muses who have favored him so highly in the flowery solitudes of Bayou-Lacombe.

## WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?*

In the great question of the comparative intellectual influences of Catholicity and Protestantism, the names of Shakspeare and Spenser are generally relied upon by Protestants as decisive with regard to poetry. As to Spenser, however, he has never been a popular poet like Shakspeare, who has been the idol of the people; who has laid fast hold on their passions and feelings; and to whom they proudly appeal as a splendid specimen of the opening glory of that intellectual emancipation which is vaunted as the primary result of the Reformation. To Shakspeare, learned and unlearned among Protestants alike appeal on this great controversy, as the learned among them point to the poetry of Spenser or the prose of Bacon.

There is, however, a flagrant fallacy in this argument; which to detect simply requires the slightest attention to chronology. These illustrious men were not the first-fruits of Protestantism, but the last legacies of Catholicity. It is true, when they wrote, the country was Protestant; but it had only just become so even by law; and in fact and spirit it was scarcely so: it was in a state of transition and struggle; and the struggle lasted more or less from the Reformation to the Revolution. The real question is, not what were they when they wrote, but what were they when they were educated? when their minds were opened and fed with that first deep stock of ideas, which Lord Brougham declares exceeds in value and in vigor all that are subsequently acquired? What was England when they were born and bred? What were those among whom they lived? Under what influences were they brought up? To a large extent Catholic. Not exclusively so, of course; but to such an extent as to color their character and influence their ideas.

---

* From the *Rambler* for July, 1854.

Shakspeare was born in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, when only a few years had elapsed since England was ruled by a Catholic sovereign, and solemnly reconciled to the Holy See. It may be conjectured, then, that Shakspeare's parents were most probably Catholics. And there is much to confirm this conclusion. In the house in which he was born, an ancient document was discovered purporting to be the will of John Shakspeare the father, and sufficiently attesting his faith by its fine old Catholic commencement: "I commend my soul to Almighty God and to the Blessed Mary ever Virgin." It is true that Malone, with the instinct of a Protestant critic, rejects the genuineness of this document: but a Catholic will as much suspect the impartiality of his reasoning as that of Spelman, when, from a similar bias, he rejects the evidences afforded to the ancient orthodoxy of England, derived from books purporting to have been written in the age of Alfred; and which the ingenious antiquary labors to prove were written some centuries afterwards. One answer suffices to all such theories. They were never heard of until the necessities of the Protestant argument required them. To recur, however, to Shakspeare. We said many other facts confirmed the conclusion as to his Catholic education, or at least the Catholic coloring of his character, and its influence upon his mind. Of course, one great fact upon the subject would be the style and spirit of his poetry. Does that betray a latent love of Catholicity? Does it exhibit the influence of Catholicity? This question we propose to discuss. And our conviction is, that the poetry of Shakspeare does exhibit the character of his mind, and the influence of Catholicity upon it; an influence often unconscious, but on that account making the more interesting the fact of its existence. When he wrote, Elizabeth was in the zenith of her power, and the Catholics were depressed and persecuted. But that does not prove that Catholicity was extinguished. It is notorious that a large number of her subjects who ostensibly "conformed" were really attached to the ancient faith. On the part of the queen herself, the controversy was really as to the question of supremacy, or rather as to her own legitimacy. Her father had only quarrelled on the supremacy; and she would gladly have submitted to that, if her own legitimacy could have been admitted. One would expect *à priori*, then, to find Shakspeare pandering, indeed, to royal passions and popular prejudices as to the question of Roman supremacy; but on all other subjects betraying a Catholic spirit, or the influence of it, at all events, upon his mind. And so it is.

We need not remind our readers that a large proportion of Shakspeare's plays are founded upon stories, the scenes of which are laid in Catholic life, and many of them in English history; which up to the very last reign (with the exception of a few years), had been Catholic. And it cannot but be observed that he reverts to those scenes and times with enthusiastic admiration, and in no spirit of detraction. We might, indeed, expect (as we have already observed) to find him embrace every opportunity, from the reign of John to that of Henry VIII, to pander to popular prejudices as to the "domination" of Rome. And accordingly, in the play of "King John"—the earliest of the historical series—we have some celebrated passages, breathing the spirit of "the royal supremacy;" and which have served ever since as watchwords against "Papal usurpation." He represents the king as saying:

> "What earthly name to interrogatories
> Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
> Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
> So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
> To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
> Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
> Add this much more,—That no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
> But as we under heaven are supreme head,
> So, under him that great supremacy,
> Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
> Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
> So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
> To him, and his usurp'd authority."

Our readers will recognise in the phrase, "Italian priest," the very expression applied by Lord John Russell to Archbishop Cullen, in the debates on Papal Aggression; so lasting are prejudices once implanted in the popular mind. And they will recollect the next line as quoted by the late Lord Chancellor (Truro) at a city banquet during the height of that agitation. The very chords of national feeling, so skilfully played on by Shakspeare under the patronage of the statesmen of Elizabeth, were made to vibrate again, after the lapse of three centuries, by the ministers of Victoria. But let no one imagine these passages prove any thing as to Shakspeare's real feelings. Listen to the lines in the same play, in which he afterwards depicts the true character and actual conduct of the monarch in whose mouth he has just put such high-sounding sentiments of independence and freedom:

> "Cousin, away for England; haste before:
> And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
> Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
> Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
> Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
> Use our commission in his utmost force."

To which the Bastard replies with glee:

> "Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
> When gold and silver becks me to come on."

Does not this look like sarcasm? Could Shakspeare fail to recollect how recently a sovereign, similar in spirit and in conduct, had issued such a commission? Could he be oblivious to the plunder and murder of "abbots" under the father of the reigning monarch? No argument against the supposition can be drawn from the fact of Elizabeth's relationship to the royal plunderer; for it is not to be doubted that she in her heart disapproved of his conduct; so that Shakspeare knew he could not offend her by his sarcasm. It was for her mother, not her father, she was jealous; for her father was her mother's murderer. Certain it is, if he had meant sarcasm, it could not have been more severe; and that he most aptly portrayed the spirit and temper of the royal ruffians who had plundered the Church, and the rapacious courtiers who had proved their ready tools.

Shakspeare has himself supplied the best comment upon his own sarcasm in those severe lines upon—

"That sly devil,
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world—
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent."

All this, of course, would be perfectly consistent with Shakspeare's seizing every opportunity to hold up to royal and national detestation the supremacy of the Holy See; and of course this disposition would especially manifest itself in regard to the legates and cardinals, as most closely connected with Rome. In the fulfilment of this purpose he is utterly unscrupulous as to truth, and distorts and falsifies the facts of history in a most unprincipled manner. Thus, in the "King John," he represents Pandulph, the papal legate, as driving a sordid sort of traffic with the king in the independence of England, and engaged in a kind of conspiracy to enslave it; whereas *Magna Charta* attests that the papal legate was not Pandulph, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that both worked together for the obtaining of that great charter. So, in "Henry V," he portrays Cardinal Beaufort in the most odious colors, both covetous and ambitious, proud, cruel, and overbearing, and the murderer of the "good Duke of Gloucester;" and represents the king as paying the warmest tribute of respect to the character of the duke, and as speaking in the strongest terms against the cardinal. The truth of history is precisely the reverse of all this: the cardinal's was a truly noble character, and the duke was a designing traitor; and the king himself well knew it.

In the next play, "Richard II," is a passage on which Shakspeare dwells with a fondness and fulness of expression quite unnecessary, unless as the outbreak of his own inward feelings, on the character of Catholic England. He makes John of Gaunt, on the bed of death, utter a long speech, in which occur the following lines:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, *blessed Mary's Son:*
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now *leased out* (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a *tenement or pelting farm.*"

The latter expressions are singularly applicable to the condition of England in the reign of Edward VI, when the Church lands were literally "leased out" to the courtiers like so many farms.

Let it be remarked, we are not in the least attempting to conceal that Shakspeare was an accomplice in that great conspiracy of talent and tyranny which Dr. Newman so eloquently describes, to poison all the traditions of the age with the perversions of Protestantism. On the contrary, we are showing that he was a prime and powerful agent in that conspiracy, perhaps the most powerful; for, as we set out with saying, he was, and is, and ever will be, a popular poet; and while a Coke could pervert the laws, a Shakspeare could pervert the passions of the people, and instill into their minds prejudices which centuries could not eradicate. But what we are proving is, that those prejudices which he conceived himself under a necessity by his complicity in that conspiracy to implant, to propagate, and perpetuate, were only such as related to Rome and the Pope, and did not affect any other part of the Catholic religion, — her most sacred mysteries, her divine dogmas, or her sacramental system. And our argument is fortified by the fact, that on topics connected with the Holy See, the great poet did his utmost to awaken and deepen popular prejudices; while he never makes an allusion, or an observation, in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system, although ample opportunities offered themselves for his alluding to such subjects, opportunities of which, as we shall show, he systematically availed himself only to convey sentiments of the most sincere reverence and respect, and breathing much of the true Catholic spirit.

It is in perfect consistency with our theory, therefore, that we find the poet, in "Henry VI," representing Cardinal Beaufort in the vilest colors, in utter and unscrupulous opposition to the truth. There can be no question that the popular impression in this country as to the pride of Roman prelates has its source in Shakspeare. No one can read this play without perceiving how powerfully all the most odious traits of overbearing ambition, unrelenting animosity, and unyielding pride, are accumulated in the portrait he draws of the cardinal. In the dispute between him and the duke, he always displays the cardinal as animated by the most bitter animosity and malice; and finally represents him as the murderer of the duke, and as dying in agonies of remorse. How false all this was, Shakspeare could hardly fail to know. The facts were then far more recent and fresh in men's minds than they are now; yet at this distance of time, one or two dates and simple truths speak forcibly as to the mendacity of these misrepresentations. The duke's death took place in 1447, some years previous to which the cardinal had retired from court and relinquished politics; occupying himself in the duties of his diocese, where he expended vast sums in completing the cathedral and endowing the hospital of St. Cross; the Duke of Suffolk having become the royal favorite and the rival of Gloucester in those courtly scenes from which Beaufort had withdrawn. A recent Protestant writer* says: "So powerful has been the enchantment of Shakspeare's genius, that his dramatic picture of the cardinal's character is too often accepted for historical truth, without reflecting that the simple object of the bard was to enliven scenes developing political events, and to create a powerful interest in his audience by exhibiting the great action of the time in strong and exciting contrast." Poor apology this for systematic and studied mendacity; and it is hard to say whether the calumny or the apology betrays the worse morality.

---

*Foss's Lives of the Judges.

In regard to the character given of the prelacy of the Church, this play of "Henry VI" is very like that of "King John:"

> "What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
> And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
> Then I perceive that will be verified
> Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy, —
> If once he come to be a cardinal,
> He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

The cardinal himself is made to say:

> "Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
> Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
> Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,
> That, neither in birth, nor for authority,
> The bishop will be overborne by thee:
> I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
> Or sack this country with a mutiny."

On the other hand, the duke exclaims: —

> "Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat,
> In spite of pope or dignities of Church,"

— the lines made use of with such exquisite good taste by Lord Truro at the City dinner already mentioned. So in Henry VIII, the great dramatist, in a similar spirit, represents Buckingham, as the victim of Wolsey, without the least warrant from history; and in the teeth of history, makes the exactions of that reign the sole result of the voluntary and unauthorized rapacity of the cardinal, in opposition to the wishes of the king. Notwithstanding this, however, it is very observable, that, on the whole, Shakspeare takes care to do that justice to the character of Wolsey which he withholds from Beaufort. And this is the more remarkable, because the cardinal was the great foe of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth; and one would have supposed that Shakspeare would have been anxious to exhibit him in the worst possible light. Throughout there is a great deal that is extremely interesting in this play, in the point of view in which we are considering it. One of the most beautiful passages is that in which the poet speaks of Catherine, the mother of Mary: —

> "Of her,
> That like a jewel has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of her, that loves him with that excellence
> That angels love good men with."

He represents Anne Boleyn as speaking of her thus:

> "Oh! now, after
> So many courses of the sun enthron'd
> Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which
> To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
> 'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process
> To give her the avaunt! It is a pity
> Would move a monster."

One might suspect that the poet imagined his royal patron would easily pardon this inuendo as to the cruelty of the murderer of her mother, albeit her own father. But the manner in which he portrays Anne herself, Elizabeth's mother, is still more remarkable. He makes her say:

> "By my troth and maidenhead,
> I would not be a queen."

To which he makes her *confidante* answer:

> "Beshrew me, I would,
> And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
> For all the spice of your hypocrisy:
> You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
> Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
> Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
> Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
> (Saving your mincing) the capacity
> Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
> If you might please to stretch it."

Considering that the person thus spoken to in such a tone of sarcasm was the mother of the queen reigning when Shakspeare wrote, and contrasting this with the respectful manner in which Catherine, the mother of Mary, is spoken of, on the validity of whose marriage depended Elizabeth's title, our readers will admit that there is something very remarkable in this language. He makes the king speak thus of Catherine:

> "Thou art, alone,
> (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
> Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like government, —
> Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
> Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
> The queen of earthly queens."

And, on the other hand, he clearly conveys his own conviction of the iniquity of the divorce and the hypocrisy of the pretence upon which it was carried by the king, whose courtiers are represented as speaking thus:

> "'It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience.'
> 'No; his conscience
> Has crept too near another lady.'"

And so broadly is the hypocrisy of the king depicted, that it looks almost like burlesque:

> "Oh, my Wolsey!
> The quiet of my wounded conscience.
> Oh, conscience, conscience!
> 'Tis a tender place."

Shakspeare represents the courtiers as ascribing the divorce to Wolsey, but he also represents the king as solemnly and publicly relieving him from that charge; and he does enough justice to the character of the cardinal, at the close of his career, in the following lines:

> "This cardinal,
> Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
> Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
> Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
> Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
> And though he were unsatisfied in getting
> (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
> He was most princely: ever witness for him
> Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
> Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
> The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
> So excellent in art, and still so rising,
> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
> His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little:
> And, to add greater honors to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

This eloquent eulogy speaks volumes as to Shakspeare's appreciation of the magnificent prelates whom the Catholic Church gave to this country, and who, with all their faults — even the least worthy of them — were an honor to it. And we repeat, all this is very remarkable, especially if it be supposed, as it usually is, that this play was written in the reign of Elizabeth; and contrasting it with the unscrupulous spirit in which the dignitaries of that Church are portrayed in other plays, when the scenes are laid in earlier reigns, there seems every reason to infer that it was not in those plays that Shakspeare spoke his real sentiments on the subject, but that he rather pandered to prevailing prejudices; and that in describing more recent events, he was led to express his sentiments more truly.

But was the play written in the reign of Elizabeth? Our opinion is that it was not, but at the commencement of the reign of James. Protestant critics find great difficulty in fixing the periods at which his plays were composed. But the circumstances we have suggested are not likely to have occurred to them, and appear very strongly to point to a later date than the others. At the accession of James the poet was scarcely thirty-six years of age, in the prime of his vigor; as he received the royal patent from the king directly on his accession, there is a great probability that his genius just then would be active. And the whole character of the play betokens a genius mellowed and matured. If we are right in our conjecture, it would explain the remarkable circumstances we have pointed out in the play of Henry VIII. James was, not less than Elizabeth, born and bred a Catholic; and there can be no question his predelictions were in harmony with Catholicity; and, of course, he would have no particular regard for the character of Anne Boleyn, nor aversion to that of Cardinal Wolsey, nor any interest in maintaining the lawfulness of Henry's divorce, or the legitimacy of Elizabeth. So that the poet would be at perfect liberty to convey his own impressions and express his own sincere feelings; and we conceive that he has done so in the beautiful passages we have quoted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. CONFERENCES prononcèes dans l'Eglise du Gesu, a Rome, pendant le Careme de 1851. Par le *R. P. Ch. Passaglia*, de la Compagniè de Jēsus. Traduites de l'Italien par l'Abbē A. M. * * *, Professeur au grand séminaire de R. * * * Paris: Gaume Frères. Baltimore : Murphy & Co.

It is the remark of the *Civiltà Cattolica* that the conferences of Fr. Passaglia are to Italy what those of Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman are to England, those of Lacordaire and Ravignan to France. They are, indeed, a perfect contrast in style and method as well to the English as to the French apologists. Father Passaglia aims at extreme conciseness and condensation. His procedure is brief, scholastic, rigorous; at the same time it is clear, convincing, irresistible. He does not dazzle the imagination, and charm the affections ; he has no impetuous flow of oratory, no grand climaxes, no magnificent perorations. He strikes, it as it were, but one blow, and waits to see its effect: but that one blow is stunning, and infidelity falls before it like an ox struck between the horns with the mallet. A remarkable feature of these conferences is the regular, scientific progression of the argument from the first to the last, forming a perfect whole, and exhausting the proof, in a wonderfully small compass. It is a small book, but fruitful in ideas. Fr. Passaglia uses the method of analogy, inaugurated in *our* language by a Protestant writer, of whom we had recently occasion to speak, but he uses it in a different manner from Butler, and as a man who more fully comprehends his end. That vagueness in the position to be established, which in spite of the solidity and endless availableness of the argument, distresses the readers of the English divine, is replaced in the illustrious Roman Jesuit by an absolute firmness and resoluteness as to his ultimate principle, which though he does not yet openly speak of it, is evident to the reader from the first, and grows more irresistibly certain, but not more distinct, with every step of the overwhelming argument. Passaglia is celebrated for his classic style, and the translation appears to be of a scrupulous fidelity.

2. WOODCRAFT, or HAWKS about the Dovecote. A story of the South at the close of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New and Revised Edition. Redfield: New York.

3. THE SCOUT, or the Black Riders of Congaree. By the same author, and publisher.

Mr. Redfield is re-publishing the whole series of Mr. Simms' popular romances of the revolution. They are all illustrated in a very spirited manner by Darley. Simms (we have said something like this before) is an American G. P. R. James, with more variety and freshness than his original. The school has its use, and it is a merit of Mr. Simms in particular to have familiarized the public with certain chapters of our history ,which, before he wrote, were rapidly passing into forgetfulness.

4. MODERN HISTORY, from the *Coming of* CHRIST and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, to the *year of our* LORD 1854. By *Peter Fredet*, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. *Tenth edition*, carefully Revised, Enlarged and Improved. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

5. ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium and the Change of the Roman Republic into an Empire. By *Peter Fredet*, D. D., &c. *Fourth Edition*, carefully Revised, Enlarged and Improved. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

If any Catholic in youth has studied history out of the manuals used in Protestant schools and wants a sweet refreshment to his mind and heart that will pay him off for all the drudgery of his early lessons, let him open the Rev. Dr. Fredet's histories any where, and read. The style is veritably charming by its simplicity, and by the quiet love of his subject which the Reverend author constantly displays. This interest felt by himself is naturally infused into the narrative, so that it is no wonder it becomes, however familiar, however concisely expressed, invested with a pleasing freshness in his hands. It is the language of a talented and successful teacher, who relates to his class the great events of time, succinctly, but graphically, without bombast, yet in a lively and picturesqe manner. Take this little scrap :

> "This example was faithfully imitated : of all the followers of Cataline, none perished without having fought bravely, and most fell in the very spot which they had first occupied. Their desperate leader fell together with them, covered with wounds. He was found among heaps of dead, still breathing, and showing on his countenance the same fierceness and audacity which had always actuated him and caused him to be so much dreaded by all virtuous citizens. His bloody designs perished with him; and Cicero, to whose activity and zeal Rome owed her preservation, received from the gratitude of his citizens the glorious surname of *Father of his Country*."

It is thus that history should be written for youth. Of the more substantial merits of Fredet at this day it is superfluous to speak. We have but one fault to find with his histories, and some may consider it a merit — they are too brief.

6. IRVING'S SERIES OF CATECHISMS, IMPROVED BY KERNEY. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have here the Catechism of the *History of England* (Seventh Edition); of *Grecian History* (Sixth Edition); of *Grecian Antiquities* (Fifth Edition); and of *Practical Chemistry* (Fifth Edition,) all revised and improved. Of Kerney's Catechisms we have before spoken, and their excellence and adaptation to the capacities and requirements of the young folks for whom they are intended, are too well known to need our praise.

7. SHORT AND FAMILIAR ANSWERS TO THE MOST COMMON OBJECTIONS URGED AGAINST RELIGION. From the French of *l'Abbé de Ségur:* formerly Chaplain of the Military Prison at Paris. Edited by *J. V. Huntington*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

That we think highly of this little book is evident from the fact that we have taken the trouble to edit, and in fact to translate it. In its original language it has had an unparalleled success — we mean not simply success of sale, but success of conversions wrought by Heaven through its instrumentality. The persons for whom it is primarily intended are those rude and yet shrewd infidels to be met with in every country in common life, and among the less lettered classes, and it is almost unique as a book adapted to these; yet to believers, and to the most refined readers, it has a charm not less striking. "There reigns in all the book," says that admirable critical Journal, the Bibliographie Catholique, "a delicious simplicity of unction; whosoever opens it, wishes to continue its perusal, and its charming pages shed a soft light which scatters shadows, causes difficulties to vanish, destroys prejudices, restores rectitude to the judgment, to truth its place, to religion its benefits and its splendor. Nothing can be more simply written, to be sure, but also nothing can be more touching, more natural, more loyal, more straightforward, more persuasive. It is a discourse without pompous preparation, but full of fascination."

We can scarcely speak of the manner in which the translation has been performed; but of the motives which led to it, and also of the merits of the work, we can probably say nothing better than what is already contained in the preface to the American edition.

8. The Spirit Rapper; an Autobiography. By *O. A. Brownson*, Author of "Charles Elwood." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Charles Dolman.

We content ourselves in this place with simply announcing the above long expected book, as its style and other merits are freely discussed in *Maga's Own*.

9. Firmilian: A "Spasmodic" Tragedy. By *T. Percy Jones*. Redfield: New York.

This brilliant *jeu d'esprit* is also noticed elsewhere. We may observe here that to those who have read "Festus," by Bailey, "The Life Drama" of Alexander Smith, the Poems of Tennyson, the "Golden Legend" of Longfellow, or "Faust" by Goethe, this exceedingly clever satire will be a source of entertainment, not unmingled with instruction. To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the above mentioned specimens of romantic literature, "Firmilian" will be nearly unintelligible. In fact so many works, and so wide a school, are hit more or less hard, that one must have well read up, to be able to enjoy it. The author is W. E Aytoun, son-in-law of Kit North, and his successor in the editorship of Blackwood's Magazine.

10. Le Protestantisme et La Regle de Foi; Par le *R. P. Jean Perrone*, Recteur Général du Collége Romain: Traduit de l'Italien par M. l'Abbé *A. C. Peltier*. Avec une notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages du R. P. Perrone, par M. l'Abbé F. E. Chassay. Paris: Louis Vives. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 3 vols. 8vo.

We must simply acknowledge this month the receipt of this celebrated work by the "Prince of living Theologians" — celebrated although fresh, as it were, from the press, having enjoyed already three editions in Italian. Fruit of the exile of Father Perrone in 1848, it is perhaps, the most effective of his works, and one which, (if we may credit a high authority,) ought to be in the hands of every educated Catholic.

11. Loss and Gain; or, The Story of a Convert. By *John Henry Newman*. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

It is but a short time since we gave a full notice of the latest English, or rather Irish edition of this charming book. We did not at that time anticipate that it would so soon appear in an American edition: but in saying, according to the stereotype phrase, that Mr. Donahoe has conferred a favor upon the public in bringing it out in a form so much more accessible to the vast majority of readers, we say what is seldom so true. We observed in our former notice of *Loss and Gain*, that it is "addressed to a very high order of mind — too high for mere popularity." It is addressed, in fact, to the class from whom a vast proportion of the English and American converts is derived, and to those *old* Catholics who, from education and sympathy, take an interest in this surprising movement, which is not so nearly come to a close as some persons think. It is particularly a book that goes along with Dr. Ives's *Trials of a Mind* in explaining how it is that educated Protestants are, so many of them, embracing the "superstitions of Popery;" which were the bug-bear of their childhood — nay, of their manhood and womanhood. But *Loss and Gain* is not only this; it is not only a biting satire on Protestantism, on English religion, on Puseyism, on the English universities, on English notions, manners, customs and feelings, as Protestantism has formed them; and on the ridiculous priggish idea they have got, that their notions, manners, customs and feelings are a pattern for the whole world to cut its cloth by: — it is also and much more a delineation — in outline perhaps, but not the less tender and touching for that — of the sweetness, the beauty, the enrapturing attraction that the Catholic Church possesses, in *itself*, and specially for souls trained in that soul-starving system, and longing, through prevenient grace, for the real bread of life.

Take the scene (chapters XIX and XX) where Willis, the convert, is undergoing the process of re-conversion to anglicanism, under the skilful hands of a couple of Oxford parsons — Reding, the hero, being a spectator. Bateman, a regular prig, is sure of his man: we quote —

"The conversation flagged; Bateman was again busy in his memory; and he was getting impatient too; time was slipping away, and no blow struck; moreover, Willis was beginning to gape, and Charles seemed impatient to be released. 'These Romanists put things so plausibly,' he said to himself, 'but very unfairly, most unfairly; one ought to be up to their dodges. I dare say, if the truth were known, Willis has had lessons: he looks so demure; I dare say he is keeping back a great deal, and playing upon my ignorance. Who knows? perhaps he's a concealed Jesuit.' It was an awful thought, and suspended the course of his reflections some seconds. 'I wonder what he does really think; it's so difficult to get at the bottom of them; they won't tell tales, and they are under obedience; one never knows when to believe them. I suspect he has been wofully disappointed with Romanism; he looks so thin; but of course he won't say so; it hurts a man's pride, and he likes to be consistent; he doesn't like to be laughed at, and so he makes the best of things. I wish I knew how to treat him; I was wrong in having Reding here; of course Willis would not be confidential before a third person. He's like the fox that lost his tail. It was bad tact in me; I see it now; what a thing it is to have tact! it requires very delicate tact. There are so many things I wish to say, about Indulgences, about their so seldom communicating; I think I must ask him about the Mass.' So, after fidgeting a good deal within, while he was ostensibly employed in making tea, he commenced his last assault.

"'Well, we shall have you back again among us by next Christmas, Willis,' he said: 'I can't give you greater law; I am certain of it; it takes time, but slow and sure. What a joyful time it will be! I can't tell what keeps you; you are doing nothing; you are flung into a corner; you are wasting life. *What* keeps you?' Willis looked odd; and then simply answered 'Grace.' Bateman was startled, but recovered himself; 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'that I should treat these things lightly, or interfere with you unduly. I know, my dear friend, what a serious fellow you are; but do tell me, just tell me, how can you justify the Mass, as it is performed abroad; how can it be called a 'reasonable service,' when all parties conspire to gabble it over; as if it mattered not a jot who attended to it, or even understood it? Speak, man, speak,' he added, gently shaking him by the shoulder. 'These are such difficult questions,' answered Willis; 'must I speak? Such difficult questions,' he continued, rising into a more animated manner, and kindling as he went on; 'I mean, people view them so differently; it is so difficult to convey to one person the idea of another. The idea of worship is different in the Catholic Church from the idea of it in your Church; for, in truth, the *religions* are different. Don't deceive yourself, my dear Bateman,' he said tenderly, 'it is not that ours is your religion carried a little farther, — a little too far, as you would say. No, they differ in kind, not in degree; ours is one religion, yours another. And when the time comes, and come it will, for you, alien as you are now, to submit yourself to the gracious yoke of Christ, then, my dearest Bateman, it will be *faith* which will enable you to bear the ways and usages of Catholics, which else might perhaps startle you. Else, the habits of years, the associations in your mind of a certain outward behavior with real inward acts of devotion, might embarrass you, when you had to conform yourself to other habits, and to create for yourself other associations. But this faith, of which I speak, the great gift of God, will enable you in that day to overcome yourself, and to submit, as your judgment, your will, your reason, your affections, so your tastes and likings to the rule and usage of the Church. Ah, that faith should be necessary in such a matter, and that what is so natural and becoming under the circumstances, should have need of an explanation! I declare, to me,' he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees, and looked forward as if soliloquizing, 'to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words, — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in a cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; — not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. And O, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful!' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened? *O Sapientia, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O Clavis David et Exspectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.*'

"Now, at least, there was no mistaking Willis. Bateman started and was almost frightened at a burst of enthusiasm which he had been far from expecting. 'Why, Willis,' he said, 'it is not true, then, after all, what we heard, that you were somewhat dubious, shaky, in your adherence to Romanism? I'm sure I beg your pardon; I would not for the world have annoyed you, had I known the truth.' Willis's face still glowed, and he looked as youthful and radiant as he had been two years before. There was nothing ungentle in his impetuosity; a smile, almost a laugh, was on his face, as if he was half ashamed of his own warmth; but this took nothing from its evident sincerity. He seized Bateman's two hands, before the latter knew where he was, lifted him up out of his seat, and raising his own mouth close to his ear, said in a low voice, 'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all who hear me this day, were both in little and in much such as I am, except these chains.' Then, reminding him it had grown late, and bidding him good night, he left the room with Charles.

"Bateman remained a while with his back to the fire after the door had closed; presently he began to give expressions to his thoughts. 'Well,' he said, 'he's a brick, a regular brick; he has almost affected me myself. What a way those fellows have with them! I declare his touch has made my heart beat; how catching enthusiasm is! Any one but I might really have been unsettled. He *is* a real good fellow; what a pity we have not got him! he's just the sort of man we want. He'd make a splendid Anglican; he'd convert half the dissenters in the country. Well, we shall have them in time; we must not be impatient. But the idea of his talking of converting *me!* 'in little and in much,' as he worded it! By the by, what did he mean by 'except these chains?'' He sat ruminating on the difficulty; at first he was inclined to think that, after all, he might have some misgivings about his position; then he thought that perhaps he had a hair shirt or a catenella on him; and lastly he came to the conclusion that he had just meant nothing at all, and did but finish the quotation he had begun.

"After passing some little time in this state, he looked towards the tea tray; poured himself out another cup of tea; ate a bit of toast; took the coals off the fire; blew out one of the candles, and taking up the other, left the parlor, and wound like an omnibus up the steep twisting staircase to his bed-room."

There are few passages in the most admired fictions that surpass this in dramatic management or thrilling effect.

12. GLORIES OF ST. JOSEPH (McGrath, Philadelphia) is another little book on a somewhat similar plan with the "Glories of the Holy Angels" noticed last month. It is well calculated to excite devotion to the glorious spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God, and would be an excellent *vade-mecum* for the month of March.

13. ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, 1853-4. Bardstown: Ellis & Yager.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of this prospectus and catalogue of the College founded by the saintly Flaget. The one annual session of the academic year, we observe, begins on the first Monday of September.

14. We acknowledge the receipt of three more parts of "HAYDOCK'S Family Bible and Commentary" from Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, with a beautiful vignette title-page of the New Testament, and cannot but express our just pride at the approaching completion of this magnificent enterprise.

# Maga in the Mountains.

## No. II.

There! the storm is over. The clouds have cleared away — the sun shines out with a soft autumnal brilliancy over fields now dark with moisture, meadows patched with tardy green, woods beginning to brighten with the livery of decay. The waters, too, have risen; the spout of Lavan's water-trough sings louder; the mills will be resuming their noisy work; — boards will be sawn, corn will be ground; and the young wheat and rye spring up, covering the lately naked ploughed fields with long lines of tender verdure: for the ground is really "soaked" at last.

Thank Heaven! there is no danger of famine. Our many plenteous years will more than overbalance the deficiencies of this. We must simply practise frugality and spare superfluities. A little less luxury, and a little more charity, will make all right. The lesson we have got is worth more than the half crop of corn they say we have lost, even should its value be counted at four hundred millions. But for the Church and her prayers, the matter had been much worse: and indeed, had not our ungrateful country driven from her shores the Angel who bore the benedictions of the Vicar of Christ in his uplifted hands, nor persecuted with proscription, with blood and with flame, the innocent children of the Covenant, the angels of Drought, of Fire and of Pestilence had haply not been sent to visit her.

We can burn the churches of God, if we like; but if He pleases, He can be even with us, and burn up our forests, our fields and our very swamps (which has happened this summer to the terror of those who witnessed it.) To say that such things are judgments would be rash: but it is safe to say that they are warnings not to engage in an unequal struggle with the Almighty Ruler of nations. If this country, according to the timely request of the Holy Father to the President, "protects" the Catholics, she will be prosperous beyond mortal example: if she persecutes them, or suffers them to be persecuted without redress — if she leaves their innocent blood to be shed, and their sanctuaries to be violated — it requires no prophet, merely a student of history to predict for her a punishment, severe in proportion to the inhospitable and sacrilegious crime.

It is surprising what an effect *Maga in the Mountains* has produced in the editorial sanctums. The captivating idea of such a sylvan solitude, instead of a close room, perhaps an attic, *eight feet by ten*, inclosed by four dingy, ink-spattered walls, and scarcely allowing space to turn round for the litter of papers, the waste-basket, the exchanges, the inopportune intrusion of the printer's D., has been too much for our brethren of the scissors. We were not therefore in the least surprised when, at the hour of our rustic dinner (that sacred noon when universal Labor rests and takes a well-earned repast), our good friend Lavan came to tell us that the stage was just in, and had brought a number of gentlemen who desired to see us. "There's four gentlemen for dinner, mother," adds he to the gude-wife.

Our first impression undoubtedly was that a party of our editorial brethren had madly broken from their spheres, and rushed to the mountains to camp with Maga, but a reflection on the distance they must have travelled, and the impossibility of unfortunate hebdomadals taking so long a flight, convinced us of the wildness of this supposition, and we went forth to meet our visitors with lively curiosity. And in truth, editors they were not, with one exception, but the other three had once belonged to the sacred fraternity, and all were contributors to Maga. Here again we hope that our unadorned narative of a simple fact will not be mistaken for a plagiarism, a mean borrowing of ideas, a thing we despise.

No! there were in truth our excellent and reverend friends, Doctor Calvert, and Father Romayne, with the witty and eloquent patriot-scholar, Gerald O'Moore, who introduced to us his companion, a tall beardless youth whom we did not know. We pass over the greetings, and the manner in which the new arrivals did justice to the rustic but abundant and wholesome fare provided by the good Lavan. It is needless to say that our visitors made a profound sensation, not only in the house, but in the whole village, where we believe that some formidable conspiracy against American liberty was supposed to be connected with so mysterious a re-union, especially so short a time before the election for Governor of Pennsylvania; and it is well there is not a single Know-nothing in the town of Lavansville, comprising near a hundred honest German souls, or perhaps the affluence to behold the strangers, two of whom were easily recognized as Popish priests, might have been attended with dangerous consequences. It is true that young Bernard Kavanagh, who, although hardly out of his teens, is a strapping six-footer, would have been a formidable opponent in case of a row; and O'Moore, too, I reflected, by his dark flashing eye and Irish mouth, for all the mirth and humor that sparkled in the one, and played round the other, would have been apt to show fight in a case where honor or the great law of self-defence required it; although otherwise I knew him to be rather a man of the pen than of the sword, a good deal more likely to use the former with trenchant severity than to waste his breath in wordy apostrophes to the latter.

When they had all paid their respects to Maga, and to the gentle contributor,— who was delighted with so many friendly faces, and particularly with the sight of the two long " ugly coats," — as it was a beautiful afternoon, nothing would serve but all must set out for a walk, the visitors being excusably eager to see Maga's leafy sanctum, her genuine resting-place in the well-shaded meadows of these park-like glades.

So forth we all went by the back door, to avoid the curious idlers of the village; through the orchard, strewn with apples; by the corn-field, with its melancholy yellow shocks, so autumnal; and down along the young rye just sprouting in green lines across the hill; till we reached the " bottoms." Flocks of cawing crows started up from their thievish dinner in consternation at our approach; the gray squirrel scampered like lightning along the fence from the clump of hickories towards the safer woods, with his beautiful brush trailing and waving after him; the pigeons rose from the girdled trees that sprinkled the red buck-wheat patch, and swept away in a twinkling cloud to a more distant rendezvous, — in short we disturbed the whole quiet of the valley and its fringing woods.

At last we ourselves were tranquilly seated on a grassy slope, overlooking a fine stretch of the vale, with a flickering shadow just upon us, and bright warm sun-light playing all around, and that sweeping landscape of green and gold before us, while on the rising hill that sheltered us from the light breeze, a great number of maples, scattered over it, were dropping a continual shower of painted leaves, " like flakes of light" (as Bryant says), and almost as silent upon the already variegated carpet below them.

Maga was enthroned in the place of honor, on a rock finely cushioned with gray moss, just at the rise of the slope, her sandalled brown feet (at which there was nobody to take offence) being placed on the green sward, slightly overflowed by her vine-embroidered robe. Her harp was at her side, and her rich cross on her breast. At her right hand the Editor sate on the grass; the rest were so ranged as to complete the circle, and O'Moore, in his laughing way, placed himself next the contributor (who had been unanimously urged to join the party,) observing that he made it a rule, meaning no offence to Maga, to take a seat if he could get it, by the fairest of the company.

" Upon my word, Mr. Editor," observed Father Romayne, " you have here a most poetical spot. Your taste in such matters is perfect."

EDITOR. — I did not create the beauties of the spot, sir, any more than I did those of your poems; but I have the merit of appreciating both.

DR. CALVERT. — Come, come ! You are beginning already to plaster each other with flattery. Let us suppose all that said. We allow that the Editor's taste is perfect, both in scenery and verses, since his descriptions prove the former, and his appreciation of Father Romayne's verses the latter. Pray, let us to business. That rustic basket contains contributions, I suppose?

EDITOR. — And books for notice: — those, I mean, which I thought worthy of more than a line or two. The rest are despatched.

KAVANAGH (*boyishly rummaging in the basket*): — You get queer contributions sometimes, I take it, in the way of poetry?

MAGA (*with a smile, while all the visitors start at hearing her speak*): — Rather queer, and publish them too. Our friend, the editor, has a weakness for young poets.

O'Moore (*the first who has presence of mind to answer*): — Was he not a young poet once himself, most gracious Maga? Has he not had his contributions (if he would own up) many a time and oft returned, according to his particular request, through the post? After experiencing all the agonies of unappreciated genius he would be very hard-hearted not to have a little pity for other embryo Miltons, Kavanagh. *(All laugh.)*

Dr. CALVERT (*gravely*): — Do you really think then, Mr. Editor, that there is much poetical genius in these effusions which I observe you have taken to publishing scraps of in *Maga's Own*?

EDITOR. — I verily think so. The hearts of all good Catholics are full of poetry — the truest poetry; for which heart-poetry there has yet been no adequate expression in English *art*-poetry. Catholic genius in our land, rising above the shackles which have long chained it, is laboring to create such a form for its inward love of beauty. You are all aware that the Irish, of whom the body of American Catholics is composed, are, as a race, the most richly endowed with genius under the sun. Sir, I hardly get a poetical contribution, however rude in some respects, that is not veined and sparkling, all through the duller ore, with the golden quality. Yes, I have had any quantity of poetical gold dust sent in for assay, and some prime nuggets.

O'MOORE *(with a sparkling eye)*:—Your illustration, Mr. Editor, is not only ingenious but true. The gifts of fancy and feeling are the substance, the precious metal, of poetry, but it is not fit for the purposes of the arts or for a circulating medium to carry on the commerce between hearts, till it has been separated from heterogeneous matters, and received the imprint of the perfect poetical form. How many thousands of Irishmen before Moore, felt the indignant and mournful, yet proud, sentiment of national depression! But Moore alone has written

"The harp that once through Tara's halls," —

a golden coin, good for the sentiment, the national passion it expresses, and that passes current as such between Irish hearts for ever.

Dr. CALVERT. — Oh for a Gurney to take down his words!

EDITOR. — Sir, Maga is better than any Gurney that ever was hid in a closet with his short-hand tablets — a vulgar mechanical contrivance, sir, whereas the tablets of the Maryland Maga are her memory, which forgets nothing beautiful, true or good.

FATHER ROMAYNE. — You are a Celt by lineage, Mr. O'Moore, and it is well for you to brag of Irish genius. For my part I have not a drop of Irish blood in my veins. My ancestors were noble *Romans*. I am descended, sir, from the *Senatus populusque Romanus* — the Roman Senate and people, sir, *dominos rerum gentemque togatam* — I may consider them all as in a general way my progenitors. There never was a greater people than the Romans.

O'MOORE.—Ye forget, Father Romayne, that the Romans, granting 'em brave as lions, never had any writers or poets of their own till they lost their liberties. Their literary ornaments were but the golden chains of slavery. And they never equalled the Celtic Greeks — the Irish of the Mediterranean — whose faytures you may see now in Southern Erin, as you see their genius in her eloquent and quick-witted sons.

FATHER ROMAYNE (*laughing*): — As soon as O'Moore gets a little warm, ye hear the brogue.

**Maga.** — What have you found, Mr. Kavanagh?

**Kavanagh.** — A specimen, excellent Maga, of our Irish poetical genius.

**Maga.** — Please to read it, to stop these people disputing.

**Contributor.** — Yes, the conversation is becoming personal.

Whereupon young Kavanagh read in rather a declamatory tone, but with a good effect, the following verses:

## AN APPEAL.

BY "N. E. L."

Have pity, my Creator! Oh, have pity
On the frail dust which thou hast filled with life.
Task not so sore the spirit thou hast kindled,—
It aches and quivers in the mortal strife.
Long, long ago,—ere youth's soft sunshine faded —
A shadow fell that dimmed its pleasant light:
How hath it deepened and extended, weaving
O'er all existence the dull hues of night!

Toilsome hath been my path-way from that hour,
Many its sorrows, multiplied its cares;
In the fair field of life's bright early promise,
How hath the wheat been lost amid the tares!
And now the changing seasons come with warning,
Warning of future change, or which hath been;
Warnings which gleam among the snows of winter,
And are not hid by summer branches green.

For I have known an April day when nature
Smiled in its sweet, uncertain, shadowy bloom,
While sunk two human hearts in early anguish,
Chilled and o'ershadow'd by too dark a doom.
—A May, when Hope was pour'd abroad like rain-drops
O'er all the spirit of our island home: —
Her resurrection seemed a certain glory,
The day of retribution almost come!

The apple-trees were fragrant with soft flowers,
The young corn shone all silvery in the sun,
The flax bent heavy with its frail blue blossoms,
And the "lone bush" its fairy wreaths had won.
Our old home, sacred to so many memories,
Looked happy as if all our love it felt;
Yet 'neath its roof its stateliest son lay dying,
And there a widow and her orphans knelt.

Again a few short years, and Autumn, wearing
Her regal hues of purple and of gold,
Found these from home and from each other exiled,
That Mother gathered into Heav'n's vast fold.
Oh, sad is Earth, and sad is Life! Its radiance
Fades into gloom beside that funeral urn: —
But from its aching hopes and vain aspirings,
Refuge of sinners! unto thee I turn.

To thee, to thee I turn me, God of mercy!
Let not thy strengthening hand from me depart.
Thou who hast worn our loving human nature,
Sustain and guide this troubled human heart.

**Editor.** — A touch of nature in that.

**O'Moore.** — It is not without commonplaces, but on the whole, as you say, Mr. E., it has a touch of nature. 'Tis the history of many a forsaken Irish home, of many an Irish exile's heart.

Kavanagh. — You owe something to the reader. There is not a single stop of punctuation in the whole piece.

Contributor. — I should like it better if the alternate lines rhymed. That disappoints the ear.

Editor. — How Macleod would have made the feminine endings sweetly chime! The key of this is minor, however, and that has a simple beauty of its own. If the authoress will stick to her own experience, draw her images from nature, her feelings from her own bosom, she may delight us again, as she has sadly cheered us now.

Father Romayne. — Macleod is a fine poet, I suppose. Does he come in for the "Gems," Mr. E?

Editor. — In good time — there are bards enow before him. But here is a poet to notice, whom Macleod greatly admires. You can make nothing out of "Firmilian," Doctor?

Dr. Calvert (*who is puzzling over the "Spasmodic" Tragedy*): It contains some fine lines, but surely the sentiments are ridiculously extravagant.

Father Romayne (*who had maliciously handed it to him*): — My dear sir! it is a sayter! — a perfect *sayter!*

Dr. C. — A satire! (*laughs.*)

Father Romayne. — Tell us all about it, Mr. Editor, for I confess I hardly understood its drift myself.

Editor. — "Firmilian" is the best literary satire that has appeared for many a day, and one that we all ought to applaud. The author is Aytoun, who wrote the ballads of *Bon Gaultier* — a series of capital parodies, with poetical beauties all their own. The hits in Firmilian are aimed at "Festus," an infidel poem which has had an immense run, at the more recent extravagances of *Alexander Smith*, at Tennyson's affectations, the "Uncle Tom" mania, the English No-Popery agitation, &c. &c. Longfellow's *Golden Legend* comes in for a share of the quiz. Like everything really first-rate, it might almost have been written by a Catholic, and it is really comic that some grave critic took Aytoun's palpable hits at the absurd caricaturing of "confessors" and "inquisitors" in English novels, for a genuine anti-popish picture, so little is the satire exaggerated.

Father Romayne. — It will do a great deal of good among Protestants surely.

Editor. — Of course all these things tell in the end. This cruel satire of Aytoun's will *scotch* a vast many pestiferous and fast-breeding vermin. The style is perfect to a wonder. It is almost a pity for such exquisite verse to be thrown away on such a subject.

Father Romayne. — *Materiam superabat opus.*

Dr. Calvert. — I was quite taken in by it. Now this passage reads like excellent good sense — who could misgive it was not part of a serious performance? [*Reads very beautifully.*]

"Critics and poets both (save I, who cling
To older canons) have discarded sense,
And meaning's at a discount. Our young spirits,
Who call themselves the masters of the age,
Are either robed in philosophic mist,
And, with an air of grand profundity,
Talk metaphysics — which, sweet cousin, means
Nothing but aimless jargon — or they come
Before us in the broad bombastic vein,
With spasms, and throes, and transcendental flights,
And heap hyperbole on metaphor:
Well! Heaven be with them, for they do small harm,
And I no more would grudge them their career
Than I would quarrel with a wanton horse
That rolls, on Sundays, in a clover-field."

Kavanagh. — It sounds like a page of "Uncle Jack and his Nephew" done into rhyme.

Dr. C. — That reminds me that I have just finished a book which I see you have in your basket, Mr. E., — the "Spirit-Rapper," Mr. Brownson's Novel!

Father Romayne. — Mr. Brownson should not write novels. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Let every one stick to his trade.

Dr. C. — Aye, you see the Reviewer in every page, and almost forget that you are not deep in a new number of the Quarterly.

Kavanagh. — 'Tis well Linton does not hear you both. He would hardly spare your cassocks, if you venture to rend a laurel from Mr. Brownson's brow.

O'Moore. — Tut, Kavanagh! Linton's lance-breaking in behalf of Mr. Brownson is all pure chivalry. The editor of the Western Tablet is hot and hasty like some Percy of yore, but as gallant a fellow as wields a pen.

Father Romayne. — I care not a straw for Mr. Linton, but I know that Brownson cannot write a novel. He criticized my "Verus, or the Pilgrim of Truth." I forget what he said of it, — it is of no consequence, — but I made up my mind, then, that he had no taste and no imagination. [*A general laugh, in which Father Romayne joins.*]

Dr. C. — A man who has reviewed so many books of others, could not do a more imprudent thing than to write one.

Kavanagh. — He says himself, Doctor, in the preface, that he thinks it but fair to give those whom he may have offended by his own criticisms in another place, an opportunity to pay their debts and wipe off old scores."

Father Romayne (*with glee*): — Let's do it. Come, Mr. Editor, pitch into Brownson's novel. It is *your* turn now.

Editor. — Fie! Let us do justice to the genius and the unequalled vigor of style which shine in all that Mr. Brownson writes.

O'Moore. — True, Mr. Editor, and it is like you to say so. Brownson is a splendid writer, and the "Spirit Rapper" in particular is a book that will make its mark.

Dr. Calvert. — I only regret that he should have chosen the form of a novel.

Editor. — (*Holding the "Spirit Rapper" between thumb and fore-finger in the manner of Brummel criticizing the coat of George* IV): — Do you call this thing a novel?

Father Romayne. — Excellent beginning!

O'Moore. — Perhaps Mr. Brownson himself would not call it a novel.

Editor. — Oh indeed! he is not to get off on that score. He means it for a novel. Why else does the title page read "by the Author of 'Charles Elwood?'" Surely that is the regular style of a novel or tale. The title itself proves the fact. "The Spirit Rapper; an autobiography" — 'tis the very stamp. The merchandise has all the recognized labels and marks of a work of fiction, and if it turns out to be anything else, the the purchaser is most inexcusably taken in. It is a novel in the sense in which George IV's garment, fingered by Brummel, was a coat. It is a narrative of the life and adventures of a fictitious personage, having a regular plot (which Mr. Brownson seems to call the "machinery" — not the proper term of art), a heroine, a love-intrigue, an all-but-injured husband, a holy monk whose exhortations and martyrdom cause the repentance of the inwardly-guilty fair, her rehabilitation by grace, the lover's mad effort to regain his influence, and, as the *dénouement*, a scene that would be quite in the French style, were it not so feebly managed, in which the husband stabs the tempter. If this is not the pattern of a novel, I should like to know where you would look for one. Is the "Scarlet Letter" a novel? Is "The Blithedale Romance" a novel? Then so is the "Spirit Rapper" a novel, and as such to be judged. How does it rank?

Father Romayne. — That's the question! The author of "Lady Alice," "The Forest," "Alban," and "The Pretty Plate" is to decide it. You are on your own ground now, Mr. Editor! Go ahead!

Dr. Calvert (*solemnly*): — Be just — be merciful!

Editor. — Maga always is.

Omnes. — Always. [*Maga bends her gracious head with the dignity of a queen acknowledging the plaudits of her subjects: they are her due, yet she thanks them.*]

Editor. — I say that the "Spirit Rapper," as a novel, offends against all the rules of art. Mr. Brownson speaks too much *in propria persona.* We never lose sight of

Brownson himself — a most capital fault in a work of fiction, where the author ought to disappear behind the objectivity of his characters. The peculiarities of Mr. Brownson and the inveterate habit of the Reviewer, are so apparent, — from the very preface, where he favors us with a critical opinion in his own peculiar style, of the French work on which he has largely drawn for his facts, assuring us that it is as good a work as he knows, though he could have written a better, — from this characteristic preface to the last chapter, he is so perpetually in our eye, that the book is little else, as Father Romayne just now observed, but the Review *dramatized.*

Father Romayne. — Brownson *loquitur* and *loquitur semper.*

Dr. Calvert. — Too severe.

Editor. — Simple truth. Except Mr. Merton, who is Brownson himself idealized, nobody in the book talks much, except, like Uncle Jack's nephew in the "conversations," to be refuted by the interminable monologue of the autobiographer, who is perpetually forgetting his own part of the sceptical, all-daring physicist, to wield the moral thunders of the Review, and send home the deadly lance of Brownsonian logic between the joints of the armor of infidelity.

O'Moore. — Nay, sir, there I think (with submission) that you are excessive. I thought that the various shades of American opinion which are introduced so happily in the Rapper's Philadelphia circle, were admirably distinguished from each other.

Editor. — Pardon me. The exception at which you hint is one that I was just going to point out: and it proves my rule. To know and clearly state the various views and opinions of his adversaries is one of the special faculties of the accomplished dialectician, which nobody denies Mr. Brownson to be. But there is scarce a particle of living, personal passion infused into these representatives of opinion. Mr. Brownson would be an incompetent in his own department as a controversialist, which nobody thinks, if he could not state with admirable perspicuity (as he does) the views of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he calls Edgerton, or of Judge Edmonds, whom he introduces as Judge Preston (and afterwards, very inartistically, introduces Judge Edmonds' book under its proper name). It is one thing to introduce in a single scene or chapter a portrait from life, an actual living character, and place in his mouth his own published sentiments, adding, if you please, a short personal description, that nobody need mistake, as Brownson does in regard to Emerson: and quite another to *create an ideal character,* and make it stand out like reality from the canvass, make it feel, pulsate, act, suffer, in self-consistency through a volume, and under the varying circumstances of a well-imagined plot. Mr. Brownson has done the first successfully, I grant; but it is no great matter to plume one's-self upon: — I know a trick worth two of that! Nothing can the personages of the "Spirit Rapper" do but *talk* — on abstract themes. Even the heroine, Priscilla, has no flesh and blood: she is but an argument, — a fallacy, rather, — which the great logical ventriloquist is going to refute, to every body's satisfaction and delight.

O'Moore and Kavanagh *(parliamentarily):* — "Hear, hear!"

Editor (*with increasing animation*): — Mr. Brownson seldom notices a work of fiction, even by the greatest masters of it, without a sneer at the kind of writing, and the kind of talent. Writing reviews, as he intimated in criticizing and fixing the position of Hawthorne, is quite a superior employment to it. But he may depend upon it that to rattle on by the hour, throwing off your own ideas, or arguments, with a fancied or real adversary as a *point d'appui,* is a great deal easier feat than to create a new fictitious character and preserve its self-consistency through a prolonged story: the latter requires, besides a vigorous imagination, a profound experience, and close observation, also a sort of self-denial, a *virtue* in the writer, an habitual check over one's own vivacity, over one's own vanity, in order thus to disappear and let the ideal character walk the stage, attracting all eyes! An egotist can never be a good writer of fictions. It needs a generous, sympathetic soul, an unselfish habit of entering into others' situations and idiosyncracies, and of putting yourself into their places. All the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction are of this sort. Without true sympathy with others, which without self-conquest cannot be, there is no true genius for the works of the imagination: the sickly spawn of egotism dies before its parent.

Father Romayne. — Our Editor is a poet.

Dr. Calvert. — Return to Brownson's book, in regard to which you have made some true observations. As respects novels in general, I am of his opinion. I regard them as idle and mischievous productions.

Editor. — Agreed. We are not discussing the utility or propriety of novels.

Father Romayne, (*smiling*): — But whether Brownson's novel is a good work of art — eh?

Editor. — And I say it fails (in that respect) in the prime point, in the delineation of character. Secondly, it wants picturesque detail. The picture is not filled up richly and naturally, like life. Mr. Brownson has declared his critical opinion that description is of little value in a novel, which, he says, should be modelled after the drama rather than the epic. The practice of all the acknowledged great writers in this department, such as Scott, is against him — they all describe abundantly, profusely, minutely. Now beautiful and successful works precede criticism, and put its rules in practice before they are discovered. As a matter of history, modern prose fiction grew out of the narrative poem. Scott's metrical Tales, which were short epics, heralded the Waverly Novels, like knights entering the lists in full armor, preceded by trumpets! To know how much description to interweave with the story, to choose the proper occasion for its introduction, and, above all, to describe vividly, poetically, not like an auctioneer's inventory; to illuminate a fancied scene with the light of choice words, and color it like life with apt similes, or metaphors, — this is the work of an accomplished artist; it supposes practised skill, patient labor.

Father Romayne, O'Moore and Kavanagh. — "Hear, hear!"

Father Romayne. — Brownson has avoided description (in which our Editor shines so — conspicuously, so splendidly, I may say) because it was too difficult.

Maga, (*impressively*). — Don't, for goodness sake, flatter the Editor! He is getting insufferably dictatorial of late, and I would rather see him put down a little! *Now*, Father Romayne!

While all smile at this sally, and exchange glances, Dr. Calvert prosily returns to the subject.

"You others are judging the 'Spirit-Rapper' too severely," says he. "It is only, as Mr. Brownson confesses, a form that he has chosen for conveying his ideas less tediously on this interesting subject."

Editor. — I agree. I merely insist that he has not, however, made the *form* perfect, because that supposes a genius and skill, and an intellectual effort far greater than mere reviewing involves. Give Hawthorne — give Bulwer — Brownson's ideas, his nervous grasp of truth, his high and master principles of theology, and, with these, the facts of spiritual-rapperism for material — what a fiction they would turn out! Out of half the material, Bulwer produced in Zanoni a most thrilling and poetical story: Cazotte, out of a mere nothing in comparison, created a masterpiece.* Brownson's idea is superb. The greatest novelist, in his happiest inspiration, never struck out a better. An artist, I say, — a man who knew and confided in his powers — before such a theme, would have comprehended (I think Mr. Brownson did) all its capabilities at the first glance, and he would have spared no labor, grudged no time, necessary to realize them in a deep, pathetic fiction, that should touch every chord of human passion, awaken every feeling of mystery and awe, and, marshalling all in one majestic story of wrong and retribution, of demonic malice and divine mercy, show us, as it were, the awful secrets of Providence and reconcile history with itself.

Contributor (*with great animation*). — Why don't you do it yourself?

Editor (*amid a general smile*). — Like Mr. Brownson, I have other fish to fry.

---

* The *Diable Amoureux*, written by Cazotte before the French revolution of 1789, is one of the finest efforts of French genius, though now little known.

Kavanagh. — Now you have annihilated the "Spirit-Rapper" as a work of art, expatiate a little on its merits.

Dr. Calvert. — It presents in a highly interesting and very convincing light the true theory of spirit-rapping.

O'Moore. — It is a shot between wind and water into the very gun-deck of spiritual delusion.

Contributor (*whispers to O'Moore*). — It is the very same idea that was adopted in "Alban" four years ago! And every body pooh-poohed it!

O'Moore (*to her*). — The *incredulus odi* — which means that *I hate to hear what I don't believe* — ruined the effect at that time, when the public wished to think that the whole affair was one of imposture.

Editor. — "The Spirit-Rapper" has one merit (one defect, according to Mr. Brownson himself) of the most thrilling novel: you cannot lay it down till you have finished it. *I* read it through at a sitting, and I own my hair was on end some of the time, especially as it grew towards midnight, and the deep conviction of wide-spread diabolical agency in our actual world began to flicker like a red light from below over the page of the demonologist. I crossed myself a dozen times in the last half of the volume, and drew a long breath of relief when I had finished it.

Kavanagh (*aside*). — A pretty strong tribute to its power.

Dr. Calvert. — Did you observe how many fine criticisms are scattered through it, thrown out just in passing?

Father Romayne. — Aye, Brownson's *obiters* are often more to the point (to speak Hibernically) than his main issue.

O'Moore. — The book has all the strong points of the Review; among which are a peculiar Brownsonian firmness in laying down his principles, and a truly Titanic vigor of logic in annihilating the false positions of the adversaries.

Maga (*waving her hand*). — In short, gentlemen, from all I can gather by your various observations, "The Spirit-Rapper" is *Brownson all over* — rather more entertaining, more witty? (*yes*) and more readable than usual: — which is saying a great deal. It is not a sustained work of art: that praise it cannot obtain from Maga: — it is the Review dramatized, intensified, with a dozen or twenty interlocutors for "Uncle Jack" instead of his one unlucky nephew, and —

Editor. — And amid the phantasmagoria of the public events of the last ten years, exhibited (with no small ingenuity and effect) in guise of magic-lantern figures on the wall of a wizard-darkened room, flits, spectre-like, the pale ghost, rather than the shuddering reality, of an individual catastrophe!

Dr. Calvert. — I am highly gratified to observe, Mr. Editor, that while you are free in your criticism, you are cordial in your praises of this illustrious writer.

Editor. — Sir, Mr. Brownson, the first lay writer in America, and the only one among us who enjoys an European reputation, is not to be treated by Maga as a trembling novice, but as a full-grown man, rich with genius, with learning, with practised ability, and is to be criticized with a freedom proportioned to his hardy power.

Dr. Calvert. — That is all right. I merely express my anxiety lest you should be unconsciously influenced either by envy of so great a man, and so brilliant a renown, or by resentment on account of his not seeming, as a reviewer, to treat you fairly (if that has been the case). You must remember that without Christian charity in the heart, it is not possible to be really candid in the intellectual judgments.

Here Father Romayne, who, with all his vivacity and affected resentment of literary injuries, has, above all, the heart of a priest, assented to his brother clergyman's remarks, by a soft "Most true!" and a look of peculiar sweetness and gravity. The long shadows thrown by the maples down the sun-lit valley, and a slight coolness in the air, warned us that the autumnal day was declining. We rose and returned to Lavan's by a road that wound over the hills and gave a charming view.

# Record of Events.

*From September 16, to October 14, 1854.*

## I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE cholera and the devotion of the sacerdotal army of Christ everywhere; the reported conclusion of the German difficulties; the indications of the political extinction of Mohammedanism; (at home) the celebration of the first Provincial Council of New York, the death of two of our Bishops; — are of deep interest this month.

ROME: 1. *Cause of Ven. Marien Arciero.* — 2. *Various items — notices of the cholera.*

1. The Sovereign Pontiff has just proclaimed the triumph of the virtues of the venerable servant of God, Marien Arciero, secular priest of the kingdom of Naples; born in 1707, and who died in the odor of sanctity at Naples in 1788.

2. The Sacred Congregation have requested to be allowed to resume the cause of the Blessed Germaine Cousin. — Rome continues under the influence of the cholera. The Holy Father gave a signal proof of his courage and love for souls by visiting the cholera hospitals, where he gave his benediction to the dying and consoled the sick. The Roman people were filled with admiration at this act of their sovereign and the common Father of Christians, which has inspired new courage in all. The epidemic was declining. A profound impresssion has been made throughout Italy by the heroic devotion with which *all* classes of the clergy have exposed and devoted themselves in behalf of the victims of cholera. Cardinal Morichini, meeting a poor peasant attacked with the disease in the lonely locality of San Gregorio, took him into his carriage and conveyed him to Santo Spirito. Monsignor Bedini had been appointed Nuncio to Portugal.

SARDINIA. — The revolutionary ministers of Piedmont have seized upon a convent of the Chartreux for an asylum of the insane (since avowed to be a mere pretext), expelling the Religious, and offering them pensions. The Sisters of the Holy Cross at Turin have likewise been expelled by the brutal Rattazzi, the minister. When the sisters intimated that they could not leave their convent, without the authorization of the Holy See, this minister replied that if they did not remove voluntarily, he would remove them by force. The Dominicans, Capuchins and Barnabites are threatened with similar spoliation. At the same time the papers are forbidden by this *liberal* government to publish the protests of the injured communities, and of the exiled Archbishop, against these injuries. Thus Sardinia is rushing on her destruction.

FRANCE. — A very great concourse of pilgrims has taken place to the church at *La Salette* on the 19th of September, the anniversary of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin. A great many Protestants also came, even with the advice of their ministers, being persuaded that the pilgrimage, the intercessions of our Lady, and the masses said, would be a protection against the cholera. — From twelve to fifteen priests, and more than twenty-five Sisters of charity, in Franche-Comté, have fallen victims to the pestilence. — A great deal of interest was attracted to Boulogne by the visit of Prince Albert and King Leopold to the Emperor Napoleon III. The *London Illustrated News*, one of the most violent denouncers of the *coup d'état*, and of Louis Napoleon's subsequent course, now acknowledges that he understood the situation of France better than they did, and that he is the greatest and best ruler France ever had, and the one to whom the world is now under the greatest obligations. By an imperial decree of Sept. 5, M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte has been appointed sub-lieutenant of the 7th Regiment of Dragoons. He is the grand-son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte by his wife, our countrywoman, *cidevant* Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore.

As a paragraph is going the rounds of the Protestant papers, that the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at *La Salette* has been discovered to be an imposture, we think it timely to insert the following from the *Catholic Herald*, — entitled "Interesting Extract from a letter of one of our students at Nantes."

"A slight digression may be here interesting. Upon the day of his (Rev. Mr. B.) arrival here, was laid the corner-stone of a beautiful chapel, which is being built within the walls of our seminary ground, under the invocation of N. D. De La Salette. It will be an everlasting testimony of the piety and gratitude of the inhabitants of this truly Catholic city of Nantes, to the Virgin, who has for two years past accorded so many graces to their prayers — graces which have been multiplying every day since the erection of the chapel has commenced. Really the great number of miracles which have been witnessed at the little chapel of the seminary, in which a beautiful statue of the Virgin with the two shepherds is placed at present, until a better and more proper edifice be constructed, recalls the early days of the Catholic Church, so enlivened by the numberless miracles of the Apostles. I have seen with my own eyes persons, who came, or rather were brought, to our little chapel, and who had been infirm for years past, some of them from birth, when the art of man could no longer do any more good, return home cured and in perfect health. The blind recover their sight, and the great number of crutches and other artificial supplements to infirmity, which are there left, attest that the lame do not come in vain to implore the aid of that Holy Mother who was seen in tears on the mountain of Dauphiny.

"One thing is remarkable, though not astonishing, about these cures; it is, that nearly all those infirm persons are almost instantaneously cured at the moment of their communion in the little chapel. For some of them, who had been transported on a bed and laid before the altar, after having been supported as far as the holy table, found themselves so completely recovered after receiving communion, as to be able to retire of themselves, and remain kneeling for hours together in thanksgiving. The road to this little chapel is literally thronged with pious pilgrims, who come to beg graces of cures or of conversions, or to return thanks for them when received. Numberless other graces have been here and elsewhere accorded to the people who with a lively faith have drunk some of the water drawn from the sacred source on the mountain. Perhaps ere long this pious devotion surmounting the barriers of the ocean, shall have reached our own country; for Mary must certainly equally cherish and love the children of the solitudes of America.

"The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by the Right Rev. Bishop Martin, of Nachitoches, Upper Louisians. This prelate who is from the city of Rennes, in Bretagne, came in search of missionaries for his new diocese. He has been very successful in his native place and at Nantes. In the latter place he found three; and such was the enthusiasm he excited, that upwards of twenty subjects presented themselves. I had the happiness of being admitted to see him, and he remained a long time speaking to me about America. I was very happy to be able to find some one with whom to talk a few words of English. He is now on his way to Rome. He intends to pass by this place again before returning to the United States."

GERMANY: 1. *Hesse Darmstadt.* — 2. *Baden.*

1. The *Volksblatt* of the 23d of August contains the pleasing announcement, of the happy termination of the differences which have prevailed for several years, between the Bishop of Mayence and the government of Hesse Darmstadt. At that date the Church was about to enter upon the undisputed possession of all its rights and privileges. On the 16th of last month the terms of peace were ratified between the ecclesiastical and the civil powers. The following are the leading points on which the Church has obtained the fullest recognition of her rights. 1st. The right of collating to benefices is conceded exclusively to the bishop, with a reservation of the right of patronage to the grand duke in respect of a few benefices, such as those of Giessen and Denmark. 2d. Upon the bishop alone devolves the surveillance and direction of the education of the clergy, and of every thing that pertains to ecclesiastical discipline. 3d. As regards the property of the Church, the principle is admitted that the administration of it belongs to the bishop of the diocese, and if the intervention of the State shall at any time be re-

quired in this matter, it pledges itself to do nothing hostile to the rights and interests of the Church.

2. It is said that the contest between the Catholic Church and the government of the Grand Duchy of Baden is at last brought to an end by a convention signed at Rome between Mr. Brunner, *conseiller d'état*, and Cardinal Antonelli. The following are said to be the principal points of the convention: — "The Archbishop of Freiburg is to be restored to full liberty; and all prosecutions and sentences against ecclesiastics for obedience to the Church's orders to be annulled. The same is to take place with regard to all ecclesiastical censures against members of the government. The archbishop is to enjoy provisionally the right to nominate to ecclesiastical functions; but he is to pledge himself to choose only eligible persons. As regards the administration of ecclesiastical property, the *status quo ante* is to be observed."

Spain — Continues in a state of developing disorder. Movements against the central government in the provinces; against the Church, against the dynasty, and even against the monarchy, are mentioned: but it is difficult to draw any thing certain from such a ferment. The Patriarch of the Indies, the celebrated nun, Sor Patrocinio, her confessor, Father Fulgencio, and several of her friends, have been ordered by the government to quit Madrid and select some place of residence in the provinces.

England. — Perhaps the most interesting circumstance that we can glean, is the resignation of his preferments by Archdeacon Wilberforce, on the ground of his dissent from the royal supremacy. The persecution with which he was threatened for his book on the Eucharist is by no means the cause of this step, as he offered to hold on, in order to allow an opportunity for the Abp. of York to try the question: but of course it is the policy of the Establishment and its rulers to shirk questions, not to try them. There seems little doubt that the archdeacon will follow the example of his brother Henry, and Dr. Manning. — It is said that the Emperor Napoleon III, accompanied by the Empress Eugénie, will visit the Queen shortly before Christmas, and be installed a Knight of the Garter! — The cholera in nine weeks had destroyed 6,120 lives in London: and that the clergy were fully occupied is easy to infer. — In consequence of the ravages of the cholera at Varna, and the excessive labor which has devolved upon the Catholic chaplains of the army of the East, the British government have despatched three more chaplains to the seat of war, one of whom is a monastic of the Dominican order, and the other two secular priests. — There was a large and brilliant attendance at the Society of Arts, to hear Cardinal Wiseman's lectures on the home education of the poor.

Ireland. — The measures taken for the immediate opening of the University, the consecration of new and beautiful churches, like that at Ballybrack, Killiney, and the fervent missions, like that of Athonry, (Diocese of Tuam) where the indefatigable Archbishop of Tuam, in two days, confirmed 1,200 persons, do not evince that Catholicity is dying out, or national vigor expiring in the Isle of Saints. But there, as well as in America, the spirit of persecution does not sleep, and the mission at Newtownlimavady, held by Frs. Rinolfi and Vilas, where 40,000 persons were collected to hear the word of God, was signalized by an assault on the Catholics, who were savagely beaten, the miserable cabins of the poor assailed, windows and doors broken, &c. A church was saved from destruction by the interference of the police. Not only were the Catholics not the aggressors, but in compliance with the previous exhortations of the clergy, they were even unresisting under actual violence. — The closing ceremonies of the Provincial Synod of Connaught were held on Sunday, August 20, and were of the most solemn and magnificent description. — The first stone of the new cathedral of Ballaghaderin, was laid on the 9th August, by the Lord Bishop of Achonry. — The Rev. John Leahy, O. S. D. of Cork, one of the most eloquent and gifted clergymen in Ireland, has been nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Dromore. — Smith O'Brien has accepted the Queen's pardon: he will probably reside at Brussels. — The site selected for the new

Irish National Gallery is the lawn in front of the Royal Dublin Society House, Merrion square. The building is to consist of two extensive parallel wings, at the extremity of the lawn on either side, one of which will be a national gallery and the other a national museum.—Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbottsford, who is married to the only surviving grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, has purchased an estate in Galway. Mr. Scott and all his family are converts, and Abbottsford, as some one says, "is now one of the chief Catholic houses of call in the kingdom."

The East.—The Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, hearing that some Greeks manifested hostile sentiments towards the allies, has issued a circular censuring their conduct, and passing a high encomium on the Western Powers. In conclusion he pronounces a solemn anathema in the name of the Eastern Church, against the schism, calling itself orthodoxy, which has transferred to St. Petersburg the spiritual authority in religious matters.—An Armenian, in the town of Adabazar, in Asia Minor, became a Mussulman more than thirty years ago, married a Turkish wife, and has lived there as a Mussulman ever since. A few weeks ago, trusting to the changes of the times, he came to *Stamboul*, openly renounced the Mussulman faith, and embraced that of the Armenian Church. Soon after, some of his old Turkish friends, who were in Constantinople on business, met him and ascertaining what he had done, went immediately to the Porte and betrayed him. The Porte had him arrested, and after going into an investigation of the case, ordered him to be set at liberty, with permission to follow the Christian religion, if he chose. He immediately returned to Adabazar, where he now goes abroad with all freedom, as an Armenian Christian, and nobody dares molest him. Only those who know something of the past state of Turkey, and especially of Asia Minor, in regard to apostasy, can appreciate fully the importance of this relaxation of the Mahommedan law. From the moment the Turks cease to punish apostasy from the Koran with death, the Moslem faith may still be that of the reigning family and of the Turkish people, but it has ceased to be the basis of the Ottoman political system. There may still be Mussulmen, and those full of bigotry, but the persecuting Islam is no more.

The Crimea.—On the 4th of September, 60,000 men of the allied forces landed at Eupatoria, and immediately commenced marching on Sebastopol.

India.—On Sunday, July 9th, at Agra, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Zubber, the Vicar-Apostolic of Patna, was consecrated.

China.—The Celestial King, a certain Tae-Ping-Wang, chief of the rebels in China, has issued a proclamation in which he styles our Divine Lord his "elder brother" (we forbear adding the sacred name of our Redeemer) and proclaims his principal minister to be the Paraclete, whose name (a certain Yang-Sew-Tsing is this functionary) he requires to be inserted in the doxology chanted every morning and evening by the rebel host. These Chinese insurrectionists have taught themselves out of the Protestant Bibles distributed among them "without note or comment."

Canada.—On the 14th Aug. the new Cathedral to be erected at Three Rivers, was laid by His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec.—On Tuesday, Sept. 26, at the Hotel-Dieu, Montreal, Sister B. Byrne received the holy habit and made her solemn vows, in the hands of the Rev. Superior of the Seminary.

Nova Scotia.—His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax had sailed for Europe.

Newfoundland.—The works of the magnificent Cathedral at St. John's, suspended during the cholera, have been resumed.

Mexico.—Mgr. Dominguez, Bishop of Ojaca, was consecrated at Mexico, Aug. 27. The President was present.—The Bishop of Morrella (capital Michoacan) lately wrote a letter, it is said, to his Serene Highness, denouncing the vengeance of God against him, on account of the atrocities committed by his troops on the peaceful inhabitants of the Bishop's diocese. On receiving the letter, it is added that the President shut himself up for two days. — Don Carlos M. Colina, Bishop-elect of Chiapas, was consecrated in the Cathedral of Guadalajara, Aug. 20.

UNITED STATES: 1. *First Council of New York.* — 2. *Return of Dr. Ives.* — 3. *The death of the Protestant Bishop Wainwright, and singular coincidence in the election of his successor.* — 4. *Items of Catholic intelligence.* — 5. *Departure of Bishops for Rome.* — 6 *Ordinations.* — 7. *Religious Receptions.* — 8. *Churches.* — 9. *Riots.* — 10. *Obituary.*

1. The First Provincial Council of New York was solemnly opened at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, Oct. 1. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the ceremonies, but the most perfect order prevailed. The procession moved from the Archiepiscopal residence at about 11 o'clock; Thurifer, Cross-bearer, Acolytes, Clergy, Priests (in chasubles), Bishops in amice, mitre and cope, with their train-bearers, the Bishop-celebrant, vested for mass, the Archbishop, preceded by the Archiepiscopal cross, in amice, alb, cincture, stole, cope, mitre and crozier, with his Deacons of honor. The procession passed down Mulberry st., through Prince and Mott, to the east door of the Cathedral. — We record these things minutely, for it is well to put it on record that all these things were observed in the year of grace, 1854, in the midst of so much "tribulation." The senior Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany, immediately began the mass of the Holy Ghost, prescribed for the opening of Councils, at the throne prepared for him on the Epistle side of the Altar. The V. R. Mr. Starrs was Asst. Priest, the Rev. MM. Farrel and Dunning, deacon and sub-deacon. The deacons of honor of the Archbishop were the V. R. Archdeacon McCarron, and the Rev. Mr. Quin. The Rev. F. McNierney, of the Cathedral, was master of ceremonies. The sermon was by the Most Rev. Archbishop. At the end of mass, with the prescribed prayers, litanies, hymn, and other formalities, the holy Council was opened, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey was elected promoter, the Revs. J. W. Cummings and T. S. Preston, secretaries, the Rev. F. McNierney, master of ceremonies, the Rev. Fr. Smarius, S. J., and Mr. Glackmeyer, S. J., chanters. The decrees of the Council of Trent concerning Profession of Faith and Residence were read, and the Rt. Rev. Bps. of Brooklyn, Newark, and Burlington, sitting for the first time, made their profession of faith in the hands of the Archbishop. The Archbishop gave his solemn benediction, and the procession returned to the Archiepiscopal residence in the same order and road by which it came. Two congregations were held each day. The second solemn session was on Wednesday, when a solemn Pontifical mass of requiem was celebrated (by the Rt. Rev. Bp. De Goesbriand) for the deceased Bishops of the Province. The third and last solemn session was held on Sunday, Oct. 8, with the same order as the opening, except that the Archbishop, wearing the Pallium, celebrated the mass, and the Rt. Rev. Bp. McCloskey preached the sermon. The prayers, gospel and *Veni Creator* were sung; the Archbishop made a Latin oration to the Council; the decrees of the Council were read, confirmed and subscribed. The decree of closing, the acclamations of the Fathers, the *Te Deum*, prayer of thanksgiving, the salutation of *Peace*, concluded the ceremonies; the Deacon sung, *Recedamus in pace;* the Clergy replied *In nomine Christi;* and this holy Council was terminated. [*Abridged from the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*]

2. Dr. Ives, the late Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, has reached New York in good health.

3. Dr. Wainwright, late "Provisional Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York," died recently in that city. He was an amiable man and fine *belles-lettres* scholar. The Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., of Albany, has been chosen to succeed him. This election brings about the very singular state of things, that the Episcopalian dioceses of New York and Philadelphia are or were held by two brothers (Drs. Onderdonk), both of whom are suspended from their office, while their places are filled by two other brothers (Drs. Potter) either permanently or provisionally.

4. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo has issued a request to his flock that no more than *five* carriages shall accompany a corpse to the church or cemetery. — The Rt. Rev. Bp. McGill preaches the pastoral retreat this year in Cincinnati. — The Rev. Mr. Barry, of Augusta, voluntarily came to Savannah to take part in the perilous duties of attending the sick of the yellow fever. He is the same priest who in 1832 gave up his house as a cholera hospital, and afterwards turned it into an asylum for the orphans made by the pestilence. — The Very Rev. Fr. Acolti, S. J., of the mission West of the Rocky Mountains, has returned from Europe, with one Jesuit father and five Sisters of Notre Dame, for the diocese of San Francisco. — The Rev. N. P. Gallagher, formerly Pastor of Loretto, has returned from Europe with five clergymen (and a promise of three more), eight Sisters of Mercy from Kinsale, and five Presentation Nuns from Middleton, (Cloyne), all for his important mission in San Francisco. Mr. Gallagher has also succeeded in placing thirteen students in different colleges, most of them at *All Hallows.*

5. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, accompanied by his Secretary, the Rev. Thomas Foley, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg, sailed for Europe on Saturday, October 14th, in the steamer Atlantic. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Buffalo had sailed in the Canada on the previous Wednesday. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia sailed in the steamer of the 21st. The Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Prelates are understood to have been invited to Rome to partake in the deliberations and solemnities connected with the so-eagerly-expected dogmatic definition in regard to the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady. May Mary, conceived without sin, the august Patroness of our country, watch over its Bishops on this voyage whose object is her honor!

The Rev. Mr. McNally takes the place of Mr. Foley in the Cathedral of Baltimore.

### 6. *Ordinations.*

Diocese of Pittsburg: Friday in Ember Week, Sept. 22, at the Chapel of St. Xavier's Academy, Johnstown. By the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'Connor. Sacred Order of Priesthood — Revs. John B. O'Connor and John C. Farren.

### 7. *Religious Receptions.*

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Providence, R. I. The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly gave the white veil and habit of Our Lady of Mercy to Miss Donahoe (in religion Sister Mary Cecilia Xavier), daughter of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*, and to Miss Morgan (Sister Mary Catharine Xavier).

On Monday, Oct. 2, Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, in the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph's, at McSherrytown, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann gave the veil to Miss Walker (Sister Mary Xavier), Miss Wood (Sister Mary Louisa), Miss Daly (Sister Mary Rosalie), Miss Reilly (Sister Mary Gabriel), Miss Schmeltzer (Sister Mary Euphrasia).

### 8. *Churches.*

A new and beautiful church at Brookline, near Boston, was dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 24, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Fitzpatrick. — The corner-stone of a new church was laid in Sugar Ridge, Pa., on the 27th July, and the following churches were blessed by the Bishop of Philadelphia, during his late visitation: — St. Mary Magdalen, Honesdale, June 15; St. Andrew, Apostle, Blossburg, July 18; St. John Nepomucene, Susquehanna, Aug. 13; St. Bartholomew, Patterson, Sept. 6; B. Virgin Mary, Hamburg, Sept. 24. — A bell, weighing nearly 200 pounds, dedicated to the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Neumann, at Eden Hall (Academy and Convent of the Sacred Heart) on Wednesday, Oct. 4.

### 9. *Riots.*

It is a sad thing that we are compelled to keep a standing head for riots against either Catholics or foreigners, in the model-republic of the United States. One of these disgraceful affairs came off in New Orleans recently, in which three persons were killed and five or six wounded. The disorder continued for several days, with intermissions of violence, before it was quelled by the authorities.

A shameful outrage has occurred at Ellsworth, Maine. A Catholic Priest, and one noted for the excellence and devotion of his character, was seized by ruffians, stripped of his garments, rode on a rail and otherwise indecently treated, and finally tarred and feathered. It was reported that the Reverend sufferer in this infamous assault had died in consequence. This, however, turned out to be a mistake. It is fair to add that the press and the respectable portion of the community expressed their abhorrence of the act perpetrated by a band of the lowest ruffians ; but it must be taken, after all, as a simple result of the inflammatory and calumnious publications, and the attempted proscription, for which a far more intelligent class are responsible. The Rev. Mr. Bapst, the object of this outrage, doubtless, with the true feeling of the priest of God, rejoices that *he* has been "accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus."

10. *Obituary.*

The Rt. Rev. Francis Xavier Gartland, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, Ga., died on the 20th Sept. at 11½ A. M., of yellow fever, which is raging there as an epidemic. Bishop Gartland was a native of Dublin, but his parents brought him to this country in infancy. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary's, was ordained priest in 1832, at Philadelphia, where he succeeded the present Archbishop Hughes as pastor of the cathedral, and was Vicar-General of the diocese until he was consecrated Bishop of Savannah in 1850. He was in the 49th year of his age, and fell a martyr to his holy zeal and fidelity.

The Rt. Rev. Edward Barron, D. D., died at Savannah, Ga., on the 12th September. He was the brother of Sir Henry Winton Barron, of Waterford, Ireland. He studied at the Propaganda, and a few years after emigrated to America, where he was pastor of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, President of the Seminary, and Vicar-General. The Holy See having desired that two missionaries should be sent to Liberia, he volunteered, and with the Rev. John Kelly, now of Jersey City, embarked for Cape Palmas, in December, 1841. After a short stay, he visited Rome, where he was raised to the Episcopal dignity, and made Vicar-Apostolic. He returned to Africa, with seven or eight clergymen, almost all of whom fell victims to the climate. Having again visited Rome, he, by the advice of his friends, transferred the arduous duties of this mission to a society of French clergymen devoted expressly to the interests of the colored race. He returned to America in 1845, declined accepting the charge of a diocese, and devoted himself to the missionary labors in Philadelphia, at St. Louis, and in Florida. He came north in July, to avoid the extreme heat, but returned prematurely, and reaching Savannah during the raging of the yellow fever, devoted himself to the sick, till he was confined to his bed in the house of the Bishop. The hurricane of the 8th carried away part of the roof, so that he was obliged to be removed to the house of a respectable citizen, where he died, aged 52. — [*Cath. Mir. abridged*].

The Rev. Father Salmon, C. SS. R., died at New Orleans on the 6th of September, aged 38, of the prevailing epidemic. Father Salmon was a native of the diocese of Mans, in France, was only two years a priest, and had resided in this country only since January last.

Died at Savannah, 17th Sept., of the epidemic, Sister Mary Stanislaus.

On the 28th Sept. in Mobile, at the residence of the Rt. Rev. Bp. Portier, his nephew, the Rev. J. M. Portier, in the 44th year of his age. He was a native of the diocese of Lyons, France, where he was educated in the diocesan seminary. In 1837, soon after his ordination, he came to the U. S., where he labored with untiring zeal on the mission, for great part of the time being Pastor of Pensacola. During the latter years he was Chaplain of the Visitation Convent, Mobile.

On the 13th Sept., at St. Joseph's Academy, Dubuque Co., Sister Mary Philomena Mullin, aged 27. Thirteen years of her life were spent as a Sister of Charity.

The Rev. Fathers Cointet and Curley, two of the Priests of the Holy Cross, at the University of *Notre Dame du Lac*, Ind. Father Curley died on the 7th; Father Cointet on the 19th Sept., both of dysentery. Father Cointet had labored ten years on the mission. [*Cath. Vin.*]

At the Convent of Bertrand, Mich., two Sisters of the Holy Cross.

## II. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. will issue early in November the Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. We are informed that it will be a 12mo volume of about 600 pages, with a portrait of the Blessed Liguori on steel. This is a valuable accession to our literature, as the only English Life of this eminent Saint hitherto existing, is in five volumes.

Note. — The *Propagateur Catholique*, which is set down in the article on "Catholic Journalism" as having commenced in 1844, claims a more advanced age by two years, dating from 1842. "We ought to know," says the editor, "*car nous y étions.* The ***Propagateur*** is doubtless not one of the oldest Catholic journals in the United States, but its editor is probably one of the oldest Catholic editors; at least, we believe that there are few of such who have devoted themselves for twelve years, without interruption, to the editorship of the same journal." Any errors of fact in regard to our periodical literature, which may hereafter *mislead the historians who consult our pages*, we of course hasten to correct. And we are here reminded of an error of our own in criticizing the pathetic and vigorous story of "The Cross and Shamrock," which was pointed out to us by the author of "Kate O'Connor," some time ago, in a communication which we forgot to notice. We charged the author of "The Cross and Shamrock," with introducing a character at the end of the tale, which was not mentioned in the beginning, although artistically it ought to have been; this was our own mistake, and we fear that we must plead having read somewhat too eagerly the initial chapters of our friend's work.

## III. Secular Intelligence.

On Tuesday, Sept. 26, the District Court of the United States at Baltimore concluded two cases, of more than usual interest, with reference to the rights of immigrants.

The 4th Section of the Act of Congress, of May, 1848, to regulate vessels engaged in the transportation of passengers to this country, provides that every such vessel shall have on board, at the time of sailing, 60 gallons of fresh water well secured under the deck, for each passenger, exclusive of what is provided for the crew, and that during the voyage each passenger shall be served with three quarts daily; and if any such vessel shall leave port with a less quantity, and at any time during the voyage, the passengers shall be put on a shorter allowance, the master or owner shall pay every person three dollars a day for the whole time they were put on such short allowance.

This case occurred; the libellants were admitted to have been on short allowance for three weeks, but the respondent answered that the required quantity of water had been on board the vessel at the time of sailing, and owing to rough weather had leaked away. The Court decided that the respondent was bound to *prove*, by positive evidence, that such was the case, and as none was adduced, decided in favor of the libellants. The damages which the owners of the ship (*the Scotia*) had to pay amounted to $1,932. This decision is of vast importance to the much injured class of immigrants, and it is to be hoped that the other provisions of our humane law will be carried out with equal justice. These suits were brought under the auspices of the "Irish Social and Benevolent Society of Baltimore," and the U. S. District Attorney, Wm. Meade Addison, Esq., who conducted them, is entitled to the public gratitude for the skilful zeal which brought them to a successful conclusion.

## NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

With the present number our editorial connection with the *Metropolitan* terminates. A portion of the matter for the December number will be contributed by us, but the editorial responsibilities will then and in future be in other hands. It has for some time been our intention to retire from the Metropolitan at the close of the current year, and we have, therefore, learned with lively satisfaction, that the publishers have succeeded in making arrangements for supplying our place, which the pressure of other and indispensable engagements rendered it impossible for us to fill any longer without causing great inconvenience both to them and to ourselves.

In other respects, it is, we own, painful to part with *Maga*. We are sorry to lose that monthly communication, so friendly, so confidential, with so many sympathizing minds and hearts; and still more gravely do we feel the relinquishment, at the plain call of Providence (it is true) of a task, a duty, laborious and often less successful than our hopes, but which we believed and believe to have been a useful task, and a duty imposed by the Master whom all serve. J. V. HUNTINGTON.

Publishers' Notice. — The Publishers are pleased to announce, that in the retirement of Dr. Huntington, the Editorial duties of the Metropolitan will be discharged in future by a committee of literary gentlemen, consisting of a clergyman and two laymen. By this arrangement they feel assured that the public may rely, with the utmost confidence, on the care and judgment that will be exercised in providing for the work a fund of literary entertainment of the most wholesome, pleasing, and useful character.

The arrangements, which have been heretofore made with several of the leading Catholic writers of the country for the regular contributions, will be continued, and no reasonable expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the continued favor and support of the Catholic community.

THE
Metropolitan.

Vol. II. DECEMBER, 1854. No. 11.

# THE WAR OF THE EAST.

## ARTICLE III.—*The Hopes.*

WE have pondered the *spirit* by which the various actors in the tragedy of the Oriental war are moved, and the various motives of *right* by which each endeavors to obtain for his own cause the suffrages of Europe. But where will the fearful conflict land in the ultimate catastrophe? In truth our poor little bark is tempted to turn prow and fly from among the rocks where it seems to behold a certain shipwreck! Still, how escape when all are conjecturing, prognosticating, predicting? Created for immortality, man is so crazy to launch himself into the future, that you see often even the wise taken in by the horoscopes of the astrologer, the oracles of a pythoness, the palm-reading of a gipsy or the dreams of a female visionary; and the Sybil *Le Normand* imposed, not once or twice, they say, on the unprejudiced *Napoleon*; and the famous *Crudner* had no small part in the destinies of Europe, leading by the nose (with reverence be it said) the most liberal and triumphant Alexander. In such a rage to know the future, we cannot accuse our readers of indiscretion, if they demand some food for their curiosity in our periodical. First, then, we recur to political *documents* and *conjectures;* next, to *predictions* and *prophecies* (if you please to call them so).

I. *Documents and conjectures political.*—The first of these in importance is that political testament of Peter the Great, which, published for the first time in 1836 by Gaillardet, from authentic documents (they say) drawn from the archives of Paris, acquires to-day an appearance of much greater authenticity by the silence of those who ought to disclaim it, as well as by the confirmation of recent facts. It was the Chev. *Eon* who furnished a copy of it to Bernis, minister of foreign affairs, and to Louis XV in 1757.

*Copy of the plan of European dominion left by Peter the Great to his successors on the throne of Russia, and deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhoff near St. Petersburg.*

"In the name of the SS. &c., We, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., to all our descendants and successors in the throne and government of the Russian nation.

"The great God from whom we have our existence and our crown, having constantly illuminated us by His lights and sustained us by His divine aid." &c.

"Here Peter I lays down that, according to his views, which he believes to be those of Divine Providence, he regards the Russian people as destined in future to the general dominion of Europe. He founds this opinion on the fact, that in his judgment, the European nations are for the most part arrived at a state of old age approaching to decrepitude, and that they are rapidly advancing to that consummation. Whence it follows that they ought to be easily and undoubtedly conquered by a young and new people, when this last shall have acquired its full force and growth.

"The Russian Monarch regards this future invasion of the countries of the West and East, on the part of the North, as a periodical movement decreed by the Providence, which regenerated in this manner, he says, the Roman people by the invasion of the Barbarians. He compares these emigrations of the Polar populations to the overflow of the Nile, which at certain seasons enriches with its slime the exhausted lands of Egypt. He adds that Russia, which he found a little canal and will leave a great river, will become under his successors a great sea, destined to fecundate sterile Europe; that its waves will overflow in spite of all the dykes that feeble arms can oppose to them, if his successors know how to direct their course. Wherefore he leaves the following instructions, and recommends their constant attention and observance, as Moses recommended the tables of the Law to the people of Israel.

I. "To maintain the Russian nation in a state of continual war, to keep its soldiers warlike and exercised; not to let them repose except to improve the finances of the State; to renew the armaments and choose the opportune moments for the attack; thus to make peace serve war, and war peace, in the interests of the aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

2. "To invite by all possible means from all the instructed nations of Europe, captains during war, *savans* in peace, to make the Russian nation profit by the advantages of other countries without losing any of its own.

3. "To take part, at every opportunity, in the affairs and quarrels of Europe, of whatever sort, and specially in those of Germany, which being nearest, interests Russia most directly.

4. "To divide Poland by fomenting continual disturbances and rivalries there, to gain the powerful nobles by gold, to influence the diets, to corrupt them, so as to have an active part in the election of the kings; to nominate their own partizans, to protect them, to send Russian troops into the country, and to find an excuse for remaining there altogether. If the neighboring Powers oppose difficulties, to quiet them for the moment, by dividing the country until what has been thus given may be taken back.

5. "To take as much territory as possible from Sweden, and to continue it so as to be attacked by her, in order to have a pretext for subjugating her. With that view to isolate her from Denmark, and Denmark from Sweden, and to carefully stimulate their rivalries.

6. "Always to take wives for the Russian Princes among the Princesses of Germany, to multiply family alliances, to bind our interests together, and unite Germany, of itself, to our cause, and multiply our influence in that quarter.

7. "To seek by preference the alliance of England by commerce, as that power has the greatest need of us for its navy, and can be most useful for the increase of ours. To change our timber and other products for its gold, and establish between its merchants, its sailors, and ours, constant relations which will form our country to trade and seamanship.

8. "To extend ourselves incessantly towards the North, along the Baltic, as towards the South, along the Black Sea.

9. "TO APPROACH AS NEAR AS WE CAN TO CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE INDIES. He who reigns there will be sovereign of the world. Consequently to excite continual wars, now with the *Turks*, now with the *Persians*; to form posts on the Black Sea; to obtain by degrees the mastery of that Sea, as of the Baltic, which is a double point necessary to the success of the design; to hasten the decay of Prussia; to penetrate even to the Persian gulf, to establish, if possible, with

Syria the ancient commerce of the Levant, and advance to the Indies, which are the store-house of the world. That point gained, the gold of England can be dispensed with.

10. "Carefully to seek and maintain an alliance with Austria; to appear to support her ideas of future dominion over Germany, and to excite against her, underhandedly, the jealousy of the German Princes. To get both parties to ask aid of Russia, and to exercise over the country a species of protection which will prepare for future domination.

11. "To interest the House of Austria to drive the Turk from Europe, and to neutralize her jealousies at the time of the conquest of Constantinople, be it by exciting a war against her on the part of the old States of Europe, or by giving her a portion of the spoil to be taken back some other time.

12. "To LABOR TO UNITE AROUND OURSELVES ALL THE DISUNITED OR SCHISMATIC GREEKS, that are scattered whether in Hungary or in the South of Poland; to become their centre, their support, and to ESTABLISH ANTECEDENTLY A UNIVERSAL PREDOMINANCE BY MEANS OF A SORT OF SACERDOTAL RULE OR SUPREMACY: they will be so many friends in an enemy's fortress.

13. "Sweden dismembered, Persia overcome, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, our armies reunited, the Black Sea and the Baltic guarded by our ships, it will be necessary then to propose separately and secretly to the Court of Versailles and to that of Vienna to divide with them the empire of the world. If one of them accept, which cannot fail, by playing on their ambition and self-love, to use that one to ruin the other, and then to destroy the one that remains, involving it in a contest which could not be doubtful, because Russia would already possess as her own all the East and part of Europe.

14. "If, which is unlikely, both should refuse the offers of Russia, it would be necessary to know how to excite a quarrel between them, and to make them weaken and exhaust one another. Then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia should pour upon them her troops already collected in Germany, at the same time that two large fleets should set out, one from the sea of Azof, and the other from Archangel, laden with Asiatic levies, under the convoy of the armed fleets of the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the ocean, they would inundate France on one side, while Germany would be over-run on the other, and these two countries conquered, the rest of Europe would pass easily and without striking a blow, under the yoke. Thus Europe can and ought to be subjugated."

This copy of the testament of Peter the Great, is taken from the Memoirs of the Chev. *Eon*, published in 1836, and drawn by the Editor, Gaillardet, from family papers, and from authentic writings deposited in the archives of the Foreign office. The Chev. d'Eon, twice chargé d'affaires of the Court of Versailles in Russia, near the Court of Elizabeth, returning to France in 1757, received from the friendly Empress a commission to carry her act of adhesion to the treaty of Versailles. He took the precaution to communicate the testament of Peter the Great, first to the Abbé de Bernis, minister of foreign affairs, then to the king himself, but this gigantic design of European domination conceived by Peter I seemed chimerical to the ministers of Louis XV.

Thus the Memoirs of the Chev. *Eon*. Let the injunctions cited be compared with the whole series of successive facts in the growth of Russia, and it will be seen that her every step treads precisely those paths which the founder of the Empire had marked out. Supporting himself on the Baltic by the conquest of Ingria, of Livonia and of Esthonia, that Prince had weakened the power of jealous Sweden, and touched, at the opposite extremities of his dominions, the Euxine and the Caspian. His immediate successors could do little in war, except so far as the Empress Anne made her power felt not only by the Turks and Tartars but even by France, which sustained in vain the claims of Stanislaus to the kingdom of Poland against the Saxon Augustus. Her successor, Peter III, being murdered, after seven months reign, the terrible Catharine II obtains Lithuania, Courland, Volhynia, Podolia, by the infamous partition of Poland, conducted with those arts which are pointed out in the IVth article of the Testament;* and on the opposite side, the Crimea, Ozakoff, and the Dnieper, give her the possession of the Black Sea, while by means of little Tartary and Georgia she raises her head upon the Caspian. Paul I, entering still further upon the path indicated, according to the second injunction of the testament, in the interest of Western Europe, pushes the celebrated Survarrow to Turin. His son Alexander flies in person to Paris with his army and disposes of the destinies of that city, annexing in the meantime to his empire Finland taken from the Swedes, Bessarabia from the Turks, the western shores of the Caspian from the Persians. From the latter, his successor Nicholas took Armenia; acquiring in the interim the windward side of Turkey by favoring the Hellenes and protecting the Moldavians and Wallachians, according to the 12th precept. The Circassians of the Caucasus alone make head thus far against the Muscovite forces, perhaps in order that they may serve to fulfil the first article of the testament, by exercising them continually in war, who if they overcome this barrier, over-running like a torrent, Persia, already as if enfeoffed to the Empire, will find themselves on the frontiers of India, marked by the testator as the ultimate bound of his conquests.

Meanwhile the other precepts touching the administration are obeyed with not less fidelity. It is known to what degree has been raised, according to art. 1, the prosperity of the finances, so far at least as it is possible to penetrate their mysteries, guarded, they say, by an impenetrable secrecy. Illustrious men of science and brave generals have flown thither, not less than artists, either foreigners who have sought that country, or Russians educated in Italy; whence arises, in part perhaps, that antinational character of the Russian literature, remarked by *Leougor*; and certainly the French coloring with which the most illustrious portion of the high society of St. Petersburg is varnished over.

The long relations of commerce and warlike alliance, maintained, according to art. 7, with England, are interrupted only at this day at the moment when the influence and almost the armies of Russia, pushed to the Persian gulf, can, according to art. 9, dispense with the treasures of Albion, against whom, to invade the Indies, it is necessary to make war. The protection, too, granted now to Prussia, now to Denmark, now to Saxony, now to other small principalities, now to all the rest of Europe against Napoleon, was crowned by that last fact of 1849, when the protection of Russia saved the Austrian Empire, and imposed on it that noble chain of gratitude which may have so large a part in the solution of the question of the East. The characteristic feature of the testament, however, which is developing itself in our day, is that dilatation of religious influence, so well described by *Della Motta*, speaking of panslavism: "which," says he, "is the idea of uniting in a single religious and political society the entire Slavonic race to render it politically predominant over the rest. And this idea is embodying itself to such a degree in the populations, now Greek, now Slavonic, on the borders of the Empire, that in proof of their sympathies, the peasants of the Danube and the Hungarian Slaves, preserve in their houses the portrait of the Russian Emperor, as the head or chief protector of their religious schism against *Latinism.*"

---

* The reader will observe that the partition of Poland took place in 1774; and the testament was already deposited in the archives of France in 1757.

If it appears from this series of historical facts that we can conclude that the present policy of Russia walks precisely in the path indicated by Peter I, our readers perceive what prognostic can be deduced as to the result of this war; in which if Russia should be victorious, she would divide the spoil principally with Austria, according to art. 13 of the testament; and having swallowed up Persia with one gigantic effort, together with Circassia, no longer needful to exercise the Russian army, would transport the latter to Cabul, Affghanistan and the other frontiers of India, to measure its force with the Indo-British troops.

You will arrive at the same conclusion if you consult the documents let slip from Russian portfolios and fallen into the indiscreet hands of Western journalists. First among these is the memorial, which, at the time when Alexander appeared tempted to repair the disaster of Poland by erecting it anew into a kingdom little less than independent, was presented to the Count Pozzo di Borgo, minister of foreign affairs. "Beware," it said, "of such a restoration. Whatever be the motives and the wisdom of conquests at the moment when they are undertaken, when made and recognized they should be absolutely preserved, above all if they belong by their nature and importance to the fundamental policy of the conquering State. The Polish possessions are in my judgment, in this category. Interpose between our empire and the rest of Europe a nation of nine millions well organized, and the Russians circumscribed within their ancient frontier, will become strangers to all the rest of the European nations; and precisely in order to drive Russia back into this position, and make of her an Asiatic power, did Napoleon think to establish the kingdom of Poland."

Thus the sage diplomatist; and thus it may be inferred, that if the war, already swollen to such gigantic proportions, should initiate on the part of the Western Powers a restoration of Poland as a barrier against the Northern torrent, the most valiant efforts of Russia would be made to remove that barrier, and that the fields of Germany would have to tremble under the shock of armies without end.

[The *Civiltá* then proceeds to discuss what would become of Turkey, and appeals to another memorial presented by Pozzo di Borgo to the Emperor Nicholas, to show him that the conquest of Turkey is possible and necessary; and from a memorial of Count Nesselrode to the Grand Duke Constantine (1830), proves that the forbearance of Russia in 1829 was calculated, believing that Turkey was reduced to virtual dependence.]

Arbiter of the Ottomans in peace and war, the Autocrat naturally did not wish to bring upon the field the other governments, who equalled Russia in power, civlization, industry and riches; nor could he hope that the Western Powers, then strong, tranquil and independent, would leave Russia the peaceful possession of the Byzantine capital.

But after 1848 affairs wear a totally different aspect: and Turkey, withdrawing itself from the guardianship of Russia, accepts, as less perilous, the protection of the Western Powers, who have over the Ottoman States neither the advantage of neighborhood, nor the influence of unity in schism, nor the obvious interest of obtaining a road to the Mediterranean by the Dardanelles. By advising Turkey to adopt European reforms, the latter evince a desire to elevate her to a moral independence, by which she would be able in time to rival Russia in *civilization*, in *industry*, in *riches*. The prey is about to escape from the talons of the Northern eagle, unless he flies to seize it; nor would he find a moment more opportune than this, when the recent convulsions of '48 have left Western Europe broken by conflicts, and exhausted by debts and burdens.

Every thing, then, invites us to predict that Russia will do her utmost to advance in triumph to the Dardanelles, and the Western Powers their utmost to limit insuperably on the south and west, her ever growing ambition.

From a concussion so terrible between old Europe and the nascent Tartar civilization, what result ought we to anticipate?

Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, in 1834, regarding as inevitable the mission of some Menschikoff, and a final strife between the Czar and the Sultan, followed by an intervention of the Western Powers, places the parties face to face and thus argues:

"If an Anglo-French fleet," says Marshal Marmont in 1837, "passes the Dardanelles and arrives at Constantinople; if at the same time 50,000 men of the allied forces take a position at Adrianople, the *Russian squadron will retire to Sabastopol to leave it no more;* and if the Czar passes the Danube and directs his army upon the Balkan, he must combat at one time the Turkish, French and English forces; and, supposing the non-neutrality of the Court of Vienna, he finds himself exposed to all the perils in which he would be involved by an Austrian army debouching from Transylvania.

"If, on the contrary," adds the marshal, "the Western Powers allow themselves to be outstripped in celerity by the Emperor of Russia, as the squadron is always in a state to receive on board a division of 20,000 men cantoned in the peninsula, as this embarkation can be made in twenty-four hours, and the squadron can weigh anchor the next day and reach the Bosphorus in forty-four hours, the northern winds always prevailing in the Black Sea, there will no longer be a possible strife in those regions between the other Powers and Russia: the Russian squadron placed in security at the Dardanelles under the protection of the forts, will hold at bay the squadrons of France and England.

"Notwithstanding the maritime occupation, however, on the part of the allies," pursues the French captain, "if there should be only the Turkish armies to arrest her march to Constantinople, Russia would soon give an account of them, and even were her fleets destroyed and her ports bombarded, would plant her standard on the cupola of St. Sophia, and it would be extremely difficult for Europe to make her abandon the capital of the Turkish empire."

As for the operations to be attempted in the Baltic, the Duke de Ragusa does not think that Russia has any thing to fear on that side. "The English," he says, "would never send a squadron to that unlucky and inhospitable sea, to beat themselves to pieces on shores of iron." (Events, though, prove the contrary.) "If, for a determinate and temporary purpose, the English should send a fleet to the Baltic, it would be the part of wisdom for the Russian squadron not to measure itself with them, and to expect from the aid of the seasons, a certain liberation from the enemy."

In the eyes of the Duke de Ragusa, the capital point for France and England is to send to the East an army of occupation.* In examining the strategical combinations which may be ultimately attempted by the belligerents, the Duke, although devoted to the Emperor Nicholas, and taking no pains to conceal his preference for the Russian cause in the East, does not appear to credit that the designs of the Czar will be actually anticipated by the Western Powers with this double precaution—the occupation of the Black Sea, and that of Roumelia.

---

* It will be observed that this is precisely what the allies have done, and the strategical reason of the Duke de Ragusa explains their subsequent inactivity. Having rendered it impossible for the Russians to advance to Constantinople without encountering the united forces of the allies, they have left the defeat of the former to the climate and the sieges of the Danube.—Eds.

Such twenty years ago was the prognostic of one of the greatest among so many consummate captains, formed to victory under the discipline of that terrible conqueror to whom all yielded, but the omnipotence of nature employed by the vengeance of God and provoked by the anathema of His Vicar: and if that prognostic be just, the reader must see that Russia will come off badly, as the Western Powers have not only occupied the strategical points indicated by the French marshal, on the Euxine and at the Balkan, but have undertaken also the occupation of the Baltic, which he judged almost impossible.

The *Civiltà* then quotes a diplomatic prognostication from the *Sperange* of Balbo, in 1845, who, "with much sagacity, foresaw in the Russian protectorate over the Danubian principalities an occasion of overbearing usurpation (Menschikoff?), in the usurpation the cause of a rupture, in the rupture the initiation of a triple alliance between France, England and Austria, *in the hesitation of Austria the impossibility of solving the question.*" From this discussion of political conjectures, the *Civiltà* turns to *prophecies*, one of which, of the date of 612 (printed at Rome in that year), predicted a great discomfiture of the Turks in 1623 or 24, and their entire destruction in 1854 or 1856 by a *Spanish Prince.* If the reader, wittily says the *Civiltà*, should find this a little intricate, not discovering this great discomfiture of the Mussulmans about 1623 or 24 in history, let him bear in mind the ditch at the astrologer's feet, who himself never saw it. What marvel that the Arab star-gazers saw in 1854, and did not see what happened in the sixteenth century, when they themselves lived? However, if you consult De Hammer, you will find in the conclusion, that from the beginning of the 16th century began a decline of the Ottomans. But to us suffice it, that the stars have announced what is to happen in 1854 or 1856, and if it appears improbable to any one that the final defeat of the Turks can be expected from a Spanish Prince, whereas there now sits on the throne of Castile a young Queen who probably will not go to wage war in Paganland, and if he consequently gives this in charge to an Austrian Prince, who, as successor of Charles V, might in the lurid lustre of the constellations be taken by the astrologers for a Spaniard, why these gentlemen ought, finally, to see that future which they announce, involved always in a certain mysterious and equivocal cloud! By this ingenious expedient, you see, we get to know that of the Turks in 1856 the world will cease to speak.

And we may add this confirmation, from an authority, which, without placing it among the prophecies approved by the Church, we are far from ridiculing like the horoscopes of barbarian astrologers. Maria Magdalena of the Cross, foundress of the Monastery of S. Chiara in Macao, wrote in 1640 (says Vieira, a Portuguese Jesuit) that "the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God would be defined as an article of faith in a week without a Friday (i. e. says the author, when Christmas would fall on Friday), and would be preceded by great commotions in China and great wars between Christian Princes; and as on Friday was the Incarnation of the Word and the Redemption of the human race, on Friday would be defined the mystery of the Conception, on which occasion, at the celebration of mass by the Sovereign Pontiff, all the idols will fall in China, in Japan, and in the whole world, and the Chinese empire will be converted, and the Ottoman empire destroyed, and the House of God in Jerusalem will be recovered by the aid of an Austrian hero, a new Alexander for rapidity, and armed only, together with his soldiers, with sword and shield. About that time a synagogue in Egypt and one in Morocco will be given to the Church, and the Austrians will wonderfully insist on a definition of that mystery, which definition will initiate peace among the Christian Princes."

The *Civiltà* next quotes the following:—

"In 1819, Father K . . . a very zealous Dominican preacher, being forbidden by the schismatical government to print, preach, or even hear confessions, under pain of being sent to Siberia, lived in great affliction to see himself thus reduced to spiritual impotence. One evening, after 9 o'clock, opening the window before retiring, he stood with his eyes raised to heaven, praying thus: 'O glorious martyr of Christ, blessed Andrew Bobola! you who so many years ago predicted the resurrection of our Poland; you who see her oppressors determined to plunge her into enmity with God by schism; oh! do not permit this ruin and disgrace, and obtain from the Almighty that He may free her from the schismatic and protestant yoke.' He then closed the window to retire to bed, when appeared in the midst of his cell the blessed martyr: 'Behold me,' said he, 'whom you just invoked: re-open that window and you shall see!' Terrified, astonished, the good religious opened, and saw with stupor, no longer the garden and wall of his convent, but the immense prospect of a boundless country.

"'You behold,' said the blessed martyr, 'the fields of Pinsko, where I had the glory to suffer martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. Now turn thither thine eyes and thou shalt know what thou desirest.' Father K. turned his eyes thither again, and more than ever astonished, beholds on those plains innumerable armies, Russians, Turks, French, English, Austrians, Prussians, and others that he hardly distinguished, fighting in desperate battle, and as he did not comprehend the meaning of the vision, Bobola explained it to him, saying: 'When the war you behold shall finish, the kingdom of Poland, by the mercy of God, shall be re-established, and I shall be recognized its special patron. And as a pledge of the reality of this vision and of the fulfilment of the prophecy, behold my hand:' and he left the impress of it on the table, and disappeared. The holy man, astonished, could hardly proffer a thanksgiving to God and his martyr; but at last returning to his senses, looked upon the table and beheld the print of the hand. Kissing it many times, and at last tranquillized, he finally laid down to rest. In the morning, as soon as he rose, he ran thither again to look, and finding the imprint of the hand as the evening before, remained convinced of the truth of the prediction: whence, all the Fathers and brethren in the convent being collected in his chamber, he showed them the prodigy and narrated how it had befallen him in the night. And to others still it was written, and I who relate this, had it personally related to me, being accidentally in Polock where I had the account."

Thus the responsible narrator: and the fact would give an appearance of credibility to other prophecies which are current in Germany. [The *Civiltà* gives several of them in detail, which our limits do not allow, and among others that of *Sister Rose of Taggia*, for which see the *Metropolitan* for September, p. 499.] But if we, it subjoins, were to be asked for a conjecture, we should draw it from a quite different source than prophetic visions: and pre-supposing that the fortunes of politics are, in the hand of the God of battles, an instrument to fulfil his eternal designs in favor of the elect, we should venture to invite you to consoling hopes for the future of religion and the Church. The conflict between the East and West will last some time perhaps, and disasters, blood and slaughter, will cause tears, and enough, to those especially who do not remember that *life is a warfare, and the earth a field of battle.* But in fine, the Western Powers cannot but have comprehended the immense danger that menaces them, if they suffer to be augmented by all the forces of the East, that Colossus, which now, even allied, they can scarcely restrain. Which, dilating itself to the Holy Places, and to the Indies, could with a stroke of that unsparing sword, rend from the bosom of the Roman Church that numberless multitude of Eastern Catholics, to whose succor it is the duty and the interest of the West to fly.

And such a succor would fail without unity: and unity in the West is no longer possible but through a religious sentiment. It is not the *Civiltà Cattolica* or the *Univers* which tells you so, but a Russian statesman, who wrote in the *Revue des deux mondes* in 1850, precisely to combat Catholicism.

> "All that the West possesses," says he, "of positive Christianity, at this day, either explicitly, or more or less secretly, is bound up with Roman Catholicism, of which the Papacy, such as centuries have made it, is the keystone and condition of existence."

According to the Russian diplomatist, all hope of compact unity in the West reposes on Catholicism and on the Pontiff. Political equilibriums and protocols are one of the illusions with which the atheism of indifference hoped to create a society of nations without God, as it hopes by constitutional checks and balances to form without God a society of individuals. It belongs to the Slavonic preponderance to undeceive European diplomacy, and to make it understand how uncertain is every political equilibrium without a guarantee of religion which may bind together Princes and peoples in the unity of conscience.

It will certainly not be to-morrow that the day of disenchantment will come, and the return to unity: granting that allied Europe drives for this once the Northern eagle back to his ice-bergs. But if ambition never retreats; if from the Narva and the Pruth the discomfited Muscovite before thirsted for Pultawa and Kainardgi; Europe must continue to see before her eyes the fearful spectre of slavery under the schismatic autocrat; and his terrible scimeter will at last make our grand-children or our great-grand-children comprehend in respect to the Russian, that same truth which our ancestors of the middle age so well comprehended in regard to the Turk: that to the unity of a countless multitude formed under a lay chief by ignorance and force, it is necessary to oppose another boundless unity, which in civilized Europe is no longer possible except by the truth and by Authority; either to comprehend this truth, in which all Catholicism is concentred, or to succumb under that arm, which, if it triumphed, would speedily dispose, as with a docile instrument, of the entire Asiatic barbarism! In such an alternative, to believe that Europe could be so stolid as not to comprehend her own interests, or so stupid as not to take care of them, or so abject as to submit to the infamous yoke, would be a despair of the future, a non-comprehension of the present, a forgetting of the past.

If the most ancient and the most certain of political prophecies must continue to be verified; if it belong to the *sons of Japhet to inhabit the tents of Sem*, or, that is, of Japetic Europe to *orient* itself into Asia, all induces us to believe that the Catholicism of the West, already half re-embraced by conviction, will obtain its complete return to the fold of Christ, compelled by the sound of that lash which places it in the alternative of being Catholic or Russian.

Such may be the design of Providence in this sudden war, breaking out so unexpectedly in spite of a thousand wishes and a thousand contrary protestations on the part of him who till now sustained the universal peace and order of Europe: such is the prognostic, or rather the augury, which is offered you in regard to its result by the *Civiltà Cattolica*. J. V. H.

# THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The subject of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin has very often of late years engaged the particular attention of the Catholic world. Our holy Father the Pope, has himself at different times brought it before our view; and just now in his Encyclical Letter proclaiming the general Jubilee, he asks all the faithful to unite in praying that he may be guided by the divine assistance to give soon a decision which may be to the glory of God and of that same Virgin our well-beloved Mother. This confirms the belief which had before been commonly received, that the Holy See is actually occupied with the question of publishing a dogmatical decree, defining it to be an article of Catholic faith, that the Holy Mother of God was conceived without the stain of original sin.

The question is sometimes asked, and perhaps oftener thought of, how such a decree can be made at this late period in the history of the Church? The faith of the Church is said to be unchangeable; — is it not a very important change, if it be extended to embrace a truth which it did not embrace before? And then in the very nature of faith, it cannot receive any new truth except by a new revelation: for it contains only what has been revealed by God, and taught by His Church on His authority. If this doctrine were revealed to the Apostles and taught by them, it has always been of faith: if it were not so revealed, then the Church cannot now define it to be of faith, because by that definition she would declare that it was revealed.

These difficulties have been solved in the late pastoral of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, publishing the Jubilee in his diocese; but as they furnish an occasion for some explanations concerning matters of faith in general, we hope it will not be thought impertinent for us to consider the same subject more at length.

A little reflection will show that these objections do not apply exclusively to this one question of the Immaculate Conception. They equally pertain to every other doctrine that has ever been made the subject of an express definition from the Church: to various truths defined in the Council of Trent concerning the Sacraments, Grace, and Free-Will; and to those regarding our Divine Saviour and the Adorable Trinity, that were defined in the earlier councils of Nice, Ephesus, Chalcedon, &c. If these truths were revealed by God, they belonged to the faith before they were defined; and if they were not revealed, they never could be made to belong to the faith, because faith embraces only those truths that God has revealed.

To give a direct answer, we accept the first *horn* of the dilemma, and say that all these truths did belong to the faith before they were defined. The question immediately arises: of what value then is a dogmatic definition of an article of faith? What is the difference in the position of any doctrine before such a definition and after it? — Its value is that of an official and conclusive declaration that the truth does belong and always did belong to the faith, because it was revealed by God, and taught by His Church. The effect of it upon the doctrine is this: before the definition, the truth was a matter of faith, and was taught by the Church, and whoever knew that the Church did so teach it, was bound by his faith to believe it; but there was room for men to doubt or deny that the Church did teach it: — after the definition, any man who knows that the definition has been made, can no longer doubt that the Church does teach the truth, and therefore he cannot reject the article without committing a mortal sin against faith. Again, before the definition, a man denying the truth, even though he knew that it was taught by the Church, would indeed commit a mortal sin against faith, but he would not be regarded by the Church as guilty of heresy, nor could he be charged by his neighbors with that particular crime; but after the definition is made, if he refuse to submit to it, and persist in disputing the doctrine, he is then properly regarded as a heretic.

Let us remember that to deny any known truth is a sin of falsehood; and the sin is greater in proportion as the truth is more important. To deny a truth which we know that the Church teaches on the authority of God, is not only a falsehood, but a sin of infidelity. It is impugning the veracity of His divinely commissioned agent, and rejecting a truth which he has judged sufficiently important to be placed under her particular guardianship; and for the believing of which He has given us the especial virtue of faith. But a man's knowing that the Church teaches a particular doctrine, depends on the evidence that he has of that fact; and neither his neighbors nor his bishop can charge him with heresy for rejecting a doctrine taught by the Church, unless they know that he has sufficient evidence of her teaching it. Now a definition of the Church is always sufficient and conclusive evidence that she does teach the doctrine; and when that definition has been made known to a man, and he still rejects the doctrine, he is then undeniably a heretic.

To understand this more clearly, we must observe the difference between the Church's *teaching* a matter of faith, and her *defining* it. The terms are sometimes used synonymously: we often say that the Church does not teach that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin, meaning that she does not teach it in that official and conclusive form, of solemnly declaring that all Christians are bound to believe it. But if we take *teaching* in the more general sense of simply imparting knowledge, there is a wide difference between the Church's teaching and defining truths of faith. Her teaching is done by many divers persons, and in different ways. Parents teaching their children, pastors catechising their flocks, professors instructing their scholars, authors writing books on Christian doctrine;—these and many other channels are continually transmitting Catholic truth from generation to generation.* And in this ordinary teaching, God displays a wonderful providence and love of His holy Church, by taking care that such a body of truths should be communicated to more than two hundred millions of people and handed down through so many centuries, by so many different means, among persons so various in dispositions, interests and habits of mind; and yet that these truths should be preserved without loss and without mixture of error. This is a standing miracle that attests the divinity of the Catholic Church; a miracle which no sect dares to claim. This method of teaching is ordinarily sufficient under that heavenly providence, to keep the faithful acquainted with the truths most important for their salvation, and for the glory of God, and to preserve them from dangerous errors.

But cases arise from time to time, in which this method of teaching does not suffice, and then she makes a definition of her doctrine; which is done by her chief pastors, the successors of the Apostles, under the guidance of her supreme head on earth, the Bishop of Rome; or simply by the Bishop of Rome himself, the successor of St. Peter, whose faith was not to fail. The truths which God has been pleased to reveal to His Church are numerous, and He has not provided that all of them should be made known to each individual of the faithful. He takes care that we shall have the means to learn those that are most important for knowing and discharging our duty to him; and of these we are bound to inform ourselves. The others, we are not obliged to learn, but we are obliged to accept and confess them when we do learn that the Church teaches them. Now, from a truth's not being known to all Catholics, a question may arise whether it is a part of the Church's teaching or not. They who have not been taught it as a part of their faith, may judge that it is something new, or only an opinion of some individuals, or at most a truth known from a human source, and not one taught by the Church as being revealed of God. To questions of this kind the Church is not always bound to give her attention. There may be sufficient means for clearing up the doubt within the reach of those who choose to seek them; or she may judge that no serious evil will arise from some of her children being mistaken on that point. But sometimes she deems it expedient for the souls under her care, to end the question by a formal declaration that she does teach that truth as received from God: and then she is said to *define* it to be an article of faith.

---

*Those who desire, will find a fuller exposition of this point, and much to elucidate the whole matter of our essay, in Brownson's Review for October, 1847, art. III, particularly on pp. 518 and seqq.—and October, 1848, art. V, pp. 529 and seqq.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception presents in some respects a peculiar case: — a case in which men of great learning, of undoubted sincerity, nay of acknowledged heroic sanctity, have investigated the question and arrived at opposite conclusions. Many were persuaded that this doctrine was revealed by God, and was always a part of the truth transmitted from generation to generation in the Church, as of divine authority. Others could not find evidence sufficient to satisfy their minds of this. Formerly some could not convince themselves that the doctrine was true at all; but now the truth of it seems to be established, and the question that remains, is whether it rests on the authority of God. For Pope Gregory XV, in the year 1622, forbade Catholics to dispute the truth of the doctrine even in private; and we can hardly imagine that God would allow His Church to forbid the disputing of a doctrine unless that doctrine was really true. If the Holy Father shall define it to be an article of faith, there will no longer be any room for doubting that it was revealed by God, and always taught by His Church, though not known to every individual in the Church.

We have heard the question asked, as a serious difficulty, whether there is any instance on record of the Church defining a doctrine, after an express declaration had been made that it was not an article of faith. From what we have said, it will not be hard to give the answer, by removing the ambiguity of the question. If such a declaration had been made in this sense, that the doctrine was not revealed by God, and taught by the Church on His authority, — then certainly that doctrine could never afterwards be defined to be an article of faith. For in the one case or in the other, the Church would declare an untruth; which God has promised shall never come to pass. But if the declaration was merely an assertion of the fact, that the doctrine had not yet been officially decided to be of faith, so that the faithful were left free to enquire for themselves, or to suspend their judgments, — then, whatever may be the records of the past, there is nothing in such a declaration to hinder a definition from being made, any more than the declaration of a judge that he has not yet decided a point of law, is to hinder him from deciding it afterwards.

We presume that the question had reference to the Bull of Pope Sixtus IV, *Grave nimis*, published A. D. 1483. This document confirms what has just been said. It forbids any one to accuse of heresy those who should deny the Immaculate Conception, "since it has not yet been decided by the Church of Rome and the

Apostolic See."— *Cum nondum sit a Romana Ecclesia and Apostolica Sede decisum.* The Bull may be found in the Corpus Juris Canonici, *Extrav. Com.*, *l.* iii, *tit.* 12.

If it still appear strange that a truth should be taught by the Church, that is, transmitted through many generations of her children, and yet learned and holy men should be unable to find conclusive evidence of so public a fact; — we reply that although at first sight it may seem strange, yet it is not unaccountable. For observe that truths may be taught implicitly in various ways. When we teach one truth which contains others in itself as parts or as necessary consequences, we really teach the others, although the persons who are taught may not advert to them. Every Catholic is taught, for example, that all men had inherited original sin from Adam: and Protestants too find it clearly stated by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, ch. v. Yet even good Catholics may perhaps listen to and approve ingenious theories about races of men entirely distinct, without observing that the great truth of Original Sin contains in it the other truth that all mankind are descended from one father, Adam, and that therefore those ingenious theories must be false.

We may also teach a truth in general terms which do indeed convey it, but do not express it clearly to every mind. Our present subject furnishes us with an illustration. When the Angel styled the Blessed Virgin "full of grace," (St. Luke, ch. i, v. 28), this expression if taken in the greatest extent of its meaning would imply that there was nothing in her, present or past, which could lessen her favor in the eyes of God. But certainly original sin, existing in her though only for a moment, would have made her for that moment a child of wrath; and then for all eternity it would be true, that she had once been an object of God's displeasure. To many minds therefore, that expression of St. Gabriel conveys quite satisfactorily the doctrine that the Blessed Virgin was stainless in the first instant of her conception. To other minds those words do not convey this meaning. Since men are continually using general expressions without intending them to be understood in all their vigor, — as when we say that a house is full of people — so many interpret this title of "full of grace," to signify only that the Blessed Virgin possessed at that moment every virtue, and an abundance of graces above all other creatures. Now in teaching, men often make use of such general terms, particularly when they have no doubt concerning the doctrine, and do not suspect that any Catholic will understand their words in a different sense from that in which they themselves understand them.

In any case like this, it might in the course of time excite attention that some Catholics held a different belief from others on such a subject. The question then arises, which of these beliefs is really the truth received from God and taught by the Church. Perhaps on inquiry it may be clear, from a simple comparison of numbers, that the one doctrine is held by the great body of the faithful, and the other by a few individuals. If this be not quite clear, it remains to look back for evidence of what was believed and taught by the Church in some preceding period. Whatever it was at any one time, that it must be now. The text of Sacred Scripture, the writings of the holy Fathers and of theologians, are the chief sources from which this evidence can be drawn; but ancient liturgies, monumental inscriptions and other documents may also furnish some. In some cases this evidence will point so clearly to one conclusion, as to satisfy every sincere enquirer; but in others it may not be so. It is often a very complex and very delicate work to examine and compare historical evidence. Even when a writer's sentiment is clearly expressed, it may be difficult to determine the value of his testimony; to judge whether he might have willfully misstated the doctrine, or might have misunderstood those from whom he received it, or might have unwittingly imbibed the error of the few, and thought that it was the doctrine of the Church. And when the writer uses general terms, it is still less easy to determine what sense he intended to convey by them. It may be necessary to compare other passages in his writings, to consider the object that he had in view, the place and times in which he wrote, the peculiarities of his style, &c. And then all these testimonies must be brought together, that the evidence on each side may be weighed and the balance struck. Is it strange if in some one question of the Church's teaching, this process should become difficult enough for men of learning to make an error in it, and not find proof to give them absolute certainty that the doctrine was taught by the Church as of divine authority?

As far as we have the means of judging, this is a sufficiently correct view of the case in regard to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Great numbers of the faithful, being taught that the Blessed Mother of God was perfectly pure, the holiest of all His creatures and "full of grace," never thought of imputing to her the stain of original sin. Others, bearing in mind the great doctrine of original sin, never thought of regarding her as an exception to this common lot of all the children of Adam, but understood her graces to be as abundant as they could be without setting aside this law. How early this difference existed among the faithful, and how widely it was spread, it would not be easy to ascertain, nor is it in the scope of this essay to examine. As all Catholics were agreed in reverencing her as the most excellent of the creatures of God, the Church did not see any practical evil to result from some individuals being under a mistake with regard to one of her privileges. It was not necessary therefore that the divinely appointed pastors of the flock should make the examination and pronounce officially under the infallible guidance of the Holy Ghost, what was her teaching on the subject.

But for some time past the matter seems to be growing in importance. Commonly the Church is induced to define a doctrine, because of the contrary error being taught by evil men, to the danger of the people; — *contra errorem insurgentem;* — but various other circumstances may make it equally expedient for her to publish a solemn profession of some particular truth. And at the present day such circumstances seem to be multiplied. The general increase of impiety, the deplorable tendency of the whole un-Catholic world towards the denial of the Incarnation, with which this mystery is so closely connected, and towards the rejection of all that is truly holy in religion, and the multiplication of all kinds of blasphemies against our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother; — these seem to show that it is an appropriate time for the Church, His affectionate spouse on earth, to offer both to Him and her some great act of reparation of honor. Such an act would be the publishing in the face of scoffers and of the worldly wise, this solemn declaration of the most precious of Mary's privileges; that which constituted perhaps the brightest of her ornaments in the eyes of her loving Son. And such a declaration would immediately be followed by innumerable acts of public worship and private devotion, all over the earth, amid the universal exultation of the faithful on this happy proclamation of their Mother's glory; a sweet perfume of praise and love ascending from every portion of the earth, to the Queen of Heaven; a tribute most gratifying to her Son, and glorious to the Divine Majesty, and drawing down innumerable blessings on this vale of tears.

If it be asked whether this particular act is the best suited to the exigencies of the present time, the question would seem to be answered by the continually swelling voice of the faithful throughout the world; many of them calling expressly for the desired definition, but all uniting in extolling this privilege of Mary, and thanking God for this particular glory of His Holy Mother. And there is the voice of heaven itself, heard most distinctly in the numerous miracles and supernatural favors granted in return for devotions in honor of the Immaculate Conception. It is heard particularly in the history of the medal which commemorates this mystery; a medal which was made under instructions brought from heaven by Mary herself; which has been the instrument of so many divine favors, that it is known by the common name of the Miraculous Medal; and which in a few years has come into such general use, as almost to supersede in some places, the use of all other medals. When we hear all these testimonies from heaven and earth mingling in a chorus of praise to the Immaculate Mother of God, we cannot wonder that the Vicar of her Divine Son on earth should draw the attention of all his flock to this consoling truth, and feel inspired with a holy wish to make it the subject of an especial tribute to her honor and the glory of God. It will be a solemn act of praise and thanksgiving: a solemn protest that Catholics at least acknowledge the supreme dominion of God, and their sole dependence on the merits of the Son of Mary; that they are not of that impious world which is not only increasing every day in sin, but — unless wickedness belies herself, and pretends to be more wicked than she is — is actually reviving the horrid worship of that same devil* whose pride was so crushed by this very event of the Immaculate Conception of the Infant Mary. It will be a comforting assurance from the Holy Ghost, that the evil spirit has no power to touch a soul that God protects against him. It will be a sounding of Mary's dearest privilege, in words so clear that no Catholic shall mistake them, and no voice shall be longer silent of the two hundred millions of the faithful, who glory in fulfilling the prophecy uttered by her own sacred lips: "Behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me Blessed."

Let every good Catholic then enter into the spirit of the Holy Father's invitation, and not cease during this Jubilee to beseech God by more and more ardent prayers, that His Vicar on earth may be enlightened by the Holy Ghost, to advance the glory of God himself, and the praise of the Blessed Virgin, our most loving Mother, by a decree according to the divine will, concerning the Conception of the same Immaculate Virgin Mary.

---

*Our daily papers furnish abundant grounds for this belief. To consult with evil spirits is an act of worship; and to make enquiries by table-rappings and other mediums, seems to be either a real consultation with them, or a piece of trickery under that pretence. — But the evidence becomes truly frightful, when we read *The Spirit Rapper* of Dr. Brownson.

## IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. VIII.

*"The Gap of Barnesmore."—Londonderry—how it came to have the prefix of "London."—Route to the Giant's Causeway.—The Causeway.—Singular Scenery of Antrim County.—"The Grey Man's Path."—Visit to Armagh, the Primatial City of Ireland.—Why St. Patrick fixed his Primacy there.*

After a forenoon spent at Donegal, examining the fine old Castle of the O'Donnells, and the sea-side monastery of the Franciscans, where the venerable "Four Masters" compiled their oft quoted chronicle, we left (having made an early dinner on delicious Gisker trout and mountain mutton) for Derry, the next northern county. Half a dozen miles from Donegal town, the road entered one of the most remarkable mountain gorges we had yet seen, called "Barnesmore." The sun had gone westward of its southern ridge, and heavy patches of shadow fell half way across the gorge. The crags and peaks on the other slope, caught by opposition some gleams of receding light, and glistened redly towards the clear grey sky. Our road from either height must have appeared a mere thread winding its way through the dry bottom of this gulf without a tide. Chilly as was the first plunge into such a scene, (during the process of digestion too), our car-driver made matters worse by volunteering a series of anecdotes, illustrating them as he went by: "There's where the guager's ears were cut off," and "yonder's the place where the three men were found frozen to death." It seemed the very spot for a lawless gang to play their pranks in, and though we had not, at the time, read "Shandy Maguire," we can bear now witness to the fidelity of its author's descriptions of scenery in that neighborhood.

One or two pleasant, industrial-looking villages were rapidly passed, and by supper-time we were snugly ensconced in the Hotel of Strabane, from whence early on the morrow, half an hour's ride by rail brought us in sight of Londonderry, with its old walls and gates, standing in all their seventeenth century determination.

FERRY GATE, DERRY.

Few cities in Ireland can boast a more interesting history than this *Urbs Intacta* of the north. Its name it derives from the Irish word for "Oak," being covered with a forest of oaks when St. Columbcille, afterwards of Iona, founded a monastery in their shade. In Catholic times, like other Irish monastic towns, the name of its founder was frequently added to its own, hence the "Derry-Columbcille" of the Irish annals. When James I of England, in the year 1613, granted the city and county to "the London Companies"—*videlicet*—"the Vinters, Fishmongers, Cordwainers, Drysalters," &c., &c., the prefix *London* was added in the charter to the original title. But though ordained by act of Parliament, this addition has fallen into disuse, and among natives and strangers the place is now known simply as Derry.

Its warlike experience did not cease with the incoming of the new proprietors. Though men of peace themselves, they provided the place with ample means of defence, and when the Londonners joined the Parliament against Charles I, it went over to the party of the proprietors. In 1662 its charter was renewed by Charles II, with all the privileges granted by his grandfather, yet in 1689 it stoutly and successfully resisted the brother and successor of this Charles, in that memorable "siege of Derry," which has given so tempting a theme to "Charlotte Elizabeth," and other laureats of Protestantism. That the townsmen and apprentices acted right bravely no one can deny; but whether men who owed all their fortune to James I, and Charles II, *ought* to have taken such a part against James II, is another question. In fact there is not on record a more striking evidence of the blindness of dynasties, or the retribution which awaits injustice, even from the hands of its favored clients. Derry built up by one James, cast the other down; Derry which owed every thing to the Stuarts, gave the fatal blow to the Stuart dynasty. James II had bitter cause to repent, when turning away checkmated and crest-fallen from its walls, that his grandfather had ever endowed that place with such fatal privileges.

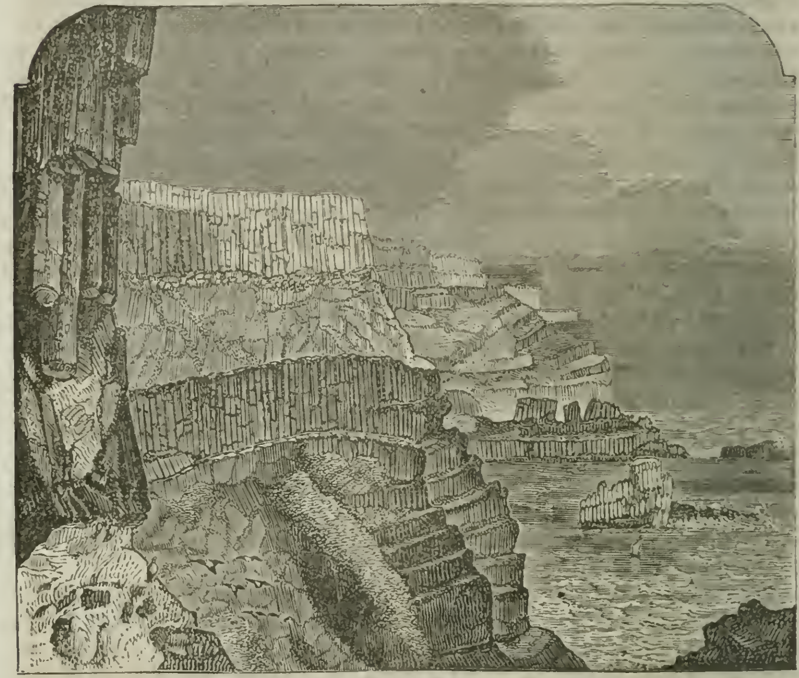
The city has long outgrown its walls, and on the other side of the river, ("the yellow-flowing Foyle"), there is a fine suburb, called Waterside. This is connected with the city by a long wooden bridge, which, like those at Wexford and Waterford, was built in the last century by Lemuel Cox, a native of Medford, Massachusstts. The population is about 12,000 souls.

At the water gates of the town, the Foyle spreads into the Lough of the same name, which is navigable for ships and steam vessels of considerable tonnage. About twenty miles below the city, it pours into the north channel, dividing in its course the counties of Donegal and Derry.

Our chief object in Ulster was to see "the Giant's Causeway," that wonderful geological curiosity. Our route therefore lay along the eastern shore of Lough Foyle, to Coleraine, at the outlet of the river Bann. This country is wild in the extreme, but not interesting for its scenery. The almost total absence of trees gives it a barren and repulsive look. "It seems," says the fanciful De Beaumont, "like a beautiful woman denuded of her hair." We should rather compare it to a grizzly old giant, after a hard bout of typhus fever, with bald scalp and beardless mane. The immediate neighborhood of Coleraine is more agreeable, the river preserving till the last the character it has always borne, of "pastoral Bann." The town contains some 8,000 citizens, and is a famous market place of the linen manufacture. Poetically, — and we like to be topographical in our quotations, — it is inseparably linked in our memory with the catastrophe of "beautiful Kitty," (for which see "The Complete Warbler," page —).

A few miles from Coleraine, we crossed into the most northern angle of the most northern Irish county (Antrim), which upon its most northern sea-coast, projects "The Giant's Causeway" into the stormy north sea. All this region looks, tastes, smells, and feels of the north. The grass grows in cords rather than blades, the stunted birch and mountain ash, except in sheltered glens, look dwarfed and crushed; the rocks are splintered, grey and angular, and the wind blows as fierce and free as it did in the days of the sea kings.

A neat inn kept by a spinster, almost on the brink of the ocean, was our first halt, and here we had scarcely arrived, when we were beset by all the imps of the place; in other words "the guides," who so abound in all countries where curiosity travellers resort. Choosing a couple of these with much ado, we prepared to descend the precipices, and examine by shore and sea, this wondrous work of the Irish Giants. Our view, taken from the sea, presents the part of the Causeway called "the Chimneys," as the prominent object:



THE CAUSEWAY.

If the reader can conceive a high and caverned coast, looking out into the north sea five or six miles, from east to west, all made up of projections, minarets, cliffs, and gulfs, of the same general character with the above "bit," but each furlong forming into a distinct and complete picture, he *may*, without seeing it, imagine the Causeway. Here, let it be believed, two natural elements, rock and water, produce almost every effect, of the most varied and perfect scenery elsewhere. In the sea-floored caves or "ports," we have Gothic aisles lighted with candelebra of *spar*, with darkened side-chapels, where the tides are chanting mysterious hymns; in the bared spires shooting into the air, we have the unburthened pillars of Baalbec; seen by the morning and evening sun, such is the magic effect of light and shade, the dullest fancy can see groves, and castles, and cathedrals, in the wild, fantastic, and almost uninhabited shore.

Of course one kind of rock would be incapable of such wonderful effects. Here six different varieties have been mingled and contrasted, until, as a perfect mosaic sometimes mocks the painter's art to imitate or excel, so these scenes become the despair of all artists. The Causeway is made up of green-stone, basalt (black or blue-black), red ochre, containing an admixture of iron; amygdalaid, a concrete of crystal, spar, and quartz; lignite and porphyry. Out of these rich materials, Nature, or rather, let us say, God himself, has worked the mosaic of the world, — a scene the like of which no discovered country can boast. Three whole days we surveyed that wonderful work, deaf to the jabber of the guides, and even to the hoarse familiar voice of old ocean himself; and we vowed as we departed, that should Providence permit us to see Europe again, the Giant's Causeway would be one of our earliest visits.

Indeed the whole coast scenery of Antrim is of the same extraordinary character. In order to see it to advantage, we took the route along shore by Fairhead, Cushendall, Garron Point (Lord Londonderry's place), and Glendren, to Belfast. Near Fairhead we paused to look into the famous "Grey Man's Path," which a previous tourist thus describes:

"None of the numerous precipices on the coast can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, according to a measurement made in the summer of 1810 (by Professor Playfair), 283 feet high, and resting on a base, which makes the whole altitude 636 feet. One of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and above 200 feet perpendicular. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God "—*Dr. Drummond.*

THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

"This splendid promontory, whose highest point is 535 feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its rude articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separations are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts; the one at the sea-side is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone, 250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded by any in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous *débris*, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable." — *Curry's Guide.*

From Belfast (of which hereafter) we made a short excursion to Armagh, the primatial city of the Irish. Even in the rail road carriages, the milder air told sensibly of the inland. Our organs, lately accustomed to the smell of "kelp" and other sea-weeds, were gratefully saluted by the sweeter odor of ripening corn, and grass upon the ledge, and the graceful flowers of the flax crop. Armagh is

SCENE IN ARMAGH.

an inland county, pastoral and prosperous, and its historical capital, "the City of the Saints," is the cleanest and neatest, perhaps, in the kingdom. Its ancient cathedral, recently and carefully "restored," (to its architectural proportions, *not* to the right owners), is its great attraction.

This cathedral, standing on the highest ground of the city, draws all the streets up to itself "like radii to a common verge." These streets were of old divided

CARRICK-A-REDE, COUNTY ANTRIM.

into three "quarters"— *Trian Mor, Trian Patrick,* and *Trian Sassanagh;* that is, the great, or people's quarter; Patrick's quarter, and the Stranger's, or Saxon's quarter. For here, according to Bede, Alcuin, Erric of Auxerre, and other hagiologists, the Irish nation supplied "book and board" gratuitously to all comers, Saxons, Gauls, or Germans. Here at one time 3,000 students of divinity could be reckoned, and from this very spot, where we were now standing, went forth, it is thought, more missionaries of Christ crucified, from the sixth till the ninth century, than from any other in christendom, except the city of Rome.

Why St. Patrick should have first fixed his primacy so far from the centre of the Island, and from Tara, its federal head in Celtic times, I was unable to understand. On submitting the question to a learned friend in Dublin, to whom we were frequently indebted for elucidations of antiquarian mysteries, he observed that, "in St. Patrick's time the dynasty which supplied Tara with kings was 'the Northern Hy-Nial,' which sprung from the neighborhood of Armagh, and that after his time, 'the consecration of the king' was always performed by the Archbishop of Armagh. Thus the national apostle provided for the due influence of religion, while keeping it free from the electoral disputes or displays, or the official intrigues of a seat of government." This explanation struck us as ingenious, but whether it is the true one or not, neither we, (nor, we are sure, the author), would wish to push it farther than the facts of ecclesiastical history may warrant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?*—II.

The whole of Shakspeare's historical plays may be searched in vain for any passage reflecting upon or sneering at the religious doctrines or ceremonies of Catholicity. On the contrary, there are many passages like those in which Henry V says:

"I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Here the Protestant will fail to find the least countenance to the coarse and vulgar caricatures of the Catholic doctrine as to penance, purgatory, and prayers for the dead, which now acquire ready currency. So also he speaks —

"Of conscience wash'd
*As pure as sin in baptism.*"

So he makes the dethroned Richard thus speak to his queen, in the true spirit of penitence:

"Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down."

It is in this spirit Shakspeare always speaks of the religious life. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Isabella says,

"Hark how I'll bribe you!
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers for preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal."

Most strongly does Shakspeare convey his deep reverence for the religious life, by putting into the mouth of Lucio, a very loose character, these expressions,

"Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, — play with all virgins so:

---

* From the *Rambler* for July, 1854.

I hold you as *a thing enskied and sainted;*
*By your renouncement, an immortal spirit:*
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" there is a passage conceived in a similar spirit. The heroine is asked whether

"You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
*Thrice-blessed they* that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But *earthlier* happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

The exquisite beauty of this passage is not more remarkable than its harmony with Catholic feeling; and it is to be observed that Shakspeare went rather out of his way to write it, as it was hardly necessary to descant so fully on the subject; which was evidently one he loved to dwell upon.

Again, Shakspeare always represents friars in an amiable light. In "Much Ado about Nothing," when Hero is sinking under her load of obloquy, and her father is quite bowed down by it, the friar's voice, meek, calm, and kind, seems to come like divine music on her ear:

"Have comfort, lady!"

We cannot wonder that the poor victim of calumny ventures to raise her head. This the poet indicates by one of the finest touches of his dramatic art:

"*Leon.* Dost thou look up?
*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?"

The friar's reply depicts a saintly charity so sweetly, that the readers and lovers of Digby (and all his readers are lovers) will remember how beautifully he introduces it as an example of the virtue. The contrast between the human and the divine is still more strongly drawn out by what follows: the father answers the friar in evident amazement at his calmness:

"Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her?"

Yes; but the great poet designed to exhibit the face of something heavenly, of that charity which "hopeth all things;" and how beautifully it seems to speak in the friar's words:

"Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error."

In "Romeo and Juliet," every one is sensible of the sweetness with which Shakspeare has drawn the character of the friar, who comes on the scene with that beautiful soliloquy beginning: "The grey-eyed moon smiles on the frowning night," with which all lovers of the poet are familiar; and no one can fail to observe how appropriately his reflections take a religious turn, ending with the fine lines which express so sound a doctrine of theology:

"Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Upon the heated and distempered brow of Romeo calmly and sweetly falls the ***benedicite*** of the friar, like the fresh cool air of morning. Quite in character is the holy man's horror at the idea of guilt first crossing his mind,—a feeling which in his usual masterly manner, the poet conveys by the hurried exclamation:

"God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
*Romeo.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
*Friar.* That's my good son!"

Equally characteristic is the friar's observation on the equivocal explanation of Romeo:

"Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift."

And with great truthfulness and skill the poet makes him eager to assist Romeo;

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love."

The marriage-scene opens with his pious exclamation:

"So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!"

And the gentleness of his soul breathes out a chastened spirit over the transports of the young lovers, preparing the mind for the woe that is to follow. It would be impossible in fewer or more exquisite words to express the spirit of Christian elegy, than those in which he speaks the epitaph of Juliet:

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life."

It is in a similar spirit that Shakspeare always mentions friars, who are often introduced as confessors. Thus, in the play we have just quoted from, Juliet goes to the friar ostensibly for confession, and says,

> " Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
> Or shall I come to you at *evening Mass?*"

an expression rather curious and not easily explainable. The count, her lover, at once understands her purpose, and asks :

> " Came you to make confession to the father?"

So, in the " Two Gentlemen of Verona," Silvia says to Sir Eglamour that he shall meet her

> "At Friar Patrick's cell,
> Where I intend holy confession."

And soon afterwards, in the same play, we catch another sweet glimpse of the holy fathers ; the duke saying, when his daughter's flight is mentioned,

> " 'Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
> As he in penance wander'd through the forest :
> Besides, she did intend confession
> At Patrick's cell this even."

The argument is certainly a fair one, and not without force, that had Shakspeare been in heart a Protestant, he would not have failed to avail himself of all these opportunities, to convey (as he so well knew how) impressions repulsive, rather than so sweetly attractive, of these religious orders, and of the holy rite of confession. The more so when we remember the brutal tone of the *Homilies* of the Church of England on this and all similar subjects, — Homilies, which in Shakspeare's life-time were "appointed to be read in churches." Compare with the language of those homilies, the following from Shakspeare, clearly showing that he possessed a perfectly correct appreciation of "holy confession :"

> " *Friar.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
> *Julietta.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
> *Friar.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
> And try your penitence, if it be sound,
> Or hollowly put on.
> *Julietta.* I'll gladly learn."

Had the poet been imbued with those Protestant ideas of penance, he could not have given this fine and proper representation of it; he would have been sure to have put it in the odious light in which prejudice and ignorance always delight to present it, instead of thus doing justice to it as a sacrament for the sincerely penitent.

Expressions on other subjects also are scattered throughout Shakspeare's plays, showing a sense of religion such as we can only imagine to have been implanted by the pious instructions of Catholic parents. Clarence says to his murderers :

> " I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
> By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins;"

and Edward reproaches his nobles for not interceding on his brother's behalf, as they would have done for any of their vassals, who

"Had done a drunken slaughter, or defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer."

Hastings exclaims:

"Oh, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God."

Elsewhere he uses the phrases, "as firm as faith." These expressions are scattered here and there like pearls, with a natural and careless freedom which looks extremely like a deep-seated sense of piety.

In "All's Well that ends Well," Helen utters these beautiful words, which seem imbued with much of the Catholic spirit of faith, humility, and piety:

"He that of greatest work is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes."

Our impression is, that in the "Winter's Tale," under cover of a beautiful eulogy on the heathen worship of ancient Sicily — for the introduction of which there was not the slightest necessity — Shakspeare expresses his own sense of the majesty of the Mass:

"Oh, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,
It was i' the offering!"

This deep religious feeling in Shakspeare breaks out in his lightest and airiest scenes, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the fairies are addressed thus:

"Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins."

In his most playful moods, the great poet unconsciously betrays his latent religiousness; and, unlike the Puritans, whom he satirises as "peevish in prayer," he exhibits that true secret of Catholicity, the union of pleasantry and piety.

It is plain that Shakspeare's mind was utterly antagonistic to Puritanism; it was repulsive to him; and no one more frequently or forcibly expressed his aversions. Again and again he refers sarcastically to the Puritan character, and in a tone which no one imbued with Bible-reading Protestantism could possibly adopt. Thus he makes one of his worst characters say:

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

So in another play he has this passage:

"In religion,
What damned error, but *some sober brow*
Will bless it and approve it with a text;
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

So in the same play, Gratian, a gay, good-humored fellow, is made to say:

"If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, *look demurely*, —
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen."

And again:

"Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come:
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd up in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

It is impossible not to see, that in these and similar passages the grim gravity and pharisaical formality of the Puritans, at that time, rapidly rising in influence, is satirised. It is plain that Shakspeare's soul had an instinctive aversion to Puritanism; and that seems the same thing as saying that he had an attraction to Catholicity; for the two principles are so essentially opposed, that a leaning to one involves a repulsation from the other.

It is in the casual coruscations of genius that we see more of its latent tendencies and real character, than in any more formal or elaborate efforts. And there is a *spirit* in the workings of genius too subtle to be seized or analysed; like those finer properties of the air which escapes all detection of chemistry, and yet communicate to it either an exquisite sweetness or an oppressive deadness. It is in this subtle spirit of Shakspeare's poesy, which we cannot *catch* (so to speak) and set down in citations, that we find the main force of our argument. It is pregnant with latent Catholicity. It breathes forth, in a hundred delicate touches and indescribable beauties of feeling, the influence of Catholicity upon his soul. It is only by way of general description, rather than by selection of passages marked and quoted, that we can convey our idea of this property of his poetry, which speaks so eloquently of a Catholic education. To Catholics we can convey our meaning by saying, that we find dispersed through the marvellous creations of his genius all the sweet results of that realization of the doctrine of the Incarnation which is the exclusive attribute of the Catholic religion.

So, again, Shakspeare's poesy is bathed in love; so that we may exclaim in his own exquisite language:

"Oh, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!"

Listen to these beautiful lines:

> "Oh! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
> To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
> How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
> Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
> That live in her! When mind, and brain, and heart,
> These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
> (Her sweet perfections) with one sole king!"

It is no profanation to say, that this would not be unworthily applied to the all absorbing influence on the human soul of the love of the Sacred Heart! We say not, of course, that Shakspeare had a religious meaning present to his mind, but he had the capacity and predisposition for religious devotion which Catholic education implants; and that he who could sing in such noble strains of human love, must have had a heart touched by love divine.

Then, again, his *tenderness for woman.* There is nothing more marked in the great poet. Who remembers not the melting pathos of the words of Viola:

> "For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are.
> *Viola.* I think it well, my lord.
> *Duke.* There is no woman's sides
> Can abide the beating of so strong a passion
> As love doth give my heart.
> *Viola.* Ay, but I know,—
> *Duke.* What dost thou know?
> *Viola.* Too well what love women to men may owe.
> My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship."

We need scarcely quote the exquisite passage that follows, which every reader of Shakspeare knows by heart; yet the temptation to quote is irresistible:

> *Duke.* And what's her history?
> *Viola.* A blank my lord.
> She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek."

We must stop, however, or we could go on for ever. We know not what our readers may think of our argument; but we are sure that they will pardon us any failure in reasoning for the sake of the object we have had in view, viz. to award Catholicism, what we believe to be its due, the credit of having nursed the genius and filled the mighty soul of Shakspeare.

# THE ELLSWORTH OUTRAGE.

Our readers will readily believe, that our failure to notice this melancholy and disgraceful occurrence, in the November number of the Magazine, proceeded from no insensibility to the seriousness of the considerations which it suggests. We preferred to wait until the whole of the attendant circumstances should be published to the world, being desirous not only to procure accurate information on the subject, ourselves, but to observe the spirit in which it would be discussed by the sectarian newspapers, and the general press of the country. Full time has certainly elapsed, for both of these purposes, and — whatever judgment may be passed upon the comments we are about to make — it cannot be said that we have ventured them hastily or rashly.

It appears that the Rev. Mr. Bapst, a Catholic priest, had charge of a parish in Bangor in the State of Maine, and that the sphere of his pastoral duties extended to the town of Ellsworth, some thirty miles distant, where he had previously resided. While living in Ellsworth, Mr. Bapst had been compelled to remonstrate, on the part of his flock, against the course of the authorities, who insisted upon compelling the Catholic children, in the public schools, to make use of books avowedly anti-catholic. The authorities having refused to alter the system, Mr. Bapst appealed, in the usual course of law, to the proper tribunal, before which the matter was pending at the time of the outrage, which went so near to ending in his murder. A Town-meeting, as we learn from the Bangor papers, was called at Ellsworth, in consequence of this appeal, and after voting that "the town" — that is, the taxable population, Catholic as well as Protestant — should pay the expenses of the anti-Catholic side of the controversy, the meeting went on in substance to resolve, that the Rev. Mr. Bapst should be lynched, if he should venture to appear again in Ellsworth. It was scarcely reasonable to suppose that a Christian clergyman and freeman, with any proper sense of his rights and obligations, would be deterred, by such a threat, from ministering to the people who worshipped under his charge. Mr. Bapst accordingly visited Ellsworth, on the 14th of October, in the regular course of his pastoral duties. On the night of that day, he was dragged, by a band of organized ruffians, from the house where he was lodging — was robbed, stripped, tarred and feathered, and after having been ridden on a rail, to a considerable distance, was flung into a ditch, as dead. His physical sufferings were aggravated, during the period of his torture, by every insult, indignity, and indecent violation of his person, which the coarse passions of the mob and their brutal imaginations could suggest. To prevent any misunderstanding of the feelings and motives which prompted the outrage and stimulated those who took part in it, he was assailed, on every side, with the grossest reviling and mockery of his religion, and the most ribald blasphemy of all that it considers venerable and holy. In the very midst of the scene, and when his interposition was demanded by every principle of humanity and duty, the Sheriff of the County, with some assistants, made his appearance, but he was not recognized (as the Bangor papers say) by the sufferer, in his agony, and availed himself of the fact to pass on in another direction, under pretence of seeking, elsewhere, the outlaws who were at work before his eyes. The unhappy priest, abandoned to his fate, was under the necessity, as soon as he revived, of walking, naked, to his residence — more than half a mile distant — in a cold and pelting storm. The next day (Sunday) the populace, surprised to find that he was still alive, began to threaten a renewal of their violence, unless he should at once depart — but the members of his congregation having armed themselves for his protection, sustained by some of the more respectable of the Protestant community, he remained at Ellsworth until Monday, when he celebrated mass, before proceeding on his journey.

These, we believe, are, without exaggeration, the material facts of the case. We have taken them from the local and Protestant newspapers, some of which, we feel bound to say, have treated the whole occurrence in a liberal and manly spirit, commanding our highest consideration and respect.

It is undoubtedly painful, under any circumstances, to hear of the death or persecution of a Christian Missionary, encountered in the propagation of his faith. Such things, however, have been too common, in the career of the Church ; have been endured with too much heroic self-sacrifice, and are too sure of their reward, to be long mourned over. In this point of view, it is — and certainly from no want of sympathy — that we consider the cruel sufferings of the Rev. Mr. Bapst as the smallest part of the sad history before us. If he had been tortured or murdered in a land of pagans or painted savages — on some wild, heathen coast, or beneath the shadows of some awful forest, where church-bells had never sounded — it would have been but one more martyr added to the holy army, and one more sin committed by those who knew not what they did. If the wrong had been consummated within the borders of some nation, where persecution was the policy of the state and the brutality of individuals was merged in the wickedness of the social system, it would have been, in comparison, as nothing. But the thing was done, in a land of education and freedom, where the inviolability of the citizen, in his person and conscience, is the life of the law and the bulwark and boast of the people. The third section of the Declaration of Rights of the State of Maine, contains the following charter of religious liberty :

> "All men have a natural and inalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and no one shall be hurt, molested or restrained, in his person. liberty or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, nor for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace nor obstruct others in their religious worship — and all persons demeaning themselves peaceably as good members of the State, shall be equally under the protection of the laws, and no subordination nor preference of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law, nor shall any religious test be required, as a qualification for any office or trust under this State."

Against the victim of the Ellsworth outrage, in whom all these emphatic guaranties of the Constitution of Maine were violated, not even slander has breathed a whisper of personal unworthiness. He is a man of piety and learning, of kindly temper, of gentle manners, of pure and upright life. It is not pretended that he had failed in any of the charities which became him as a man, or the obligations incumbent on him as a citizen. So far was he from having violated the law or invaded it, in fact or spirit, that the proceeding which was the excuse for his maltreatment was a formal and respectful resort to its interposition, through the customary, appointed tribunal.

Nor is the town which this occurrence has disgraced forever, a paltry village, where a band of outlaws might commit an act of violence, and escape, before a scattered population could rally around the law. It is a place of large and increasing commercial importance, with a population of five thousand, and all the usual organization and appliances for the protection of person and property. Ignorance can furnish it no extenuation. The town has its churches and schools — no doubt its lecture-rooms and philosophers — as all New England towns have. If a question were made, any where, as to enlightenment and civilization, its inhabitants would boil with indignation at the suggestion of a doubt, that they were far above the "benighted" cities of the European continent. Of the five thousand who dwell within its limits, there was probably not one but had been taught from his infancy to turn towards the Rock of Plymouth, whenever toleration was talked of, and bow his head, in reverence, as a Mussulman before the black stone of Mecca.

Unhappily too, the constituted authorities of Ellsworth could not have been taken by surprise. They had full and public notice that the outrage was contemplated — with ample time, opportunity and means to guard against the possibility of its perpetration. If they did not prevent it, it was because they would not. The individuals, who planned and executed it, were well known to the community and to the officers of the law — having boldly proposed and resolved upon the commission of the crime, at a formal public meeting, before the eyes and in the hearing of all the world.

The act, then, was a gross violation of the constitution and the law, committed with knowledge and deliberation — without palliation or excuse — and with the permission, if not the connivance, of the civil government. But were even this all, there might still be consolation. Public opinion is sometimes a refuge from persecution, where the law gives no shelter, and there is often that, in the countenance and support and the indignant vindication of good men, which makes amends for the violence of the lawless and the faithlessness of officials to their trust. Unhappily, the present case has no such features to redeem or to relieve it. With a few honorable exceptions, the public press has passed over the occurrence without comment, or with those faint common-places of condemnation which are usually applied to a riot at a dram-shop or a brawl at a brothel. "Rowdyism" — "reprehensible proceeding" — "disgraceful" — and a few similar expressions, at the head of a telegraphic despatch, are all that many of the most influential papers throughout the country have deemed it proper to publish, in regard to one of the most serious invasions of the liberty of the citizen, which they have as yet been called to record. The most of them have been careful to couple their information with the statement, that the sufferer was "an Italian" or "a German," or "a Jesuit" — the connexion conveying their obvious impression that he was thus entitled to no better treatment.

Let our readers turn aside with us, for a moment. If an excited crowd of "Papists" — no matter what the provocation — had laid violent hands on the meanest and most unworthy of the gang of propagandists and brawlers, who live by huckstering "No Popery" at the corners of the streets, what a howl for blood would have gone up throughout the land! What churches would have been burned! what convents sacked! what an outcry would have been heard about the persecutions of the Church of Rome and the inconsistency of her tenets and practices with republican institutions! Suppose that the individual assaulted had been — not an American citizen — but the lowest of the Leahys, and Orrs and Gavazzis — the most abandoned of the runagate foreigners, who are welcomed so cordially here, on their errand of hate! Would the excitement have been less fearful, the retribution less sure? What press would have dared to extenuate the crime — nay even to visit it with slight condemnation? What orations on the liberty of speech would have swollen the columns of the journals, and have thundered along the walls of the tabernacles! What "peaceful" processions, armed with revolvers, would have gone about, shooting down "Irishmen," in vindication of "American principles!"

Is not all this true — every word of it — simply and literally true? Alas, it is not only true, but it is sadly significant. It can mean but one thing. It tells but one story, and that is of the wide-spread, almost universal existence, among the Protestant population — particularly in the Eastern States — of a spirit of intolerance, towards the Catholic religion and those who profess it, utterly at war with the genius of our institutions, with the law's freedom, and the constitution's guaranties. It is the indication of this spirit — a wild, aggressive, belligerent fanaticism — that gives to the case which we are treating, its solemn import. It is this, that makes men pause and shudder, when such outrages are alluded to. It is this that makes those worshipping at the same altar with the victim, who may be subjects of the same outlawry, fold their arms in sorrow and take counsel, one of another, as to what may happen, and how they shall meet it when it comes. Laws and constitutions are a mockery, when the principles which they consecrate are cast out from the hearts of the people. There is no safety in parchments — no bulwark in statute books — when men fall away from them. And when the law fails and its arm is nerveless — where shall the refuge of those be, whose hope and shield it was? What is the vista that opens for those who are proscribed, when the strongest shall rule, and their ruling shall have neither heart nor conscience?

These are subjects, certainly, for grave and painful meditation. We cannot shut our eyes to them — for they glare upon us daily. We cannot ignore the fact that a fanaticism — to which a few years back, even a bigot would have hardly pleaded guilty, though he felt it — is now one of the admitted principles of a large and powerful political organization. There are some who would fain believe that it is an accidental element in that organization. For our part, we are satisfied that it is at once the corner-stone and the cement of the wall. It is our deliberate conviction, that the conservative political principles professed by the so called "American Party," are those which have contributed least to its recent triumphs, and will have least to do with its future success. There are many right-minded and liberal persons, who have been led into its ranks by the exuberance of their nationality, and who believe that its anti-catholic and proscriptive doctrines are an ephemeral evil, which will soon pass away, leaving permanent the good with which it is assumed that they are but temporarily united. We are satisfied that this is a delusion, and that events will prove it to be such. We are convinced that every effort to discard the "No Popery" test will be resisted by the main strength of the organization, and that the party will be shorn of its power and popularity, precisely in proportion as it abandons its warfare upon those who profess the Catholic religion. It will become apparent, we are sure, whenever the question shall be tried, that the "forty parson power" is what animates and impels the machine — and our readers need not be told upon what terms only the "drum ecclesiastic" will consent to be beaten before the tents of party. Fanaticism fights for its own victories, and never will forego, but on compulsion, the right of plundering whom it slays.

What the result will be, when it shall have been made apparent, or shall be confessed, that "Know Nothingism" (as it is styled) has its life from a sectarian malignity which bids defiance to law and constitution, we cannot undertake to prophesy. It is our sincere and ardent hope — to some extent our trust — that the exposure of a state of things so un-American, un-Christian and uncivilized, will throw all good men back upon their patriotism, and arrest even the thoughtless and unwise in a career so full of peril and injustice. But we confess that with our hope and trust there are strong misgivings mingled. We have seen how fanaticism, uniting itself with corrupt political ambition, has organized a fearful combination, throughout the North, against the rights of property guarantied by the constitution to the South. We have seen how religion and the sacred name of its Founder have been invoked to consecrate this abominable alliance — how the pulpits have been made its instruments, and the churches its strongholds. We have seen blood run freely at its bidding, while preachers blessed the murder. Cities have been kept under martial law to prevent its triumph — the rights of the citizen guarded with difficulty from its invasion by the array of baton and bayonet. It has tampered with men's consciences, openly, in the highest places, and has sneered and preached away their oaths, most solemnly sworn before God. It is now erect and vigorous — as full as ever of resources and vindictive resolution. While such things are, how can we venture to affirm that the same spirit, with similar political adjuncts, will respect religious liberty more than it regards the rights of property? Why will it bow to the organic law, in one connexion, when spurning and trampling on it in another?

Mr. Bryant has sung in philosophic verse — and all the stump-orators are fond of singing after him — that while "truth, crushed," will always rise again, it is the fate of "error wounded" to "writhe with pain" and perish. We are not disposed, of course, to doubt the eternity of truth, but it would be a happy thing, if the world's experience were as satisfactory as the poet's, in regard to the incapacity of error to heal its wounds and rush back, rampant, to its battles. Without being exactly "eternal," falsehood is quite as long-lived as man, and its longevity is thus amply sufficient for all human purposes of mischief. There is no better illustration of this, than the history of the fanaticism which we have been considering. There is not a tenet, a slang phrase, a clap-trap or an untruth, of those which make up the present "No Popery" stock in trade, which was not said, sung, paraded, exposed, refuted, laughed at and put down, at least an hundred times, before any mortal now living was born. In England, Catholic Emancipation put an end to them in a practical point of view — it was supposed forever. Although Sydney Smith wrote, when he was giving them a finishing blow, that "a little chalk on the wall and a profound ignorance of the subject soon raise a cry of no Popery," it was still believed that the ignorance referred to had been enlightened or shamed, and the chalk had forsaken its mission. And in England, for all practical purposes, so it has been. The stale and paltry cant about "obedience to a foreign potentate," "dispensation from oaths of allegiance," "indulgence for breaking faith with heretics," &c., &c., which at this moment is frightening republican America from its propriety, now only survives, in England, to drone through some evangelical nose in a fourth class conventicle, or adorn the discourses of "Y^e^ Christian gentlemen" at Exeter Hall, as they appear in the immortal tableau of Punch! And yet here, at a later day, under a more advanced civilization — in a country boasting its independence of European traditions and proud of its superiority to European prejudice — the cast-off bigotry of the old world comes to life again, and men welcome, with all their hearts — as if it were a luxury to hate their brethren — the demolished absurdities, the despised and hackneyed slanders, which the country we sprang from now remembers but as stains upon her history! With her, their overthrow was a triumph of the nation over the intolerance of the law. With us, their renewal is a treason of the citizen to the principles which dignify the constitution. The British people rose above their system. Can it be, that we are doomed to sink below the level of ours? The future must answer this question. We cannot augur favorably of the end, if the Ellsworth outrage is a significant part of the beginning.

# THE CHILD OF THE CHOIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## •CHAPTER I.

### *The Widow and the deserted Child.*

On the left hand of the Aube, and not far from the little town of Arcis, celebrated for the disasters it encountered during the war of the invasion of 1814, is a village, in a beautifully picturesque situation, having the river on one side, and hills crowned with flourishing vineyards on the other. It had resumed, after the fatal epoch of which we speak, the agreeable and sprightly aspect it formerly presented, and every where the industrious hands of its inhabitants had effaced the marks of devastation and mourning imprinted upon it by the horrors of war.

A short time after the elevation of Napoleon to the empire, a vehicle stopped one evening, a short distance from the village at the door of one of the houses, then occupied by a widow, who though not rich, was nevertheless in comfortable circumstances, which she augmented every year by her industry and economy.

Susanna Joubert, this was the widow's name, had lost her husband by one of those fatal and unexpected accidents, which always add poignancy to the grief such a misfortune occasions.

Though she did not bear it with entire resignation, she rejected with disdain the proposals made to her to contract new ties.

Susanna was loved in the village, though from the time of her affliction she lived in complete seclusion, scarcely being seen except at mass on Sundays, at which she never failed to assist, clad in her robes of widowhood, which she was determined never to lay aside.

She was good and charitable, but quick and impulsive, and the curate of the village alone had power to calm her and make her listen to reason.

There was great excitement in the village occasioned by the extraordinary visit made to Susanna Joubert, for a rich and splendid equipage did not usually stop at a farm house in the country, in which none of the inhabitants could claim relations of such rank.

There was much gossip at the White Cross, the name of the village, where the events of the history we are about to relate occurred, but they were lost in vain conjectures concerning this singular visit. Much greater was their surprise, when on the following Sunday, Susanna was seen leading to church a beautiful child about five years old, dressed with sufficient elegance to justify the suspicion that his parents were rich. No one, however, dared to question Susanna on the subject, for it was well understood, that she was little disposed to make her private affairs the subject of conversation. It was nevertheless whispered that the child's name was Seraphin, or at least, that such was the name given it by Susanna.

This circumstance appeared for a moment to make her forget her sorrows. Her countenance generally pale and melancholy, was now lighted up with a brilliant color, and she became as beautiful as she had been before her widowhood. It was remarked also, that the curate, the worthy Mr. Bennett, whose noble character, enlightened piety, and zeal for his flock, screened him from slander, went more frequently to the house of Susanna; and it was concluded that he had taken charge of the child's education.

All was forgotten, even in the village, where the monotony of life generally creates chatting and foolish gossipping; and the people of the White Cross, seeing Seraphin frequently, thought no more of the circumstances which brought him among them. They had become accustomed to the seclusion in which Susanna, formerly gay and communicative, now lived.

Two years passed by; Seraphin, as he grew up, displayed the most happy dispositions; he appeared to love Susanna tenderly, and profitted much by the lessons of Mr. Bennet, but he was constantly sad and silent; and seemed born for study and meditation. During his hours of leisure, he would seat himself under the willows, which border the banks of the Aube, absorbed in an ecstasy of delight amid the smiling scene of nature. His heart opened with a sweet predilection to the inspirations of religion. Susanna had accustomed him to say his prayers aloud; and when he knelt before the little wooden cross, ornamented with blessed box, suspended at the head of his bed, he prayed for his father and mother whom he knew by no other names, his voice assumed an accent peculiarly touching and harmonious, and often his face was bathed in tears. He was exquisitely beautiful. but in these moments of high and sublime inspiration, his noble features assumed a celestial expression, and justified the name Susanna had given him.

The good curate, who became daily more and more attached to his pupil, thought that for the good of his health, as well as to dissipate the profound melancholy in which he always appeared to be plunged, he should share in the physical exercises suited to his age, though he had never shown any attraction for the sports of his companions. He obeyed, evidently to please the curate and Susanna, and mingled with the joyous bands of the village children, who ran about like a flock of starlings, filling the air, the neighboring hills and green banks of the Aube with shouts of merriment. Many times he proved to them that he was not deficient in strength or skill; and those who were at first disposed to rail at him, were forced to acknowledge themselves surpassed by him in the feats they were performing; but these pleasures of childhood's years had no charms for him.

Like his companions he was expert at racing and wrestling; he knew how to leap over hedges and ditches, and could climb in a short time, the highest branches of the pear tree; but Seraphin always, even in spite of himself, would separate himself from his noisy and adventurous friends. Solitude possessed for him inexpressible delights. The poor child! what thoughts would agitate his young mind when seated near some old tree, with his eyes raised towards Heaven as if to seek there that sweet peace, which he did not find around him.

Two years more elapsed. The mournful melancholy, which had left Susanna for a moment, returned, and with it her former pale countenance: often Seraphin would surprise her in the arbor of the garden near the house, shedding abundant tears, and beseeching God to take her to himself. The child would weep with her and taking her hands would cover them with kisses, vainly endeavoring to console, by his tenderness and affectionate caresses his adopted mother. Alas! it was in vain! Susanna had received too cruel a blow, her wound was re-opened, and she must sink under it. A change as sudden as it was alarming was visible in her, and unmistakable symptoms announced her approaching end.

The good curate did not leave her in those solemn moments, when the dying Christian no longer belongs to this world but by his pains.

At length, profiting by a moment, when Seraphin had gone to the garden to conceal his tears from his benefactress, Susanna raised herself painfully on her bed and addressing herself to the curate, said to him in a faltering voice: My Father, I rely upon your charity, that the young angel confided to my care, may not be left without a protector on the earth, when I shall be no more. The secret of his birth does not belong to me, and I cannot confide it, even to you, who have come to open the gates of Heaven for me, and he himself will perhaps never know it; suffice it to know, that I was the foster sister of his noble mother, and that my Seraphin is her legitimate son, you will not abandon to the world this child so young and so good. He is the fruit of an unhappy marriage, but one day I hope, and I will ask it of God as soon as I appear before him, his parents will come to claim him. O my father! do not allow any malediction to outrage my tomb. I engage before God and men, replied the curate, to take charge of your adopted child, he shall become mine.

"My God, may your name be blessed," cried Susanna; "nothing now remains for me, but to go to you." At this moment Seraphin came and knelt at the bed of his dying friend; she still had strength enough to smile upon him and bless him, then she fell into a profound sleep and breathed her last sigh.

## CHAPTER II.

### *The Pupil of the Pastor.*

Nearly a year had elapsed since the sad day of Susanna's departure from this world; Seraphin's grief had been tender and deep, but the voice of religion, whose sublime and consoling teachings he already understood, penetrated his heart, and shed upon it that placid and soothing resignation, of which it alone contains the secret. Twice a day this devoted child went to pray at the grave of his benefactress; he watered with his own hands the flowers he had planted upon it, and from that time forward, it was impossible to make him participate in the amusements of his former companions. He gave himself up to study with an unexampled ardor, and never quitted it except to aid his pious preceptor in the functions of his holy ministry.

One day the Curate took Seraphin with him to walk; they promenaded on the banks of the Aube, whose placid and pure waters reflected the departing rays of the sun. The weather was calm and the sky serene. "Seraphin," said the curate, "I have purposely placed you in the presence of this marvelous scene, in which the power and beauty of God are so magnificently displayed, because I have something important to say to you. Listen, my son; answer me from your heart. Oh! do not blush so: I know that a lie has never sullied your lips; but you may be drawn by a sentiment of gratitude to give me an answer of which you may one day have to repent. It is your inmost thought I wish to know."

"My excellent father," said Seraphin with emotion, "can I have a thought you do not already know? I should be so unhappy if you doubted me."

"No, my child," replied the curate; I am accustomed to read your inmost soul, and be not proud of it, there is none purer among the angels, but it is to your reason that I wish to speak to-day. Seraphin, I am as ignorant of your parents, as you are yourself; you have no doubt been separated from them by very grave circumstances, for I am certain that they love you tenderly. One day (and may God grant this as a recompense for your early piety and virtue), they will remember you, they will open their arms to you — they will come and demand of me a strict account of your education. You are advanced in your studies; but there is much knowledge for you to acquire, of which I know little, and which will be necessary and useful for you in the world. I doubt not that your talents, your noble and exalted sentiments, will entitle you to a distinguished position in society. My intention is to send you to the Lyceum at Rheims."

"To separate me from you," cried Seraphin. "No my father, no, this is not possible; is it? You do not wish me to die."

"My child," said the curate, much affected; "you have not then understood me. Do you not see, that this separation, as painful to me as it is to you, is a proof of my tenderness for you? Do you wish me to dispose of your future life?"

"My future, oh! God does not wish it to be placed in any other hands than yours, my father! My father, do not forsake me."

"Seraphin, my dear child, reflect well, the moment has come for you to choose a state of life."

"A state of life! O! my father," said Seraphin with enthusiasm, "is not that which opens before me to-day, the most noble and the most beautiful a man can follow. Reared by you at the foot of the altar, I wish to render myself worthy one day to receive the mission you fulfil: there is no other ambition in my heart; what need have I of the knowledge of which you speak. To do good like you, to pray, and to console the afflicted, is not this all the science that God requires of his ministers?"

"Dear child," replied the curate in a grave tone; "is this really your final determination? Reflect, that God hears you, and that it is you whom he will punish if ever you repent of it and complain of my weakness in yielding to your desires."

"Oh! never! never! My father, bless me and listen to my prayers." "Seraphin, I bless you, and receive your vows, as the purest and most cherished desires of your heart."

Seraphin threw himself into the arms of the curate, and the next day he laid aside his secular dress and assumed that worn by the candidates for holy orders. His studies were now directed towards the profession he had chosen for life.

During four years the Child of the Choir fulfilled with unwearied zeal all the duties imposed upon him. His charity and piety went beyond bounds. If occasionally the good curate was obliged to give him a paternal reprimand, it was only to moderate his zeal, and to teach him that he must not do more than God demanded of him.

As Seraphin advanced in years, he developed the most brilliant qualities, the germs of which it had pleased God to plant in his heart. Being charged by the curate to instruct the young boys of the village, he accomplished this duty with as much intelligence as happiness. Mild, forbearing and charitable, he was loved by all; the friend of the poor and the sick, he consecrated to the first the fruits of his earnings, and to the second his nights and days. Persons came from a distance to see the "Child of the Choir" of the White Cross. The humble Seraphin had acquired, in all this part of Champagne, a reputation which gave joy to his adopted father and benefactor.

At this period Seraphin was no longer a child; he was a tall and handsome young man, but simple and modest; he appeared to be ignorant of the advantages with which God had endowed him. When the curate would praise him for some beautiful action, he would kiss his hand and say mournfully, why is not my good Susanna here!

It was the middle of the year 1811: the moment was come when the "Child of the Choir," must, whether or not, be separated from the curate; he was about to enter the Seminary to prepare to receive holy orders.

One morning a post-chaise stopped before the farm house of Susanna Joubert, now ocoupied by some of her relations, heirs to her property. A few moments afterwards it passed rapidly through the village and stopped in the curate's yard; a gentleman of a commanding figure, and noble and imposing appearance, dressed in military costume of high rank, alighted from the carriage. It was Seraphin who received him.

"Mr. Bennett," said the stranger hurriedly. "Will you walk in, sir," replied the "Child of the Choir; "he is at home."

The stranger appeared troubled and uneasy, and Seraphin experienced an inexpressible oppression of heart, when he saw him enter the presbytery, and heard him say in an under tone whilst looking at him—"impossible!" A crowd of sad and tumultuous thoughts immediately agitated the mind of Seraphin. Was it for him he had come? Who was he? What did he want with him? A tear stole down his cheek, his heart was oppressed with an indefinable emotion. His perplexity did not last long: the visitor had not been shut up ten minutes with the curate when the latter called Seraphin.

The young man's heart beat violently, he ascended slowly the stairs that led to the parlor; the door was partly open, and he saw the curate half bent upon his arm chair, holding a pocket handkerchief to his eyes; the stranger with his elbow resting on the table, looked haughtily and impatiently about. "Seraphin," said the curate in a voice tenderly affectionate—"the will of God destroys to-day your work and mine; it calls you to the world, it restores you to your family and rank. This is your father." "My father!" said the young man turning pale; then he saluted the stranger with respect and threw himself into the arms of the curate.

"What are you doing, my child?" said Mr. Bennett; "did I not tell you that the General Count of A. was your father."

"I am not offended, Mr. Curate," said the General with dignity, "at the conduct of the young man; it is perfectly natural, he does not yet know me, but by an abandonment which must have appeared very cruel to him when he was able to comprehend his position. Poor Charles! We will make you forget the sorrows of your infancy: a tender mother awaits you, to call you her son and to press you to her heart. She will be proud of you. Do you know, Charles, that you resemble her, and I am your father, have you nothing to say to me? Will you not pardon me?" "Oh, my father!" said the young man, whilst receiving the caresses of the General: "Heaven is my witness that I appreciate the happiness of being yours; but a cruel uneasiness devours me at present: what will you do with me?" The curate bent down his head, crossing his arms upon his breast.

"Charles," replied the General. "circumstances which you will soon know, have deprived you of the care and affection of your parents, for whom nevertheless, your birth was a subject of joy and happiness. Will you not to-day respond to their dearest wishes? will you not dry the tears that have flowed for eighteen years?"

"Leave this country, and forever!" cried Charles; "leave my adopted father and peace and happiness! O, never! never!"

"You must do it, nevertheless, and that at this very moment," replied the General mildly but firmly. "Charles, when you are in the bosom of your family, you will comprehend the duties it imposes on you; you cannot follow the vocation you have chosen. I expect from you submission to my will; you will not, I hope, by an act of disobedience to your father, deny the religious sentiments with which you seem to be animated."

"You hear, my son," said the curate. "The voice of a father is that of God himself. You would be unworthy the holy ministry to which you desire to devote yourself, were you to resist your father's wishes. Let the will of God be done! Farewell, my Seraphin! My beloved son, obey your father—and when far away think sometimes of him, who cherished you with the tenderest love in childhood's years."

"My father, bless me," replied Charles; and after a moment's silence and hesitation, he cast himself upon his knees before the curate, who placed his trembling hands upon his head—then he raised himself and said to the General with an effort—"Sir, I await your orders."

A moment after, the post-chaise bore the "Child of the Choir" far away from the White Cross.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Pange Lingua.

Celebrate in anthems lofty
The supernal mystery
Which the mighty king of nations
Offers us divine and free:
Offspring of a womb predestined
Full of purity and grace,
Lo! He gives His glorious body
And His blood for our lost race!
Clothed with power—divinely tender,
Lo! He spreads the mystic feast,
Veiling from our eyes His splendor,
Is Himself our food and guest!

Long foretold by hoary prophets,
Earth's Redeemer comes at last!
Wondrous love all love excelling,
Dissipates the shadowy past—
Comes in human guise most lowly
Of a Virgin mother born,
With her life, His life was blended—
Through His heart, her heart was torn;
While the word He broadly scattered
'Till His wondrous mission's close,
Gifts divine, a God revealing,
Down through Time a glory throws.

Falls the night gloom on the Saviour,
Heavily His life-tide beats,
While His band with Him reclining
Serve the Lord with legal meats:
Then the paschal rite all over
Ancient types no more appear,
And the twelve with awe receive Him
Filled with mystic joy and fear!
Wondering still, but oh! believing
'Tis himself His hands impart;
Precious blood and glorious body,
Jesus! in thy gift have part.

God divine, in flesh incarnate,
By His word makes flesh of bread;
Wine becomes His blood fast flowing,
Though the senses shrink with dread,
Though they, trembling, view the wonder,
FAITH can pierce the mystic veil,
Grasp with burning soul the treasure,
Though all human reasons fail;
FAITH beholds the Lamb unblemished
Glorious through His lowly guise,
Tearless she receives her Saviour
In the bloodless sacrifice.

Bending lowly — come adoring
This soul-healing mystery —
Ancient forms their reign relinquish
To the New Rites' majesty —
Open wide the soul's fair portals
Cleanse with tears its inner shrine,
On its lintels blood is sprinkled,
Sprinkled by a guest divine.
Entering in He spreads the banquet,
Jesus! Master! it is thou!
In the tempest oh! draw near me,
And on me thyself bestow!

To the Father praise forever,
To the Son divine all power,
Honor, Glory, benediction,
Jub lation evermore: —
And to him from both proceeding
Equal praises ever be:
Heavenly Dove! Consoling Spirit!
Praise be thine eternally! D.

# THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—VI.

## BOOK II.

### THE LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT, PATRIARCH OF ALL THE WESTERN MONKS.

### INTRODUCTION.

There was a man of holy life, Benedictus—blessed by grace as well as by name, who from his earliest childhood was possessed of a manly heart. Surpassing indeed his years by his virtuous manners, he gave no thought to pleasure; but so long as he was on this earth, though free to use it for a time, yet he despised, as if already withered, the flower of this world. Derived of a good family in the province of Nursia, he was sent for a liberal education to Rome. But perceiving that many engaged in literary studies were abandoned to vice, he drew back the foot he had placed, as it were, on the threshold of the world, lest if he attained to something of its wisdom, he should afterward fall headlong. The study of letters therefore rejected, leaving his father's house and goods, and desirous only to please God, he sought the higher state of a holy life. Thus he retreated, knowingly ignorant, and wisely unlearned. All the acts of this one, I have not learned, but a few which I now relate, I received from the account of four of his disciples; to wit, Constantine, a truly reverend man who succeeded him in the rule of the monastery; Valentine, many years abbot of the Lateran monastery; Simplicius, the third after him who ruled his congregation; and Honoratus, who even now presides over the house where he first established himself.

## CHAPTER I.

### HOW HE REPAIRED THE BROKEN FAN.

When, therefore, the study of letters being abandoned, he had determined to seek the deserts, his nurse alone, who tenderly loved him, went with him. And when he had come to a place called Afide, where many devout persons wishing out of charity to detain him, they dwelt at the Church of Blessed Peter the Apostle, his nurse before mentioned borrowed of some of the women in the neighborhood a fan for winnowing her wheat, which being left carelessly upon a table, was by chance broken, so that it was found in fragments. When the nurse returning soon after thus found it, she began greatly to lament that the vessel which had been entrusted to her should be broken. But as Benedict, the devout and affectionate child, observed the weeping of his nurse, taking compassion upon her grief, he carried away by himself the broken pieces of the fan, and began with tears to pray. Upon rising from prayer, he found the fan before him entire, so that not even a trace of the fracture could be discovered. Then kindly consoling his nurse, he returned to her the winnowing fan now whole, which he had just brought away broken. Which fact was acknowledged by all in that place, and was held in such admiration that the inhabitants suspended the fan itself in the entrance of the church; whereby all present and to come should know the boy Benedict—in what perfection he began the grace of a holy life. For many years it was there in sight of every one, and until these times of the Longobards, still hung above the doors of the church.

But Benedict desiring rather to suffer the evils of the world than its praises, and for the love of God, to be fatigued by the labors, than to be exalted by the favors of this life, secretly left his nurse, and gained a solitary part of the desert called Subiaco, distant near forty miles from the city of Rome; abounding in cool and clear springs, the waters of which first meeting in an extensive lake, afterward flow forth in the river Anio. Hither while hastening on his way, a certain monk named Romanus discovered him, and enquired whither he went; and upon learning his intention, both kept his secret and lent him his assistance, giving him the religious habit, and in all that he could, supplying his wants. The man of God coming then to this place, committed himself to a narrow cave, and for three years, except to Romanus, remained unknown to men. Romanus himself was living not far away in a monastery under the rule of the Father Adeodatus; but piously stealing away at times from the notice of the father, he carried on certain days to Benedict, such of his own allowance of bread as he could hide away. There was no path from the cell of Romanus to the cave, because of a lofty rock overhanging the same; but from its summit he was wont to let down the food by a long rope, to which rope also he fastened a little bell, that at its sound the man of God should have notice when Romanus was holding to him the bread, and should come forth to receive it. But the enemy of our race envying the charity of the one and the solace of the other, when one day he saw the bread lowered down, threw a stone and broke the bell. Romanus ceased not however to serve him by other contrivances. And when now Almighty God was pleased to give Romanus rest from his labors, and to shew forth the life of Benedict for an example to men, that as a candle set upon a candlestick he should shine, giving light to all who are in the house of God, a certain priest residing at some distance, who had prepared a dinner for the Easter festival, beheld the Lord condescending to him in a vision and saying: "Thou preparest delicacies for thyself, while my servant yonder is starving with hunger." Immediately he arose, and the same Easter-day set forth with the food he had prepared for himself; and seeking the man of God among the steeps of the mountains, the hollows of the valleys and in the holes of the earth, he finds him hid within his cave. And when prayer being said, they had sat down together blessing God, after some pleasant discourse of heavenly things, the priest said: "Arise, let us eat, for this Easter-day." To whom the man of God answered: "I known it is Easter, because I have deserved to see thee." Living so far away from men, he was in truth ignorant that, that same day was the Paschal Festival. But the reverend presbyter again repeated: "Truly to-day is the Paschal day of our Lord's Resurrection; it is not proper for thee to abstain, and besides for this very purpose have I been sent, that together we may partake of the bounty of Almighty God." Therefore blessing God, they partook of the food. Finished then the repast, and the colloquy, the priest returned to his church.

About the same time shepherds found him lurking in the cave; whom as they perceived among the foliage, clad in skins, they supposed to be some wild beast; but coming to know the servant of God, many of them were converted from their own beastly mind, to the grace of piety. Thus his name became known to all that vicinity, and from that time he began to be visited by many, who, while they carried to him the food of the body, brought away in their hearts the word of life from his lips.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW HE OVERCAME THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE FLESH.

One day a little black-bird began to fly about his head, and to thrust itself in his face with such importunity, that if he wished, the saint could have taken it in his hand; but upon making the sign of the cross it disappeared. Afterward, however, such a temptation of the flesh followed, as the holy man had never known before. The evil spirit brought before his imagination a certain woman he had formerly seen, and so inflamed his mind with her beauty, that the fire of love within his heart could scarcely be controlled, and almost overcome by pleasure, he was even thinking to abandon the solitary life. When suddenly, regarded by the divine compassion, he returned to himself, and observing a thick growth of nettles and briers which flourished near by, throwing off his clothes, he threw himself naked upon the sharp thorns and stinging nettles; and having rolled himself for a time among them, came forth wounded throughout his whole body; and by these corporal wounds erased the mental one, since he turned the pleasure into pain. And while he burned outwardly with wholesome penance, the unlawful flame within was extinguished. Thus he overcame the sin, when he changed the fires. From that time, as he afterward declared to his disciples, the temptation of pleasure was so subdued in him, that he found nothing of the kind within himself. And now many began to leave the world and hasten to place themselves under his direction. Free himself from vicious temptations, he was by good right made a master of virtue. Even as it was commanded through Moses [Num. vii, 24], that the Levites, from twenty-five years and upward, should serve in the tabernacle, but from their fiftieth year should be made keepers of the sacred vessels.

Peter. — The example you have given, I partly understand, but I beg to have it expounded more plainly.

Gregory. — It is evident, Peter, that in youth the passions are hot, while from the fiftieth year, the blood begins to cool: now the sacred vessels are the souls of the faithful. While therefore the elect are under temptation, they must obey and serve them, and must be exercised in laborious duties; but when at a calmer period of life, the heat of temptation is passed, they are keepers of the vessels, because made directors of souls.

Peter. — I confess I am pleased with what you say; but now you have disclosed the hidden meaning of the text, I pray thee let us return to the life you commenced of this just man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. MEMOIRES HISTORIQUES SUR L'AUSTRALIE, par Mgr. *Rudesindo Salvado*, Réligieux Benédictin, Evêque de Port Victoria. 8vo. pp. 442. Paris: Penguet. 1854.

This is a most interesting work on the Catholic missions in the land of gold, chiefly on those of the Benedictines. Unlike many such works, it gives a full account of the country, its inhabitants, productions, &c., so that the reader can read understandingly. As a contribution to ethnology it is extremely interesting from its ample vocabulary.

2. HISTOIRE DE LA PREMIERE MISSION CATHOLIQUE au Vicariat de Mélanésie, par *C. M. Leopold Verguet*, Missionnaire Apostolique. 8vo. pp 320. Carcassonne: Labau. 1854.

This is another work on the missions of Oceanica, less profound, but on the whole more interesting. While sufficiently full on the manners, customs and especially the language of the natives of the group of islands off the coast of Australia, it is much more full and edifying in its account of the missionaries, their privations, persecutions, and even in several instances, their martyrdom. We trust ere long to see it in English.

3. L'EMPIRE CHINOIS, par *M. l'Abbé Huc*. 2 vols. 8vo. Imprimerie Imperiale. Paris: 1854.

This work in spite of its title is only a continuation of the inimitable Travels in Tartary and Thibet, by Huc and Gabet. It contains much relative to the customs and manners of China, but this is of comparatively little value, several fuller works being easily accessible. The great interest of the work is the personal narrative of the author, and the various incidents on which he seizes with rare humor and describes with infinite gusto. A translation has been announced in England, but we should prefer a small volume, embracing the narrative simply.

4. VIE DU R. P. JOSEPH VARIN, de la Compagnie de Jésus, suivre dé notices sur quelques uns de ses confrères: par *le père Achille Guidee*, de la même Compagnie. 12mo. pp. 412. Paris: Rusand. 1854.

Father Varin was one of the founders of the Society of the Sacred Heart, an association organized in Germany after the suppression, and also a prominent member in the Association of the Fathers of the Faith founded in Italy, both of which led to the restoration of the suppressed order, or rather to its re-organization. From his important part in these temporary congregations and also from that which he took in establishing the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, he is a remarkable personage in the ecclesiastical history of the century.

Of his *confrères*, whose lives are sketched in this volume, several are eminent in the annals of Catholicity in the United States; especially Kohlman, whose firmness led to a noble law in favor of the respect due the confessional secrecy; Fidelis Grivel and Peter de Clorivière.

5. ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER, by *Mary G. Chandler*. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

Although there is much in this work to which we cannot subscribe, as we do not and cannot take the same stand-point, we must express the pleasure with which we have read it. It is impartial, solid and clear. It inculcates many home truths, some more fearlessly than we should expect, but lady-writers dare much, that their rivals may not undertake. Were all works of this description written in the same spirit, we should have little reason to complain of our literature.

6. EUCHARISTICA, by the *Most Rev. William Walsh*. New York: Dunigan. 1854.

This is a very valuable collection of treatises and devotions on the Blessed Sacrament, composed or translated by the learned and laborious Metropolitan of Halifax. It contains treatises by Bordalone and Bossuet, and deserves a place in every Catholic family.

7. **The Lost Heiress**, by *Mrs. Southworth*. Philadelphia: Peterson. 1854.

This is a very bombastically written tale, redolent of man-worship, inculcating and teaching that a man whose sole object in life is ambition, is the beau ideal of his race. But our chief purpose is with the Catholic characters who figure in it. Of these there are several, and though there is nothing against our religion directly, we still think it our duty to call the attention of the diocesan to Father Goodrich, for we think him sadly deficient in some of his duties. Yet unfortunately the cases of Catholic children growing up as Protestants from the neglect of their parents, is of too frequent occurrence for us to deny its being a fair matter for romance.

8. **The Mission Book**, a manual of instruction and prayers adapted to preserve the fruit of the mission, drawn chiefly from the Works of St. Alphonsus, published under the direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York: E. Dunigan & Brother. 1854.

We give the title in full, because, like the stamps of the mint, it shows the full value of the gold that is offered to the devout Catholic in this excellent compilation, and supercedes the necessity of any commendation from us. Great as has been the good effected by the zeal of the Fathers in their various missions, we question if they have ever done greater than in presenting this book to the American Catholic. Whoever will avail themselves of the pleasure as well as advantage its devout use confers, will feel in their hearts and minds the truth of this opinion, and this is the only way to judge of the merits of such a manual. Were any thing wanting to complete its title to our esteem, it would be amply supplied in the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York. As usual with the Messrs. Dunigan, the typographical part is handsomely finished.

9. **Selecta ex Classicis Latinitatis Auctoribus** ad usum Scholarum Societatis Jesu. Tom. 1s et 2s. New York: E. Dunigan & Brother. 1854.

These two volumes seem to be the beginning of a Series of Latin Classics destined for the schools of the Jesuits. The modesty of the compiler would not allow him to give his name, but whoever he be, he is evidently well fitted for the office he has undertaken, and if the selections for the future volumes be made with the same judgment and taste, not only the schools of his order but all the Catholic schools throughout the United States will owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. Complaints have frequently been made in our hearing by professors of our Catholic Institutions, that it was very difficult to procure such classic works, as they could with safety put in the hands of their pupils. At one time it was hoped that these complaints would be removed by the Metropolitan press of our city. That edition, which was commenced under very competent hands, as far as it went, was worthy of all praise, but unavoidable circumstances soon brought its labors to a conclusion, before all the fruit could be reaped, which its first efforts led the lovers of ancient classic literature to promise themselves. We hope that the Messrs. Dunigan will have better success in their undertaking. The almost faultless manner in which they have brought forward these two unpretending little volumes certainly deserves it. We will look with something like impatience for the future volumes.

10. **Manuel de l'histoire des dogmes Chretiens**, par *Henri Klee*, Docteur en Théologie, &c., traduit de l'Allemand par l'Abbé P. H. Mabire, Professeur de Philosophie. A Paris chez Jacques Lecoffre et Cie Libraires. 1848. Or Historical Manual of Christian Dogmas, &c.

We cannot imagine why this book has not already been domesticated among us. Among the many treasures, with which the French Clergy have from time to time enriched the domain of Theology, there seems to us none that would have been more prized by our Clergy than this modest manual, certainly none that could have so well supplied the want, which many of them regretted, when first entering within the hidden mysteries of their studies. It belongs to that part of Theology, which goes under the name of ***Positive***, and will perhaps be better understood by our readers, when we say that it is of the same class as the celebrated work of Balmes on the comparative influences of

Catholicity and Protestanism. Although as yet comparatively unknown, it is not at all inferior in merit, by some might be deemed superior, as it covers a wider field and deals with questions which come more home to the presnt state of the religious world. Its aim cannot be better exhibited than in the author's own words: "The history of the dogma," says he in his introduction, tom. I, p. 10, "is the scientific comprehension and exposition of the developments of dogmas in the Church. It has for first and principal object the formal dogmas (that is, dogmas precisely defined), then the material dogmas (not as yet precisely defined) and even dogmatic opinions. It embraces at the same time those doctrines, contrary to the dogma, which have from time to time been broached and which have determined the Church to define more explicitly the doctrine of the faith. Its end is to bring minds to comprehend well, under what circumstances and in what conditions such or such a point of doctrine has received its dogmatic and scientific form." From this brief extract it will be perceived that Dr. Klee's notion of development is nothing more than a narrative of what has really taken place in the eternal war between truth and error, and so is an effective argument in favor of the former against the latter. It is really theology "teaching by example," and as such, confirms and enlightens the faith of the less informed, whilst it does not omit those arguments, the subtlety of which only the learned divine can appreciate. The appalling array of references, at the foot of nearly each page, may give some idea of the immense labor which the author imposed on himself in order to certify his manual, and may serve even to those not acquainted with the originals, as a catalogue of the wise and learned, who have distinguished themselves in the annals of the Church by their zealous attachment to the Truth. To the student of theology however, we would suppose, the manual would be of the greatest utility, as it may serve as a store-house, whence he may derive that solid intellectual nourishment, that is so necessary for him, of whom the Holy Spirit has said: "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge and they shall seek the law at his mouth: because he is the Angel of the Lord of Hosts." Malachy ii, 7. It will be a happy day for the Church in our country, when her levites will be enabled to draw abundantly from such sources. Of the fidelity of the translator we are not able to judge, our remarks apply to the work, as if written originally in French. This we take to be a merit and a reason besides the intrinsic merit, why we should thank the learned Professor, who employed his leisure in so useful an occupation.

11. ADVANCED COURSE OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC. A series of Practical Lessons on the Origin, History, and Peculiarities of the English Language, punctuation, taste, the pleasures of the Imagination, Figures, Style and its essential properties, Criticism and Prose and Poetical Composition. *Adapted to self-instruction, and the use of schools and colleges.* By *G. P. Quackenbos*, A. M. New York: Appletons.

This appears to us a capital school-book, with as few defects as can be well expected. The treatise on punctuation is particularly good, which is saying a good deal, as the ordinary ones are worse than useless. In the chapters on Poetry, the author omits to treat of the cæsural pause, without either understanding which, or being guided by natural ear to adopt it, his pupils may count their ten fingers off without ever writing a line of verse.

J. V. H.

12. A TENNESSEAN ABROAD, or Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By *Randal W. MacGavock*, A. M., L. L. B. A member of the Nashville bar. New York: Redfield.

"Of one sin," the author tells us, "he holds himself innocent — the *malice prepense* of writing a book." More's the pity; for books which are not written of *malice prepense* are rarely worth much, and if Mr. MacGavock had deliberately intended before he set out on his very extensive travels, to be guilty of publishing a description of them on his return, he might possibly have rendered the present volume more entertaining. He really shows here and there a good deal of descriptive talent, but a Tennessean, in these days of steam, ought to show more "go-aheaditiveness" in his narrative, and above all to know how to give us the striking details of what he sees and spare us the prosy ones. The most amusing, and it is a really interesting, part, is his description of his visit to Ireland. We do not mean his remarks upon the poor-houses, which, he assures us "are conducted upon principles of a superior nature" (a favorite phrase of our tourist), or the odd inference he draws upon his reflections "on the utility" (query, *inutility?*) of the army in Ireland, against monarchical governments (for in all these things Mr. MacGavock is a true-hearted American, and hates royalty as vigorously as any one can desire): we might doubt the superiority of the poor-house principle altogether, and question the abstract justice and enlightened wisdom of his remarks on military establishments in general, which are useful, like locks and keys, wherever the wickedness of mankind renders them necessary, but nobody will question that there is a charm in such passages as the following:

> "The most interesting testimonial of this character, to me, was a vault in the Catholic cemetery near the city, which contains the remains of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, a man who occupied a high position in the affairs of state, and whose memory is now embalmed in the heart of every true Catholic. The vault is built of plain stone above the ground, with a heavy iron door, upon which is inscribed simply the name of O'Connell, which contains more than any epitaph that could be written. In fair weather this door is kept open, and the splendid coffin, covered with crimson velvet and gold plates, can be seen by all who are curious to gaze upon it. While we were standing at the door, several females came up with baskets filled with flowers, which they scattered over the vault with great care, uttering at the same time something inaudible, which we took to be prayers for the salvation of the departed."

Our author, like most Americans, has much to learn in regard to the things which he has seen abroad and described at home; but, however, for the simplicity and good feeling of the above passage, may he, when his turn comes, rest in peace! J. V. H.

13. SHAMROCK LEAVES, gleaned in the fertile field of Irish Literature; being Tales and Stories of Ireland, selected from the most Popular Authors. Boston: Thos. Sweeney.

An abridgment of Tales by Irish Authors. Abridgments, without the consent of the authors, are a class of literature that we regard with some suspicion as to its fairness, and, generally speaking, with still greater as to its expediency. Some of the stories in "Shamrock Leaves" are known to us in their original form as exquisite productions, and we are assured by one who has read them only in this volume, that they possess even there the characteristics of wit and pathos. Others, again, we feel bound to say, hardly merit a place in the company they are found in. J. V. H.

14. SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT; being the substance of a course of Lectures addressed to the theological students, King's College, London. By *Richard Chenevix Trench*, D. D., Prof. of Divinity, King's College, London; author of "The Study of Words," "Lessons in Proverbs," &c. New York: Redfield.

A learned and elegant Protestant philologico-theological work, or *worklet*, which would undoubtedly be found both curious and useful by scholars and others addicted to the study of the Greek Testament. J. V. H.

15. THE NEW YORK QUARTERLY *for October*.

The writers of this Review have also something to learn in regard to many subjects as well of historical fact as of speculative philosophy, which in times past, as well as in our day, have tasked the mightiest intellects and exhausted the most learned research. The writer who in a literary and political review of this day asks, *en passant*, "Could the Roman Catholics, in the reign of her surnamed the Bloody, murder the innocent by thousands, and think it religion?" is lost to us in a past age of historical ignorance and imposture difficult to be conceived as existing since Cobbett, Strickland and Lingard wrote. And we see a good deal more "Americanism" both of style and sentiment, than of apt illustration, in his belief "that the clear history of Northern abolitionism would reveal a hydra fanaticism in the blessed garb of heavenly humanity, *as clearly as damnable hypocrisy was ever found beneath a Jesuit's cowl in the name of meek religion.*"* Pray, adduce your instances — for they ought to be neither few nor hidden, to justify the appositeness of the comparison. Or is the above mere frothy declamation, which means no more than a school-boy's theme, when it speaks by rote of the "pomp of courts," which he never saw, and of which he has no idea, ever so little distinct? In another article we are informed that the Eastern Patriarchs (of the schismatical Greek Church) "placed so little value on" the worship of the Saints "as a matter of principle, that they willing for (sic) the English to come into a union with them on the terms of their simply acknowledging an invocation of the Saints in their prayers, without using any direct addresses." The fact is that the Eastern schismatical Patriarchs on the occasion the writer alludes to, poured all manner of ridicule on the objection of the non-jurors, and utterly refused any union with them except on condition of their acknowledging as infallible the decision of the Seventh Council (Second of Nice) in which far worse than the Invocation of Saints, the worship of images, was decreed.* It is also most absurdly asserted that the Russians "pay no homage to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." Certainly the writer must be very bold or very ignorant who ventures on such an assertion as that, in the face of the express teaching of the Russian catechism that the Sacrament itself of the Lord's Supper is nothing else than "the true Body of Jesus Christ, which He took of the Virgin and His true Blood which He shed on the cross." Are the Russians Socinians, that "they pay no homage" to the true Body and Blood of the Son of God? We point out these things, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but for the very reason that we admire the literary grace and fine scholarship which predominate in this Quarterly, and sympathise with its avowed aims. J. V. H.

---

* Jesuits don't wear cowls

16. AGRICULTURE, ITS ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS. Including an examination of the properties of *Guano* and other manures. By *H. N. Fryatt*, of Belleville, N. J. New York: T. L. Magagnos.

This pamphlet is apparently intended to puff the Mexican guano, as preferable to every other, for reasons which it details. The theory on which it proceeds, however, we believe to be sound; although we are aware that the doctrine of Liebig in regard to the mineral constituents of soils, and the sole necessity of supplying them, is strongly combatted. We advise our farmer friends to read it. J. V. H.

# Maga and the New Editors.

OUR esteem for our late predecessor, and our high appreciation of his talents, will not permit us to disturb the present arrangement of the work. The department, therefore, of *Maga*, will be continued to the end of the present volume; at the commencement of the next, we will feel ourselves free to adopt such order as our judgment may dictate.

It was the vigil of All-Saints: — We had just returned from the scene of our labor, and were about to seek some relaxation from the toils of the day by perusing the scanty supply of journals on our table, when we were disturbed by a loud ring at the bell.

On going to the door, a note in a white envelope, was handed to us by a stranger, who, without comment bowed himself out of our presence. We opened it hurriedly, surmising to ourselves in the meantime its import and whence it emanated. On breaking the seal, we found that it was an invitation to meet a party of our friends, that evening, without naming any particular hour, but with a request that it might be as early as we could make it convenient. Knowing the literary character of the place of meeting designated in the note, and reflecting that it was Holy-Eve night, we anticipated a rare treat on the occasion. After a hasty cup of tea, we repaired to meet our friends at the appointed place. There we found Father Carroll, our friend Mr. Oliver, and several other gentlemen, not altogether unknown to literary fame. Having passed our compliments to the company, we drew a chair to the table, remarking as we took our seat, that we felt ourselves highly honored in being invited to the meeting of so distinguished a circle; that on a sudden we had found ourselves thrown in with poets, philosophers and theologians.

---

* *Vide* Collier *in loco.*

"Poets, indeed! There's one more added to our circle then, Mr. Worthington;" replied Father Carroll.

"Don't speak of philosophy, Mr. Worthington," said Mr. Oliver. "It is too weighty a subject for the occasion; and as for theology, the theme is too serious for the evening; we have been thinking of the affairs of our soul all this blessed day, and have been fasting since morning; but we think we might be permitted now to relax a little, and pour out, if you please, a libation to the muse of song. I don't think that religion or morals would suffer by it. What think you, Father Carroll?"

The Rev. gentleman smiled, and was about to reply, when the conversation was taken by our worthy host, who said: "Mr. Oliver, be not alarmed; we will not overwhelm you with poetry, philosophy or theology on this occasion. This is a social meeting of friends; we will not call it a literary one, though it is convened for a literary purpose. Now, gentlemen, without any further ceremony, we must make known to you the object for which we invited you here this evening. The editorial chair of the Metropolitan is vacant. You have seen, no doubt, in the last number the valedictory of the late Editor, and after much deliberation, we have, in our own mind, selected you, Father Carroll, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Worthington to fill the vacant post, and on that account have invited you here to-night to solicit your acquiescence in the choice?"

At this announcement we stared at each other with astonishment, and each began to plead his inability; his time, his profession, and numerous etcæteras, would intervene to prevent him from discharging the duties, even if his talents were adequate to the task.

But we pleaded in vain: the decision was final, and after hours of useless argument against it, we were compelled to yield to the superior judgment of others, and to assume the perplexing duties attached to the vacated chair. But where would we find the editorial sanctum? We were informed that it had been left somewhere far away in the mountains. And where was *Maga*, the fair Genius under whose inspiration our predecessor had so ably sustained the editorial columns? She, too, had sought a retreat far from the noise and turmoil of the city, and had taken refuge in the solitude of the mountains.

After a short consultation, now that we had consented to take upon our unworthy shoulders the honors and the responsibilities of the editorial office, we conceived it to be our first duty to repair without delay to Lavansville, and to enter upon our editorial labors and take possession of the chair in the enchanting spot where our predecessor had left it; to visit *Maga's* leafy sanctum, to place ourselves under her guidance, to invoke her inspiration and her aid. With these resolves we took leave of our friends, and availing ourselves of the most expeditious route, we departed for Lavansville, and after a rapid, but uncomfortable ride, we arrived safely in that romantic village, suspended as it were, from the rugged peaks of the mountain. Without delay we repaired to the Doctor's late quarters, and deeming ourselves privileged characters, and resting upon the mighty honors which had been so lately conferred upon us, we walked boldly into the late Editor's sanctum. Finding no one there, we considered ourselves at home, and the foremost of our party unceremoniously seated himself in the editorial chair, and we all commenced to peruse the contributions already handed in for the next number, with as little ceremony as if we were reading the latest morning issue.

We were busily engaged in what we conceived to be our duty, when we heard the foot-steps of persons enter the hall, and with much merriment and loud laughter, pass into a room on the western end of the building. These were O'Moore and Kavanagh, who with Father Romayne, had been left by the Doctor in charge of the editorial sanctum. They had taken a walk together, as was usual after dinner, and Father Romayne, who had separated from the other two, had not yet returned. Dr. Calvert, who was one of the especial friends of the late Editor, had left the mountain on business of importance before our arrival. Kavanagh took his pipe and seated himself before a sparkling fire that burned upon the hearth, while O'Moore walked up and down the room with a volume of poems in his hand, and his arms folded upon his breast.

"Kavanagh, what a delightful ramble we have had this afternoon! Oh! the beauty of the mountain scenery — those towering cliffs — the deep ravines — the impetuous and gushing streams — that cool, refreshing, mountain air! How they invigorate the mind and expand the intellect! And how poetical with all! Kavanagh, my head is teeming with poetry: I could write a whole volume just now. No wonder that Byron was a poet after his visit to Parnassus. To contemplate nature in her purity, to scan her works, to read the revolutions of the seasons as they pass; how sublime! Behold yonder lofty oak! (*looking out of the window and apparently speaking to himself*). But yesterday it stood majestically the monarch of the forest, robed in a mantle of green! to-day its frost-stricken foliage is scattered by the autumnal blast. How sublime! How salutary the lesson it teaches!

"You're becoming inspired," ejaculated Kavanagh.

"Are ye done with the pipe, Kavanagh?" said O'Moore, turning round quickly, and advancing towards his friend! "Inspired! mad, if you please — never have I experienced such a rage for the sublime, since I left my mother's neat cottage on the banks of the Liffy, as I have experienced this afternoon. But here, Kavanagh, (*opening the book*) here's the very piece that suits the season. Listen to me, while I read a bit of it for ye. It's sublime:

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They fall and die in the mournful blast,
And a strange, wild thought my heart conceives,
In their ghost-like echoes of the past.
'Twas thus they fell in years gone by,
And thus they'll fall as time rolls on,
And ever thus man's spirit grieves,
O'er withered hopes like autumn leaves."

As the reading progressed Kavanagh gave utterance to his admiration by expressions such as the following: "That's beautiful!" "Truly sublime!" "Sentimental, really!" "Hear, hear;" &c.

O'Moore continued:

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields
And whistles through the withered grass
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chiller as they pass.
Thus human hearts grow chill with years,
Thus human joys are dimmed in tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in autumn leaves."

"How beautiful! how sublime?" "True for you, Kavanagh, but listen to this:

"The autumn leaves are sear and dead!
The autumn fields are bare and chill;
Their fragrance gone, their verdure fled;
But beauty hangs about them still.
Thus may we —"

"Hear, hear." "Are you done with the pipe, Kavanagh?"

"O, bad luck to you, 'Moore; you have spoiled the stanza. I was only expressing in the old country fashion, that I understood and appreciated the beauty and merits of the piece. Read it over again."

"Not I. I never like to mend a broken stick. Here's the last of it:

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither, die and pass away.
And mournfully my fancy weaves,
But pen cannot transcribe the lay.
Soon, soon, alike the winter cloud
Will spread for them and us the shroud,
And peace to him whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves."

"Say, Kavanagh, if that is'nt the very thing that suits the season."

"True for you, O'Moore ; I admire your taste. The piece contains both poetry and sentiment ; and it chimes with all, very much like "those Evening Bells" of your immortal namesake. I'm sorry Father Romayne is'nt here to pass upon it his superior judgment."

"What do you think the Doctor will — "

"Hold, hold, O'Moore ! I think I hear voices in the Editor's sanctum."

"It's dreaming you are, man ! don't interrupt me."

"Surely the Doctor has not yet returned," continued Kavanagh. "But it may be Father Romayne."

"Not he," replied O'Moore. He'll finish his contribution, I'll warrant, before he returns. The spot where we left him, you know, is so romantic, so picturesque, so poetical. Just think of it. The vines encircling the branches of the oak form a canopy above him : the moss-covered rock on which he was seated projects far over the deep ravine, while the waters beneath, bounding from rock to rock, dash onward in a foamy current to the distant plain. The man, that could not write poetry in such a spot, will never go mad under the inspiration of the Muse. Father Romayne is just the man for the place. He'll dash off verses with lightning rapidity, and I'll venture, he'll have with him sufficient to fill half a volume. What a rare treat we will have for the December number. How our kind-hearted editor, the Doctor, will smile on his return to Lavansville."

"But, O'Moore, I really think there are persons in the sanctum. Go to the Eastern window and see ; I'll have the pipe filled for you by your return."

O'Moore went accordingly and looked in the window and returning quickly with indignation gleaming from his countenance, he exclaimed :

"Kavanagh, by the powers, there are three fellows in the Editor's sanctum ! one of them has seated his undignified person in the sacred chair; and they are engaged as stately as senators, in reading the contributions which cost us so much labor during the last fortnight. Where's my black thorn ? By the witches of Kilkenny I'll rid the house of them, or I'm not in the mountains of Lavansville."

Upon this he seized his fearful weapon, and made for the door of the sanctum, followed by Kavanagh, who had armed himself with a clump of hickory which lay by the fire side. O'Moore entered abruptly, with the exclamation as he crossed the doorway :

"Gentlemen, what brought ye here ? Who are ye, that ye dare enter the threshold of this sacred place ? Take yourselves out of it in less time than I would be saying a *Pater* and *Ave*, or by the virtue of my black thorn, I'll leave each of ye sprawling in the four corners of the room ;" at the same time whirling the stick over his head, and assuming an attitude sufficiently menacing to intimidate a troop of Hessians. While O'Moore was yet speaking, Kavanagh had sprung forward, and snatched from our hands the papers we had been reading, uttering at the same time the most fearful threats, and invoking upon us the heaviest denunciations for having placed our profane fingers upon them. In fright and consternation at the sudden appearance of the guardians of the sanctum, we impulsively shrunk back from the table, each revolving in his mind, how he might most effectually avoid the fearful cudgel of O'Moore. After a moment's pause, Father Carroll, regaining his self-possession, endeavored to explain, and commenced by saying :

"Gentlemen, we have come —"

"Not a word ;" vociferated O'Moore.

"But we —"

"I say, let me not hear a syllable from your lips, but leave these precincts."

"Pardon us, gentlemen; permit us to explain. We —"

"I tell ye, we'll hear no explanation here. Do ye know where ye are ? This is the Editor's sanctum ; and that is his chair which ye have been defiling with the weight of your undignified person. I want to see ye across that threshold in less time than I'm saying it, or by the powers I'll make mince meat of every one of ye ;" advancing at the same time as if about to put his threat in execution.

Kavanagh stepped forward quickly, and seized O'Moore by the arm, saying : Be easy, O'Moore. Be careful whom you are going to strike ; if I mistake not, one of these gentlemen is a clergyman, I know it from the color of his coat. Be calm, man; your arm would wither on your shoulder if you'd strike a priest."

"Don't say priest, Kavanagh ; surely not one of these fellows is even a Christian. Think of it ; to intrude themselves here unasked, uninvited, and I won't be saying a word of lie, if I add, unwelcomed ; to steal into the sanctum of a daisint Editor in his absence ; to ransack his drawers and read his papers, is unsufferable. It were bad enough if the Doctor, to speak poetry, were numbered among those who were ; but to be guilty of these naughty acts in the mere temporary absence of the legally appointed lord of this sanctum, I repeat, is unsufferable; and I tell you, Kavanagh, I will not tolerate it in any man, though he should even wear the coat of a priest."

At this moment Father Romayne entered with his breviary under his arm and a roll of paper in his hand, and recognizing Father Carroll as an old and familiar acquaintance, he advanced with a smile upon his countenance, and taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the mountains. The latter, in turn, reciprocated the kind expressions of his friend, and after a mutual greeting, introduced him to the companions of his visit. In the mean time, O'Moore and Kavanagh gazed on in mute astonishment. O'Moore's anger immediately calmed in the presence of Father Romayne, and when he learned that his menaces and threats had been directed in part against the sacred character of a clergyman, a keen remorse seized upon his generous heart, and he felt almost ready to sink to the floor on which he stood. But the amazement of all was ten-fold, when Father Carroll revealed the object of our visit to Lavansville, which he did in the following words, addressing himself to Father R., but without making any allusion to what had just taken place.

"Father Romayne, our time is limited, therefore you will pardon our want of ceremony in making known to you and your friends the object of our visit. You have not, perhaps, been fully apprised before the present moment, that the Doctor, who for the last ten months, presided over the editorial department of the Metropolitan, with so much ability, has retired from that charge. By his retirement, the chair became vacant, and the editorial duties, for the time being, have devolved upon my two companions and myself. We have come, therefore, to enter upon these duties, and to assume the responsibilities attached to the editorial chair in the spot where our excellent predecessor left it ; we will enjoy, moreover, for a few brief moments, the invigorating influence of the mountain air. Other motives, also, have impelled us hither. When last we heard of *Maga*, she was enthroned in the mountains, revelling in all the delights, and feasting on all the pleasures of nature. As dutiful disciples, and aware of our own inability, we have hastened to these abodes to pay our homage to that fair Genius, to place ourselves under her patronage, to propitiate her favor, and to invoke her aid and assistance in the discharge of the multiplied and perplexing duties which have devolved upon us."

During the delivery of this short address, not a breath was heard, and at its conclusion, Father Romayne, with that affability of manner and nobleness of soul for which he is so peculiarly distinguished, welcomed us to our new calling. He gave us the warmest assurance of his personal esteem, and proffered the aid of his counsel and his pen, whenever we might think proper to call on either. He expressed his deep regret at the retirement of his friend. He had known him long and intimately, and for him he entertained profound esteem. His varied talents were too well known to require from him any useless encomiums. Under the influence of his pen, the Metropolitan had attained a high literary pre-eminence ; under the guidance of his successors, he felt assured that the work would lose nothing of its merited reputation, (*here, you see, that flattered us a little*,) and that it would expand in the sphere of usefulness, and increase in interest as it advanced in years.

Here O'Moore and Kavanagh apologized to us in the most respectful terms for the rudeness they had shown us. They begged that we would attribute it to their ignorance of our character, and to the fidelity with which they had served the late editor, and as they had been faithful to the latter, they hoped that they might be permitted to transfer that fidelity, together with whatever talents they might possess, to his successors.

Father Carroll extended his hand to each in turn, and assured them of our kind feelings in the following brief reply: "Gentlemen, the past is forgotten; no longer shall it dwell in our memories; in future, we shall be happy to number you among our friends." The ceremony of introduction, explanation, and apology having been concluded, we entered into a free and unrestrained conversation, as though it had been the meeting of old and familiar friends. We related to Father Romayne how we had been so fearfully threatened by his friend O'Moore for our intrusion, as he supposed, into the sanctum. The good gentleman enjoyed the joke admirably, and almost shook the walls of the room in rounds of laughter, in which O'Moore himself joined in the best possible humor.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and we were impatient to pay our contemplated visit to *Maga*. No sooner had we intimated our desire, than our friends cheerfully volunteered to accompany us, O'Moore proposing to lead the way. "Come," said he, "we'll disappoint these gaping villagers; we'll go out by the back door, and take the short cut across the orchard."

"Just as you like it," replied Father Romayne; "you're always disappointing somebody."

"Hold for a moment," said O'Moore, suddenly turning. "Bring the basket, Kavanagh; it contains some rare and queer volumes, which are deserving of a passing comment; it contains some weeklies too, on whose impertinent editors we have to bestow a little of our attention."

"Do not give yourself any unnecessary trouble, Mr. O'Moore," replied Father Carroll. "The evening is drawing to a close, and time will not permit us, on this occasion at least, to enter into any criticism or strictures on the labors of others."

"Indeed! and I'm sorry for that," replied O'Moore. "For we were not done with 'The Spirit Rapper' by one half. We only discussed in our last the ability of the author to write a work of fiction, and we reserved for the present, to pass our judgment upon the nature and tendency of the work. I'm sorely disappointed! But see, Father Carroll, *(holding up a paper)*, how these fellows, who happen to wear an editorial wig, abuse us by turns; and will you let them, too, pass with impunity? Merciful Providence! if you do, there'll be no standing them ere long."

"No matter, Mr. O'Moore, no matter!" replied Father Carroll. "It shall be our endeavor, on all occasions, at all times, both in language and in sentiment, to treat our cotemporaries with the utmost decorum, and if they depart from the rule we have laid down for ourselves, be assured we will not follow them."

Here the dialogue ended, and emerging from the sanctum, we passed out the back door and moved in a noisy group on our way to the enchanting retreat of *Maga*. We pursued the same road which had been taken by our friends in their late visit; the same scenes, which were so beautifully and poetically described in the Doctor's last, presented themselves to our party, save and except those thievish crows, those squirrels, and pigeons, whose flight and consternation is said to have been so great on that occasion; they have not yet returned; and indeed so frightened were they at the approach of the late pilgrims to *Maga's* leafy sanctum, that it is not likely they will ever return to pilfer or disturb the quiet neighborhood of Lavansville.

After a pleasant walk of half an hour, we reached the grove where *Maga* sat enthroned amid so many beauties of nature. Her harp rested by her side, and her cross was still resplendent upon her breast; her head was wreathed with a garland of autumnal flowers; in one hand she wielded a pen, in the other she held a scroll of parchment, on which was inscribed: *Maga devota literis, religioni, patriæ, et ecclesiæ.* She arose at our approach, and saluted us with a benignant smile. We bowed our respects, and were then introduced to her in turn by Father Romayne as the new editors of the

Metropolitan; our friend stating at the same time, that we had made a pilgrimage to her sanctum to invoke her aid and seek her counsel. At the conclusion of Father Romayne's remarks, *Maga* waved her hand as a token for us to be seated, and then addressed us in the following words:

"My friends! I hail with pleasure your visit to these abodes. You have sought my sanctum to invoke my aid in the discharge of the responsible duties upon which you are about to enter. My counsels are few, but freely given. Behold this parchment, (*elevating it in her hand*), and read the lessons which it was intended to impart.

"*To Literature.*—Let the columns over which you are about to preside be devoted to literature; to literature, wide in its range, but pure and elevated in its character; to literature mingled with religion; to literature that breathes the spirit and wears the impress of Catholicity.

"*To Religion.*—Sublime object! Let it never be forgotten that the Metropolitan has been dedicated upon the altar of religion. To expound the dogmas of our holy faith, to inculcate those exalted lessons of virtue, those sublime principles of morality which are no where to be found beyond the portals of Catholicity, is, therefore, your first and most important duty. Ever bear in mind that to promote science and literature upon a pure, Catholic basis, to promote the interest of religion, to impart those lessons which may tend to the happiness and prosperity of the commonwealth, to defend the doctrines and institutions of the Catholic Church against the assaults of her enemies, were the ennobling objects contemplated by the publishers of the Metropolitan. To promote these objects is your duty; to deviate from them, to render the columns over which you preside a vehicle to carry out private views, or to gratify personal feelings, is to prove recreant to the position you have assumed.

"But in pursuing the object of your mission, let it be beneath the light of the torch that burns upon the Catholic altar; let your sanctum be illumined by the flame of Christian charity. Let no unkind feeling enter there. Let your bearing towards your cotemporaries be regulated by those rules of Christian etiquette, which should ever reign in the hearts and govern the actions especially of Catholic editors, who have, or should have, in view, one common end, the interest of religion, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of sound principles of morality. Finally, gentlemen, be yourselves the first to practice the lessons you inculcate.

"Go, my friends; take *Maga's* counsels for your future government: enter upon your duties, and heaven will smile upon your labor."

At the conclusion of these remarks, we arose, and having assured *Maga* that the words which had fallen from her lips should be our guide in the discharge of our editorial duties, we bowed our respects, and hastily departed with our friends to the village; and having taken a slight repast, we took leave of Father Romayne and his two companions, and bade adieu to the Mountains of Lavansville.

As we moved rapidly on our homeward journey, a crowd of reflections flitted through our imagination. Another month had fleeted by, and had passed the confines of eternity. It had gone, leaving upon it the impress of many important events, and leaving behind it the remembrance of many scenes of joy and sadness. The nations of Europe were convulsed: her sons had met in deadly strife; the plains of Alma had been gorged with human blood, and had writhed beneath the weight of human victims. But while the scourge of heaven had been permitted to fall upon the nations of the old world, a kind and munificent Providence had continued to smile propitiously upon our own. He had filled our granaries with an abundant harvest; he had preserved us in unity at home and in peace in our relations abroad: he had breathed upon the land and had dissipated the pestilence which had, to a partial extent, prevailed in our midst. But here we could not refrain from asking ourselves: How have we requited these favors and reciprocated these blessings? Alas! the response will be found in the outrage at Ellsworth, in the general effort made by the fanatics of the country to unsheath the sword of persecution against our Catholic fellow citizens; in that mania to destroy the Church of God in our own devoted country, by persecuting her followers, outraging her ministers, and by heaping insult and obloquy of the blackest die upon the fairest institutions of Catholicity. Ungrateful nation! At this very moment, while we regard it as an act of patriotism and loyal devotion to our country to insult the name of Pope Pius IX, that venerable Pontiff, like another Moses, stands with his arms uplifted to heaven between a guilty people and the outraged justice of an offended Deity. At this very moment, while the prince of darkness is exerting his wildest machinations against the Church of God, especially in our own shores, the Holy Father stands with his hands raised, imploring pardon for sinful man, and invoking the blessing of heaven upon the nations of the earth. Yes, at this moment, under the mandate of Pius IX, prayers of propitiation are being wafted to heaven from ten thousand altars, and from the bosom of every Catholic family on the face of the earth; — prayers, not for themselves alone, but equally for those who have strayed from the fold of Christ. How beautiful! how sublime is Catholic charity!

While making these reflections, we arrived at our journey's end. The sun had settled tranquilly in the west, and his departing rays, which lingered long upon the turrets of our city, had disappeared. The evening was serene; a keen autumnal breeze had dissipated every cloud; a few twinkling stars had already appeared, and the full moon, growing more brilliant as twilight receded, announced to weary mortal the close of another day.

# Record of Events.

*From October* 15, *to November* 15, 1854.

## I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ITALY. — The cholera, which had prevailed in Rome, was, at the latest accounts, rapidly abating. Among the many instances of the heroic courage displayed by the Roman Clergy during the rage of the epidemic, none produced so profound a sensation, upon all minds, as that of the noble conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. His visits to the cholera hospitals, imparting his benediction to the dying, and words of consolation to the sick and afflicted, his solicitude for the children of those, who have fallen victims to the pestilence, has produced universal admiration.

Nearly three hundred of the soldiers of the French garrison had fallen victims to the epidemic.

His Eminence, Cardinal Patrizi has been named Protector of the order of Friars Preachers.

Negotiations have been carried on for some time between the Cabinet of St. Petersburg and the Holy See, to obtain an amelioration of the grievances of the Catholics of Russia, and not in reference to the Holy Places of Jerusalem, as has been erroneously stated by some of the journals.

The crops are said to be abundant throughout the country.

The cholera still rages at Turin, five hundred persons having died since the first of September. It is stated that Mazzini is numbered among the victims.

FRANCE. — The Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishop of Coyne, the Rev. T. Farrely, D. D., and the Rev. H. Deneby, D. D., passed through France the 15th October, on their way to Rome. The Archbishop of Tuam, and the Rev. T. MacHale, D. D., Professor of the Irish College, left Lyons at a later period for the same destination.

While the nation was intoxicated with joy at the triumph of the allied forces on the plains of Alma, the melancholy intelligence reached France, that the hero of that bloody field had ceased to breathe ; that Marshal St. Arnaud was no more. The vessel which brought his bulletins, was followed by another that brought his inanimate corpse. At Verna he was attacked with a malignant fever, and on two subsequent occasions with the cholera. From these he had partially recovered. Though ill, he commanded at the battle of Alma, saying that a Marshal of France ought to know how to die on horseback. He met death with the resignation of a Christian, and breathed his last amid those consolations which the Catholic Church alone throws around the dying couch. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp at Paris on the 16th of October, and his remains were consigned to their final resting place in the vaults of the Church of the Invalids.

It is currently rumored that the Courts of France and England have under consideration the practicability of re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland as an independent power. Such a stroke of policy is believed to be a favorite design of the French Emperor. A pamphlet lately published in Paris argues in favor of the measure with much ability.

Barbes, the Red Republican, has refused the act of clemency offered him by the Emperor, and speaks of retiring, a voluntary exile, into England.

The refusal of the French Government to permit Mr. Soule, our Minister to Spain, to pass through the French Empire, has caused considerable excitement on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Soule, it seems, had been absent from his post, attending a conference of the American Ministers, now in Europe, held at Brussells, the object of which has not yet transpired ; after which he had passed over to England. Having spent a few days in London, he set out for Madrid, *via* France. When he arrived at Calais he was not permitted to proceed any further through the French territory, and was obliged to leave the same evening for London. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given as to the cause of this conduct on the part of the Imperial government.

Spain. — Accounts from Spain show that the country, though still unsettled, is recovering from her late convulsions. The government is beginning to assume a little more firmness; the ministry had abandoned the project of drawing up a constitution to be submitted to the Cortez. A royal decree had ordered the payment of the November dividends. Our Minister, Mr. Soule, had left Madrid on a visit to London, where he was at the last accounts from Europe.

England. — The most interesting incidents in this country, at present, are the troubles that agitate the Established Church. A long correspondence appeared lately in the *Times* between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Archdeacon Denison. The Archbishop charges Denison with holding and maintaining the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of the Eucharist, and notifies the Archdeacon that it his intention, at the expiration of fourteen days, to nominate a committee of five clergymen of his diocess to enquire into the justice of the charge. Against this Denison enters a protest, on the ground that the case is *res judicata*, having been already examined and judgment given upon it by the late Bishop of Bath and Wells.

We are pleased to announce the secession of Archdeacon Wilberforce from the Church of England, a step which had been anticipated for some time past. Wilberforce was the author of a work on the Eucharist, and for some of the doctrines therein promulgated, the Archbishop of his diocese commenced proceedings against him, but these being abandoned, the archdeacon resigned his preferments and offices in the Church of England and has since given his reasons, and in doing so declares himself a believer of Catholic doctrine, and, therefore, has become a member of that faith. He is the brother of the present Bishop of Oxford, and has a brother who also gave up some rich church preferments to embrace the Catholic faith. As a symptom of the extent to which the tenets of Puseyism are obtaining in the Church, the Rev. Dr. Walter, rector of St. Columbs, who has been picked out as the probable first bishop of the new See of Cornwall, actually refused to read the prayer of thanksgiving recently delivered in all the churches, on the ground that he denied the Queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.

The disciples of Dr. Pusey undertook a demonstration lately at St. Paul's church, Knight's Bridge, of a very singular character. A great majority of the parishioners, it seems, having expressed emphatic disapprobation of all the practices lately introduced at the above church, the Bishop of London advised the Rev. B. Liddell, the incumbent, to discontinue, among other practices, that of intoning or chaunting the prayers, and to read them instead. Mr. Liddell determined to follow this advice, and gave notice, some three months since, that such was his intention. On the following day two of the curates, Messrs. Nugee and Parry, resigned. The expressive scene that followed, we give in the words of the London Globe of October the 16th:

> "From this period St. Paul's has been beset by a number of persons, principally youths, and girls from the purlieus of St. Barnabas, and members of that and other Tractarian congregations, who under the leadership of a youth named Fitzroy, (said to be a member of the Collegiate School of Durham), have persisted in chaunting or intoning the Litany in defiance of the expressed wish of the incumbent, the orders and advice of the bishop, and the rubrics and practice of the Church of England. The mode of action is as follows: They assemble before the church doors are open and rush into the church, occupying the most prominent places of the free seats, which, from their proximity to the choir, afford them the best chances of most effectually impeding the latter in the discharge of their duty. When the curate commences reading the Litany which he does in a monotone and the choir attempts to respond, these self-styled choralists burst in by chaunting, and thus overwhelm the choir, causing confusion, dismay and disorder. To prevent this, Mr. Liddell ordered the choir, when so interrupted, to discontinue the responses, and thus the perpetrators of these discreditable acts have had it all their own way."

The contrast between the French and English soldiers wounded at the battle of Alma, the care bestowed on the former by the Sisters of Charity, the neglect of the latter, who were left, to a great extent, to fester in their wounds, without a sufficient number of attendants to give them a cup of water to cool their parched lips, has naturally attracted the attention of the English government. She has felt the necessity of having female nurses to attend the sick and wounded of her army in the East, and has, therefore, attempted to create a substitute for the heroic and self-sacrificing charity of the daughters of St. Vincent. The government has accordingly sent to the East a corps of female nurses under the conduct of a *Miss Nightingale*.

In commenting on this subject, the Dublin Telegraph of Oct. 21st, holds the following language:

> "Whilst the Catholic Government of Catholic France placed its ships of war and navy under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and gave the place of honor in all its vessels to those holy maids and matrons who, as 'Sisters of Charity,' endeavor to imitate the virtues of the Ever-Blessed Virgin, the law-makers in England were contriving new Penal Laws, how they might outrage their feelings, insult them in their own houses, and even rob of their property the Sisters of Charity, and other nuns and religious ladies in Great Britain and Ireland.
>
> "A time of calamity has come. The evils of war have fallen upon France and England; and France is repaid by '*the Sisters of Charity*' it has honored; for *now*, in the midst of danger, of death, and of pestilence, those heroic and truly sanctified women are attending to the French soldiers — binding up their wounds, and pouring wine and oil upon their bruised spirit — the wine of spiritual consolation — the oil of religious instruction. And so is France repaid a hundred-fold; for religious truth has revived in the hearts of the nation, and a ruler has at length been found amongst the French who seeks not to abuse, but to exalt, the Church, founded by Christ himself."

And in reply to a remark of the *Times*, that if they have not "Sisters of Charity," the *wealth* of Great Britain can purchase what she cannot get for *charity* or *love*, the same journal justly remarks:

> "It is quite true you may purchase by the score *Mrs. Gampses*, 'at a small pension for life,' but 'the wealth of Great Britain' cannot purchase *a Sister of Charity*. 'The Sister of Charity' is as far above your comprehension as your price, when you fancy that

'hospital nurses' will perform in the same spirit, and in the same manner, and with the same efficiency and fearlessness, the same duties that are undertaken from no other motive than a love for GOD and devotion to the BLESSED VIRGIN. In the pure heart, the hope of heaven is a stronger impulse than even the hope of gain in the hearts of the base; and Englishman! be sure of it, you may buy *service*, but you cannot buy *love*. All that is gross, sordid and griping, is at the command of wealthy protestant England; but if you wish for something better, nobler, and more worthy, you must cross the channel and seek for it in the Catholic countries of Europe. The pensioned 'hospital nurse' is the emblem of the highest stretch of Protestant charity. The embodiment of disinterested and devoted love of one's neighbor in Catholic countries is, 'the Sister of Charity;' and to such 'the wealth of Great Britain' is so much dross."

IRELAND. — The collections made in the various parishes in aid of the new Catholic University of Ireland, show the deep interest felt by both the clergy and the people in that noble institution. It is estimated that the amount collected for the year will not fall short of £15,000; an extraordinary sum when we reflect that it is the free offering of a poor, persecuted and plundered people.

The following is a list of the Professors and Lecturers, who have been recently appointed: Professor of Dogmatic Theology: Rev. Father O'Reilly, D. D., S. J. Professor of Sacred Scripture: Very Rev. P. Leahy, D. D. Professor of Archæology and Irish History: Eugene Curry, Esq., M. R. I. A., &c., &c. Professor of Civil Engineering: Terence Flanagan, Esq., M. I. C. E. Professor of Classical Literature: Robert Ornsby, Esq., M. A., Oxon. Professor of Mathematics: Edward Butler, Esq., M. A., Dublin. Lecturers on Political Economy: ——. Lecturer on Poetry: D. F. McCarthy, Esq. Lecturer on the Philosophy of History: T. W. Allies, Esq., M. A., Oxon. Lecturer on Geography: J. B. Robertson, Esq. Lecturer on Ancient History: James Stewart, Esq., M. A., Cant. Lecturer on Logic: D. B. Dunne, Esq., D. D., D. Ph. Lecturer on English Literature: E. Healy Thompson, Esq., M. A., Cant. Lecturer on French Literature: M. Pierre le Page Renouf. Lecturer on Italian and Spanish Literature: Signor Marani.

Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, arrived at Liverpool on the 18th of last month, and, after a short delay, sailed for Madeira, where he intends to spend the winter. The Rev. gentleman, though much broken down by a long and painful disease, still retains the cheerful spirits for which he has always been remarkable.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill had been attacked with illness, but not of a serious nature; he had in consequence, been obliged to defer his lectures before the Mechanics Institute, Dublin.

The Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, consecrated a new Catholic church in the County of Limerick. — The nuns of the order of the Presentation have taken up their residence at the convent of Portarlington. They are about to establish there a Catholic female infant school. — The Redemptorist Fathers were holding their second mission in the city of Cork. It was opened in the South Parish Chapel by a solemn High Mass, and an impressive sermon by the Rev. Mr. Petcherine. — The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, the venerated Bishop of Limerick, presided at a conference of the clergy from all parts of his diocese at St. Michael's church, preparatory to proclaiming the Jubilee. —Matthew Young, Esq., of the Inland Department, General Post Office, Dublin, renounced the errors of Protestanism, and was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Mr. Flynn, at Dunmore. — Two additional Catholic chaplains, the Rev. Thomas Malony and the Rev. Mr. Devyer, have been appointed by the government to attend the army in the East, and are on their way to the scene of their labors. — John Martin, the Irish Patriot, had reached Paris on his return from exile; Smith O'Brien was in Italy, but expected soon to join his friend in Paris; Duffy was on his way from the continent, completely restored to health. — The Orange outrage at Newtownlimavady has abated but little. A scene that occurred in the Court room during the investigation of the causes of the recent outrage, gave evidence of the impious and unchristian spirit which actuates the Orange faction of that place. A witness, in giving his evidence, stated that on the occasion of the assault on the Catholics, he heard a woman cry: "Lay on them, and tear the papish blood from their bodies." As these words were uttered, the Orange rabble in the Court gave vent to their approbation in loud and deafening cheers, with as much apparent delight as if they were putting the savage act into execution. — The grain crops have been generally secured without much damage; the potato crop is also better than was anticipated, the injury by the disease being comparatively light.

The Crimea. — Since the battle of Alma the allied forces have been pushing forward their operations with energy, and we may reasonably anticipate the fall of Sebastopol at no distant period. The Russians had obstructed the entrance of the harbor by sinking five battle ships and two frigates, and thus prevented the possibility of an attack by sea. The allies were thus compelled to change their plan of operation, and to effect the reduction of the place by a formal land siege. Preparations for the seige were carried on with the utmost expedition, and by the 17th of October the bombardment commenced with two hundred pieces of heavy artillery. While these formidable batteries poured destruction into the town, the allied fleets attacked the forts at the entrance of the harbor, the English those at the left, and the French those at the right. The English blew up the outer fortification on the left, while the French silenced the Quarantine battery, and continued its attack against Fort Alexander. Reinforcements to the number of 4,000 men were to be sent from England to the scene of war.

Russia. — It is rumored that propositions have been made to bring about a termination of the bloody contest raging on the soil of Russia. The King of Prussia has despatched a note by Baron Von Manteuffel to the Emperor of Russia, earnestly pressing him to accept the *four points*. The precise tenor of this document is not known. — The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, the youngest sons of the Emperor, arrived at Odessa on the 16th of October. They are on their way to the head-quarters of Prince Gortschakoffs, in order to enter into active service in the army. — The Russian accounts state that the batteries of Sebastopol are defended by 722 guns.

China. — The rebellion still progresses. Canton is yet held by the Imperialists, but constant fighting is kept up with varied success. The provinces are infested by desperate bands of robbers, and all internal trade is intermitted.

## II. — DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of New York: Pastorals.* — 2. *Diocese of Brooklyn.* — 3. *Diocese of Albany.* — 4. *Diocese of Louisville.* — 5. *Diocese of Milwaukie.* — 6. *Diocese of Hartford.* — 7. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.* — 8. *Diocese of Wheeling.* — 9. *Diocese of Erie.* — 10. *Archdiocese of New Orleans.* — 11. *Catholicity in Minnesota.* — 12. *Missionaries for California.* — 13. *Arrival of the Bishops in Europe.* — 14. *Religious Receptions.*

1. *Archdiocese of New York: Pastorals.*

The Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Provinces of New York is upon our table. This important document is so fraught with lessons of the deepest interest not only to the Catholics of New York, but to those of the whole country, that a cursory notice would be doing it an injustice; it will, therefore, appear entire in the next number. — The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, before his departure to Europe, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese. The learned Prelate opens his Pastoral by stating the solemn occasion which calls him to the Eternal City, and by recommending himself to the prayers of his clergy, and to the faithful under their charge. He then proceeds to announce the regulations for the Jubilee in his diocese, and directs that the alms offered by the faithful during the time of the Jubilee within the City of New York, be given to the Sisters of Mercy, to be applied by them in the works of charity to which they are so assiduously devoted. In speaking of those excellent Sisters, the Archbishop uses the following language:

> "It is not, dearly beloved brethren, that the Sisters of Mercy are dearer to us than other communities who labor with equal zeal in the service of our Lord. But there are many things which especially recommend their works of mercy to the charity of the faithful. Their object is to protect the innocent, virtuous and destitute of their own sex, from the dangers to which they are exposed in a city like New York. In this they know no distinction of creed. And if it has happened that more Catholics than Protestants have found shelter and protection under their roof, it is only because more of the former than of the latter have sought such protection. But their door and their hearts are equally open to all. And it is with pleasure that we say, that they have received from many Protestants not only encouragement but substantial assistance. The purpose of their charity is not (to outward appearance) so much to do good, as to anticipate and prevent evil. Now, this prevention of evil is something of which men cannot take cognizance. It is something to be revealed only on the day of judgment. We have ascertained, not from them, but through their chaplain, that the number of sick poor whom they have often visited, administered both consolation and relief, is between one and two thousand. The number of poor virtuous girls whom they have been enabled to place in situations, is eight thousand six hundred and eighty-five. The number to whom they have afforded protection in the House of Mercy, two thousand three hundred and twenty-three. The number in their House, at present, is one hundred and ten. We mention these things, dearly beloved brethren, to show you, that in directing the alms of the Jubilee to the Sisters of Mercy, your charity will not be misplaced."

He recommends the establishing a Magdalen Asylum in the City of New York under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and in referring to the importance and manifold advantages that would flow from such an institution, he says:

> "In separating ourselves from you for a time, our heart would be sad, indeed, if we did not hope to be useful in promoting the interests of charity and humanity even during our absence. We have often seen, with inexpressible sorrow, that among the lost to virtue, there are many, who in the time of repentance, have not the good fortune to be under the protection of the Sisters of Mercy, or any other sisters. What is to become of them? Can nothing be done for them? When a shipwreck occurs on the ocean, how slight is the plank or spar, which, with the blessing of God, may be the means of saving more than one precious life! And so in the moral order. Misfortune, not less than depravity, has much to do with the shipwreck of female virtue. Shall we not throw out a spar or plank to save one, even though it should be only one out of a hundred, desirous to return to hope and life?

### 2. *Diocese of Brooklyn.*

The Jubilee was opened on the 1st of November and is to continue to the 1st of February. It is truly gratifying to observe at this very time, while fanaticism is endeavoring to enkindle the torch of persecution against our Catholic fellow-citizens of the country, so many evidences of the increase and spread of Catholicity in our midst. Almost every day brings the intelligence of the founding or dedication of some new Catholic church. On Sunday, the 29th of October, the beautiful church of St. Mary's, at Williamsburg, erected by the zeal of the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn. The edifice is a spacious one, capable of accommodating nearly three thousand persons, and was erected at a cost, including the lot, of about $30,000. — Subsequently, the same Prelate laid the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Church, East Brooklyn. The building is to be constructed in the Gothic style, and is to be of the following dimensions: Length 145 feet; width 75 feet; height of the nave 56 feet; the main tower in front 18 feet at the base and 120 feet in height; with two small towers 60 feet high.

### 3. *Diocese of Albany.*

From the gratifying prospects which attend the spread of Catholicity in our cities, we are called to contemplate the extension of our holy faith in regions where the bear and the wild deer still roam almost unmolested, and where, until recently, the sound of the mass bell nor the voice of the Catholic Missionary had not been heard. A few months ago, the Rev. Eugene Carroll was appointed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey to a mission in the centre of his diocese, embracing the counties of Green, Ulster, Delaware and Schoharie, a territory of one hundred and sixty miles in length, by nearly one hundred wide. In this vast region there are *seventy-three* stations, which are visited and where mass is celebrated by this zealous and indefatigable missionary. On the last Sunday in October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited a portion of Father Carroll's scattered flock, and in Green county alone confirmed *two hundred and seventy-three* persons, five of whom were converts, having been received into the Church by the Rev. Missionary.

4. *Diocese of Louisville.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing the Jubilee. The distinguished Prelate concludes his Pastoral in these words :

"Finally, we entreat you, beloved brethren, to avail yourselves of these days of salvation, to pour forth earnest and loving prayers for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those misguided persons who, in this day of boasted light and liberty, are engaged in 'reviling you, and persecuting you, and speaking all that is evil against you untruly, for Christ's sake.' Instead of resenting this crying injustice, and returning evil for evil or railing for railing, you should seek on the contrary, to overcome evil by good; and you should not forget that a divine command enjoins it upon you, as a solemn obligation, 'to love your enemies.' Under the 'persecution which you suffer for justice sake, you should even 'be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven.'"

5. *Diocese of Milwaukie.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni visited the south-western portion of his diocese in the early part of October, and dedicated a beautiful church at Benton under the patronage of St. Patrick. On the 22nd of the same month he laid the corner-stone of a new and spacious church at Mineral Point. During his visit to that section of his diocese, the zealous Bishop administered Confirmation to nearly four hundred persons. A fair has been announced at Milwaukie for the benefit of St. Rose's Orphan Asylum, which is under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

6. *Diocese of Hartford.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Hartford, has issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing the Jubilee. The letter abounds with salutary counsels especially applicable to the present time. In alluding to the present hostility openly manifested towards Catholicity in this country, the Prelate says:

"The church of the living God, as is usual where prejudice gets the better of reason, and passion alone is privileged to rule, is now visited with the most gross misrepresentations; doctrines which it abhors, and practices which it is occupied in repressing, are unblushingly attributed to it; its priests, occupied in the duties of their sacred calling, and offering offence to none, are assailed with the lowest and grossest reviling; whilst its best and most devoted members are ungenerously pursued with calumny and hatred that know no bounds.

"Divine Charity, so essential to the peace and happiness of men, and so strongly and frequently enforced of God, is to a great extent ignored, and apparently eradicated from the hearts of great numbers. This amiable virtue, will, doubtless, survive the shock it is receiving, and yet comfort those who are systematically opposed to it."

8. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Mount Pleasant, eight miles from Cincinnati. The Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Thomas, in the City of Cincinnati, has been recently enlarged by the addition of a spacious wing. The institution is in the most flourishing condition. The number of students in it at present is forty-five. A new college, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Ford, is at present being erected near Chilicothe, Ohio.

8. *Diocese of Wheeling.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan dedicated, on Sunday, the 5th of November, a handsome little church at Wellsburg, Va. The Bishop preached on the occasion, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to twenty-three persons, some of whom were converts.

9. *Diocese of Erie.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Erie has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and faithful of his diocese, in which he announces that the Jubilee would commence on November the 12th, and continue to the 12th of February. The new and handsome church of St. Mary's, at Dunkirk, was dedicated by the Bishop on the 12th ult.

10. *Archdiocese of New Orleans.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, previous to his departure for Europe, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the faithful of his diocese, announcing that the Jubilee would commence on November 1st and terminate on the 1st of February. On the 4th of November he sailed from New York, on his way to Rome.

11. *Catholicity in Minnesota.*

A letter received from a Missionary in Minnesota gives the most gratifying account of the spread of Catholicity in this distant territory. In the little village of Josephanapolis, and in the vicinity, there are two thousand inhabitants, including the Indians, and they are *all Catholics* except three individuals, and two of these are parsons who are there under the title of missionaries. There are three Catholic schools already established, one English, another French, and a third for the instruction of the Indians in their own language.

12. *Departure of Missionaries for California.*

Rev. A. Masnata, S. J., Rev. A. Maraschi, S. J., Rev. C. A. Messea, S. J., and C. Nobile, a lay brother, S. J., left New York for California, October the 5th. They are to take charge of the College of Santa Clara, in the Golden State, and all belonged to the Turin province of Italy. And on the 13th of the same month, the Very Rev. H. P. Gallagher, the Rev. Father Congiati, S. J., eight Sisters of Mercy, five Sisters of Notre-Dame, two Jesuit lay-brothers, and a number of friends of these parties sailed in the steamer Star of the West, via San Juan and the Nicaragua route, for San Francisco. May the fervent prayers of the faithful attend them to the scene of their labors.

13. *Arrival of the Bishops in Europe.*

Letters by the America announce the safe arrival at Liverpool of the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, and the Rev. Mr. Foley, Secretary to the Archbishop. They proceeded to London, and called on our Minister, Mr. Buchanan, who gave them a prompt reception. They visited Cardinal Wiseman, with whom they dined, and on the following day they set out, accompanied by the distinguished Cardinal, *via* Paris, for the Eternal City. On the Sunday that intervened during the voyage, the Most Rev. Archbishop, by invitation of the captain, preached on board the Atlantic, and appropriate prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Foley. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, also arrived safely in Liverpool, after a somewhat tedious passage of thirteen days. They were in excellent health.

14. *Religious Profession.*

On the 11th ult. Margaret McKee, of Baltimore, was admitted to the Religious Profession by the Rev. Father Villiger, S. J., in the Chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Md.; and at the same time the white veil was given to Miss Lizzie McDonald, who took the name in religion of Sr. Mary Ignatia.

## III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Diplomatic Troubles.* — Mr. Soule, our Minister to Spain, has been denied permission to pass through France from England, on his way to Madrid. At first fears were entertained in some quarters, that this action on the part of the Imperial government, would

be regarded here as a national insult; subsequent advices from Europe, however, announce that the prohibition has been rescinded, and here the affair has ended. What the particular reasons were, which induced the French Government to take this step, have not transpired. Mr. Soule's personal career, since his appointment, has been very unfortunate; little in it to admire, and less to approve.

Important elections have taken place in many sections of the country within the last few weeks. In New York a triangular contest took place between the Whig, Democratic and Know Nothing parties for governor, which resulted in the total defeat of the Know Nothings, and the triumph of the Whigs and the elevation of Mr. Clark to the gubernatorial chair by a small majority over Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate. The Whigs and Know Nothings have elected a majority of the Congressmen. — In Pennsylvania, the Whigs have elected their governor by a large majority. — In Michigan and in Massachusetts the Know Nothings have prevailed. — The same party has triumphed in the City of Baltimore by the election of Mr. Hinks to the Mayoralty. — In Utah and Texas numerous and shocking murders have been committed on the white settlers by the Indians. In some instances the savages boldly encountered the United States troops, and in the contests which ensued, several of the latter were killed.

2. MARINE DISASTERS. — A number of melancholy disasters have happened within the last few weeks. Scarcely a day has passed without bringing an account of some fearful catastrophe, on sea or land, by which hundreds of human beings have been ushered into eternity without a moment's warning. The steamer Arctic, on her passage from Liverpool, came in collision with the French steamer Vesta. The Arctic at the time was about forty miles off Cape Race, and moving at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, in the midst of a dense fog. The ill-fated vessel was so injured by the concussion, that she sunk in a few hours afterwards, and of the 401 human beings she had on board, only about 200 were saved. The heroic Captain Luce, who was at first supposed to have been lost with the vessel, was subsequently taken from a portion of the wreck, with several of the crew and pessengers, by Captain Russel, of the Cambria. The Vesta lost thirteen of her passengers by the collision.

On the night of the 12th ult., the ship *New Era* was driven upon the Jersey coast, near Long Branch, about 35 miles from New York, and was totally wrecked, with the loss of two hundred and fifty lives. The vessel was from Bremen, and most of the unfortunate victims were German emigrants.

The steamer Yankee Blade was wrecked, by running on a rock, at Point Conception, not far from San Francisco, on the first of October. She had on board at the time, about 900 persons, 12 of whom were lost by the sinking of a small boat, during the process of landing the passengers on the beach, which was not far distant. The sea was rough, and as night approached, it was found impossible to proceed with the work of landing, and the general impression was that the steamer would go to pieces before morning. In such a condition, with death before their eyes, with their lives suspended by a single thread, with the gulf opening beneath their feet, we might suppose that every passion in the human breast would bow submission, and that the veriest fiend would quail before the impending danger that seemed ready to crush him from existence. The scenes, however, which took place on board of the steamer during that awful night, add but another demonstration to the truth that the wicked and hardened in crime will pursue their vicious course even upon the brink of the grave. The horrid scenes that occurred on the steamer at the very time when every one looked for immediate destruction, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There were twenty or twenty-five wretches on board who were determined to take advantage of the confusion and commit a general robbery. No sooner was the favoring mantle of darkness spread over the sky, than they hurried down into the steerage and began to examine the clothes in the berths and to cut open the carpet bags. What was done down there no honest man knows; or at least we have not been able to find one. About seven o'clock the cry of murder was heard in the steerage, and about the same time two pistol shots were heard. Who was the murderer, and who the murdered, no one knew.

"A number of persons started to go down into the steerage, but the steps were taken away by those below, and threats were made, that no man should come down there alive. During the night some further scenes of violence occurred. A number of persons were assaulted. One person was knocked down and compelled, with a pistol at his breast, to give up his money. Another was robbed, and an attempt was made to throw him overboard. A number more of similar cases occurred."

3. Riots. — We regret that we have again to record the occurrence of several disgraceful riots. At Williamsburg, New York, a riot took place on the day of election for Governor, during which a Mr. Harrison was killed. On the Thursday night following a lawless mob paraded the streets, in a state of the wildest excitement. A few Irishmen, who happened to fall in their way, were badly beaten, but the cry of "down with the churches," which was repeated as they progressed, revealed the true object for which they had assembled. After discharging a number of shots, and making the night hideous with their yells, they made an attack upon the two Catholic churches in the town. They furiously tore down the iron cross over the gateway of one of them, St. Peter's; stoned the front windows, and broke in the panels of the door. They then called for straw and matches to fire the building, and no doubt would have accomplished their design, but for the timely arrival of the sheriff and the mayor, who had promptly called out the military. — An abolition riot occurred at Worcester on the 20th of October, during which Mr. A. O. Bateman, who had been active in arresting several fugitive slaves, narrowly escaped with his life.

4. Revision of the Bible. — One of the latest movements in this strange nineteenth century, is that undertaken by a few of our Doctors of Divinity, "to revise and correct the Holy Bible." To forward this end, a meeting was recently called in our own city, at the Rev. Mr. Williams' (First Baptist) church. The Rev. gentleman, after stating to his hearers the object for which they were convened, introduced the Rev. Dr. Judd, of New York. For fear of being misunderstood, we will give the substance of the Doctor's remarks as reported in one of our daily papers:

"He commenced by referring to the necessity there was for the apostles to give such records of the divine truth as were required for an infallible guide to all future generations, otherwise corrupt teachings would have impaired them. No language could have transmitted the scripture so truthfully as the ancient Greek, and stand the mutilations of time — in this language it was first recorded. The letters of the apostles to the different churches of that day, in the Hebrew, were retained and recorded down as the revealed will of God, but these original copies had ceased to exist — none were known to exist later than the third century — constant use had worn them out and new copies were necessary from time to time.

"He referred to the fact of the Greek language being superseded by the Latin, and that again by the other languages of more modern Europe, and into all of which the Bible had been translated, thereby giving the greater opportunity for errors. The inspired original was the only true source from which a correct translation could be obtained. That which disagreed with the divine original was not the word of God, and an effort should be made to accomplish a correct translation. There were many imperfections in the translations now in use — many indeed of no great importance, others, however, were of moment — and these errors should be remedied.

"The speaker alluded generally to the more serious errors which have occurred, and read extracts from the opinions of distinguished theologians and others, who had spoken of the defects in the English translations and the necessity of removing them. The subject was urged with much ability, and the distinguished speaker was listened to throughout with great attention."

This meeting adjourned to the following evening, at which time a regular "Bible Revision Association" was formed, with a President, Vice President, Secretary, and *Treasurer*. *One dollar* per year will secure the privilege of membership; and a *life* membership may be purchased at the rate of *twenty dollars.*

We read the above with mingled feelings of pity and regret for the incredulity of our dissenting fellow-citizens. — As Catholics we receive the Sacred Scriptures under the seal of our church, "the pillar and ground-work of truth;" we believe, we know, we feel with an inherent confidence, which none but a Catholic can feel, that they contain the word of God, without the slightest intermixture or shadow of error. But let us for a moment suppose that we were Protestants; that we had been taught from infancy to look upon the sacred volume as the word of infallible truth; that we had been taught to take the Bible as our sole rule of faith; the infallible guide which was to conduct us safely through this darksome vale to the bright and joyous realms of endless bliss; what would be our feelings, now to be told that this certain rule, this unerring guide, contained "serious errors?" That the rule upon which we had staked the salvation of our immortal souls, was erroneous? that its calculations could not be relied on? If this be true, we would naturally say to ourselves: if this Good Book, which we have hitherto regarded as the word of God, contained "serious errors," (and this we are told on the authority of our ministers,) who knows but that these errors are leading us to the regions where there is naught but wailing and gnashing of teeth?

We make no further comment for the present; we may advert to this subject hereafter.

THE

Metropolitan.

Vol. II. JANUARY, 1855. No. 12.

# MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. LINGARD.

John Lingard, the subject of the present memoir, was descended from an ancient family in Hampshire, England, and was born in Winchester, on the fifth of February, 1771. At an early age, he displayed those qualities of mind which so eminently distinguished him in after life. The quickness of his intellect, the mildness of his disposition, his ready obedience to his parents and superiors, the sincere piety which marked his whole demeanor, recommended him, at an early period, to Bishop Challoner, who had resolved to assume the expense of his education; but the death of that eminent man prevented the execution of this benevolent design.

In Bishop Tolbot, however, the successor of Dr. Challoner, the youthful Lingard found a patron and a friend. The penetrating mind of this prelate was not long in discovering in Lingard abilities far above his years; and he immediately determined to carry out, in his regard, the designs of his predecessor. Accordingly, in 1781, he sent him to the English College at Douay. In this venerable institution, young Lingard soon realized the promise of his earlier years. With a mind clear and methodical, added to an industry that nothing could overcome, he mastered every difficulty which presented itself in his studies; and having, with distinguished honors, completed his course of humanities, he entered the school of Theology in the autumn of 1791.

The disturbed condition of France about this period filled the students and professors of Douay with just apprehension and alarm. The dark cloud, which had been so long gathering, was about to burst upon that country, and the time-honored College of Douay, which had been justly styled "the nurse of martyrs and the bulwark of faith," was marked out for destruction. Already scenes of violence had been repeatedly committed. Twice had the garrison of the town broken loose, and numbers of the peaceful and unoffending citizens were hurried to the gibbet; and the excesses of the soldiery intruded within the very walls of the college. Often were their bayonets pointed at the breasts of the students, and repeatedly were their swords drawn over the heads of the superiors.

On one occasion, Lingard narrowly escaped with his life. He had entered the town at the moment the infuriated populace were dragging to execution the unfortunate Mons. Derbaix. Lingard, prompted by feelings of sympathy for a friend and an acquaintance, and forgetful of the danger by which he was surrounded, approached the crowd and enquired the cause of the present proceedings. His dress soon attracted the attention of the rabble; and the cry of *La Culotte,* and afterward, that of *Le Colotin à la lanterne,* soon admonished him of his danger. He turned and fled with the utmost precipitation; and the fleetness of his steps alone saved him from the fury of his pursuers.

These acts of violence, which now grew daily more and more alarming, admonished the inmates of the college of the danger of their position. For some time, however, they confided in their character of British subjects, and trusted for protection to the provisions of the treaty of commerce, and to the presence of an ambassador in Paris; but the last ray of confidence was dispelled by the declaration of war between England and France, which took place shortly after the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Immediately after this event, the College at Douay was forcibly occupied by a body of armed men, and the students and professors were removed, first to Escherquin, and afterward confined at Dourlens.

Previously to this occurrence, many of the more prudent of the community, foreseeing the danger which was about to break upon them, privately withdrew from Douay and escaped to England. Among these was young Lingard. The fugitives, after various migrations, settled at Crook Hall, in the vicinity of Durham, and formed themselves into a seminary under the presidency of the Rev. Thomas Eyre, and there resumed their collegiate exercises.

In the early part of the year 1795, the remnant of the community, which had been detained at Dourlens, was released from a tedious confinement, and in company with sixty-two of their brethren from the College of St. Omer's, the remaining students and professors of Douay arrived in England. Shortly after their arrival, a portion of the community settled in Hertfordshire; but the more numerous body proceeded to the north, and obtained an asylum at Crook Hall, which had been previously occupied by the students who had made their escape during the early part of the troubles in France.

In the quietude of Crook Hall, Lingard continued and completed his course of Theology, and was ordained priest by Bishop Gibson, on the 6th of May, 1795. Shortly after his ordination, he received the appointment of vice-president of the seminary at Crook Hall, and for many years filled the chair of both Natural and Moral Philosophy.

Though removed from the dangers by which they were surrounded at Douay, Lingard and his companions found their situation at Crook Hall by no means agreeable. They were subjected to innumerable privations and hardships, owing to the confined dimensions of the house, its limited accommodations, its bleak and uncomfortable apartments. Of the sacrifices which they made, and of the expedients to which they were compelled to resort, many interesting incidents are related. But they were men who had been inured to labor and to suffer; they had been taught in a school where confessors lived; from which martyrs had gone forth to confirm, with their blood, the doctrines of the Church of God. To these men, sufferings, privations, or comforts were alike indifferent. Indeed, it was owing to the expedients by which the inmates of Crook Hall at once sought to improve their minds, and elevate themselves above the discomforts of their situation, that we are indebted for the first, and one of the most interesting literary labors of Dr. Lingard.

During the winter evenings, the professors and students at Crook Hall were accustomed to assemble together for the purpose of literary entertainment. At these meetings, each in his turn furnished an original essay on some moral, scientific or historical subject, according to the taste or ability of the writer; these were read for the entertainment or amusement of the company. Lingard, whose mind had been accustomed, from an early period, to dwell upon the antiquities of his country, embodied his thoughts on this subject in a series of detached papers, which he read to his companions at their evening entertainments. As the exercises advanced, the interest of his audience grew more and more intense. The depth of his researches and the extent of his reading excited their surprise and admiration; and when the series drew to a close, they united, with one accord, in urging him to mould the detached parts into a regular form, and publish them as a continued history. For some time his modesty prevented him from yielding to their request; at length, however, the importunity of his friends prevailed, and the work, since known as "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," was committed to the press. This work treats of the establishment of the faith among the Anglo-Saxons, of the origin and progress of the monastic institute, of the government of the Church, of the religious practices of the people, of the learning, the literature, and the laws of the Anglo-Saxon times. It was first published in 1806, and so great was the demand for it, that several successive editions were immediately called for. In 1844, the work was revised and enlarged by the learned author, and a new edition given to the public.

In 1808, the community removed from Crook Hall to the more commodious establishment at Ushaw. Lingard accompanied his brethren to their new home, and for several years continued to lend the institution the aid of his ability and his zeal. The great literary abilities of Dr. Lingard now began to attract general attention, and several literary institutions made him the most flattering offers to attach him to their service. He had been repeatedly solicited by Bishop Moylan to accept the presidency of the College at Maynooth, and was subsequently urged by Bishop Poynter to accept a similar honor in reference to Old Hall. But these honors he respectfully declined; and, preferring a course more agreeable to his habits and disposition, he withdrew from Ushaw in the fall of 1811, and retired to the secluded mission of Hornby.

Previously to this period Dr. Lingard had conceived the design of the great work which was to crown the pyramid of his fame. From the time of the publication of his "Anglo-Saxon Church," his friends had urged him to undertake the publication of a general history of his country. For various reasons, he hesitated to embark in a work which might prove injurious to the interests of the college; and during his residence at Ushaw he seems to have almost abandoned the idea. But with his removal to Hornby, the subject was again revived. His new situation allowed him time to pursue his studies with but slight interruption from his professional duties; and he began, without delay, to prepare the materials for his future history. From the commencement of the work, he had resolved to take nothing on credit, but had determined to examine original documents, whenever it could be done, no matter how much labor it might cost him. When we reflect on the nature of the work, and the extent of the period over which it had to pass, we may readily conceive the labor to which it subjected its author. But no research, however tedious, no investigation, however difficult, could exhaust his patience, or shake his perseverance. Day after day, he might be seen in the British Museum, or in the archives of the state, examining original papers, and making such extracts as he deemed important, for the great work on which he was engaged.

During the spring of 1817, Lingard visited Rome, being commissioned by Dr. Poynter to negotiate matters of much importance. He was received at Rome with every mark of courtesy, and was entirely successful in the object of his mission. During his stay, the archives of the Vatican were open to him by the orders of Cardinal Consalvi, who on all occasions manifested towards him the utmost kindness and respect. Lingard readily availed himself of the privilege thus extended to him, to examine many original documents which he anticipated would materially aid him in the prosecution of his work; but the confusion into which every thing had been thrown by the French revolution, prevented him from obtaining all the information he desired.

On his return to England, he applied himself with redoubled energy to the prosecution of his history, which he was now preparing for the press. During the year 1819, he entered into a contract with a Mr. Mawman, of London, for the publication of a portion of the work; and in the early part of the following year, the first three volumes, extending to the end of the reign of Henry VII, were given to the public. In the succeeding year, the fourth volume, containing the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI, was published. The remaining volumes appeared at intervals, and in the spring of 1830 the work was brought to a close.

In the mean time the reputation of the work had increased with the appearance of each succeeding volume. At home and abroad it was hailed with approbation by scholars of every class. Its reception at Rome bordered on enthusiasm. Dr. Gradwell, president of the English College, writing to Lingard, says: "The fourth volume of your history arrived here about three weeks ago, to the joy of the whole house. As soon as we have finished it, it is engaged by the Scotch College; then by Father O'Finan, of the Irish Dominicans; then by Monsignor Testa, the Pope's Latin Secretary, and many others. Their eagerness is extreme. . . . For my own part, I never read a volume of history with so much pleasure."

Of the estimation in which the author was held by the Pope, Pius VII, we may judge from the following facts. On the 24th of August, 1821, shortly after the reception of the fourth volume of his history in Rome, he caused a brief to be issued, in which, after a recital of his labors in the cause of religion, and in defence of the authority of the Holy See, he conferred on him the triple academical laurel, and created him Doctor of Divinity, and of Canon and of Civil Law.

Several editions of his history were shortly called for in England, and various translations of it were widely circulated in France, Germany and Italy. By a special decree of the University of Paris, it was ordered that a copy should be placed in the library of every college in France; and that copies should be distributed as prizes to the students in philosophy and rhetoric. While the great literary abilities of Dr. Lingard became the universal theme of admiration, he himself studiously avoided every mark of distinction, and rejected every attempt to withdraw him from his seclusion at Hornby. In 1825, he paid a second visit to Rome, where he was again received with every mark of distinction, especially by the Pope Leo XII. The pontiff used every persuasion to engage the learned author to take up his residence in Rome, and on one occasion asked him if there were nothing that he could bestow on him, that could induce him to comply with his request. Lingard referred to his history, and the necessity of his being in England to enable him to complete it. At his departure, Leo, as a testimonial of his high regard, gave him the gold medal, which etiquette then generally confined to cardinals and princes. In the following year, the Pope strongly indicated his desire of raising the English historian to the cardinal dignity. Dr. Lingard, on receiving intelligence of this rumor, wrote immediately to his friend Testa in Rome, earnestly requesting, that if the report which had reached him were true, to use his influence with the pontiff to divert him from his design. This letter he concluded in the following words: " I cannot bear the idea of expatriating myself, and much less, of shackling myself with all the formalities of the court of Rome."

With the completion of his History of England, the literary fame of Dr. Lingard became established throughout Europe. In his retirement at Hornby, he was consulted by scholars from the continent, as well as by those of his own country, who sought the aid of his learning and his counsel. To answer the numerous letters addressed to him on almost every subject, became in itself an onerous duty, yet his energy, his diligence and activity were always equal to the task; to each correspondent, however humble, he returned a satisfactory and punctual reply. His industry was untiring. Even when far advanced in years, each succeeding day found him as actively engaged as in the vigor of youth and manhood. Three different times, he thoroughly revised his History of England, and in each successive edition he gave to the world the result of his later studies. The last revision of this work was completed in 1849, when it was published in ten octavo volumes.

This was the last effort of his great and powerful mind; his long life was drawing to a close; hence, in the preface to the last edition of his history, he alluded to the declining state of his health, and observed: "That a long and painful malady, joined to the infirmities of age, had already admonished him to bid a final adieu to those studies with which he had been so long familiar." During the spring of 1851, his infirmities greatly increased, and on Easter Monday of that year he was taken seriously ill. For two months he grew gradually worse, and before the end of June all hopes of his recovery had vanished. As the hour of his dissolution approached, he withdrew himself more and more from all earthly objects, and fixed his mind upon that future world to which he was hastening. He spoke of his approaching end with the utmost calmness and resignation, and looked forward with humble confidence to the moment which would terminate his earthly career, and open to his view the scenes of eternity. For two weeks previous to his death, each succeeding day seemed about to be his last. At length, on the morning of the 17th of July, having received all the rites of the Church, he calmly expired, in the 81st year of his age.

Few men in private life had more warm and personal friends than Dr. Lingard. In conversation he was the delight of all who heard him. The buoyancy of his mind, the ingenuity of his wit, the rich store of anecdote always at his command, rendered his company at all times agreeable, and won the admiration of all who approached him. By the simplicity of his manners, by the benevolence of his disposition, and by the warmth of his heart, he endeared himself to all who knew him. His death, therefore, was deplored by the large circle of his friends as a domestic calamity. His society was courted not only by the members of his own church, but by persons of almost every creed, with whom he lived on terms of the most familiar and unreserved intercourse. Ardently attached to the faith of the Catholic Church, he sought on all occasions to extend the influence of its divine precepts; not, however, by angry disputation with his Protestant neighbors, but by the mildness of his disposition, the modesty of his deportment, and the unobtrusive practice of those virtues which adorn the character of the Christian. Indeed, no man ever labored more zealously than Dr. Lingard to moderate the bitterness and to remove the prejudice of Protestants. This seems to have been the great aim of all his writings. "For my own part," says he, on one occasion in writing to a friend, "I conceive that he who contributes to remove prejudice now, lays the groundwork of conversion hereafter; for prejudice, in general, indisposes Protestants not only from yielding to argument, but even from listening to it."

During the progress of his history, and after its completion, the great abilities of Dr. Lingard were displayed in various other literary labors. His letters, addressed to the editor of the *Newcastle Courant* on the subject of Catholic loyalty, published at a moment of great political excitement, are an able refutation of the libels and slanderous imputations brought against his Catholic countrymen. His "Tracts," written during the Durham Controversy, place him among the ablest polemical and controversial writers of his day. His "Reviews of the anti-catholic Publications of Lord Kenyon;" his "Strictures on Dr. Marsh's Comparative View of the Churches of Rome and England," and his "Observations on the Laws and Ordinances of Foreign States relative to the Religious Concerns of their Catholic Subjects," are masterly productions, aad marked by that force of reasoning and power of argument, that elegance and clearness of style, which so eminently distinguished him as a writer. In 1836, he published his "Translation of the Four Gospels," and in 1840, his "Catechetical Instructions" were printed; this work forms an able abridgment of the whole body of moral and controversial divinity.

But it is in connection with the history of his native country, that the name of Dr. Lingard is destined to take its place in the literary annals of future ages. To do justice to this great work would far exceed the limits of the present memoir of its author. The best comment, however, that can be passed upon its merits, will be found in the universal estimation in which it is held, by scholars of every class and of every country. The classical purity of its style has ever been admired. But in all the higher qualities which adorn a history; in the fulness of its details, in the lucid arrangement of its parts, in its deep research and patient investigation; in its power to elicit and in its honesty to state the truth, it stands unrivalled. Its impartiality is proverbial. Clothed with the invincible armor of truth, the learned author fearlessly exposed the errors of former historians, destroyed their theories and dissipated the prejudices of ages.

Before the appearance of Dr. Lingard's history, the Protestants of England were almost inaccessible to argument. Writer had succeeded writer in the same track of misrepresentation, until fiction had almost assumed the substance of reality. The public mind was perverted; it had drunk profusely at the polluted fountains of historical knowledge; it held its own views, and maintained its own prepossessions; and every effort heretofore made to remove its prejudices had, in general, only tended to confirm them. But Dr. Lingard induced his countrymen to read, and taught them to think, to doubt, to inquire. "I succeeded," he says, in one of his letters, "in awakening the curiosity of some minds in the universities; in provoking doubts of the accuracy of their preconceived opinions; in creating a conviction that such opinions were unfounded. The spirit of inquiry was excited; it made gradual progress; and led, in the result, to that movement which we have seen."

From the many encomiums pronounced upon this great work by men of the highest order of talents, we select the following. Cardinal Wiseman, in a late number of the *Dublin Review,* thus speaks of the History of England and of its learned author: —

"It is a providence that, in history, we have had given to the nation a writer like Lingard, whose gigantic merit will be better appreciated in each successive generation, as it sees his work standing calm and erect amidst the shoals of petty pretenders to usurp his station. When Hume shall have fairly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macauly shall have been transferred to the shelves of romances and poets, and each shall thus have received his true meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as the only impartial historian of our country. This is a mercy indeed, a rightful honor to him who, at such a period, worked his way, not into a high rank, but to the very loftiest point of literary position."

## AMERICAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Few of our readers are aware of the extent of the early Catholic Missions among the Indian tribes of our territory. This is not surprising, as no work of reference can be found to give any historical account of these tribes; their history can be gleaned only by years of patient research, and then only in fragments. An American Catholic has devoted several years to tracing the course of the missions among these tribes, and we borrow a chapter, or part of one, to give some idea of the nature of the work. It is not a barren list of names of tribes and missionaries; it is a work full of interest, pathos and edification. It will give examples of virtue for every age; incentives to noblest acts of heroism for the faith.

The Indian tribes in more than two-thirds of the States were evangelized by by Catholic missionaries, many of whom lost their lives by the hand of violence, perished of want, or escaped only to bear to their graves the visible marks of their sufferings. Indeed it seems as if the Indian apostolate were the school for martyrdom. Father Du Thet sleeps near the spot where he perished for the faith, and as a singular coincident, the victim of the Ellsworth outrage, labored among the tribe over which the martyr Rale long presided.

The work is from the pen of Mr. J. G. Shea, a frequent contributor to our columns, one whose accuracy and care, no less than his extensive and varied research, fit him in no slight degree for the task. It details the early Spanish and French missions at great length, and will afford many of our readers delightful pages in our country's history. A Protestant writer, speaking of our early Catholic missionaries, exclaims: "How little is known of these men?" as if it were a reproach to Americans to be ignorant of the lives of those heroic pioneers of the faith; but if this ignorance be a shame to Americans at large, it is a burning shame to Catholics. Hitherto we could learn their career only in the chapter of Bancroft or a few of Sparks' Biographies; now, fortunately, we have a household book, which will make the names of our early missionaries familiar to every Catholic family. Now the earth will be recognized as holy ground, bedewed with the sweat and often with the blood of the heralds of the cross; now our rising youth will find new examples of heroism to extol, new names to exalt, men worthy of all praise, for the President of the oldest University in the country tells us "that humanity can claim no higher honor, than that such examples have existed."

From the pages of the work we select the following episode in the Iroquois mission:

### THE FALL OF THE MISSION OF ST. MARY OF GANENTAA.

Onondaga was the central, or, in fact, the only regular mission; but it was now established on a firm basis. The offices of the Church were celebrated, the sacraments administered, and Christian virtues practiced, as regularly and carefully as in the most Catholic parts of Europe. In a short time two hundred were baptized, among them five chieftains, the corner-stones of that church; one of whom, in a public assembly, advocated the faith as the only hope of saving their country by restoring morality, and, above all, fidelity in marriage, and in their relations with each other — the want of which had been more destructive than armies.

The women, especially, listened to the words of truth, and the accounts of the missionaries dwell with interest on the noble death of Magdalen Tiotonharason, who had gone to Quebec to learn the *prayer*,* and who remained steadfast to her last sigh, amid the seductions and persuasions of her unbelieving relatives.

The church was composed of three nations, Onondagas, Hurons and Neutrals, all bound together by the common tie of faith, which made master and slave kneel down side by side. No obstacle was raised by the medicine-men, no sachem opposed the missionaries, and all gloried in the name of Christian.

When tidings of this success reached Quebec, the Superiors chose new missionaries to proceed to so promising a field. A party of Hurons were already at Montreal, about to emigrate to Onondaga. Fathers Paul Regueneau and Joseph Imbert Duperon soon joined them, with a lay-brother and some French colonists, and in July, 1657, they set out for the mouth of the Oswego. Soon after their departure a deep-laid plot was discovered. The missionaries and other Frenchmen were treated coldly, and at last abandoned. By chance they found an old canoe, and kept up with the flotilla; but, on the 3d of August, their worst fears were realized by a massacre of the Hurons, instigated by an Onondaga chief, who, provoked at the resistance made to him by a virtuous Huron girl, killed her, and urged the slaughter of all.

Ragueneau reproached the Onondagas with their treachery; but they boldly asserted that, in slaughtering the Hurons, they merely complied with the orders of the governor and the missionaries. The Fathers and their companions now prepared to die, for they heard that it was resolved to put them to death. It was indeed so, but considerations of policy caused the chiefs to suspend the blow, and the Fathers reached the mission of St. Mary's in safety. There they found that all was changed; hostility was openly shown by those who had warmly welcomed them, and nothing remained but to endeavor to escape. With much difficulty they sent to Quebec a full account of their position.

Such was the state of the Onondaga mission. That of the Mohawk had made less progress. That tribe, still hostile, had attacked the Ottawas near Montreal, and killed Father Garreau, then burst on the Hurons of Isle Orleans and swept many away captive. Yet, in the summer of 1656, the fearless Father Le Moyne again visited their strong castles, and after reproaching them with their cruelty and want of faith, devoted himself to the care of the Hurons of the Bear family, who had, after the fatal day on Isle Orleans, emigrated to the Mohawk. Like a good Father he consoled the afflicted, instructed the ignorant, heard the confessions of all who came, baptised the children, made all pray, and exhorted them to persevere in the faith and avoid sin. The Mohawks, touched by the piety of the Hurons, especially of one whom they had put to death, now came to listen to the instructions of the missionary, and he never let them go without some words on heaven and hell, the power of an all-seeing and all-knowing God, who rewarded the good and punished the wicked.

---

* Christianity.

Having thus completed his duties as envoy, and fulfilled his promise to the Hurons on their emigration, Le Moyne returned to Quebec, which he reached on the 5th of November, 1656.* Soon after the departure of Ragueneau and his companions for Onondaga in the following summer, he, too, set out once more for the Mohawk. He left the colony on the 26th of August; but, on arriving at the Mohawk castles, found himself held rather as a prisoner or hostage than as a friend, for there, too, an evident hostility to the French prevailed.

Thus, and apparently without a cause, the missionaries, after having had access to every canton, after having announced in all the gospel of truth, found themselves destined to death and driven from the field.

The councils of the Iroquois were secret, but their plans were known in the cantons, and some of the braves were too impatient to await the development of their sachems' plot. Prowling around the French settlements they committed several murders. Daillebout, the governor, quick and far-seeing, resolved to have hostages in his hands, and suddenly arrested all the Iroquois within the limits of the colony: and, on the 7th of November, despatched two Mohawks with letters for Le Moyne and the Onondaga missionaries. The former were delivered, the latter destroyed; but runners soon conveyed to Onondaga the news of the measures of Daillebout.

Disconcerted by this unexpected step, the sachems of Onondaga and Mohawk deferred the blow. Le Moyne, in December, sent three messengers with a letter to the governor, announcing the hostilities of the Iroquois tribes against the upper and lower Algonquins. Daillebout firmly demanded the immediate return of Le Moyne, and the surrender of some murderers. Both were promised, but the missionary remained, an object of suspicion and dislike, unable either to continue his labors or to return, and beguiling his half-captivity by an occasional visit to the Dutch.

At Onondaga it was different; the sachems still hoped to be able to cut off the colony in their midst without forfeiting the lives of their hostages at Quebec. Foreseeing a bloody catastrophe, the Superior had recalled all the Fathers, and Debois all his colonists within the fort and house at St Mary's, to resist, escape, or fall together.

Thus the winter wore slowly away, and day by day their longing eyes looked in vain for a ray of hope; spring came, and, in a new council on the Mohawk, the final resolution of the sachems was taken. But before they could carry out their bloody design, while the piles were actually preparing for their execution, the missionaries resolved to attempt a secret flight, impossible as it seemed to escape unobserved through a country of defiles, where a dozen braves could destroy them all.

---

* Rel. 1656-7; Journ. Jesuite.

Silently and rapidly, in the residence of St. Mary's, skilful hands were constructing two swift, light boats, each large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen individuals and a weight of a thousand pounds. They also concealed in the house their canoes, four of Algonquin, five of Iroquois make. The great difficulty now remained; this was to embark unseen, for the slightest suspicion of their intent would draw the whole force of the canton upon them. At last a favorable moment arrived. A young Frenchman was adopted into the tribe; and, in accordance with their customs, gave a banquet. Availing himself of one of their usages, he proclaimed it to be one where every thing must be eaten and nothing left, immense as might be the mass of eatables placed before the guest.* To this feast every neighbor was invited, the plenteous board groaned beneath the weight of viands, and as none could refuse his portion, the overloaded guests, excited by the dances and games which the French kept up in quick succession, or lulled by the music, were insensible to all but the festivities before them. Amid the uproar and noise, the boats were silently borne to the water's edge, and as silently loaded. Gradually as night closed in the weary guests began to drop away, the music and dance being still kept up by the French. When these ceased, all the Onondagas departed, and were soon after buried in sleep. Silence reigned around.

The whole French colony hurried to their flotilla and pushed off, about midnight, on the 20th of March, 1658. The water of the lake froze around them as they advanced, and fear almost froze their blood, yet on they went all night long, and all the next day; hand succeeded hand at the oar and the paddle, till, on the second evening, without having met a single living soul, they saw Ontario spread its sea-like expanse before them. Their greatest danger was now past, and the distance between them and their treacherous hosts gave them time to breathe.

When the Onondagas had slept off their revel they strolled from their huts, and, as they rambled towards St. Mary's of Ganentaa, were surprised at the silence that reigned around it. Supposing the inmates at prayer or in council, they awaited the result calmly, for an Indian never betrays curiosity. Of their presence there they had no doubt, the cocks were crowing, the dog answered the knock at the door. Yet as the afternoon waned, their patience was exhausted, and, scaling the side of the house, they entered. No sound echoed through the building but that of their own cautious steps: in fright and trouble they stole through, and opened the main door. The sagest chiefs enter; from garret to cellar every spot is examined: not a Frenchman can be found. Fear and terror seize them: gazing at each other in silence, they fled from the house. No trace betrayed the flight of the French. "They have become invisible," cried the Onondagas, "and flown or walked upon the waters, for canoes they had not."†

They, meanwhile, amid a thousand dangers, in an unknown route, through lake, and river, and rapid, and fall, reached Montreal, after seeing one of their canoes and three of their party engulfed in the St. Lawrence. In the colony they were received as men from beyond the grave.

Thus ended, after a brief existence, the mission of St. Mary's of Ganentaa, in the Onondaga country, with its dependent missions among the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas. It had been founded and conducted with great toil, and at great expense; it was now crushed, but its effect was not lost: many had been brought to the faith, and more convinced of the truth and beauty of Christianity, who for motives of policy still held back.*

---

* As to this feast, see Lafitau, Mœurs ii, 211. It was originally religious, and a kind of sacrifice.

† Rel. 1657–8, ch. viii.

Among the Mohawks Le Moyne was in no less danger than his brethren had been at Onondaga. On the 25th of March he wrote from the Dutch settlement a letter which he supposed was to give the last tidings of his labors; but soon after the sachems, remembering their promise, appointed envoys to convey him to Montreal, and an embassy, headed by the wily Atogwaekwan, brought him safely to his countrymen in the latter part of May, 1658.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—VIII.

(The Pope and his Counselors).

Above the subterranean chapel, where repose the remains of St. Peter and St. Paul, stands the high altar, crowned with its supurb and colossal baldachino; and far above " the confession,"† towers the dome of St. Peter's, the first of all Christian temples. Do not suppose that I am venturing to describe this magnificent and matchless fabric. An idea which Bramante and Raphael and Buonarotti alone could conceive and body in its magnitude and symmetry — an undertaking, which from its inception to completion, occupied three hundred and fifty years, during the pontificates of forty Popes, and cost sixty millions of our money — an edifice which rises like a sculptured mountain of Travertine, five hundred feet in upper air, and extends over a quarter of a million of square feet, with numberless grottoes, corridors, arcades, porticoes, columns, pilasters, ædicules, chapels and monuments — a vast repertory of art, where priceless treasures in mosaics, paintings, statuary are profusely garnered —

> Where as though
> Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
> All things that strike, ennoble — that inspire
> Wonder, delight! Who would not say, the forms
> Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
> Flocked thither, to abide eternally —

— a church, which sepulchres, under forty-six altars, the bodies of the noblest champions of the Cross, gathered from all quarters of the world, around the tomb of the Princely leader of the Martyr-host, which displays, amid gorgeous adornments, the splendors of Catholic rites and the symbols of holiest mysteries, whilst it resounds with psalmody that wraps the soul to heaven, may be classed in those marvels, which as Mabillon remarks, "are best praised by speechless amazement:" and though genius, by every expedient of art, has striven to picture this stupendous structure, the truest image of its beauty and greatness must be gained by the spectator from actual observation. Leaving, therefore, to other pens, the material mass and its wonderful organism, I content myself with some description of the august assemblage which occupies the sanctuary; the Pontiff-vicar of Christ, head and ruler of the universal Church, and the highest dignitaries, second only to him by their position, functions and spiritual powers.

---

* Rel. 1657–8, ch. ii. A MS. of F. Bouvart says that it cost 7000 livres.

† The word *Confession*, *testimony*, *martyrium*, was anciently used to designate the place where was laid the body of a saint who had confessed and sealed the faith with his blood.

From the earliest ages, the Pope, under one form or another, has been wont to gather around him, men eminent for their talents, erudition and virtues. Among them he chooses for his ministers and counselors, the Sacred College.* Its members bear the name of Cardinals: and the assemblies, in which they transact ecclesiastical business, are called Congregations. In primitive times, the principal churches were named *Cardinal*, as we designate by the same epithet the principal moral virtues; because they are the chief and support of all others. From the churches the title passed to those who governed them, the permanent rectors. This title was subsequently restricted to persons holding such offices at Rome; and the churches which were not parochial were called *Titular*, because they conferred the titles of Cardinal Priests and Cardinal Deacons. United indissolubly to their charge, "Presbyter incardinatus ecclesiæ," they cannot confide their churches to stranger hands. Hence the titulars of the suburbicary bishoprics alone have episcopal jurisdiction. Cardinal Priests, bearing, it may be, the titles of Bishops or Archbishops in different parts of Christendom, are nevertheless in the Sacred College only Cardinal Priests, and have no bishoprics at Rome to administer. Their functions lie within their appointed churches; and foreign Cardinals discharge these functions by deputy, if not in person.

The Sacred College is divided into three orders. The Cardinal Bishops are titulars of the suburbicary bishoprics; so denominated, because they are in the immediate neighborhood of Rome. They are six in number, viz: Ostia and Velletri, Porto and St. Ruffina, Albano, Sabina, Frascati and Palestrina. The Cardinal Priests, who are titulars of parishes, formerly regarded as quasi-dioceses, on account of the many converts from paganism who flocked thither to receive the rites of baptism and penance, as well as on account of the sepulture of the martyrs, number fifty. The third class derive their titles from the ancient deaneries; that is, houses or pious places which had an oratory or chapel or infirmary for the benefit of the poor and sick. The directors of these establishments were called Cardinal Deacons. The number is fourteen. Thus the entire body comprises seventy members, in memory of the seventy Ancients of Israel and of the seventy disciples of our Saviour The Apostolic Senate, however, is rarely complete. Vacancies are left for future contingencies.

When the Pope wishes to create a Cardinal, an act of his own accord, *proprio motu*, he convokes a secret consistory, and, informing them of his intention, asks their advice: "Quid vobis videtur?" The candidate is said to be *in petto*, whilst his name is withheld. The promotion is proclaimed and celebrated by a public festivity. In open consistory, a few days after, the Pontiff places on his head the red hat; when the oath of fidelity is taken. Subsequently the Pope, in technical language, closes and opens the mouth of the new Cardinal; that is, interdicts for a time and then grants the privilege of sharing, by a deliberative voice, in the administrative duties of the apostolic body. Afterwards he gives the ring and assigns the title. The insignia of the cardinalate are the red calotte and biretta, scarlet stockings, mantle and cassock, ring set with sapphire and figured beneath with the escutcheon of the pontiff who created the wearer. The color of the cassock is changed for violet in times of penance and mourning; or for pale rose, on the Sunday of Mid-Lent. The lace rochet, the silk or ermine rosetta, the mantalette and cappa magna or large scarlet mantle, which covers the entire person and which the attendant (caudatarius) rolls up to give freedom of action to the arms, are peculiar to the choir; the sacred vestments used on grand occasions of processions and festivals, are dalmatics for Cardinal Deacons, chasubles for Cardinal Priests, copes for Cardinal Bishops; whilst all wear the mitre. Their attire at extra-official times or what may be called their city dress, consists of a straight collar frock or military coat of black or bronze color, lined and embroidered with red, scarlet stockings, black tie-cornered hat with golden tassels, and sometimes a red mantle passemented with gold. In the robes of the Cardinals, the red predominates; because the liturgy considers the color as a special symbol of their disposition to imitate the passion of Christ and shed their blood in defence of the Church. Thus Clement VII, in sending the red hat to Cardinal du Perron, bids him look on his dress, as a part of the bloody garment of Jesus Christ. "Quasi particulam aliquam vestimenti Redemptoris nostri ipsuis pretiosissimo conspersam sanguine."

---

* "The Supreme Pontiff," says Benedict XIV, "never treats of any difficult concernment without consulting his brethren, the Cardinals, although he knows that his power is sovereign and that he does not depend on their assent."

The Cardinals are, in their official capacity, advisers of the Pope, during life; depositaries of his power at his death; electors of his successor when he has been laid in the tomb. Most of this august body are white haired, aged men. Worthy Senate of the father of Christendom, whose years, experience, learning and virtues admirably fit them for their exalted functions and entitle them to the veneration of the faithful! Look at that assembly which graces and dignifies the chancel of St. Peter's! It requires not the eye of a Cineas to discover these traits of nobleness; whilst the physiognomist and the artist are charmed at once by the grouping and configuration of splendid heads, by the saintly and brilliant characters which seal those collective forces. What can be more venerable than those holy and placid features, that attenuated figure weighed down by a self-sacrificing life, and labors whose limits are the extremities of the world? It is the aged prefect of the Propaganda or Urban College, Cardinal Fransoni, endeared to so many missionary hearts by his gentle and paternal care. Again, how finely chiseled is that face, beaming with intellectuality and ministerial ability! Every lineament is stamped with a sign of chieftainship. It is Cardinal Morichini, author of Roman Statistics, and President of the Commission of the Hospitals of Rome. And near him, see that conspicuous personage, with russet cassock and hood, broad expansive brow, distinctive contour and patriarchal beard, with all the evidences of firm and long tried virtue.* It is Cardinal Recanati, late Capuchin Monk, Confessor of Pius IX, and heroic defender of Papal rights, as Bishop administrator of Sinigaglia, during the revolutionary troubles. In his case, as in the history of Gregory XVI and so many of his brethren, the spirit of the Catholic Church is beautifully manifested; when untrammeled by prejudices of birth and station and fortune, she selects and exalts the humble and the poor to her highest dignities. "Suscitans a terra inopem; ut collocet eum cum principibus populi sui." One more we single out of that assemblage where all are eminent. He occupies a seat opposite the Pontiff, in the class of Deacons. He is in the prime of life, not yet fifty years old. His hair is of raven hue; his complexion swarthy. The eye is intensely black, roving and piercing; the lips firmly compressed; the cast of countenance stern and authoritative. There are at times an air of profound meditation, as, even in the sanctuary or in processions, the raised hand supports the cheek of the thinker. Grave functions and responsibilities, as well as nature, have rendered his aspect more impressive than prepossessing; but he is a man, who supports with great intellectual power, consummate address, unwavering courage and loyalty, the burden imposed upon him, as prime minister, counselor, confidant and aid of Pio Nono. It is Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State.

---

*Members of Religious Orders, when admitted into the Sacred College, retain the color adopted and worn by these Orders.

As becomes their rank and office, the Cardinals move with a certain pomp and ceremony. They dress in splendid robes; they ride in stately equipages; they dwell in palaces and are surrounded by many attendants. But they exhibit, in their intercourse with the world, that rare kindness of heart and courtesy of manners which distinguish the true gentleman, and owe their origin to the principles and teaching of the Catholic religion. Approach them in their princely halls, and they receive you as friends and honored children; meet them in the streets, and with a benignant smile and uncovered head, they salute you as their brethren and equals in the charity of Christ. There is in the condescension of these eminent prelates, no lofty politeness to remind you of your inferior position, no patronizing affability to annoy and mortify you. I am sure that they wear under their superb habits, a spirit of humility and self-denial — perhaps like Cardinal Bellarmine, the iron belt and hair cloth — and in the midst of gorgeous decorations, remember the frailty of human nature and the end of all things earthly. There is not, whatever ignorant and silly tourists may imagine and publish, a life of vain, idle, sensual pomp. They have no time to spend in frivolities and unseemly diversions. They administer the government of the Catholic world; and occupy themselves with the momentous interests of the universal Church, when not engaged with their private devotions and the public ceremonial of religion. Nor have they the means, if they had the will, to spend in unworthy pursuits and amusements. They receive, with the exception of the Cardinal Vicar, Grand Penetentiary, Secretary of State, &c., whose salary is one-half greater, an annual stipend of four thousand dollars. A large proportion of this sum is devoted to charitable and artistic purposes, to foundations of religious asylums, to repairs of churches, to endowments of humane and learned establishments. Considering, exclusive of their commendable expenditures, the state which, as princes, they are obliged to maintain, it is not wonderful that their poorly supplied exchequer is soon exhausted, and that at death, their funeral expenses are often defrayed by the privy purse of the Supreme Pontiff or by the public treasury.

But we pass to the centre of the Catholic organization, whose light these illustrious men reflect, to the chief of the hieratic body, from whose life they draw their own vitality: and surely, if the Cardinals are worthy to surround the chair of Peter, as an Apostolic College, Pius IX, by his labors, sufferings and virtues; is eminently worthy to preside over their councils, as their elected sovereign, and, by the providence of God, to rule His Church, as Supreme Pontiff. The biography of this great and good man is exceedingly interesting in all the details of his eventful career; but too limited in space to expatiate on a theme, touchingly familiarized, in its prominent facts, to the hearts of his children, I present merely the desultory ideas which strike the visitor who is favored with a near approach to the successor of the prince of the Apostles.

The beautiful symbolism which spiritualizes matter and infuses the Christian sentiment into visible and palpable forms, employed in the service of the Catholic religion, gives a mystic signification to the insignia and costume of the Pope. In the range of colors adopted by the Church, for the celebration of her mysteries, the black and white occupy the two extremes: the black, to represent the labor and penance of man, in his fallen state; the white, to figure the purity and joy of his rehabilitation. Whilst, therefore, the inferior clergy, united more intimately with their fellow-men, wear the black soutane, their ordinary habit, expressive of mourning and suitable to penetential works, the Supreme Pontiff, crown of the hierarchy and type of a redeemed humanity, is attired in a white cassock. This is relieved by a red mozetta or tippet, which covers his shoulders and breast; and reminds him that, like his Divine Master, he must live and die a martyr of charity. Silk is the material of the cassock; or serge, if the Pope had been a member of the regular clergy. He wears in addition, white calotte or skull-cap, white stockings, red shoes edged with gold and embroidered with a cross on the instep. The peculiarity of the Pontifical color is traced to a very early period. Eusebius narrates the miraculous apparition of a dove over the head of St. Fabian; and some authors attribute to this epoch, the assumption of the white costume. But it is probably more ancient: for the same Eusebius tells us that this color was used in the times of the Apostles, and that St. James, first Bishop of Jerusalem, was clothed with linen: "Lineâ veste aut sindone induebatur." According to St. Cyril, the Patriarchs of Jerusalem were distinguished from the inferior ministers by their white dress. The Popes of the primitive ages, as we learn from ancient mosaics, were vested in white. Under the old law, the raiment of the high priest was fine linen; and perhaps St. Peter, cherishing the ancient tradition of the synagogue, wished to preserve the memory of the white robe with which our Saviour was clothed during his passion and the garment of light, "white as snow," which had dazzled his eyes on Thabor. This color is invariably retained. The vestments and ornaments of the Pope, when he celebrates the divine mysteries or performs some sacred function, are sandals, amice, alb, cincture, succintory,* stole, maniple, tunic, dalmatic, chasuble, pallium, fanon,† falda,‡ cope, formal,‖ mitre, tiara. He carries no crozier. In the hands of a bishop, the crook of this badge signifies a limited jurisdiction; but the government of the Pope is universal. He wears only when he chants mass pontifically, the pectora cross, which is not, as Benedict XIV remarks, a sign of jurisdiction. The papal cross precedes the Pontiff always and every where: for he is the Bishop of bishops, and the world is his diocese. He, like bishops, has three mitres; the first adorned with precious stones and a bandlet of gold which forms the base; the second degarnished of this rich border; the third made of plain silver tissue. The tiara or triple crown is not worn during the sacrifice of the mass: it or the mitre and cope are used, with two or three exceptions, in other sacred offices. On great solemnities the Pontiff, seated in the "sedra gestatoria" or pontifical chair of crimson velvet, is upborne by a number of attendants (sediari) and carried with state into the interior of the Basilica. In St. Peter's and some other of the great patriarchal or cathedral churches of

---

* The *Succintory*, peculiar to the Pope, resembles a maniple, pendant at the left side, and embroidered with a lamb bearing a red cross. It is supposed to have been used as a purse when the Pope distributed alms.

† The *Fanon* or Orale is a silk veil or tippet worn round the shoulders and breast, half over the alb, half over the outer robes.

‡ The *Falda* is a long and ample skirt of silk, the sides and train of which are borne by the papal assistants.

‖ The *Formal* is a silver plate in releivo, finely gilt in front, and figured and encircled with gems, worn on the Pope's breast.

Rome, are papal or reserved altars, where, by a singular prerogative, none but the Pope can officiate, unless by a special brief attached to one of the columns of the baldachin, during the holy sacrifice.

The ordinary dress of the Pontiff is the white cassock and mozetta, red shoes and red hat, edged and banded with gold.* Thus costumed he assists at the Congregations and Consistories of the Cardinals, or passes, in his magnificent equipage, through the streets of Rome. The contrast of simplicity, of personal attire and splendor of the papal cortege often struck me favorably, as I saw him, after the principal toils of the day had ceased, visiting the different churches, where, during Lent, the stations were held, and received as one of his devoted children, the paternal smile and blessing which he dispensed incessantly to the kneeling crowd.

The Pontiff is accessible to his own subjects and foreign visitors; but as the number of applicants for an audience is very great and his own duties many and important, some specific time and formality of approach are necessary. The Ministers resident at Rome learn from the major domo or chamberlain when they can present the voyagers of their own nations; whilst members of the clergy are notified, through the same channel, when they may be honored with an interview.

It was my good fortune to be introduced to our holy father by the Rt. Rev. Dr. S.; and the favor was enhanced by the considerate and friendly manner in which it was conferred. Should this page pass under the eye of this excellent gentleman, distinguished as an alumnus of the Propaganda, and ornament of the American church, it may serve to remind him of the unfeigned pleasure which his society gave his compatriot, and assure him anew of the grateful memory in which the writer holds his many kindnesses, during his sojourn in the Eternal City.

On the appointed day, after ample preparations, we drove to the Vatican. We mount the magnificent staircase (Scala Regia), march through the Swiss guard, (attired and armed as their fathers were, centuries ago), who present arms as we pass in honor of our Episcopal guide. Crossing the court between the *loggie* of Raphael and the Palace proper, we are ushered into a handsome vestibule, and another and another, where are several liveried domestics; and finally into the outer antichamber, two rooms from the audience chamber. Here musing and chatting, and admiring the rich decorations of the apartments, we were kept more than an hour beyond the specified time.

Several Cardinals had preceded us to make their reports, and other persons been presented, in advance of ourselves. The Bishop's turn came at last. He had his audience, and by a touch of his bell, announcing his readiness to receive us, the Rev. Secretary of Dr. S. and myself were summoned by the Pope. Conducted by Monsignor Talbot, we entered the reception room, which was small compared to those which we had traversed. What were the decorations of that chamber I cannot tell; for I saw but one object; and that was the great and holy man who adorned it. Seated at a table, in an arm chair, was the father of the faithful, dressed in his white cassock, cape and calotte. I knelt first at the door, as the ceremony required; then at his side. He gave me his hand, instead of the gemmed foot to kiss; and blessed me. I rose to my feet and stood before him. Never shall I forget that face, and look and manner. From the pictures which I had seen in the United States, I had regarded his appearance as very prepossessing; and as he passed me in St. Peter's I was led to believe him a handsome man. But standing within a pace of him and perusing those remarkable features, I came to the conclusion that he is the handsomest man I ever saw; that his face is truly beautiful in the full acceptation of that term. His features are regular; the brow, and nose and mouth finely modeled. A benign smile lights up the countenance; and the eye is loveliness itself. It has all the warm affections of a father beaming on you; softened in its liquid black with a woman's tenderness. There is something inexpressibly touching in its look. And then his address, so kind, so gentle, so cheerful, so familiar. You are prompted to tell him any thing; you are tempted to ask any favor. He asked a few questions and said some words to me in an easy, chatty, parental tone. Not to trespass too long on his time, a portion of which others claimed, I at once placed in his hand a petition, wherein I craved certain indulgences, &c. for myself and friends. He read the petition and glanced at the names inscribed; then granted all I solicited, by signing the paper with the date and his autograph. Having obtained in addition his blessing on a huge pile of beads, medals and crucifixes, we retired, charmed with the incidents of our interview and filled with admiration of the character and virtues of Pio Nono. I cannot indeed conceive how any man can approach this noble-hearted, amiable and sainted Pontiff without being attracted and won by his excellent qualities, "Tanto homini fidus, tantæ virtutis amator." I am therefore little disposed to forgive those ungrateful and heartless Italians, who rebelled against his paternal sway, grieved his generous spirit, and prematurely turned his hairs white. The words of Cicero pro domo sua, might be written on their graves. "Cum ferro, cum metu, cum previlegio, cum præsentibus copiis perditorum et minis et nefario fædere, servitute oppressam civitatem tenerent. Libertatis signum posuerunt magis ad ludibrium impudentiæ, quam ad simultationem religionis." They deserve the severest scourging for their infamous conduct; and I sincerely pray that they may yet get it in this world, in order to escape it in the next.

---

* This sacerdotal decoration was worn by the Jewish high priest. [Exod. xxviii, 36]. It encircled the brows of the Apostles St. John and St. James; and of St. Ambrose, one of their noblest successors. It is said in the olden chronicle: "Sertâ readimitus gestabat lucidâ fronte Distinctâ gemmis."

As we re-entered the antichamber, we met an humble, discalceated monk, whose claim to admission, like that of the highest prelate, was acknowledged; and who, no doubt, was graciously received by the holy father. His palace and heart, indeed, are open to all his children. As an illustration of his amiable condescension, I am tempted to give an anecdote, before I close this letter. A few days before his departure from Rome, Mgr. Gousset, the present eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, was grieved to find his valet, an honest and faithful domestic, so sick as most unlikely to be unable to accompany him. But the grief of the valet was equally great; he had had no opportunity of being presented to the Pope. Some hours before the time appointed to leave, the servant was missing. The Cardinal, who was much attached to him, was anxious and distressed with the fear that some mishap had befallen him in an access of fever. In the midst of the alarm which his absence produced, the servant appeared, and to the enquiries of his Eminence where he had been, he replied that he had been to the Vatican and had been favored by a special audience; and to authenticate his tale, he showed a pair of beads which the Pontiff had given him. The tale was so improbable and the indulgence so extraordinary, that the Cardinal was convinced that his valet was out of his head, and therefore desired that he might be carried to his room and a physician sent for. But the valet stoutly maintained that his statement was true and appealed to the chamberlain of the Pope to confirm it. On enquiry it was found to be correct. He had gone to the Vatican, seen Monsignor de Merode, the chamberlain of the day, and earnestly besought him to obtain an audience at once. The prelate assured him it was impossible; that formalities were necessary even for the princes of the church; and that he would have to enter his petition regularly and wait a proper time. But the servant resolutely declared that this was impossible, that he was obliged to leave next day and must see the Pope then; and so importuned him to make the trial, that after a long resistance, the chamberlain reported the case to the Holy Father. His good heart was touched by the earnest piety of the domestic; he ordered him to be admitted; gave him his blessing; and as a sign of his approbation and in memory of this unusual favor, presented him his own rosary as a keepsake. H.

# THE CHILD OF THE CHOIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## CHAPTER III.

### *The Captain of the Hussars.*

Many times already had the beneficent hand of Providence renewed the flowers which grew upon the now lonely grave of Susanna Joubert. No news from Seraphin had yet reached the curate of the White Cross, for the son of the Count of A. was always for him, the child whom he had seen grow up in the bosom of the sanctuary, and he continued in his prayers and recollections of him to give him the name by which he had known him. It is true that a sum quite sufficient to indemnify the curate for the expenses of his education had been sent by the parents of his spiritual son. The poor of the village received the greater part of it in the name of this cherished child; they had however carefully avoided, in the letter sent, to speak of Seraphin. This cruel treatment deeply wounded the curate, for which he was very far from accusing his pupil. He knew that he could not be ungrateful, and this silence afflicted him still more, because he feared they had done violence to his beloved Seraphin. "Oh! without doubt," he would say to himself, "my child is unhappy; they have deprived him of the consolation of writing to me, that he may forget the holy affections of his youth, which agree so little with the duties now imposed upon him. If I only knew where to find him, most certainly I would go to see him. Yes, on foot, with my stick in hand, would I travel the whole of France, if necessary, to behold him once more, and no one should again snatch him from my arms."

The disconsolate pastor loved to traverse the places he remembered to have visited with his dear Seraphin. He would walk upon the banks of the Aube, as if to seek him under the willows, where they had so often sat together. And when he was sure that his weakness would have no other witness than God, he would give free scope to his tears, in thinking of the time when his beloved pupil poured into his bosom all his thoughts, when he opened to him his angelic heart and promised to live and die under his guidance. These delightful anticipations of the future, which smiled upon the old age of the pastor, had vanished like a dream: he was now alone, and the oak which had resisted so many storms was now weaker than the shrubbery which had grown up under its foliage. Nevertheless, towards the middle of the year 1812, the curate received a letter, post marked Germany. He hastily glanced at the superscription, and recognized the writing of Seraphin. His heart beat violently whilst breaking the seal, and the tears which inundated his eyes scarcely permitted him to read the following lines: —

"My Father! — Can you pardon my long silence? This cruel silence was imposed upon me by the most rigid orders, and I could not write to you without disobeying a will you had taught me to respect. At last I am free, and scarcely am I restored to liberty, than I feel that I must open my heart to him who, after God, has the right to read all my thoughts.

"My heart is not changed — but oh! my father, could you this day recognize your pupil condemned to live amid scenes of violence and the horrors of war! The fault is not mine: my mother told me she would die if I did not follow the career in which my father had so distinguished himself.

"In compliance with her wishes I have entered this bloody road which, they say, leads to glory. My father! you taught me to love mankind as my brothers, but often I have felt my heart chilled in beholding them since I came among them. Like the dove sent out by Noah after the deluge, I have found no place to rest. Oh! how sad is it to live in the world, and how many times have I regretted the sweet peace of my childhood, my flowers, my poor, and the sacred hymns on days of solemnity, and even the grave of my benefactress, my good Susanna.

"Now, my father! I will write often to you, and you will answer me, will you not? Your holy words will console me in the abyss of misery in which I am plunged — they will soften the grief that I feel amid the cries of blood and rage that I hear around me.

"We have just entered Russia; I seek not to know the destiny God has in reserve for me, but you know it is not death that I fear, when I groan under the frightful duties imposed upon me. My father! pray for me."

The principal inhabitants of the village, the good people, who came often to see the pastor and enquire for the "Child of the Choir," heard of the receipt of this letter, which gave a momentary joy to the good curate. He read it upon the grave of Susanna Joubert, he pressed it to his heart, and fancied he heard the voice of his cherished pupil, but soon he thought of the dangers Seraphin was about to encounter — when it seemed to him that the letters were delayed he would read with avidity the public papers to learn the route of the army, he who was so great a stranger to political affairs.

After the battle of Smolensk, the curate ceased to receive any news from his pupil, and when the unfortunate result of the Russian campaign was known in France, he no longer doubted that his Seraphin had fallen a victim. God wished to punish the pride of the man, whom he had formerly taken by the hand and raised to the throne. To triumphs succeeded defeats. France was exhausted by protracted wars; she lost those brave armies which, for so long a time, had held victory captive under their banners. All that were capable of bearing arms were taken from agricultural and commercial pursuits, and France was unable to defend herself except by those little skilled in the use of arms.

Foreigners took possession of the frontiers, and Champagne now became the field of battle in which the fate of Europe was to be decided. It still presents itself to our memory, with its burnt cities, its ravaged fields, and its heroic population resisting, as one man, the armies of foreigners.

It was in the month of March, 1814, when a cloud of Cossacks, sustained by a number of Russians and Prussians, appeared on the banks of the Aube. It is well known what superhuman efforts the French soldiers made at this period, and the man for whom the nation had made so many painful sacrifices. We need not here retrace the great and terrible scenes of the 20th and 21st of March; twice the little city of Arcis, on the Aube, was taken and re-taken by the French and the enemy. The village of the White Cross shared largely in the miseries which followed these fearful struggles. Its streets were covered with dead bodies, fragments of arms, broken cannon, and wounded soldiers who every where filled the air with piercing cries.

In the midst of this frightful desolation, the curate, aided by a small number of the inhabitants who had not been able to take arms, with the women and children, endeavored to succor the victims of this disastrous war. All the houses were crowded with the sick and dying, and the greater part having been several times pillaged, offered no resources to the charity of the venerable pastor. His own house, large yard planted with trees, and neighboring grounds were converted into hospitals, in which they bestowed all the care it was possible to administer under these fatal circumstances, to the unfortunate victims of the war, who had been transported thither, without distinction and without preference. Truly charity does not stop to consider the nation or language of any one. She embraces all in the love of Jesus Christ.

Suddenly frightful screams were heard. The few inhabitants who had survived the misfortunes of the war and the fatigues of which their pastor had given them the example, hastened in despair, with their hands raised towards heaven, into the court of the presbytery. The curate is quickly informed of the cause of this tumult, and he learns that a brisk engagement of cavalry had taken place at the entrance of the village between the French and a body of Cossacks. These last were then masters of the field, and they signalized their victory by death and conflagration: the greater part of the houses were already in flames, and they were not slow in surrounding the curate's dwelling; they precipitated themselves upon the crowd who had fled there for protection, and rode their horses over the bodies of the wounded. At this frightful spectacle, the holy priest presented himself before the barbarians, in the faint hope of moderating the fury of their rage; but they heard him without understanding him, and already twenty bloody sabres were pointed at his head. At this moment the trumpet resounded, the Cossacks raised horrid yells. A squadron of French Hussars had forced their entrance into the village. The captain ordered it to the presbytery, and, quickly surveying the scene of horror that was passing, threw himself upon the Cossacks, dealt them terrible blows, and struck down those who threatened the life of the kneeling curate, already inundated with blood. He then alighted from his horse and caught the pastor in his arms. "My father! my father;" cried he; and he pressed him to his heart. The curate cast upon his preserver his dying looks; he could scarcely see him for the veil of blood that covered his face. This officer was Seraphin! "My son!" cried he, and fainted away. "O, misfortune! misfortune!" exclaimed the young man, casting his sabre upon the ground, and endeavoring to call the old man to life.

The pastor opened his eyes, he saw his pupil and smiled sadly upon him.

"Captain, mount your horse, you have not a moment to lose; the Russian cavalry is here and we are surrounded on all sides," cried a cavalier. But the young man heard him not, and continued to bestow attention on the wounded old man, lavishing on him the most tender and endearing names.

"The Child of the Choir! the Child of the Choir!" exclaimed the people of the village, who were gathered round their pastor; but the French were far away, and the enemy had entered the village. They soon perceived the uniform of Seraphin, and precipitating themselves upon him, they dragged him from the arms of the curate, who again fell heavily upon the pavement, and Seraphin was borne away by his vanquishers amid a cloud of dust that followed their departure.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Vicar.*

Grant, O my God! that these sad remembrances may be the last that we shall have to bequeath to future generations. Grant that the ravages of war may never again mark with blood and devastation the sweet country of our birth, which your Providence has enriched with so many blessings.

There must be a powerful principle in society to efface, so quickly, the bloody traces of a war so ruinous as that of 1814. In the spring of 1816, two years only after these terrible events, the pretty village of the White Cross had emerged from its ruins. The vines upon the neighboring hills were budding, the trees were in blossom, and peace, like the creative word of God, poured new abundance and life into the desolated provinces. The disbanding of the armies had restored to the exhausted population a crowd of robust arms, that had retaken the plough, and, little by little, the past, with its ruins and misery, gave place to hope with its flowers and sweet smile, which rose upon France like a beneficent star. The curate of the White Cross had recovered from his wounds. The rapidity with which the last political events transpired put an end to the war, and did not permit a renewal of the horrible scenes of which Champagne had been the theatre. The cure of the old priest was slow, for he had in his heart a more cruel wound than the one that caused his blood to flow. Seraphin — he would not consent to give him any other name — had appeared to him like a protecting angel in the midst of carnage and desolation. What had become of him? Had the generous young man met his death in trying to save his life? The journals spoke of the General of A. who had fallen with many other brave men; but his son did not occupy so distinguished a rank in the army, as that rumor should concern itself with him. This was a sad remembrance for the suffering old man. Besides, so many severe trials had worn out his life, his strength was exhausted, and his physical maladies, the sad attendants of our declining years upon earth, joined to the anguish of his mind, rendered it very difficult for him to perform the functions of the holy ministry. At length he was informed that a vicar was about to be sent to him, who would share his labors and aid him in finishing the mission he had so long fulfilled.

It was Sunday morning; the sun rose brilliantly in the serene sky; the curate was seated before the door of the presbytery, surrounded by the villagers, whose assistance was necessary to enable him to go to the church. "My children," said he to them, "we must soon part. I feel that I have but a short time to remain with you, to see you thus assembled around me. Love him who will succeed me as you have loved me." Then he wiped away the tears that were flowing from his eyes, and added with a sigh: "Alas! it is not the will of God that I should have the happiness to die, after having confided you to him whom my heart has chosen, and whom I love as tenderly as you love your own children. My Seraphin! what has become of you? Behold that beautiful sun which has so often seen us together on the banks of the Aube; but thou! what has become of thee? There is no one here now, but myself; a poor, old man, whose eyes will soon be closed by the hand of the stranger." "Father," said one of the villagers, "you have often told us that we must never despair of the goodness of God: have you not taught us how to suffer? Drive away these melancholy thoughts which make you sick."

Suddenly he became silent; he had accidentally turned his eyes on the side of the avenue, at the extremity of which an ecclesiastic was seen advancing slowly under the trees, followed by a man carrying a valise. All eyes were turned towards the road; the most profound silence reigned around the curate. No one dared to anticipate the meaning of this incident.

The ecclesiastic appeared to walk with difficulty, he often stopped and looked with emotion on this scene of other years. At length the curate perceived him; a sad smile played upon his lips, he endeavored to rise, but his enfeebled limbs sank under him, and he fell back upon the chair. As the ecclesiastic approached, he crossed his arms upon his breast and looked at him attentively. "You are welcome, my friend," said the curate. "You see these good people love their pastor; you will be happy among them, as I have been for many years."

The young ecclesiastic cast himself at the knees of the curate, grasped his trembling hands, covered it with kisses and bathed it with tears.

"Enough! enough! my friend, my brother," cried the curate, much affected, "I do not merit these marks of respect and attachment which you bestow upon me. Oh! who are you then?" "I am the child whom you have mourned," said the young man with a choking voice. "My father, give me your blessing, for I have returned to you and forever. I am Seraphin, THE CHILD OF THE CHOIR."

# THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—VII.

## CHAPTER III.

### HOW HE BROKE THE GLASS WITH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

GREGORY.—Temptation therefore leaving him, the man of God, like a well tilled field, cleared of thorns, furnished yet more abundantly a rich harvest of virtues. His name therefore became famous, by the rumors of his wonderful manner of life. Not far away, there was a monastery, of which the superior being deceased, the whole congregation came forth to the venerable Benedict and earnestly entreated him to preside over them. For a long time he refused, foretelling them that his own and the manners of the brethren would not agree; but overcome at last by their prayers, he assented. And when, in the same monastery, he required a strict observance of the regular life, and no one was allowed, as before, to turn aside from a holy conversation either to the right or to the left, the enraged brethren began at first to accuse themselves, that they had ever requested him to take the direction of them, whose crooked ways so ill accorded with his straight forward rule. And when they perceived how under him nothing unlawful was permitted, and as they grieved to give up their wonted ways, and found it hard to be compelled to meditate new things in the old mind, even as the life of good men is always burdensome to those of depraved manners, some of them dared to plot his death, and having consulted together, they mingled poison with his wine. And when the glass cup, in which the fatal potion was contained, was presented for blessing to the Father, as he reclined according to a custom of the monastery, Benedict, with uplifted hand, made the sign of the cross, and with that sign broke the glass, though held at a distance from him; and so was it shattered, as if instead of a cross, he had cast a stone in that vessel of death. The man of God immediately understood how it had held the drink of death, since it could not bear the sign of life; and thereupon he arose, and with placid countenance and tranquil mind, addressed the brothers summoned before him, saying: "Almighty God have mercy upon you, brethren; why would you do such things to me? Did I not tell you before, that your ways and mine could never agree? Go and seek for yourselves a father according to your own habits, for henceforward you can have me no more." And so he returned to his beloved solitude, and with none but the eye of the heavenly Monitor upon him, he dwelt within himself.

PETER.—I do not so clearly understand the meaning of this—he dwelt within himself.

GREGORY.—Had the saint wished to force them to obedience, all conspiring as they were against him, and differing from him so widely in their manner of life, he might perhaps have fallen into an excess of rigor, and lost the due measure of tranquillity, while his mind would have been diverted from the light of contemplation. Wearied every day by their irregularity, he would be less careful about his own welfare, and perhaps would neglect himself without saving them. For whenever we are carried away with anxious thoughts, we exist indeed, but as it were, not within ourselves, because regarding not at all to ourselves, we wander abroad. Would we say that one was within himself, who went away into a far country, wasted the portion he had received, joined himself to one of the citizens and fed swine, which he could see filling themselves, while he hungered, and of whom it is written, that when at length he began to think upon all he had lost, "Returning to himself, he said; how many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread?" If therefore he were within, from whence did he return to, himself? This venerable man then I may say to have dwelt within himself, because always vigilant in his watch upon himself, ever considering himself as in the presence of the Creator, ever examining himself, his mind's eye never wandered away to outward things.

PETER.—How then shall we understand what is written of the Apostle Peter, when he was led out of prison by the angel? He coming to himself, said: "Now I know in very deed, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews."

GREGORY.—In two ways, Peter, we are led out from ourselves; one, when by error of thought we fall beneath, the other when by grace of contemplation, we are lifted above, ourselves. That one therefore who fed the swine, by dissipation and impurity of mind, fell beneath himself; this one whom the angel released and transported to ecstasy, was indeed out of, but above himself. Each returned to himself; the former, when with his heart he gathered him up from the error of his ways, the latter, when from the heights of contemplation, he came back to the common understanding wherein he was before. The venerable Benedict therefore, in that solitude dwelt within himself, inasmuch as he kept within the bounds of meditation; for as often as with the ardor of contemplation he was wrapt on high, doubtless he left himself beneath.

PETER. — I am well pleased. But I pray thee, ought he to abandon the brothers if he had once undertaken the charge of them?

GREGORY. — The bad are then patiently to be endured, as I think, Peter, when there are found some good ones in their number, who may be benefitted. For where the fruit of the good is every way wanting, it sometimes happens that labor bestowed on the bad, is useless; especially when there are sources near at hand which could furnish better fruit to God. For whose sake then should the holy man make a stand, when he perceived all joined in one mind to persecute him? And oftentimes, (which is worthy of remark), when they perceive their labor to be without fruit, perfect men designedly remove to another place, where they may find fruit for their labor. Whence also that great preacher, who wished to be dissolved and to be with Christ, to whom to live was Christ and to die was gain, who not only himself sought the combat of affliction, but exhorted others to the same endurance, having suffered persecution at Damascus, in order to escape, sought the wall, the rope, the basket, and desired to be let down secretly. Do we say then, that Paul feared death, which he protests that he even desired for the love of Jesus? Rather, when he found in that place that there was for him but hard labor and little fruit, he reserved himself for labor elsewhere, that should be with fruit. Because the brave soldier of God would not be held in durance, he gained the open field of battle. Wherefore also, if you listen, you will shortly learn how the venerable Benedict deserted not so many perverse ones, as in other places he raised up, from the death of the soul.

PETER. — That it is as you teach, both plain reason and the apt example given, declare. But I pray thee, return to the order of narration of the great Father's life.

GREGORY. — When for a long time in that solitude, the saint continued to increase in virtues and in signal acts, many were gathered together by him to the service of Almighty God; so that with the help of the Omnipotent Lord Jesus Christ, he built there twelve monasteries, to which he appointed twelve monks for superiors; a few he retained near him, such as he deemed should be further instructed by himself. Then also began the pious noblemen of the city of Rome, to resort to him, and to give to him their sons, to be reared up to Almighty God. Then too it was, that Equitius and Tertullus, the Patrician, committed to him their children, of great promise, namely: Maurus and Placidus; of whom Maurus the younger, as he was distinguished by his good demeanor, was the assistant of the master; Placidus as yet kept his boyish ways.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HOW THE MONK OF ERRANT MIND WAS REFORMED.

In one of the monasteries he had built thereabouts, was a certain Monk, who could not fix his mind in prayer; but as soon as the brothers bowed themselves to meditation, he would go out of doors, and with idle mind employ himself about some earthly and transitory matters. After having been frequently admonished by his Abbot, he was conducted to the man of God, who chid him severely for his folly, but, returned to the monastery, scarcely two days did he observe the admonition; for on the third day, resuming his old ways, he began to rove about in time of prayer. This being told to the servant of God, by the same father whom he had appointed to the monastery, he said: "I will come myself and reform him." And when the man of God came to the monastery, and at the appointed hour, the divine office being finished, the brothers gave themselves to meditation, he saw a little black boy pulling at the habit of this monk, who could not persevere in prayer, and drawing him away to the door. He then said privately to the father, Pompeianus, by name, and to the servant of God, Maurus: "Do you not perceive who it is that is enticing away this monk?" But they answering that they did not, he says to them: "Let us pray that you may see whom he thus follows." And after two days of prayer, Maurus saw, but Pompeianus, the superior, could not see it. Another day, therefore, prayer being finished, the man of God going forth from the chapel, found the monk standing without; and for his blindness of heart, struck him with a rod; and from that day forward, he suffered nothing more from the enticement of that evil spirit, but continued steadfast in the work of prayer; and the enemy of his soul so feared to rule in his thoughts, as if he himself had received the blow.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW AT THE PRAYERS OF THE MAN OF GOD, WATER CAME FROM THE ROCK ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Of the monasteries he had erected in that place, three were high up on the cliffs of the mountains, and it was very laborious for the brothers to be obliged always to come down to the lake to draw water, particularly as there was serious danger fo those descending timorously the steep of the mountain. Accordingly the brothers from the three monasteries, assembling together, came to the servant of God, saying: "It is difficult for us to descend every day to the lake for water, and therefore the monasteries must be changed from that place." He kindly consoling, dismissed them; and the same night taking with him the little boy Placidus, whom we have mentioned above, ascended the mountain, and there spent some time in prayer The prayer ended, he set up three stones in the same place, for a signal; and without the knowledge of any of the brethren, returned to his own monastery. And when, at another day, the brothers returned to him on the same business, he said "Go, and hollow out a little that rock on which you find three stones, piled one upon the other. Almighty God is able, even on the summit of that mountain, to afford water, and to spare you, in his infinite condescension, the labor of such a journey." They going, found the rock, designated by Benedict, already distilling moisture. And when they had wrought out a hollow in the same, it was immediately filled with water, which issued forth in such abundance, that it still flows away freely, and is derived from the top, even to the bottom of the mountain.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW THE IRON RETURNED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER TO ITS HELVE.

Another time a certain Goth poor in spirit, was converted to a religious life, whom the man of God gladly received. One day he directed an implement to be given him, (somewhat in the shape of a scythe,) that he should clear away the briars from a spot where a garden was to be made. Now the place lay at the shore of the lake; and when the Goth, on account of the density of the bushes, exerted his whole strength, the blade flying from the handle, fell into the lake, where the depth of water was so great, that there could be no hope of again finding it. Upon this the Goth hastened trembling to Maurus, told him of the loss he had caused, and performed the penance of his fault. Maurus soon after had it made known to the servant of God, Benedict. The man of God hearing these things went to the place, took the helve from the hand of the Goth, and put it to the lake; and immediately the iron rose from the bottom, and entered the handle. Whereupon he returned the instrument to the Goth, saying: "Work on now, and be not grieved."

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW MAURUS, HIS DISCIPLE, WALKED UPON THE WATER.

One day while the venerable Benedict remained within his cell, Placidus the novice, went out to the lake to draw water; when letting down the bucket into the water incautiously, he slipped and fell in. The current instantly snatched him away, and almost with the swiftness of an arrow, he was drawn under. But the man of God who still kept his cell, immediately discerned what had happened, and called Maurus in haste, saying: Brother Maurus, run, for the boy who went to draw water, has fallen into the lake, and the current is fast bearing him away." A thing truly wonderful, and since the days of Peter the Apostle unheard of! The blessing asked and given, Maurus at the command of his Superior, hastened forth, and at the place whence the child was drifted away, supposing himself to be going upon dry land, he ran out upon the water, seized him by the hair and bore him quickly back to shore. As soon as he touched land, returning to himself, he looked back; and as he perceived that he had ran upon the waters, what he would not have presumed he could do, this now done, he regarded with terror. Returning to the Father, he related the whole affair. The venerable Benedict, however, began to impute this, not to his own merits, but to the other's obedience. While Maurus, on the other hand, was saying that it was done solely by his command; and that there was no virtue in doing, what he was unconscious at the time, he had done. In this friendly contest of mutual humility came for umpire the boy who had been rescued; for he said: "When I was drawn out from the water, I saw the abbot's hood above me, and supposed that he was himself leading me forth."

PETER.—These are mighty works which you describe, and many are they who shall be edified by them; I, the more I drink of the fountain of his miracles, the more I thirst.

# Christmas.

The musical chimes! the Christmas chimes!
Are ringing afar through storied climes;
The turrets of Notre Dame they shake,
And the frozen echoes to life they wake
Far up through the Alpine gorges white,
Where the convent crowns the craggy height.

And the avalanche dark hath caught the call,
Crashing along in its sounding fall:
The torrents leap with a gladder bound—
The winds like a Christmas anthem sound;
The shepherd hath heard in vales below,
Where his flocks wind o'er the shining snow:

And lifts his voice in the chanted prayer,
That answers back on the morning air:
Through many a temple of feudal times
Are pealing again the ancient chimes!
They pealed when baron and knight were there
And armor rang, as they knelt in prayer.

And the incense breath like the passing wind
Ruffled the banners that drooped behind,
Now where they shone in crest and steel
The lines of the peaceful burghers kneel—
The censor is swinging, the mass is said
Over the tombs of forgotten dead!

But the incense cloud arising faint
Veileth the face of the sculptured saint,
That still in the same gray niche doth pray
As in the light of their vanished day!
Alas! alas! with how swift a flight
We sweep to the shadow of death and night.

But joy for the Faith that fleeteth not;
The sun and the star of our chequered lot,
That shines on the sunset hills of life
As if to point through peril and strife,
The path the pilgrim of toil and time
Traverses swift to his home sublime!

Still on and on through the glades and dells
Musical chorus of Christmas bells:
Christmas speaks in the passing breeze,
That chants through the boughs of the leafless trees—
In the face of the wide blue heavens it smiles
And sings in foam round the happy isles!

On, on, where the dusky cohorts wheel,
It rings o'er the clash of meeting steel —
It cleaves through the battle, fierce and hot,
Through the rushing charge and the rending shot —
And there in the turbaned moslem's ways
Rises the chant of the Christmas praise!

And it breaks with a low and plaintive swell
O'er fields where the battling legions fell —
O'er fields where the perishing dead are laid
Rank over rank on the open glade:
Without prayer or cross above their breast,
In crimson battle they sank to rest.

Is it not enough, that dark and swift
Far on to the ebbless sea we drift;
But man with hurrying hand must sweep
His kindred off to the unknown deep!
Alas! how his evil will hath marred
The love of the long forgiving Lord.

Many a vanishing age of time
Hath circled swift since that light sublime
First broke over Judah's hills afar
With the angel's song and guiding star.
We have called from old Earth unwoken powers —
We pass like a breeze through forest bowers!

We traverse the seas with steeds of flame,
And the subject Earth to our yoke is tame:
But what bring we, where the kings of old
To the New Born One brought gems and gold —
The kings of to-day with fire and sword
Welcome the dawn of their gentle Lord.

Their frankincense is the battle's breath,
That rises red o'er the fields of death —
The prayer of their praise, the shriek and sigh,
Where ghastly wrecks of the battle lie:
The shot and shell that answering call
From the leaguering ranks and the battered wall!

HENRII.

# Review of Current Literature.

1. Life of John Chrysostom, based on the investigations of Neander, Böhringer and others, by *Frederic M. Perthes.* — Translated from the German by Alvah Hovey and David B. Ford. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854.

The life of a "Romish" saint by a Protestant and a Protestant of the school of Neander! What will the world say? It is, indeed, something to wonder at. The atmosphere of Roman sanctity has of late years been so peculiarly fatal to Protestantism, that it is a very miracle for any one, however armed, to venture within its influence. And at this time too, when every thing, that looks like Roman, is about to be branded as alien and treacherous to the country, it required a deal of moral courage, not easily explicable in Messrs. Jewett & Co. to venture on presenting such an old-fashioned saint as John the Goldenmouthed to the fastidious New England public. But there it is (who would believe it?) in a tolerably thick duodecimo. The circumstances of time, and place, and persons of this literary phenomenon, were not very great recommendations in its favor, and we thought as it came before us, of another present once made to the public on the plains of old Troy by the crafty Greeks, and like the unhappy Laocoon, we said to ourselves: "We fear the Greeks, even when bringing gifts." Yet, sooth to say, the work has been very well done for those, who like not that any man should be called saint. Its style, apart from some slight inaccuracies, which are now becoming fashionable, is plain and free from all affectation, not at all marred by the Germanisms which have lately disfigured our literature, and savors very much of the pure, quaint style of our older classical writers. But it is "*a wooden horse*" after all For we cannot say as much in praise of the accuracy of the author in his reading of the works of his hero. We expected, as a matter of course, that he would not approve of many things, which he did not understand: for "the sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God: for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand; because it is spiritually examined." (I Cor. ii, 14.) But he certainly knows enough of the Greek language to know that his inference on page 73 against virginity is not warranted by the text of Chrysostom. The word, only, materially affects the sense. Nor is his translation on page 68 a whit more fair-dealing and honest. How can Chrysostom be made to appear as hostile to corporeal penances and mortification, when in the very same place he writes thus to Olympias: "But now what language shall he use, who would speak of your endurance and severity at table and in watchings by night? Although there is no longer any reason why one should use the word, endurance or temperance in your regard: for another much more excellent name must be invented for these virtues. Since we say, he is possessed of temperance and endurance, who being harassed by some passion, conquers it. But you have nothing to conquer: for you have already from the beginning offered such violence to your flesh, as to have destroyed all its passions: for you have not curbed but bound the horse and thrown him upon the ground and rendered him motionless. Then indeed you filled up all the measure of temperance, but now you have obtained the gift of being without passion. Nor does the desire of delights give you any trouble, nor is it hard for you to conquer it: but taken away and all access to your flesh being denied it, you have taught your stomach to take so much food as is necessary to preserve you from death and suffering the punishment: on this account I do not call this fasting nor temperance, but something more sublime." These words follow immediately the quotation given by Perthes as illustrative of Chrysostom's condemnation and censure of Olympias' excessive penance. And towards the close of the same letter, after enumerating the various virtuous qualities, which should remove her grief and fill her soul with joy, after rebuking the vices, and, particularly the love of dress, which too often mingled in with those virtues and rendered their possession of no advantage, he says: "And therefore we proclaim you blessed and extol you with wonderful praises, because free from all these you gave in this also a specimen of your self-denial — that you did not make a show of ornament or elegance, but behaved with fortitude; you did not seek after the jewels of women, but strengthened yourself with arms." These certainly are not words of censure or reproof. The attack on monachism in the same chapter is of a piece with the former, and is such an example of special pleading, as only a prejudiced writer could be guilty of. It is not by garbled extracts, which may be made to support any opinion, that the truth can be elucidated. Chrysostom's love for the monks and their manner of life was too well known to be contradicted, and so M. Perthes indulges in a train of reflections so artfully woven, as if he would leave on the reader's mind the impression, that age and experience had wrought an almost entire change in the venerable Archbishop, forcing him to condemn, what the enthusiasm of a more youthful mind had looked upon with reverence and esteem. We commend to his consideration the philosophical maxim: "Art has no greater hater than him who is ignorant of it." Who could imagine after reading such a tirade, eked out with quotations in the same unfair manner, that after a few chapters he would be in ecstacies over the authority and discipline exercised by the Church on her members. One would hardly think any but a thorough-going high-churchman could be capable of writing in such a strain as the following: "When the Church of Christ by her authority ceases to discipline, i. e. to educate her members; when she leaves every one to himself, to live, act and teach, as he pleases, then the Church of Christ must be dissolved, just as any society falls asunder, when its members act out their own pleasure, and all authority and order come to an end. The body falls to decay, when the spirit has departed." p. 119. Did it not occur to the writer, as he penned these lines, that such was and is the fate, not only of his own particular phase, but of every other phase of Protestantism? Or when as on page 153, he argues that the Bible itself needs the authorization of men of learning and science, for "such is the will and appointment of God;" does he not destroy the fundamental Protestant principle: "the Bible, the whole Bible, and *nothing* but the Bible?" Who is to tell whether these learned and scientific men have done their duty, unbiassed by those motives which lead sometimes even the best of men astray from the right path? That Church certainly, which "educates her members" and exercises a parent's authority over them. But we are trenching on the province of a quarterly. The book may do for Protestant readers, for amidst all its false citations and falser inferences from partially true ones, it gives some facts, which may work a salutary influence on the Protestant mind. For a Catholic it is useless, for he has in the records of the Church a better and more soul-interesting life of the golden-mouthed Doctor of Constantinople.

2. The Life of St. Alphonsus Maria de Ligouri, Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths, and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Compiled from the published memoirs of the Saint. *By one of the Redemptorist Fathers.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1855.

What a difference there is between the life of a saint as written by a Catholic and as written by a Protestant! The latter may be immeasurably superior to the former in all the mysteries of pen-craft; all the jewels of language may sparkle in his style and all the harmony of rounded periods and well-turned phrases may delight the ear or fill the mind with a satisfied enjoyment, yet to the Catholic reader there will be always something wanting, something which he cannot often describe even to himself, but of which he feels the necessity, marring the otherwise correct beauty, which his mind admires and enjoys. Protestant biography, in general, is a moral ice-berg, clear indeed and bright as crystal, reflecting the sun's rays in a thousand blendings of the prismatic colors, nay, even filling the mind of the beholder with the awe of its sublimity, but still it is a cold and chilling ice-berg. There is no life, no warmth, none of that upheaving of the soul, which like the swelling of the waters to the heavenly influences, raises man above the earth to that "Sun of Justice" "that enlightens every one that cometh into this world" and fills him with a holy pride in the dignity of his nature, thus vindicated and glorified by the sainted hero, who is the object of his contemplation. All this, though sometimes under a rough exterior, breathes and lives in the Catholic hagiographer. You scarcely notice the writer in the interest that his hero excites in your breast. No greater evidence of this contrast could be exhibited as a specimen of our meaning, than in these two books, which we place here in juxtaposition. One is written by a German of the classical school, and translated into a racy English style by gentlemen evidently acquainted with all the arts of composition. The other is an humble, unpretending testimonial of affection from a loving child to his venerated father, whose glory and power he proclaims to the admiration of simple-hearted Christians. And here, as in all other cases, the heart wins the palm of victory. Even considered as a production of art, the life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori is far superior in merit to the life of St. Chrysostom. The cause of this is not in the meagreness of events in the life of the one and their abundance in that of the other. Both were exceedingly full of every thing that could interest a reader. Nor is it in the superior acquirements of the author, for it needs only a glance at each book to discover that the German Protestant surpasses the Catholic in erudition and "the persuasive words of human wisdom." But in the life of St. Chrysostom you see the author too often obtruding his own person between the reader and his hero, while in the life of St. Alphonsus, after the introduction, you never see the author at all; it is the hero, who lives, acts and speaks on every page. There is, however, in this no aim at effect, no ambitious attempt at elegant writing; it is a plain, unadorned narrative. Having no system to build up, no prejudice to lead astray, no favorite scheme to promote, he never turns aside to waste his own and his readers' time in arguments against what he conceives to be wrong. Even in the affair of Jansenism, which might naturally be supposed to excite his indignation, as it does that of every lover of the Redeemer, and against which all the learning and zeal of the sainted Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths were directed during his long life, the author is satisfied that the actions of the Saint should speak even more powerfully than his words. Yet this was a topic, on which he might have expatiated with much and forcible eloquence. Again, in speaking of that rich legacy of moral doctrine, which the founder of the Redemptorists left to his children and which has distinguished them both in this country and Europe, how easy was it, how necessary even, considering the imputations which later disputants have cast upon it, to launch out into a defence of its principles, or at least eulogize the wonderful good it has effected among the crowds, that have flocked to their missions or knelt in sincere conversion at their confessionals! But he was writing the life of Saint Alphonsus, not the history of the persecutions his children and his doctrine had to sustain after the death of their father, nor the good works, which have spread the odour of their fame throughout the civilized world. The task of love has been well executed. No one can peruse it without feeling, that "even though dead, he speaketh" to the heart and wins it over to the practice of virtue. We commend it cordially, and thank the Reverend compiler sincerely for the pleasure we have enjoyed in its perusal.

3. The Catholic Singing Book, containing the elements of music, progressive lessons and exercises for singing schools, &c. By *A. Werner*, Organist of the Cathedral in Boston. Boston: published by Patrick Donahoe.

From a cursory glance we are inclined to judge favorably of the merits of this book. Though very fond of music, we are not capable of passing sentence upon it nor of judging how far it may be better than others, that have preceded it. It argues well however for the Catholic youth of Boston, for if we are not mistaken, this is the fourth or fifth book of the kind that has been published there for their instruction in the difficult but pleasing art of singing. Their hearts certainly will not "be fit for treasons" and all the other horrible things, of which the poet sings, as long as they are fond of music.

4. Huc's Recent Travels in China.

Our readers doubtless remember Huc's Travels in Tartary, which no less by the charm of its narrative than the novelty of the subject, won the general attention, even in these days of books, and of which we gave interesting extracts last year. After a few years' delay, the Abbé Huc again appears with the sequel under the unfortunate title of "The Chinese Empire." The work undoubtedly contains much as to the Empire generally, still these are not by any means the most valuable part of it. His own adventures, his knowledge of Chinese character and customs betrayed at every step, are by far the most interesting portions and give us a better idea of home life in China than long descriptions.

The author, it will be remembered, attempted a mission in Thibet, but was arrested at L'hassa by a Chinese Governor and sent to China. His former work ended at his arrival in the latter country, the present volumes contain his journey across China itself. In it he is a travelling state prisoner, and of course we find few missionary details.

With the Chinese you must be master or slave. This Huc felt, and it is amusing to see the airs of authority, and the lordly tone assumed by this bold and energetic missionary. Some may condemn it in a priest, yet it was necessary; for in spite of his light and cheerful tone, we see that he was aware of his dangerous position. When he enters the city where his old comrade, the missionary Perboyre was cruelly put to death six years before, or has placed in his hands the breviary of the martyred Bishop Dufresse, or hears of a neighboring missionary being condemned and inhumanly treated, we see that he was right in attempting, if possible, to awe those, who, had he flinched, would have treated him as they did others. As he himself says, "there was no middle course, we must either submit to their will or impose on them our own;" and accordingly, in defiance of the Chinese laws, he, with Gabet his companion, assumed on entering China the red belt and yellow cap of the imperial family. His conductors fumed, grew angry, stormed and raged, but all in vain. Huc held firm, and thus gained one victory. At Yatcheon he was beseiged by a curious crowd, and the missionary, disregarding the dignitary's honor, forced his military mandarin to mount guard at the inn-door, armed with a long bamboo, to the great wonder and ridicule of the spectators.

After a judicial examination, in which every attempt was made to awe them, but which the missionaries contrived to render ridiculous, it was decided to send them to Macao; and now, absolved from all crime, they acquired new dignity, and no less importance.

Like the previous volumes, these abound in most amusing descriptions, of which we select a few:

### A TRAVELLER AND HIS COFFIN.

"Soon after our arrival at our northern mission, we were one day walking in the country with a Chinese seminarian, who had the patience to answer our long and tedious questions, as to men and things in the Celestial empire. While we were *dialoguing* our best, interlarding our language with Latin and Chinese, as we needed a word on either side, we saw a crowd approach, walking in order along a narrow path, to all appearance a procession. Our first impulse was to turn back, and pass around a neighboring hill; not being much versed in the manners and customs of the Chinese, we avoided showing ourselves, for fear of being recognized, cast in prison, condemned and strangled. Our seminarian revived our courage and told us that we might proceed without fear. As the crowd came up we stopped to let it pass. It was composed of villagers, who smiled as they saw us, and seemed in very good humor. Behind them was a bier on which an empty coffin was carried. Behind the coffin was a litter, on which a dying man was borne, wrapped up in blankets. His face was wasted and livid, and his dying eyes never moved from the coffin before him. When the procession had passed, we made all haste to ask our seminarian what the strange cortege meant. "It is a man who had fallen sick in a neighboring village and who is going back to his family. We Chinese do not like to die abroad." "That is quite natural, but what is the meaning of the coffin?" "It is for the sick man who probably has but a few days to live: all is ready for the funeral. You must have remarked beside the coffin a piece of white linen, it will be used for mourning."

These words filled us with profound astonishment and we felt that we were in a new world, amid a people whose ideas and sentiments differed much from those of Europeans? These men, who calmly begin the funeral of a still living relative or friend: the coffin, so carefully placed before his dying eyes, doubtless as an agreeable sight: all this plunged us into a strange revery, and we continued our walk in silence.

The astonishing calm of a Chinese as death comes on is not lost at the final moment. He dies in a most incomparable tranquillity and quiet: without agony, without any of that agitation and shock which commonly renders death fearful. He expires gently like an exhausted lamp. The most certain mark to tell that a Chinese has not long to live, is to see him neglect to call for his pipe. When our Christians come to call us to administer the last sacraments, the invariable formula is: " He does not smoke any more." This tells us that the danger is pressing, and that there is no time to lose.

### WATER-MELON SEEDS.

The water-melon is a fruit of great importance in China, especially on account of its seed, for which the Chinese are possessed of a real passion, or rather a most unnatural appetite. In some parts when the melon crop is abundant, the fruit is valueless and has no price attached to it except for the seed. Loads of melons are sometimes taken to the public road and given to passengers to eat, on condition that they save the seeds and put them aside for the proprietors. By this, not disinterested generosity, they have the glory of refreshing the public in hot weather: and then avoid the trouble of working those vegetable mines to extract the precious treasure which they conceal.

Water-melon seeds are in fact a real treasure to amuse and beguile at small expense the three hundred millions of inhabitants in the Celestial Empire. In the eighteen provinces, these wretched trifles are for all an object of daily gluttony. It is amusing to see these astonishing Chinese attack their melon seeds before dinner, as it were to try the tone of their stomachs and gently sharpen their appetite. Their long pointed nails are on these occasions of immense service. It is worth while to see with what speed and skill they open the hard shell to extract an atom of kernel or perhaps nothing; a flock of squirrels, or apes could not do it with more ability.

We have always thought that the natural propensity of the Chinese for all that is fictitious and unreal had inspired this mad taste for water-melon seeds, for if there be in the world a fantastic nourishment, it is, beyond a doubt, these same seeds. Accordingly the Chinese use them at all times and in all places. If friends meet to drink tea, or rice wine, a plate of melon seeds is a necessary accompaniment. They eat them while travelling, while going through the streets on business: if children or laborers have a few sapecs to dispose of, they go, as a matter of course, for these delicacies. You can buy them every where, in cities, in villages and on all the great and small roads. In the most desert country, bereft of all kinds of provisions, you may be sure that you will not be deprived of water-melon seeds. In this vast empire the consumption is incalculable, and enough to confound the wildest imagination. Junks laden exclusively with this commodity are constantly met on the rivers; you would indeed suppose the nation to belong to the family " Rodentes." It would be a curious work, and worth the attention of our great compilers of statistics, to estimate how many water-melon seeds are consumed, daily, monthly, yearly in a country of more than three hundred millions of inhabitants.

Huc has, among others, two most amusing accounts of Chinese Lynch law; and an affectionate letter of a dutiful son to his mother, written by proxy; but the interests of science induce us to pass them by for more important discoveries.

### A CAT USED AS A CLOCK.

One day, as we were going to visit some families of Christian peasants, we met, near a cabin, a Chinese boy pasturing a buffalo along the path. As we passed we asked him for sport, whether it was not noon. The boy lifted up his head and as the sun was hidden behind dense clouds, he could not read his answer there. " The sky is not clear," said he, " but wait a moment," and off he rushed to the cabin and in a few minutes returned with a cat under his arm. "It is not noon yet," said he, " there, see!" So saying, he showed us the cat's eyes, keeping the lids open with both hands. We first looked at the boy — he was as sober as a judge ; then at the cat, which, though astonished and somewhat displeased with the experiment, nevertheless showed great complacency. "So it is," said we, "not yet noon. — Thank you." The young Chinese let the cat go, and off it scampered, while we continued our route.

To tell the truth, we did not understand much of this new system of telling the time of day, but we did not like to question the little pagan, for fear of his suspecting us to be Europeans. But no sooner were we in the house of a Christian, than our tongue burned to ask how they could tell the hour by a cat's eyes. They scarcely expected such a question, and seemed taken aback; we insisted, and as there was no danger now in avowing our profound ignorance of the properties of cat's eyes, we told them what had happened on our way. This was enough: our willing neophytes gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained to us how a cat may be advantageously used as a watch. They showed us that the pupil of the eye contracts as the day advances, until at noon it becomes like a hair, or a line of extreme fineness traced perpendicularly on the eye, and that after mid-day it begins to dilate. When we had carefully examined all the cats at our disposal, we concluded that it was past noon, all the eyes agreeing marvellously.

We had some hesitation in mentioning this Chinese invention, for fear of jeopardizing clock-makers and stopping the sale of watches; but every consideration should yield to the love of progress. It is difficult to find a discovery of any importance that does not interfere with some private interest. Yet we hope that, after all, some watches will be made, inasmuch as many a man who would like to know the time of day, would not take the trouble to run after a cat and examine its eyes, at the risk of his own.

5. CAPTAIN CANOT, or Twenty Years of an African Slaver. By *Brantz Mayer*. New York: Appleton & Co.

Circumstances have hitherto delayed a notice at our hands of this work of our distinguished townsman. In the three months that have elapsed since its publication, it has certainly been most extensively read, and so far as our observations have extended, the notices of the press have been well calculated to gratify the professional pride of its author. A further and more substantial proof of its popularity is to be found in the fact that it has, in three months, reached its *twelfth edition*.

We do not wonder at the success of this work. Its style is racy and graphic, its incidents numerous and diversified enough to enlist the unflagging attention of the reader, the characters developed by the story are skilfully drawn, and the narrative flows on with a smooth and natural current.

The subject of the book is at once interesting and repulsive. It is interesting because connected with one of the great problems of the day — because it throws new light upon the home-life, character, habits, and capacities for improvement of an imbruted people; and repulsive, because with vigorous and we doubt not truthful touches, it unveils the mysteries of a traffic which the civilization of the world has denounced as a crime, and the humanity of the age mourns as an outrage. Although we think that, on the whole, Captain Canot modifies somewhat the horrors we have associated with the Slave Trade, he gives us insight enough into its operations and the characters of those who are engaged in it, to justify fully the statement of Mr. Mayer in his dedication, that "he does not think the book is calculated to seduce or educate a race of Slavers." Strong indeed must be the lust of gold, and extreme the moral debasement that could tempt men to embark in such a career when seen in the light of this volume. The brutal Da Louza seems to us the very man for such a life, and the very man that such a life must make.

We regret that want of space forbids us quoting some of the incidents of the narrative. Many of them are told with great effect. We instance the breaking out of the small pox during one of the Captain's voyages — the attack upon the Establishment at Digby — the trip to Timbo — the fate of Beeljie, &c. &c.

The practiced pen of Mr. Mayer has doubtless given to the work its graces of style and force of diction, but were we to base our judgment upon the intrinsic evidence of the book itself we should have concluded that it was a story of adventures in the main veracious. The writer of this notice, however, has the additional evidence of some personal knowledge of Captain Canot, the strange incidents and contrasts of whose life, fortune seems disposed to continue, for the late Slaver now holds an official position in one of the dependencies of France, under the recent appointment of the Emperor Napoleon. Whatever may be his future career, certain it is, that his past which "adorns this tale," points a sad and bitter moral in the "resultless life, which, after all its toils, hazards and successes, left the adventurer a stranded wreck in the prime of manhood."

# Maga's Valedictory.

Mid-day had passed, and evening was fast approaching. Pen in hand, we had toiled incessantly from early morning, and judging from the limited progress we had made, we saw but little prospect of being able to close the task we had imposed upon ourselves, before the midnight hour. Weary from our labors, we reclined in the chair we occupied and sought a few moments of relaxation amidst the uninterrupted silence of the sanctum.

Before us was suspended a map of the world. Our eyes rested upon it; a crowd of reflections arose in our mind, and as we hurriedly scanned its proportions and passed from country to country, we were tempted to enquire the condition of each, as another year was rapidly hastening to a close.

Our own country, first in our affections, first claimed our attention. We beheld her vast domain, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We contemplated her power, her influence, her wealth; her name respected, her flag honored in every clime; her people enjoying the inestimable blessing of peace, union and prosperity; while a bounteous Providence had given fertility to her soil, and continued to shed a benignant smile upon her domestic institutions. Such was the pleasing outline present to our view at the close of '54. But who will lift for us the curtain that conceals from our view the hidden secrets of the future? Who can foretell what vicissitudes, what calamities may not overtake us before the close of another year? Who can foresee, that America may not be called, ere she has completed another year, to answer at the just tribunal of an offended Deity for the wickedness and crimes of her citizens?

But without seeking further to divine what the future had in store for our own country, we hurriedly turned to trace other portions of the map; and having paused for a moment to contemplate the unhappy state of a sister Republic on this side of the Atlantic, our eyes passed to the eastern hemisphere, to contemplate the scenes which at present convulse the nations of the Old World.

To the north we beheld the Russian Empire extending far southward, and losing itself in the snows of Siberia. At this moment its imperial ruler looks down upon the nations of Europe with an indignant smile, and with fire gleaming from his countenance, he watches the bloody game that is being played around the walls of Sebastopol, and calculates his chance for the universal sovereignty of Europe.

The Crimea is still the bloody field of hostile armies. The tide of battle had swept over the plains of Alma, and the scenes of Borodino had been renewed upon the plains of Balaklava. England and France having buried in the tomb the rivalry of ages. and having forgotten the differences of the past, had united their standards, and had gone forth as in days of old under the same banner, on a crusade in defence of the common rights of Europe.

How strange the spectacle here presented! England, the hereditary enemy of Catholicity, stifling in her bosom that religious animosity which is inseparable from her very nationality, unites with Catholic France, and both in unison with the Turk, combat for a common cause! Who can divine what a mysterious Providence will bring forth from the chaos in which Europe is at present thrown?

Far eastward, we beheld the Celestial Empire rent by domestic dissensions, and the rebellious standard floating to the breeze.

Spain is but slowly recovering from the shock, that had well nigh overturned the throne. The storm has ceased, but lowering clouds still hang over the peninsula. Greece, too, around whose name so many classical reminiscences cluster, had not entirely escaped the general contagion of disorders. Otho still occupies the throne, but he holds a feeble sceptre, and rules over a fickle people. Turkey still continues to battle against the tyrant of the north, who seeks to interdict her national existence. The German powers preserve an internal peace, but stand with their armor girded on, calculating the moment when it shall become necessary to unsheath the sword.

To the westward lay the Isle of the Ocean. Though the hand of the oppressor has for centuries rested heavily upon her, though her castles and abbeys are mouldering in ruins, still like a fair matron, she is lovely in her tears. While war and strife rage in other lands, her generous sons are rearing monuments to science and temples to religion. Passing the Alps, our eyes scanned the classic plains of Italy, and rested with complacency upon the turrets of the Eternal City. How pleasing, how interesting the spectacle presented there at this moment! And how striking the contrast when compared with the rest of Europe. While the European powers are engaged in a fierce and deadly contest, at Rome there is peace. While the Cabinets of Kings and Princes are occupied in schemes of ambition, and seeking to extend their power and dominions, the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by an august conclave, is seeking to extend the glory of God and the honor of his *Immaculate* Mother.

While thus ruminating, the door suddenly opened.

"Quite alone, Mr. Oliver," said Father Carroll, as he entered the sanctum.

"Never alone, Father Carroll, while surrounded, as you see, by literary labors of so many authors."

"True, a literary man is never alone. But what is that you have before you? Something new, I perceive."

"A new work just from the pen of our friend Mr. W.," replied Mr. Oliver. "The author," he continned, "has displayed a good deal of ingenuity, and some ability, but his language, how common place; his characters, how unsuited a dignified work. I have given his work a severe castigation which I believe it deserved; and have no doubt that the author will draw from it a lesson, which will tend materially to his improvement, when again he appears before the public. Here, Father Carroll, is the critical review of the work, which I have prepared for our next number."

The Rev. gentleman took the paper, and having read it attentively, thus continued the conversation: "Mr. Oliver, you are really a critic. For my part, I lay no claim to the distinction. I have some crude notions of the duties of a critic, and, judging from these, I would say that you have departed slightly from one of the most essential rules of criticism."

"Indeed! But in what respect, Father Carroll?"

"Your criticism is all upon one side. You dwell with unsparing severity upon a few isolated points, which in your judgment appear to be faults, while you overlook all the merits of the work."

"But you know, Father Carroll," replied Mr. Oliver, smiling; "you know that critics have a *carte blanche* — a license to roam where they please."

"I admit they *take* it, but I am unwilling to concede that they have any right to this license."

"But you know, Father Carroll, that their duty is to deal with the faults, rather than the merits of authors."

"Such, Mr. Oliver, in my humble judgment, is the mistaken view entertained by too many of those who assume to themselves the office of criticism, or rather of censorship in literature. Forgetful of the moral responsibility of their assumed position, they enter with ruthless hand into the domain of an author, and destroy indiscriminately the fairest flowers and the most savory fruit together with the thistles and briers that perish beneath their tread. An author, however, has a right to all the merits of his work, and the public a claim to all the benefit it is calculated to bestow; if, therefore, by our strictures on what we conceive to be its defects, we convey an erroneous idea concerning the work and thus depreciate its merits, we are guilty of injustice both to the author and the public."

"But see, Father Carroll, your theory will interdict all enquiry into the merits of authors, and the labor of literary exposition is at an end."

"By no means. My theory will only confine it within its proper sphere, and render it an auxiliary to literature rather than a detriment. The legitimate aim of criticism is to point out the merits of a work, and to distinguish those faults which may, in any manner, prove injurious to morals generally, or endanger the faith of the Catholic reader, but not to carp over mere peculiarities of style, or some verbal expressions; not to dwell seemingly with a peculiar gratification on the minor defects of a work, while all its better qualities are overlooked or referred to in language that tends only to give an unfavorable impression of the whole. But while it is our duty to point out works of a pernicious character; to expose theories and principles derogatory to morals or religion, on the other hand I would say, let the hand of the critical reviewer rest lightly upon those works which are calculated to do good, which breathe a spirit of morality and tend to virtue and religion. If faults they have, and we feel it our duty to allude to them, let it be done with a touch which will show that it comes from the hand of a brother. For my part I prefer,

> Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
> Aut humana parum cavit natura.

But if we cannot give to a good work the meed of our approbation, or to the literary labors of others a word of encouragement, let us at least throw around them the charity of silence; let others reap their benefits without the withering blight of our denunciation."

"Father Carroll, I approve of your reasoning," said Mr. Worthington, who in the meantime had entered the sanctum.

"But what will our cotemporaries think of our course?" enquired Mr. Oliver.

"Our cotemporaries! Surely they can think no harm, nor take any exceptions to what we have said. We have, moreover, one consolation, Mr. Oliver, when weary under the toils, which our position imposes, that we are not laboring exclusively for this class of the community. Neither can we hope to gain the approbation of every individual in this strangely constituted world. If we did, vain would be our hope! I fear that in the attempt, we would share the fate of the man in the fable, and our good journal would ere long pass into the stream of oblivion."

At this moment, a loud knock was heard at the door, and before we had time to reach it, it was opened, and who should enter but Mr. O'Moore, straight from the mountains of Lavansville. "Your most obedient, gentlemen," he observed, as he entered; "but pardon my unceremonious intrusion."

"No apology is necessary, Mr. O'Moore," replied Father Carroll, taking him by the hand; "ceremony is out of place among friends; you are heartily welcome."

We eagerly enquired concerning our friends, Father Romayne and Mr. Kavanagh, and Maga too was the subject of our anxious enquiry. We were assured that they were in the enjoyment of excellent health in the solitude and wilds of Lavansville.

"But those contributions, Mr. O'Moore, which were promised. We have looked for them with much anxiety," said Mr. Oliver.

"Here they are for you, then," replied O'Moore, taking from his pocket a large roll of papers. "You see, from the size of the roll, that we have not been idle. Here," he continued, "are a few lines selected by Father Romayne. They require no comment, as they carry upon their face their own recommendation."

Here O'Moore took the paper, and with a clear voice and good emphasis, read the lines, as follows:

Is there a God? — Go ask the flower,
Which blooms upon yon ruined tower.

Tho' mournfully my lot is cast,
Upon the ruins of the past,
Tho' in this lonely place I pine,
Some glory with my buds entwine.
This mouldering ruin, once so strong
Resounds no more with dance or song;
All, all within is silent now,
No laurels wreathe its time-worn brow.
I idolize this mouldering tower,
And ask no other fairer bower.
Its desolation is no crime,
And I in youth and beauty's prime,
Unchangeably must love it best,
And bloom upon its withered breast.
The young, the beautiful, the gay,
All in their turn must pass away.
Kingdoms in course of time must fall,
But He'll live still who made them all.

Is there a God? — Go ask that tower,
Which stands a wreck of former power.

A God! the noble ruin cries,
Dost thou ask this, who art so wise?
I will not tell thee of the past,
Thou knowest naught of earth can last.
Ages on ages long have fled
Since first I reared aloft my head;
A ruin now, you see, I stand,
Like all that's fashioned by your hand.
Yet one thing doth my sadness cheer,
It is this flower blooming here.
Around this heavy form of mine,
How gracefully her buds entwine!
I often wonder that a thing
So fair should be content to fling
The freshness of her life away,
Upon a fabric of decay.
But thus it is that God ordains
For still the lovely one remains,
And even seems to love to rest
Her head upon my time-worn breast.
Ah! do not lightly from me turn,
Perchance a lesson thou may'st learn.
It is, that soft affection's aim
Is better than the dream of fame.
And tho' the poet's laurelled pen
May gain the loud applause of men,
There are some untold actions yet,
Which God or angels e'er forget.
The good we silently perform
For one exposed to sorrow's storm;
The balm poured on a beaten breast,
The love devoid of interest;
The ray of hope which we impart
To some half-broken, care-worn heart.
These are the deeds of which we speak:
Go, unbeliever, go and seek,
The source of all, the Eternal Spring
Of every good and lovely thing.

“Here,” continued Mr. O’Moore, without giving time for comment, “here is a small contribution from Kavanagh, which he hopes may find a place in your columns, for the benefit of your classical readers. He bade me apologize for its brevity, and says that what it loses in length it makes up in merit:

O! qui recisæ finibus Indicis
  Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et suaveolentes
  Sæpe tubis iterare fumos.

“Truly, said Mr. Oliver, “our friend Kavanagh has become quite classical. That’s worthy of the pen of the Roman poet.”

“Indeed,” said Father Carroll, “had the favored herb which is the subject of Kavanagh’s verse, been known in the days of Augustus, I do not doubt but that it would have been immortalized by the pen of Horace.

“But what news from Maga?” enquired Mr. Worthington.

“Maga is still as amiable as ever, but I regret to say that she is about to sever her connection with the Metropolitan. Here’s her valedictory,” handing it to Father Carroll.

The letter was hastily opened, and found to contain the following brief address:

“Gentlemen: — Circumstances beyond my control, compel me to sever my connection with the journal over which you preside. With the Metropolitan the earliest reminiscenses of my life are entwined: born beneath the page of its expanding usefulness, my brief existence has been devoted to its service. May the smile of heaven rest upon its labors. May it continue to flourish upon the distant future; and when the name of Maga shall be forgotten, may it continue to fulfil its mission, and to dispense its favors to generations yet unborn. Adieu. MAGA.”

# Record of Events.

*From November* 15, *to December* 15, 1854.

## I.—Foreign Affairs.

Italy. — Rome, at the latest advices, presented a scene of much enthusiasm and activity. Every preparation was making for the great event, which had collected together so many distinguished prelates from every part of Christendom. The 8th of December was the day set apart as the day on which the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God would be solemnly proclaimed as a tenet of faith. Among the many distinguished personages who have arrived at Rome, is the Cardinal Primate of Hungary. He is the first ecclesiastic of that rank who has visited Rome for the last 200 years, at which period the Primate was sent as Ambassador, and came with a retinue of 400 Hungarian nobles *en suite*.

Though deeply engaged, especially of late, in the affairs of religion, the Holy Father still finds time to give his personal attention to the improvement of his dominions. Letters from Rome, dated the 20th ult., give an interesting account of the solemn opening of the stupendous bridge that spans the ravine between Albano and Aricia. The letter thus describes the work:

“After five years of uninterrupted labor, a structure, which for grandeur and solidity surpasses any other of modern architecture in the States of the Church, has just been completed in the Mountains of Albano. It is a bridge of five arcades, placed one over another, and each as high as a house; it has been built in order to form a direct communication over the deep valley between Albano and Aricia, on the road from Naples. The Pope gave his benediction to the work on the 12th ult., amidst a concourse of several thousand persons, who had congregated from all parts of the country to witness the ceremony. This bridge is indeed worthy of the days when the Consuls and the Emperors illustrated their epochs by superb public works, and the Pope did not conceal his exultation at the complete success which crowned one of the noblest works of his reign."

Interesting discoveries continue to be made in the catacombs of Rome. Of those recently made the *Univers* gives the following interesting details:

"One which has just created unusual interest seems to have been reserved by Divine Providence for the present crisis. All who have paid any attention to the antiquities of Christian Rome are aware that chapels of the most venerable antiquity have frequently been found concealed for ages in the subterranean darkness of the catacombs. The great difficulty, however, of removing the earth and other rubbish has led to the filling up again of many which would have been permanently interesting if they could have been kept open, and others which have not been filled up have had their most interesting and sacred objects removed. It is, therefore, an important event, that at a moment when the Hierarchy of the whole Christian world is assembling at Rome, a chapel never before opened or seen by human eye since the time of the primitive Christians of Rome, has been discovered and opened under a property belonging to the Propaganda. It bears marks of having been consecrated to Pope S. Alexander the First, and contains, we are informed, many objects of interest, which still remain in their original state, as they were left when the remission of the persecution enabled the primitive Christians of Rome to emerge from their hiding places and carry on their worship above ground."

Rome is tranquil; and the last of the French troops were lately withdrawn. The country generally is quiet, and nothing has occurred to disturb the good order that has prevailed for the last few years. Nevertheless, that indefatigable agent of Satan, Mazzini, is not idle. Day and night he is laboring to reproduce the scenes of '48. In alluding to his movements, the Catholic Standard thus speaks:

"Two of his emissaries have been recently in Rome, scattering the seeds of sedition, especially in the environs, and it was found that they were abundantly supplied with money, the source of which has been well ascertained. There is in fact, no doubt of the complicity of Russia in these anarchial proceedings. The chain of connection between the Revolutionary demagogue and the Czar is complete in every link. A descent upon Italy has been matured; and the anarchial brigade were to have landed in Sicily, according to the original plan; but this was altered, and the expedition was then appointed to sail from Alicante for the shores of the Roman States. The discovery of the infamous plot will, it is presumed, now cause the conspirators to pause in their infernal work. Should they persist in their wicked attempts, measures of the most ample and decisive character are taken to give them a far different reception than that on which they build their hopes."

The cholera had raged fearfully at Naples, Palermo and Messina. It is estimated that over 50,000 persons had fallen victims to the epidemic during the last few months It is said that the disease even extended to animals: — mules, dogs and cats dropped dead in the streets. At last accounts the disease was abating.

Count de Spauer, the Bavarian Minister at Rome, who aided the Holy Father in his escape from the Quirinal Palace, and who attended him on his flight to Gaeta, died recently in the Eternal City. His death is much regretted.

It is rumored that negotiations have been opened with the Italian States with the view of forming an Italian Confederacy, to be presided over by the Pope, for the preservation of order in that peninsula, under the guarantee of France and England.

Mr. Cass, our Representative at Rome, having been raised to the rank of Resident Minister, presented to the Sovereign Pontiff his credentials to that effect, on the 9th of November.

France. — The secular news from this country is not important. The internal state of the Empire is quiet and good order prevails. The war in the Crimea is the great absorbing topic, and since the great battle of Balaklava, the utmost activity prevails in disembarking reinforcements to the scene of action. — The Russian inhabitants of France have been ordered to leave the country. — The state of religion is most flourishing, and affords the most gratifying prospect to the eye of the Catholic. — Immense sums are being spent, not only in Paris but also in every part of the country, in founding new churches, or in rebuilding or embellishing those upon which time had left the impress of decay. — An interesting ceremony lately took place at Meaux, which is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer:*

"The Tomb of Bossuet. — Strange as it may seem, the exact spot where reposed the remains of Jacques Benigne Bossuet, the great and good Catholic divine and pulpit orator, one of the brightest illustrations of the French church, was not known. A popular writer, M. Poujoulet, in a work recently published, entitled 'Letters on Bossuet,' mentioned the fact, and suggested that search, in order to identify his tomb, should be instituted by the proper authorities. The actual Bishop of Meaux determined to act upon the hint, and to this end ordered excavations to be made in the vaults of the Cathedral of Meaux. Success has promptly crowned these efforts. The excavations commenced about noon on the 8th instant, under the direction of the Bishop, who was guided by the instructions contained in the will of Bossuet, and by imperfect indications contained in some documents relating to the tombs of the Cathedral belonging to its archives, discovered the tomb of Bossuet after two hours labor. The workmen first struck, at a depth of about two feet beneath the pavement, a small stone vault. It was opened, and a leaden coffin was disclosed. It was that of M. de Ligny, the immediate predecessor of Bossuet, and was situated just below the episcopal throne. Bossuet, it is known, had requested to be buried at the feet of his predecessors. The excavation was continued in that direction, and soon brought to light a small vault similar to the last, about six feet in length, three feet broad, and three feet deep. It was formed of mason's work, its walls being five or six inches thick and covered by a vaulted arch. The vault contained a leaden coffin, about one and three quarter yards long. Upon the cover of the coffin, above the breast, was fixed a copper plate, on which was engraved in capital letters, beneath the well-known arms of the illustrious prelate, (three wheels,) the following inscription:

"Hic quiescit resurrectionem expectans
Jacobus Benignus Bossuet, episcopus Meldensis
comes consistorianus, serenissimi Delphini
præceptor primus, serenissimæ Ducis
Burgundiæ eleemosynarius, Universitatis
Parisiensis privilegiorum apostolicorum
conservator, et collegii Navarræ
superior, obiit anno Domini MDCCIV
die XII aprilis, annos natus LXXVI
menses VI et dies XVI.
Requiescat in pace!

"The coffin lay horizontally upon a thick oaken plank, which itself was placed across three bars of iron, raising it slightly from the ground.

"By the orders of the Bishop of Meaux the leaden coffin containing the mortal remains of Bossuet was opened on the 14th instant. The head was found covered with four folds of linen, which were cut away with a pair of scissors, and the features were then seen. They were much less changed than might have been expected, considering that the body had been buried a century and a half. An artist who was present took a sketch of the face as it appeared when the coffin was opened. When it was known that the features of the deceased could be seen, a great number of persons hastened to the Cathedral. Several ecclesiastics also arrived from Paris. In the night of the 14th a glass was fixed over the face, so as to preserve it from the contact of the external air, and the next day, at ten in the morning, a funeral service was performed, at which the Bishop officiated. Pontifical ornaments covered the coffin; a crosier was placed close to it; and Bossuet once more appeared as Bishop in his own Cathedral. All the functionaries of the town were present on the occasion, as well as a large number of other persons. After the mass, the crowd walked round in order to see the features of the deceased. The coffin was replaced in the evening in the vault."

England. — The greatest activity prevails in relation to the war, vessels belonging to the various lines have been chartered to convey troops to the Crimea, to reinforce the army before Sebastopol. — Lord Palmerston is in Paris on a secret mission to the court of the Emperor. — The patriotic fund, at last accounts, amounted to nearly £100,000. — The Catholics of Birkenhead are about to erect a Cathedral in that town. The Earl of Shrewsbury has offered £15,000 towards the expense of the edifice. — Mrs. Brasnell, wife of H. S. Brasnell, late Protestant chaplain of the county jail, Leicester, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Collier; and Edw. Peacock, Esq., of Bottesford Moors, Lincolnshire, has also been received into the bosom of the Church by the Rev. John Naughton.

Ireland. — The inaugural address of the distinguished Rector, the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, of the Catholic University, was delivered on the 9th of November in the

University Hall at Stephen's Green. The address was able and eloquent. The examination for the classical and mathematical exhibitions took place on the 29th ult. — The fairs which were recently held in many parts of the country were well attended and abundantly supplied with cattle and agricultural products; articles met with ready sale at fair prices. — The crops of oats and wheat have been most productive, and it is thought that two-thirds of the potato crop is safe. — Sergeant O'Brien has been elected to Parliament from the City of Limerick without opposition. — The first of the series of demonstrations in support of the Tenant Right cause determined on at the late Conference of the League, took place at Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. The meeting was large, and passed off with much enthusiasm. — It is rumored that at the request of Archbishop Cullen, the old See of Glendalough will be revived as an independent bishopric. — A flagrant act of intolerance has lately been exhibited in reference to the Sisters of Charity who attended the hospital attached to the House of Industry at Dublin. The *Nation* thus speaks of the affair:

" At a period when all Europe is filled with sympathy and respect for the heroism of these pious ladies in the Crimea, they are selected as the mark of a cruel and humiliating insult by the fanatics of Dublin. An order has just been issued by the Governor of the House of Industry, and sanctioned by the Poor Law Commissioners, for the specific purpose of excluding the Sisters of Charity, henceforward, from the hospitals of the house! 'No person whatever,' according to this *ukase*, 'except the chaplains, their curates, and other officers, pupils and servants of the institution, is to have access under any pretence whatever to any of the wards, at any time except on visiting days, and within the prescribed hours, without the special sanction of the governor.' And though this arbitrary order is directly aimed against the Sisters of Charity, it is not even pretended that they had ever infringed, in the faintest degree, upon the previous regulations of the house!"

Subscriptions in aid of the Patriotic Fund were making in all parts of Ireland. — Miss Ryan, daughter of the late William Ryan, Esq., and Miss Kavanagh, both of New Ross, made their religious profession at the Chapel of the Convent, Waterford, and were received by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien.

Scotland. — It will be gratifying to the Catholic reader to learn the increase and spread of Catholicity in this country, so long distinguished for her deadly hostility to the Church of Rome. From the *Glasgow Free Press* we take the following:

" A beautiful new Catholic Church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was solemnly opened for Divine Service, at Portglasgow, on Sunday, the 22d of October, by the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch.

" His lordship sung High Mass, and was assisted on the occasion by the Rev. E. Small, as Deacon; the Rev. J. Carolan, as Sub-Deacon; the Rev. J. S. M'Corry, as Assistant Priest; and the Rev. V. Chisholm, as Master of Ceremonies.

" A very appropriate discourse was eloquently delivered by the Rev. J. S. M'Corry. The duties of the choir were efficiently discharged under the superintendence of Mr. Brierton, Glasgow; Miss O'Neil, Greenock, presided at the organ. The church was so densely crowded that numbers were obliged to leave for want of room. Besides the local congregation, large numbers were present from Greenock, Glasgow, and elsewhere. A considerable number of respectable Protestants also attended.

" In the evening his lordship administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to 120 children, and delivered a discourse explanatory of the Sacrament, characterized by that fervid eloquence for which his lordship is so justly celebrated. Mrs. Colonel Huthceson stood sponsor for the children at Confirmation. The Catholics of Portglasgow have reason to feel grateful to this amiable lady for the great interest she has taken in their new church. The presents made by her, consisting of altar, tabernacle, gold chalice, ciborium, gorgeous candlesticks, altar linens, vases, altar charts and artificial flowers, are very costly, and of exquisite workmanship.

" The Rev. W. Dawson writes from Inverness to the *Glasgow Free Press* on October 23d. 'For the first time since the Reformation so-called, we have succeeded in establishing a convent in these northern quarters. Four Franciscan Nuns, from Charlotte street, came here in April last to take charge of my school and help me in visiting the sick. Heavy expenses have been incurred in preparing suitable accommodation for the good Nuns, and our only hope of defraying these expenses lies in the assistance expected from charitable souls. I have no doubt you will be delighted in having an opportunity of helping us in this our practical protest against the Protestant bigotry about convents; and the prayers of the good Nuns will not fail to obtain for you the promised hundred fold.' "

Spain. — The Queen opened the Cortez in person, and in her address she declared her intention to adhere to the principles expressed in July last, and that she would continue to respect the liberty and rights of the nation. General San Miguel was chosen President of the Cortez.

The country was quiet at latest accounts, though apprehensions were entertained of a rising of the Carlists during the coming season. A correspondent of the *Times* writing from Madrid under date of Nov. 15th, relates the following incident in relation to the Queen:

> "Saturday evening last, in returning from her usual weekly visit to the Church of Atocha, the Queen met the Host, and, as is customary with her, gave up her carriage to the Priest who bore it, and followed on foot to the house whither it was proceeding. She witnessed on her knees the administration of the Extreme Unction, addressed words of consolation to the indigent woman to whom it had been taken, and left her some money. Meantime a crowd had assembled, and when the Queen returned to her carriage the people pressed around her and loudly applauded her. I mention this demonstration as being one to which she has not of late been accustomed, and as a sign of reviving sympathy among at least the lower orders."

Austria. — A satisfactory understanding had taken place between Austria and Bavaria on the Russian question. The deliberation of the Germanic Diet on the war question was postponed until the arrival of the Czar's reply to the last Prussian note. Indications were thrown out that the reply to the Prussian note would be to the effect that Russia would be willing to negotiate if a guarantee were given that nothing beyond the four points were demanded. A grand council of war was lately held in Vienna, to deliberate, it is said, on the course of the government in the event of a war with Russia. The most active military movements are going on and a large force is about to be concentrated in Bohemia.

Prussia. — Prussia still holds a neutral position, and if we judge from her cabinet operations, she is endeavoring to effect an accommodation between the belligerent powers. To the Catholic, the following from the *Tablet* will prove gratifying and interesting:

> "A general meeting of the priests of the diocese of Breslau, convened by the Prince Bishop, has just taken place, being the first Synod of the Catholic Church held in that country for some hundreds of years. In no part of Protestant Germany has the government been more opposed to such meetings of the Catholic clergy than in Prussia, and hence the late Synod of Breslau is an event of so much the more importance to the Church in that country.
>
> The Bishop, feeling the great want of such a Synod, and the imminent danger to which religion was exposed in the midst of a heretical country, without consultation among the Pastors, consulted some of his venerable colleagues, and determined to convoke the clergy to meet him in conference on the 26th, 27th and 28th of last month. The meeting, however, was held with all the forms, and was invested with all the importance of a Provincial Council. Many of the 150 priests who assembled on the occasion had never had an opportunity of seeing their Bishop since their ordination, so many are the difficulties in the way of Episcopal visitations in that vast diocese, which extends from the confines of Hungary to the Baltic Sea."

Russia. — Russia still holds out with obstinacy. The Emperor is said to have declared that though Sebastopol should fall and the Crimea be lost; though Finland be wrested from him, and St. Petersburg be levelled to the ground, still he will not yield. If such be the case, we may conclude, that the war is yet only in its initiary stage.

The Crimea. — This region still continues to be the scene of a fearful and bloody contest. On the 5th of November another sanguinary battle was fought at Balaklava, attended with immense loss on both sides, and with but little advantage to either. The English especially suffered severely. Out of a body of 607 cavalry, which, under a mistaken order, charged the Russian batteries, only 198 returned from the charge. In this great battle the Russian forces amounted to sixty thousand, while the allied troops numbered ten thousand less. The loss of the former is said to have been about nine thousand men, and the loss of the allies is estimated at about four thousand. Russia was concentrating a large body of troops at Sebastopol, and reinforcements from England and France were daily arriving in the Crimea.

**Belgium.** — The Legislature was opened on November 10th. The King, in his opening speech to that body, declared that Belgium had derived inestimable advantages from her neutral course of policy in reference to the belligerent powers. He also stated that industry and the arts are flourishing, and that a treaty with Mexico had been concluded.

**Obituary.** — *Death of Canon Schmit.* — The Church and popular literature have lately sustained a severe loss in the death of the pious and amiable Canon Schmit, who died at Augsburg on the 3d of last month. Born at Dunskelihil, on the 15th of August, 1758, he has been a priest since 1791, and Canon of Augsburg since 1827. There are few who have not heard the name of the deceased, whose popular tales have gained him a world wide and merited renown. Translated into almost all languages, they have accomplished a large amount of good, inspiring everywhere a love of virtue and a horror of vice.

All countries will have reason to lament the loss of one so amiable and so good. During his last illness, having been visited by the Archbishop of Munich, he prostrated himself at his Grace's feet and besought his blessing, adding that it was the last time he should have the happiness of receiving the benediction of one of the prelates of the Church.

## II. — Domestic Intelligence.

### AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.* — 2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.* — 3. *Diocese of Albany.* — 4. *Diocese of Boston.* — 5. *Diocese of Charleston.* — 6. *Diocese of Louisville.* — 7. *Archdiocese of St. Louis.* — 8. *Archdiocese of San Francisco.* — 9. *Diocese of Hartford.* — 10. *Diocese of Cleveland.* — 11. *Diocese of Pittsburg.* — 12. *Diocese of Savannah.* — 13. *Obituary.*

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

Since the opening of the Jubilee, there has been a succession of spiritual exercises in most of the parishes throughout the diocese. In our own city, the churches have presented a scene of much consolation and interest. The sacred edifices have been daily thronged. The rich and poor, the youthful and aged, may have been seen gathered around the door of the confessional, seeking to avail themselves of the special blessings of this holy season.

While the exercises of the Jubilee were progressing, the Redemptorist Fathers gave a Mission at St. Peter's church in this city. It was conducted by the pious and eloquent Fathers Walworth and Hewitt, and attended by thousands from all parts of the city.

The following tribute to the Sisters of Charity is worthy of being preserved, emanating as it does from a source so unexpected. The directors of the Boston Lunatic Asylum, together with a special committee of the *Boston City Council*, lately visited Baltimore for the purpose of examining our Lunatic Institutions, and in their report they thus speak of Mount Hope, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity:

"'Mount Hope Asylum for the Insane,' is situated two miles from the city of Baltimore. It is a private institution owned by the Sisters of Charity, who have the general management of affairs. There are 20 acres of land connected with it, for walks and pleasure grounds, and it contains 145 patients. Dr. Wm. A. Stokes is at the head of the medical staff, and he seems to be eminently qualified for his position. At his visits one of the Sisters goes the rounds with him, carrying a book, and a record is made of the condition and wants of the several patients, after which she makes up the prescriptions if any are necessary, and attends to their ministration. It was extremely gratifying to witness the good order and quietness of this Hospital, and the remarkable control which those devoted ladies had over its unfortunate inmates. Such examples of self-denial and devotedness in a humane cause, which were clearly manifested in every act of these ladies, are rarely witnessed, and furnish evidence of christian benevolence and goodness of heart."

*Miss Bunkley.* — An affair, somewhat of a romantic character, took place at St. Joseph's, near Emmittsburg, and has given rise to much unnecessary newspaper gossip. Miss Bunkley, a young lady from Norfolk, having repeatedly applied for admission into the community of the Sisters of Charity, was finally received on trial, and after remaining for some months, secretly withdrew from the institution. Her departure in this silly manner has been magnified into an *escape*, by the slanderers of the good Sisters, while it is well known to every Catholic and to every intelligent protestant, that the Sisters of Charity are free to leave the institution whenever they think proper. The following extract from a letter addressed by Mother Etienne to a friend in Washington, and published in the *Evening Star*, will best explain the affair:

"Miss Bunkley was with us ten months. She came here for the first time about two years ago to make a retreat, and then petitioned to be received, but was advised to wait. A year after, she renewed her petition, was received on *trial*, and has always *appeared* to be happy. We were greatly surprised when she was found missing, and much pained that she should have left as she did. It is well known that we do not desire to keep any one here who has not the desire to remain; and had Miss B. expressed such a wish, she would have been sent home immediately. We felt uneasy about her, when we heard from the neighbors that such a person was seen on the road before daylight, and fearing something might happen to her, we sent our overseer to make some enquiries, when we learned that she was in Creagerstown. As soon as we found out that she had really gone, I wrote to her father in Norfolk, telling him our uneasiness, and expressed the hope that she had gone direct to Norfolk.

"It can be proven by one hundred boarders now in our institution, Protestants and Catholics, that Miss B. never taught anything here except some lessons on the piano. She was free to write when and as often as she pleased; was never heard to speak any language but the English, and we doubt much if she knew any other. Should any further information be necessary, we can give it; but I believe this is all that is necessary at present."

### 2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The altar of St. Patrick's Church, erected to supply the place of the one heretofore destroyed by fire, was consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, on Sunday, the 10th of December. The new altar is of Italian marble, of the Gothic order, and finely finished. — The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, delivered an eloquent lecture at the Melodeon, Cincinnati; subject: *Catholicity in its Influence on Civil Liberty.* — It will be gratifying to the Catholic reader to learn, that the vexatious suit for some months pending against the Rev. Father Kroeger, is finally disposed of. We take the following in reference to the case from the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

"The Prosecuting Attorney having been satisfied of the innocence of this exemplary clergyman, and the consequent impossibility of the finding of a verdict of guilty of the charges alleged against him by any jury, the case was dismissed last Friday. The worthy pastor of Holy Trinity was advised by his lawyer to plead guilty to what is called in the language of the law 'assault and battery,' viz: giving the impertinent girl a slight slap on the side of the head, and to save the county expense and himself annoyance, was induced to do so. He was then fined five dollars, and thus ended an affair so trivial in itself, but which was *made* by prejudice and passion to assume such undue proportions."

### 3. *Diocese of Albany.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey ordained the Rev. Charles Brady, and the Rev. John Ludden, Priests, at the Cathedral in the City of Albany. — The Rev. Wm. Howard of this diocese sailed recently for San Francisco.

4. *Diocese of Boston.*

On Sunday, the 12th ult. the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to seven hundred and thirty persons in the town of Pittsfield, Mass. and preached on the occasion. On the 26th, he visited Newburyport, and confirmed two hundred and eighty persons. There were a number of Protestants present to witness the interesting ceremony and to hear the eloquent discourse delivered by the learned Prelate after the ceremony was concluded. — One hundred persons were confirmed at Cambridge, one hundred and thirty-six at East Cambridge, and about two hundred at Roxbury. On Thanksgiving day Confirmation was administered in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross to about four hundred persons. — It may be remembered that some months ago a difficulty arose between the Common Council of Boston and the Rev. Father McElroy, relative to the Jail land purchased by the latter for Catholic purposes. The Council has declared its intention to cancel, by resolution, all Mr. McElroy's title to the purchase and give such compensation for the ground as it may deem fit. Father McElroy objects to these unwarrantable proceedings in a remonstrance addressed to the Council, in which he says:

> "I have never intimated any desire, nor have I ever had any expectation of selling this estate. It has been purchased by funds collected at great labor, during a series of years, in small sums, much of it from the poor, and for the express purpose of erecting a church.
>
> "I do not feel authorized to make any proposition which looks to a sale of this estate.
>
> "When any is made to me, it shall receive respectful attention, and I shall endeavor to act in a manner that may meet the approval of all good citizens, and especially of my own conscience.
>
> "Meanwhile I am not unconscious that the sale of this estate to the city might be construed an admission that no churches of the denomination I profess are ever to be erected on land controlled by the city of Boston. The same objections apply to any other locality as to this. The same reasons that would prevent the proposed erection, apply as well to any other of a similar character, in any part of the city. And I cannot bring myself to believe that the municipal authorities of a city like this will deliberately determine on a rule which would virtually withdraw from citizens of any denomination the free enjoyment of their faith, or the right of establishing a house of worship to the Most High."

5. *Diocese of Charleston.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Reynolds has published a Pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing that the exercises of the Jubilee would commence on the 4th of December and terminate on the 4th of March. We regret to learn that the health of the Bishop still continues feeble, and in alluding to this subject, the Prelate in his Pastoral thus speaks:

> "It is a source of deep affliction to us that we are unable, at this time, to address you at greater length and with more earnestness; and still more do we regret our inability to speak to you in person, and from the fulness of our heart, as we were wont to do, the words of instruction and exhortation. God has been pleased to afflict us by a long and severe illness; and we must and do endeavor to resign ourselves entirely and perfectly to His holy will; knowing that His thoughts are not like the thoughts of man, and that His providence is above our comprehension; but, nevertheless, always full of mercy and wisdom. We are consoled by the pleasing confidence that our zealous co-operators in the holy ministry will, by their increased zeal and fervor, more than supply our deficiency."

6. *Diocese of Louisville.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding recently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about fifty persons in one of the German churches at Louisville. — The City Council of Louisville has discontinued its laudable custom of furnishing the Sisters' Orphan Asylum and Hospital with fuel during the winter.

7. *Archdiocese of St. Louis.*

On the 21st ult., six young ladies, all Germans by birth, made their religious profession in the Ursuline Convent of St. Louis. This community is devoted chiefly to the education of female children, and is said to be in a flourishing state.

8. *Archdiocese of San Francisco.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany has published a Pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing that the Jubilee would commence on the 1st day of December and continue to the last day of February. From the Pastoral, replete as it is with lessons of wisdom and instruction, we select the following paragraph:

"Let us all open our docile ears to the voice of our Supreme Pastor; let us yield our willing hearts to the entreaties of our common Father; let us go to the Church of God, and there offer him the sacrifice of an humble and contrite heart, and he will not despise us, but give us his holy peace. God is the Giver of all good gifts, and it is vain to hope for any true contentment, satisfaction or happiness from any other source. Wealth is dust of the earth; flesh is destined to rottenness; the vanities of the world are but as a passing, delusive blaze; evil, designing men, with their plots and machinations, will be confounded with a worse confusion than that which humbled the proud builders of Babel; but those that hope in God, and keep his holy commandments, shall be blessed for ever. We entreat you, brethren, to adhere to God and to the Church of God — to pay to him the tribute of religion, particularly the sanctification of his holy sabbath — to keep away from all secret societies, which are fraught with danger and are proscribed by the Church — to look for mutual protection and charity in the society of the God of charity, the kingdom of Christ, built upon a rock and supported by the infallible promises of the Son of God — to frequent the Holy Sacraments, the channels of grace and happiness; and to discharge all your duties as peaceable, good citizens, and as true disciples of our holy Redeemer."

9. *Diocese of Hartford.*

An affair took place at St. Patrick's Church, Hartford, in reference to the burial of the Rev. Father Brady, which at the time caused some slight excitement. The following letter addressed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, to the editor of the Providence Journal, will give the best elucidation of the facts and circumstances of the case, which have been so much exaggerated and misrepresented by the Protestant and secular press:

"I was not, in the first place, asked to give a burial-place in front of the church to the remains of the Rev. Mr. Brady.

"2d. The church fronts on the street, within a few feet of the sidewalk; the space intervening was never contemplated for a burial place, neither is there a burial place in connection with the church.

"3d. The Rev. Mr. Brady died possessed of a burial-ground, where I had a right to expect his interment, unless informed of his desire to the contrary.

"4th. I was not informed of the Rev. Mr. Brady's request to be buried 'near the church,' until about 11 o'clock on the day of his interment.

'5th. There is no railing in front of the church, and none contemplated to be there, consequently the place was unfit for a burial-place, as any enclosure raised in front of the church would be much out of place, and detract generally from the appearance of the house.

"6th. The church at Hartford belongs to me; it cost something over $50,000; I had to assume the entire debt, about $27,000; the balance was paid by the people; consequently, if any friend of the deceased wished his interment there, I should have been informed of it.

"7th. Had I been informed in season of the so-called request of the deceased to be interred 'near the church,' I would, at once, have directed his interment in the church, which would, in the case, have been the proper place.

"You will observe, then, 1st, that I was not consulted as to the interment of the Rev. Mr. Brady by the mover, or movers, in the matter. 2nd, that these movers selected a place most unfit, and never intended as a burial-place; and, 3d, that they selected it without consulting the proprietor of the place selected for the interment.

"I removed the deceased from the pastoral charge of the congregation last July, for reasons which justified me so far as to leave me no other alternative before conscience.

"As to the action of the people in the case, it was limited to a few, the chief of whom is a most worthless man, and was so considered by the deceased.

"Respectfully yours,

"† BERNARD O'REILLEY, Bishop of Hartford.

"PROVIDENCE, November 21, 1854."

10. *Diocese of Cleveland.*

The Jubilee was proclaimed in this diocese by the Right Rev. Bishop to commence on the first day of December and terminate on the last day of February.

11. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

A beautiful church (German Catholic) was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, in Alleghany City, on Sunday, the 10th inst., under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. E. McMahon, assisted by the Rev. John Stiebel, pastor of the congregation, and several other clergymen.

12. *Diocese of Savannah.*

The Catholics of Savannah held a meeting on the 26th ult. in reference to the loss sustained by the city and diocese by the death of their lamented Bishop. The Very Rev. John Barry presided, and a preamble and resolutions, paying a high tribute to the virtues and the self-sacrificing labors of the deceased Prelate, were passed.

13. *Obituary.*

REV. FATHER LILLY. — The Rev. Samuel M. Lilly, S. J., died in Baltimore on the 25th of November, after a painful illness of twelve days. He was, at the time of his decease, Vice-President of Loyola College, and only in the 36th year of his age, with a long prospect of usefulness before him. But it has pleased God to determine otherwise. His remains were conveyed to Georgetown to rest near those of his brethren in religion. For the twelve years he had been a member of the Society of Jesus, he had passed through the various offices of Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, and Book-keeping in the Colleges of Georgetown, Worcester, Washington and Baltimore, and always with a reputation for learning and ability, that left nothing to be desired for the advancement of his scholars.

REV. FATHER HELLEMANS. — The Rev. Henry Hellemans departed this life at Philadelphia on the 22d of November, in the twenty-second year of his age. He was a native of Belgium, and at the early age of seventeen attached himself to the Congregation of Ligourians. He was lately ordained priest by Bishop Neumann; but the hopes of his Bishop and Ecclesiastical Superiors, and his own zealous aspirations, have been cut short by a wise and merciful Providence, that disposes all for the best.

REV. FATHER O'REILLY. — The Rev. Philip O'Reilly, O. S. D., departed this life on Thursday, the 7th instant, at the Pastoral residence of St. Bridget's Church, New York. Father O'Reilly was well known as a missionary of the States of New York and New Jersey for nearly forty years.

REV. JAS. HIGGINS. — The Rev. Jas. Higgins, formerly Pastor of Central Township in Missouri, died at St. Louis in the Sisters' Hospital on the 18th November. R. I. P.

REV. GEO. BLACKNEY. — The Rev. Geo. Blackney departed this life on the 7th of December, in the city of New Orleans. The deceased was a member of the Order of Jesus, and was a long time connected with the Jesuit Chapel of that city. Father Blackney was born on the 13th of August, 1819, at Bally Ellen, County Carlow, Ireland. In the year 1839 he went to Rome, where, shortly after, on the 6th of November, same year, he entered the Society of Jesus. The two first years were spent in the Novitiate. He afterwards entered on the study of philosophy and theology, which he pursued till the latter end of 1846, at which time he left Rome, and went to Vals, where he remained till some time in 1847. He was ordained priest at Lyons, by Cardinal De Bonald, the same year. After this he visited once more his native land, and bade a last adieu to his parents before coming out to America. *May they rest in peace.*

# PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOPS OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK.

*The Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, assembled in Provincial Council in the Metropolitan Church of New York, to the venerable Clergy and beloved Laity of their charge—health and benediction.*

VENERABLE BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY, AND BELOVED CHILDREN OF THE LAITY:

The objects for the attainment of which we have been assembled in Provincial Council are now accomplished, so far as depends upon us. Our labors require the approval of the Supreme Bishop of the Catholic Church — the successor of St. Peter. Our decrees are few in number, and bear exclusively on subjects of ecclesiastical discipline.

The prayers which you ceased not to offer up to Almighty God for some time previous to the holding of this Provincial Council, and during its session, invoking the presence of the Holy Spirit to guide its deliberations, have not, we trust, been in vain. The confidence with which our experience of your zeal and fidelity inspires us, tends greatly to alleviate the burden and responsibility of the Episcopal office with which we are charged. Each Bishop has borne testimony to the fulness of your faith, the ardor of your zeal, and the abundance of your charity, which have consoled and encouraged him in his efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ in the diocese committed to his care. But still, before separating, we deem it expedient to address you in the accents of one united voice. This will not be unexpected on your part, venerable brethren of the Clergy, who are associated with us in the great work of the salvation of men, which Christ commenced on earth, and which he, the Bishop and Pastor of our souls, continues, and will continue to carry on, through the ministry of his Church, to the end of time. To you also, beloved brethren of the Laity, our words will be acceptable. By you, no less than by your pastors, they will be received with affectionate joy and reverence. Nor should it be otherwise ; for we are all members of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. Now this Church is the divinely organized visible society, in which, and through the agency of which, our adorable Redeemer proposed to diffuse to the ends of the earth, to perpetuate to the consummation of the world, and apply individually and personally to each, as generation succeeds generation, the merits of his sacrifice on the summit of Calvary, when he died once for all. This application to us individually of his merits, is by a worthy reception of the sacraments. But to be entitled to a participation of the sacraments, we must be, in the communion of his Church, members of his mystical body. For this, it is necessary to have faith in his doctrine. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved: he that believeth not, shall be condemned." The truth of Christianity being once established, is established for all time, and for all eternity. It is true, the Church has not hesitated to admit infants to her communion by baptism, since the habit of faith is communicated to them by that holy sacrament. But she imposes on their parents or sponsors the obligation of seeing them instructed in the principles of the Christian Doctrine, in proportion as their reason is developed, and as they become capable of believing and professing the same. But as regards adults, we are taught, that without faith it is impossible to please God; and hence in the sacred writings there is no instance on record in which any one was admitted to the sacraments, or aggregated to the Communion of Saints, who had not previously believed and made profession of his faith. "Now Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

Neither need we inform you, that the Church is the depository of Faith, the witness of the doctrines revealed by Christ and propagated by his Apostles and their successors. In regard to this, our Divine Lord himself declares, "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

Thus, dearly beloved brethren, our Divine Saviour himself sends us to his Church. Whilst he was on earth, he alone was infallible. But as he came to enable man to honor his Creator by the supreme homage of the intellect and of the heart, that undoubting trust in the veracity of God, which the simple word faith, namely divine faith, implies; so before returning in his risen and glorified humanity, to take his seat at the right hand of God, he appointed and instituted a visible Church to which he communicated his own infallibility, so that she might be the universal and perpetual witness of his Doctrine, whose living voice all men might hear, and hearing which, might obtain the heavenly gift of faith, believe, be baptized and saved. And whatever may be our personal unworthiness, the eyes of our soul ever turn with affection and reverence to the contemplation of that holy Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. Of her it is said, in the persons of his Apotles, — " And Jesus coming, spoke to them saying — All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, — teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." And again — " Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And still more, — " He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me."

Under such instruction from their Divine Master, the Apostles understood the sublime mission confided by him to them and to their legitimate successors. Accordingly, after the ascension of their Lord, and after having received the promised Paraclete on the day of Pentecost, they enter on the discharge of their ministry, with a confidence that to them was committed the deposit of faith, and the right to speak in the name and with the authority of Christ himself. And although the Holy Spirit had been given to them in the form of fiery tongues, still, when a question of practical importance to the Church arises, they did not overlook the ordinary means of human inquiry in its determination. This we perceive in the proceedings of the Council of Jerusalem. The testimony of each of the Apostles is listened to with respect, as each in turn felt authorized or moved to utter the same. And when all who wished to speak had expressed their sentiments, there was one voice heard above the rest, not by the loudness of its tone, but by the height, and breadth, and depth of its authority, as declaring the decision. Of course, this was the voice of Peter — not the first to speak, but by divine right the first to express the general decision. His privilege it was, " being once converted, to confirm his brethren." Accordingly, his words contain the whole force of the first Decree promulgated in the first council recorded in the annals of the Christian Church. The substance of the decree is not so important to us as the *form* in which it is expressed, indicating the perfect consciousness of the whole mission which Christ, our Lord, had committed to Peter and his apostolic associates and their successors, — " It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."

In this first Synod, the Church spoke in her divinely appointed corporate capacity. Her decision and that of the Holy Ghost were one and the same. And so it has ever been, even down to the present day. Such, dearly beloved brethren, is the glorious Church of Christ, of which you are ministers and members.

It is quite unnecessary for us, dearly beloved brethren, to remind you, that neither Christ nor his Apostles, nor their successors, nor the members of his Church, were ever favorites with the god of this world. Our Divine Redeemer was put to death on the cross ; the Apostles sealed their ministry by martyrdom ; the Church, so perfect in herself as a divine organization, but yet, dimmed in her glory by the imperfection of her members, has been ever an object of hostility on the part of princes and rulers, and of the world at large. She was launched into this world to struggle against its evil propensities. And if we are astonished at the hostility she has had to encounter, we may also be grateful for the victories which she has won. If any one will review the trophies of her martyrs, the brilliant testimony of her confessors, the angelic purity of her virgin daughters, the efforts of religious communities to meet, one after another, all the wants and trials under which humanity suffers, he will perceive that if she had not been instituted of God and sustained by him, she never could have accomplished such wonderful results in such a world as ours. The persecution of the sword, except in remote and barbarous nations, has come to an end. But there is another persecution. It is of petty sovereigns or rulers in some countries, and of popular prejudice in others. To this latter, dearly beloved brethren, God has in his Providence permitted you to be exposed. And yet, clinging, through the medium of your pastors, to that everlasting rock on which Christ built his Church, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail, you have nothing to fear. We live in a country in which the rights of conscience are publicly and authoritatively recognized. Our fellow-citizens, though not of our religious communion, are yet deeply imbued with this principle of our government and institutions. Prejudice, indeed, may from time to time break forth against us in form more or less violent. But there is, we may reasonably hope and believe, a residuum of sound and just judgment in the minds of the American people, which will prompt and sustain them to preserve and carry out the just and wholesome equality of our laws and constitution. Should any portion of the community assail you, as if you were unworthy to be members of this free and enlightened republican government, let your refutation of their calumnies be less in writings and in words, than in deeds and actions. Your first duty is supreme loyalty to God and your holy faith. Your second, subordinate, but in its own sphere, equally supreme, loyalty to your country, in all her vicissitudes of prosperity or of adversity, if God should so permit her to be tried. Next to your country, in this secondary order, your families, your kindred, your neighbors, your friends and enemies, your countrymen and all mankind. Be obedient to the laws. Let pastors be zealous that no one professing the Catholic name shall bring disgrace upon the Church by disorderly conduct or contempt for the laws of the land, every violation of which involves an attempt, so far as it goes, to overthrow and uproot society from its foundations.

Now God, dearly beloved brethren, has created mankind a universal brotherhood. Besides the divine testimonies of revelation, this is evident from the fact that he has placed us on this earth, which is a limited space, and from which, unless by crime, there is so mode of escape, except as he in the order of his mysterious Providence calls one after another, from time into eternity. We in this country ought to be more especially grateful to his Providence, that, while our population is yet sparse, our boundaries are exceedingly extended; so that there is no reasonable pretext for disagreement among our citizens on any subject, and especially none on a subject of religion. Still, dearly beloved brethren, it is not to be disguised that a hereditary and, in some instances, bitter prejudice prevails even in this free and enlightened country against our holy Faith. On this account, alike at the present time, and during the trials which God may still have in store for you, as the crucible through which you may have to pass, we look to your conduct as the best refutation which can be presented in attestation of the solidity of your faith as Christians, of your loyalty as citizens, and of the silliness of the prejudice which arrays itself against you.

We are aware, dearly beloved brethren, that on this point you are assailed with remarks to the effect, that wherever the Catholic Church prevails there is poverty ; and our enemies also add, ignorance. It is of little importance whether these observations be true or not. Our Divine Redeemer, and the holy Apostles whom he sent forth, have so described the Church, that, if she were a favorite with the world — if she were rich and powerful — if she were cherished of princes — if she were a favorite of the multitude — in short, if she lived by any other life except the immortality with which God, her founder, has made her eternally vital, she would no longer be the Church described in the sacred pages. You would not be able to recognize her according to the description given of her by our blessed Saviour. The woes which he pronounced against the world, and against the rich, and against the proud, would be woes pronounced against her, if she were by possibility a favorite with this world. Be not therefore discouraged; but rather see in these reproaches a verification of the prophecies by which our Redeemer described the character and career of his Church as necessarily in perpetual antagonism with the spirit of the world.

It is already known to you, dearly beloved brethren, that, according to the general law and custom of the Church, the banns of holy matrimony are henceforward to be published, in the appropriate places, previous to the administration of that holy sacrament. By the laws of several of the States within this province, this publication of banns has been required for many years past. Henceforth it is to be universal for all Catholics, by the requirements of the ecclesiastical law. The whole legislation of the Catholic Church from the beginning, affords the most abundant evidence with how much care and solicitude she has endeavored to provide for every thing that can more and more contribute to the honor and dignity of her children in the various relations of life — of which, beyond all question, matrimony, according to the institution of Christ, is, in the ordinary life, the most important and exalted — and we have confidence that you yourselves, comprehending the dignity of holy marriage as the basis of all that is pure and honorable in the Christian family and in society, will co-operate with us in every effort of ours by which its security and sanctity may be more and more protected.

Intimately connected with this subject is that of providing a religious education for the offspring of Christian parents. On this all-important subject, we would encourage you, venerable brethren of the Clergy, to renewed efforts for providing means of education to the flock with which you are charged in connection with the churches placed under your care. We have been accused of wishing to overturn the system of education which has found acceptance with our fellow-citizens of other denominations. This is not, and never was our intention. But, comprehending the obligations which rest upon them who exercise our ministry, and upon Christian parents, heads of families, we cannot be silent in reference to the same.

We exhort you, therefore, to leave nothing undone, either on your own part, or on that of the parents in your respective congregations, to provide, at whatever sacrifice, sufficient instruction in the Christian doctrine for the children to be found under your pastorship in one place or in another. These are the little ones entrusted to our care. In so far as we are enabled to provide the aliment of Christian doctrine for their tender minds, God will hold us and their parents conjointly responsible for the neglect of our duty. Be zealous, therefore, venerable brethren of the clergy, and beloved children of the laity, to provide, as far as your means will permit, a Christian education for the little ones committed to your care; so that, whilst a necessary measure of secular education shall be secured to them, their minds and hearts shall not be left as earth without water — ignorant, that is, of the knowledge of God, of the principles of faith, and of practices of piety. Otherwise you, believing parents, will be left with unbelieving children. You will be the occasion of taking away from the Church of God the immortal beings of whose existence you have been, in his providence, the instruments. You will, at the same time, bequeath to the state future citizens, without having provided them in their childhood with the only basis — namely, that of religion — on which individual morality and general integrity can be sustained; so that the individual and the community shall prove themselves worthy of the great country which it is their privilege to inherit.

Two other subjects, dearly beloved brethren, have engaged the attention of the Fathers in the Council which has just been brought to a close. One is, the indiscriminate reception into your families of journals not at all calculated to impart, either to you or to those committed to your care, those solid maxims of public instruction which would tend to edification. We do not here intend to speak of merely secular papers. But we do speak rather of those which, taking advantage of certain feelings supposed to be alive in your breasts, whether in reference to kindred, country, or religion, involve you in political relations which it would be expedient for you to avoid; except indeed in the sense in which it is the right of every free man to give his vote freely, conscientiously, individually, as often as the laws of the country call upon and authorize him to do so. There appears to be abroad an ignorance or prejudice on this subject, which it would be our desire and your interest to have removed. It is to the effect, that every paper which advocates, or professes to advocate, the Catholic religion, or which advocates some imaginary foreign interest in this country, is, as a matter of course, under the direction of the priests and bishops of the locality where it is published, and consequently authorized to speak for and in the name of the Catholic Church. Hence, when the editors of such papers publish their own sentiments by virtue of their indisputable right to exercise the liberty of the press, it is assumed by persons outside of our communion that they speak in the name of the Church, and under direction of her pastors. Nothing could be more false than this inference, and we exhort you, venerable and beloved brethren, to leave nothing unsaid or undone to remove every shadow of foundation for this inference so absurd in itself, but yet so injurious to us.

We dare not hope that any effort on your part, or ours, will be sufficient to remove from all minds the prejudices on this or other subjects which some are fain to cling to and cherish. But there is among our fellow-citizens a great predominant sense of equal rights and common justice; and if that be satisfied, we must bear whatever happens besides and apart from its decisions.

The last topic to which we would call your attention, is one which, to you, will be most agreeable, as it stands out by itself unconnected with the capricious heavings of merely human or secular agitations. It has reference to sweet and holy charity, promotive of the salvation of men and the glory of God. It is the mind and desire of the fathers that we should inaugurate amongst us, and immediately, the work and association which is known in Europe as the "*Propagation of the Faith.*" The originators of this society proposed that its members should contribute one cent a week for the support of foreign missions. It has already spread over a large portion of Christendom

We exhort you then, venerable brethren of the Clergy, to institute, with as little delay as possible, this great work of Catholic charity. For more than thirty years past it has been the means of supporting, at least to a moderate extent, the heroic missionaries of the Catholic Church, who have gone forth to the north and the south, the east and the west, proclaiming to the yet unconverted nations, the doctrines of Christian faith. Let your contributions, and those of the faithful committed to your care, be added to the offering of your Catholic brethren throughout the world. The exercise of this charity will bring down from Heaven a blessing on your churches, and on your families. Both will be enriched in the spiritual order by the benediction of our Holy Father, and by the indulgencies which he has at various times granted to those who, complying with the other essential conditions, shall have contributed to the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We leave, venerable brethren of the Clergy, to your own zeal and discretion the mode of establishing this; but we exhort you to establish it with as little delay as possible, in the parishes or districts committed to your care. We would suggest, at the same time, that in every school, whether it be in the form of a college or academy, or day-school, you would organize the children attending the same in bands of ten each for this purpose. This is the form in which the society exists in Europe, and will be sufficiently applicable to the children, especially to those who are collected in our schools. But the Holy Father has granted the same benedictions and indulgencies to others who shall at any time contribute annually any amount which their charity may prompt for this sacred object. The pastors of each diocese will, as a matter of course, transmit to the Ordinary thereof, or to any one designated by him, the amount of contributions within his parish or district. This Society publishes a periodical once in two months, making six numbers each year. This periodical simply enumerates the labors, the trials, the success or the disappointments, not unfrequently the martyrdom of our missionaries in foreign pagan lands. In Europe, every ten subscribers of one cent a week each, are entitled to a copy of the "ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH." We understand that these annals are now regularly republished in Baltimore, and as soon as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith shall have been established in the different parishes and districts of this province, measures will be taken to have the annals of its labors communicated and circulated every where.

Our hearts, dearly beloved brethren, would prompt us to say yet more, but this is sufficient. You, venerable brethren of the Clergy, are our support; you are our hope and consolation. On you, to a great extent, the condition of religion in the places of your appointment necessarily depends. Our faithful brethren of the Laity will be prompt and zealous to co-operate with you in every good work and purpose in which you may be engaged. And now the Fathers of this Council, in concluding this Pastoral Letter, implore God, with united hearts, to bestow upon the Clergy and Laity of this province, his most abundant blessing; and may the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Given at New York, in Provincial Council, on the Feast of St. Bridget, 8th of October.

† JOHN, Archbishop of New York.
† JOHN, Bishop of Albany.
† JOHN BERNARD, Bishop of Boston.
† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.
† BERNARD, Bishop of Hartford.
† JOHN, Bishop of Brooklyn.
† JAMES, Bishop of Newark.
† LOUIS, Bishop of Burlington.

## III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Meeting of Congress: President's Message.* —2. *Annexation of the Sandwich Islands.*—3. *Catholicity in the Sandwich Islands.*

1. *Meeting of Congress: President's Message.*—On Monday, December the 4th, the meeting of Congress took place. The Senate was organized by the election of the Hon. Lewis Cass President pro tempore, and the House by the selection of the Hon. Lynn Boyd as Speaker. Being thus organized, a committee was appointed to inform the President that Congress was ready to receive his Message. That document was shortly afterwards presented and read. The Message has been well received by men of all parties. Its tone and recommendations are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the country at large. It is too lengthy to be inserted in full, a brief outline of its contents must, therefore, suffice.

After a few introductory remarks, the President thus proceeds to state the position of the United States in her relation with the European powers:

"Leaving the trans-Atlantic nations to adjust their political system, in the way they may think best for their common welfare, the independent Powers of this Continent may well assert the right to be exempt from all annoying interference on their part. Systematic abstinence from intimate political connection with distant foreign nations does not conflict with giving the widest range to our foreign commerce. This distinction, so clearly marked in history, seems to have been overlooked, or disregarded, by some leading foreign States. Our refusal to be brought within, and subjected to, their peculiar system, has, I fear, created a jealous distrust of our conduct, and induced, on their part, occasional acts of disturbing effect upon our foreign relations. Our present attitude and past course give assurance, which should not be questioned, that our purposes are not aggressive, nor threatening to the safety and welfare of other nations. Our military establishment, in time of peace, is adapted to maintain exterior defences, and to preserve order among the aboriginal tribes within the limits of the Union. Our naval force is intended only for the protection of our citizens abroad, and of our commerce, diffused, as it is, over all the seas of the globe. The government of the United States, being essentially pacific in policy, stands prepared to repel invasion by the voluntary service of a patriotic people and provides no permanent means of foreign aggression. These considerations should allay all apprehension, that we are disposed to encroach on the rights or endanger the security of other States."

In referring to our commercial relations, the Message thus speaks:

"Our foreign commerce has reached a magnitude and extent nearly equal to that of the first maritime Power of the earth, and exceeding that of any other. Over this great interest, in which not only our merchants, but all classes of citizens at least indirectly, are concerned, it is the duty of the executive and legislative branches of the government to exercise a careful supervision, and adopt proper measures for its protection. The policy which I have had in view, in regard to this interest, embraces its future as well as its present security."

The President next proceeds to speak of the efforts of the United States to establish among the nations of Europe and America, the principle that "free ships make free trade, except contraband articles." On this subject he says:

"Russia acted promptly in the matter, and a Convention was concluded between that country and the United States providing for the observance of the principles announced, not only as between themselves, but also as between them and all other nations, which shall enter into like stipulations. None of the other Powers have as yet taken final action on the subject. I am not aware, however, that any objection to the proposed stipulations has been made; but, on the contrary, they are acknowledged to be essential to the security of neutral commerce; and the only apparent obstacle to their general adoption is in the possibility that it may be encumbered by inadmissible conditions.

"The King of the Two Sicilies has expressed to our Minister at Naples his readiness to concur in our proposition relative to neutral rights, and to enter into a Convention on that subject.

"The King of Prussia entirely approves of the project of a treaty to the same effect, submitted to him, but proposes an additional article providing for the renunciation of privateering."

He next speaks of our relations with France as follows:

"France was the early and efficient ally of the United States in their struggle for independence. From that time to the present, with occasional slight interruptions, cordial relations of friendship have existed between the governments and people of the two countries. The kindly sentiments, cherished alike by both nations, have led to extensive social and commercial intercourse, which, I trust, will not be interrupted or checked by any casual event of an apparently unsatisfactory character."

He alludes to the difficulty with the French Consul at San Francisco, and to the Soule affair as being satisfactorily adjusted. The position of our affairs with Spain remain, notwithstanding the vicissitudes in that country, the same as a year ago. The relations of our government with the affairs of Central America, are referred to at considerable length. The causes which led to the bombardment of Greytown are fully detailed, and the conduct of the United States in that affair thoroughly vindicated. As the history of this affair is worthy of being preserved, we will transcribe it in the words of the Message:

"So soon as the necessity was perceived of establishing inter-oceanic communications across the Isthmus, a company was organized, under authority of the State of Nicaragua, but composed, for the most part, of citizens of the United States, for the purpose of opening such a transit way, by the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, which soon became an eligible and much used route in the transportation of our citizens and their property between the Atlantic and Pacific. Meanwhile, and in anticipation of the completion and importance of this transit way, a number of adventurers had taken possession of the old Spanish port at the mouth of the river San Juan, in open defiance of the State or States of Central America, which, upon their becoming independent, had rightfully succeeded to the local sovereignty and jurisdiction of Spain. These adventurers undertook to change the name of the place from San Juan del Norte to Greytown, and, though at first pretending to act as the subjects of the fictitious sovereign of the Mosquito Indians, they subsequently repudiated the control of any Power whatever, and assumed a distinct political organization, and declared themselves an independent sovereign State. If, at some time, a faint hope was entertained that they might become a stable and respectable community, that hope soon vanished. They proceeded to assert unfounded claims to civil jurisdiction over Punta Arenas, a position on the opposite side of the river San Juan; which was in possession, under a title wholly independent of them, of citizens of the United States, interested in the Nicaragua Transit Company, and which was indispensably necessary to the prosperous operation of that route across the Isthmus. The Company resisted their groundless claims; whereupon they proceeded to destroy some of its buildings, and attempted violently to dispossess it. . . . .

"The American Minister afterwards visited Greytown, and while he was there, a mob, including certain of the so-called public functionaries of the place, surrounded the house in which he was, avowing that they had come to arrest him, by order of some person exercising the chief authority. While parleying with them, he was wounded by a missile from the crowd. A boat despatched from the American steamer *Northern Light*, to release him from the perilous situation in which he was understood to be, was fired into by the town guard, and compelled to return. These incidents, together with the known character of the population of Greytown, and their excited state, induced just apprehensions that the lives and property of our citizens at Punta Arenas would be in imminent danger after the departure of the steamer, with her passengers, for New York, unless a guard was left for their protection. For this purpose, and in order to ensure the safety of passengers and property passing over the route, a temporary force was organized, at considerable expense to the United States, for which provision was made at the last session of Congress.

"This pretended community, a heterogenious assemblage gathered from various countries, and composed, for the most part, of blacks and persons of mixed blood, had previously given other indications of mischievous and dangerous propensities. Early in the same month, property was clandestinely abstracted from the depot of the Transit Company, and taken to Greytown. The plunderers obtained shelter there, and their pursuers were driven back by its people, who not only protected the wrong-doers and shared their plunder, but treated with rudeness and violence those who sought to recover their property.

"Such, in substance, are the facts submitted to my consideration, and proved by trustworthy evidence. I could not doubt that the case demanded the interposition of this government. Justice required that reparation should be made for so many and such gross wrongs, and that a course of insolence and plunder, tending directly to the insecurity of the lives of numerous travellers, and of the rich treasure belonging to our citizens passing over this transit way, should be peremptorily arrested. Whatever it might be in other respects, the community in question, in power to do mischief, was not despicable. It was well provided with ordnance, small arms and ammunition, and might easily seize on the unarmed boats, freighted with millions of property, which passed almost daily within its reach. It did not profess to belong to any regular government, and had, in fact, no recognized dependence on, or connection with, any one to which the United States or their injured citizens might apply for redress, or which could be held responsible, in any way, for the outrages committed. Not standing before the world in the attitude of an organized political society, being neither competent to exercise the rights nor to discharge the obligations of a government, it was, in fact, a marauding establishment, too dangerous to be disregarded, and too guilty to pass unpunished, and yet incapable of being treated in any other way than as a piratical resort of outlaws, or a camp of savages, depredating on emigrant trains or caravans and the frontier settlements of civilized States.

"Seasonable notice was given to the people of Greytown that this government required them to repair the injuries they had done to our citizens, and to make suitable apology for their insult to our Minister, and that a ship-of-war would be despatched thither to enforce compliance with these demands. But the notice passed unheeded. Thereupon, a Commander of the Navy, in charge of the sloop-of-war Cyane, was ordered to repeat the demand, and to insist upon a compliance therewith."

The Message further details the destruction of the place, after every effort on the part of the Commander of the Cyane, to obtain redress for the injuries committed, had failed. No lives, however, were lost in the affair.

2. *The Annexation of the Sandwich Islands.* — A recent and important treaty is about being concluded between the United States and the Ministry of the Hawaiian Government, by which the Sandwich Islands will be ceded to this government. The treaty, at latest dates from Honolulu, only awaited the signature of the King, which, it was expected, it would receive in a few days.

3. *Catholicity in the Sandwich Islands.* — As the condition of religion in the Sandwich Islands will prove highly interesting to the Catholic reader, especially at the present time, we transcribe the following from the *Propagateur Catholique*, in relation to that subject:

"The persecution against the Catholics (says the Honolulu letter) has ceased since the death of the regent, in 1839. On the 17th of June of that year, the actual king published a proclamation, giving them entire liberty of worship, and the new constitution was adopted on the 8th of October, 1840. This constitution declares that 'All men are at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.' The same liberty is guaranteed by the constitution of 1852.

"The Catholic mission, after long years of vicissitude, was established in a permanent manner on these islands in the month of May, 1840; and since then more than 2,700 natives have been baptized. The present number of Catholics probably exceeds 20,000; but the ravages made last summer by the small-pox makes it impossible to state the number with precision.

"There are 15 priests in the Archipelago, and 152 congregations, or parishes. The Cathedral at Honolulu, under the invocation of Our Lady of Pity, is a beautiful structure of coral rock, 157 feet long, by 50 wide. It is always well filled on Sundays and festivals, and nowhere is there seen a more pious and exemplary attendance.

"The Catholic schools are upon a very good footing, in a legal point of view, in the Hawaien Kingdom; they may be readily organized, and they obtain their just proportion of the public school funds. In this respect the Sandwich Islands are in advance of the United States, where the Catholics pay taxes for the benefit of the Protestant public schools, while they receive no assistance for their own. At Honolulu, all children, from 4 to 14 years of age, are required by law to attend some school selected by their parents or guardians, and fifteen children in a township are sufficient for the formation of a government school. Religious instruction is given freely in the schools according to the faith of the parents; and a circular of the minister of public instruction, dated the 14th of April, 1852, declares that, 'The government will always endeavor to select teachers whose religious sympathies will harmonize with those of the families whose children they are to instruct.'

"It is well known that Protestantism is declining in these islands, while Catholicity is making a progress indicative of the most unbounded success for the future. The fanaticism against the Church has subsided, and there are two principal causes of the reaction in our favor: first, the admirable conduct of the Catholic clergy during a prolonged epidemic, a conduct which has disarmed our most violent enemies; and secondly, the presence in society of Catholics, well informed, and of irreproachable character."

END OF VOLUME II.